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Theodore Roosevelt

Fragile in childhood, yet become an athlete whose iron strength riots in endurance and delights in hardships; though born to luxury, devoted to virile sports and simple pleasures; an aristocrat by descent, yet the most democratic of rulers; strict in creed, yet of universal tolerance; broad in view, yet at times strenuous in little controversies; brave and enduring, yet galled by petty attacks; desiring peace and plenty for all men, yet not given to impulsive generosities—who shall fitly personify "Teddy" Roosevelt, the idol of millions—Theodore Roosevelt, the president of a country whose flag could summon to battle a thousand myriads of men?

In ages to come, bard and historian, "storied urn and animated bust" will immortalize his memory, but only those who have met him face to face, grasped him by the hand, sounded the depths of his keen, blue eyes, and noted the forceful contraction of his firm lower lip can really appreciate the man most trusted of all men by the American people.

Inaugurated when assassination had plunged the nation in mourning, he entered upon his unsought duties with one great all-compelling purpose: to carry out policies dearest to the heart of the murdered McKinley—policies foreshadowed in his last great speech at Buffalo. He, too, saw the need of curbing the greed and abuses of corporate organizations, and on Roosevelt fell the mantle of McKinley's new ministry. Knowing no compromise with corruption or tolerance of wrong, he has earned as their chief executive the confidence of his people; looking beyond all conditions of race, caste, creed or section, American to the core, he has typified the best impulses of his people; untrammeled by diplomatic convention, he has greatly dared, in the interests of peace, to intervene between alien foes, locked in a Titanic death struggle for existence and mastery, and has given to the world great ideals of concord and amity universal.

With Spartan fearlessness, if not with Spartan brevity, his conflicts have been fought; intensely human in impulse and trend of thought, fate has been kind to him, submerging trivial errors in momentous achievements. Raising the standard of official integrity and American citizenship, and ever mindful of the equal rights and liberties of all, he has also kept before the young, the hopeful and the ambitious, a living picture of physical and psychical vigor of the generous fervor of:

> . . . . "A spirit that on this life's rough sea
> Loves t'have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
> E'en till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
> And his rapt ship runs on her side so low
> That she drinks water and her keel ploughs air"—

To such a man what can be said in parting but:

"Auf wiedersehen"

J. M. C.

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ROOSEVELT AND TAFT
In front of the White House, just before leaving for the Capitol

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

OLD BOREAS was deputed to send a "flare-back" blizzard to Washington, which arrived on March third and made the inauguration of William Howard Taft one of the most spectacular that has taken place since George Washington, on that sunny April day, took the oath of office in front of the sub-treasury in New York.

For several days previous to the eventful date, the crowds poured into the palatial Union station; no longer need the newspaper jokist propound funny queries as to the use of the acres of space at that terminal. Over the faces of the clocks on "blizzard" day were pasted newspapers, doubtless to "put a plaster" on the nerves of the anxious inquirers who desired to know when and how trains would arrive. The spider-legged telautograph wended its way over the bulletin board, announcing the arrival of trains. At last Mr. Telautograph began to prophesy the coming of the Boston train—"Bos"—scratched out—"Bosto," was the next attempt, and finally "Boston" with colons and periods precisely marked, and in a "present tense" that served to appease the ruffled temper of waiting Bostonians.

* * *

Never was such a time for "rubbering"; the great multitude, 400,000 strong, cried aloud for rubbers, for even in the excitement of Inauguration Day one longs for dry feet. The wind howled, the snow blew, the telephone and telegraph wires snapped; Washington for the nonce was the most exclusive city in the Union; yet everywhere, in hotels, theatres and streets, the crowd was good-natured; even damp, bedraggled garments, late trains, tedious delays did not exasperate the throng that had come to see the best-natured man on earth made President of the United States.

On the morning of the fourth the blizzard was going up and down the avenue at seventy miles an hour, but the historic old avenue rang with laughter, and the spirits of the crowd were as impervious to damp as the feathers on the wares of the man who sold "a tickle for a nickel." There were jokes as to the meaning of the mystic letters "T. S." that waved in the breeze on the streamers floating from the Court of Honor, whose Pompeiian columns were decorated with real rope and a dash of Persian yellow that suggested sunshine.

"Does T. S. mean 'Taft's Smile'?" said one.

"No, it means Taft and Sherman," said another.

"Means Tom and (hic) sherry," murmured the man who clung to the lamp post and had been out late the night before.

* * *

As in the days of Hayes, Garfield and McKinley, gallant Troop A, with their jaunty tall hats, once more escorted an Ohio president to the Capitol. Passing through the slush on Pennsylvania Avenue the carriage containing President Roosevelt, President-elect Taft, Senator Knox and Senator Lodge was greeted by thousands and thousands of people who, despite wet feet and the mere hope of seeing the occupants of a closed

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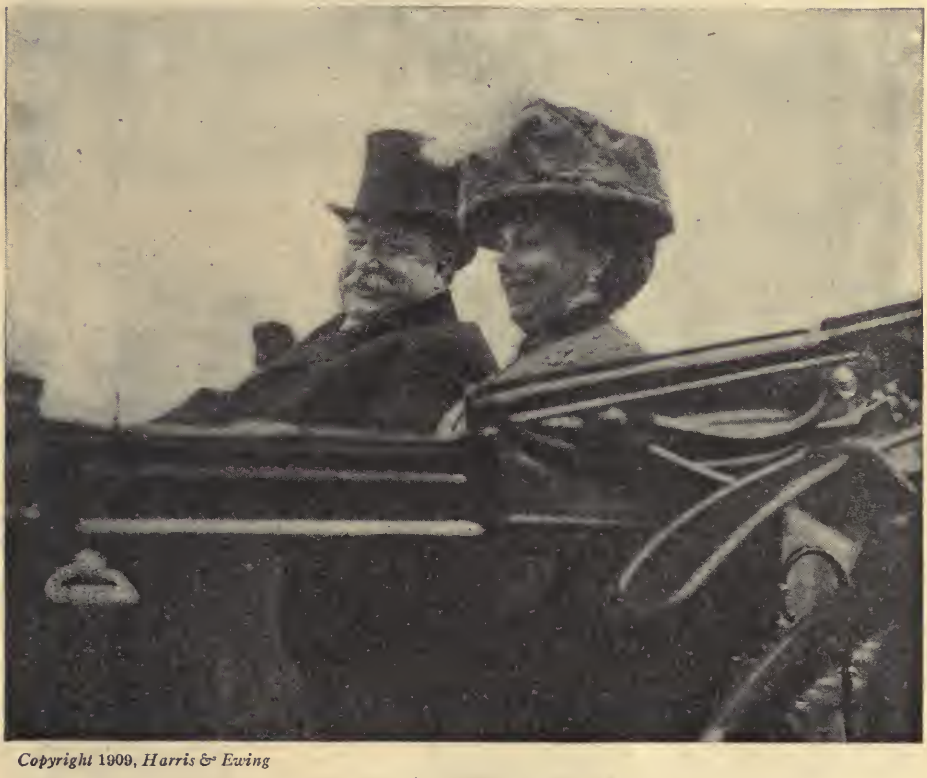
PERSONAL ESCORT TO PRESIDENT TAFT, TROOP A, OHIO, LEADING THE PARADE carriage, had come to give a lusty cheer as the procession passed between the snow-laden trees. The spectators' stands fronting the east wing of the Capitol were covered with snow, and the crowd below, numbering thousands, stood ankle-deep in slush.

In the Senate, the diplomats, gorgeous in many colors and much gold lace, assembled in the Marble Room, while the President, in his room to the right, swiftly signed the last bills passed by the Sixtieth Congress. The President-elect stood by his side, and the two presented a picture never to be forgotten—Roosevelt, happy and light-hearted as a boy leaving his school desk for a long vacation, signed bills with merry quip and jest; at his side, taking up the burden his friend was about to lay down, stood Taft, somewhat pre-occupied with the great responsibilities descending upon his shoulders.

The Diplomatic Corps, headed by Baron Mayor des Planches, were so arranged on the left of the chamber that their faces furnished to the onlooker a curious lane-like perspective of the profiles of many nations. Their varied decorations, from Wu's red feather and Takahira's white plume, to the brilliant gold of the Russian ambassador and the gaily decorated coats of other foreigners, were in curious contrast to the representatives of the South American republics, clad in plain, simple black. The chargé d'affaires of Russia, in purple trimmed with fur, was a conspicuous figure.



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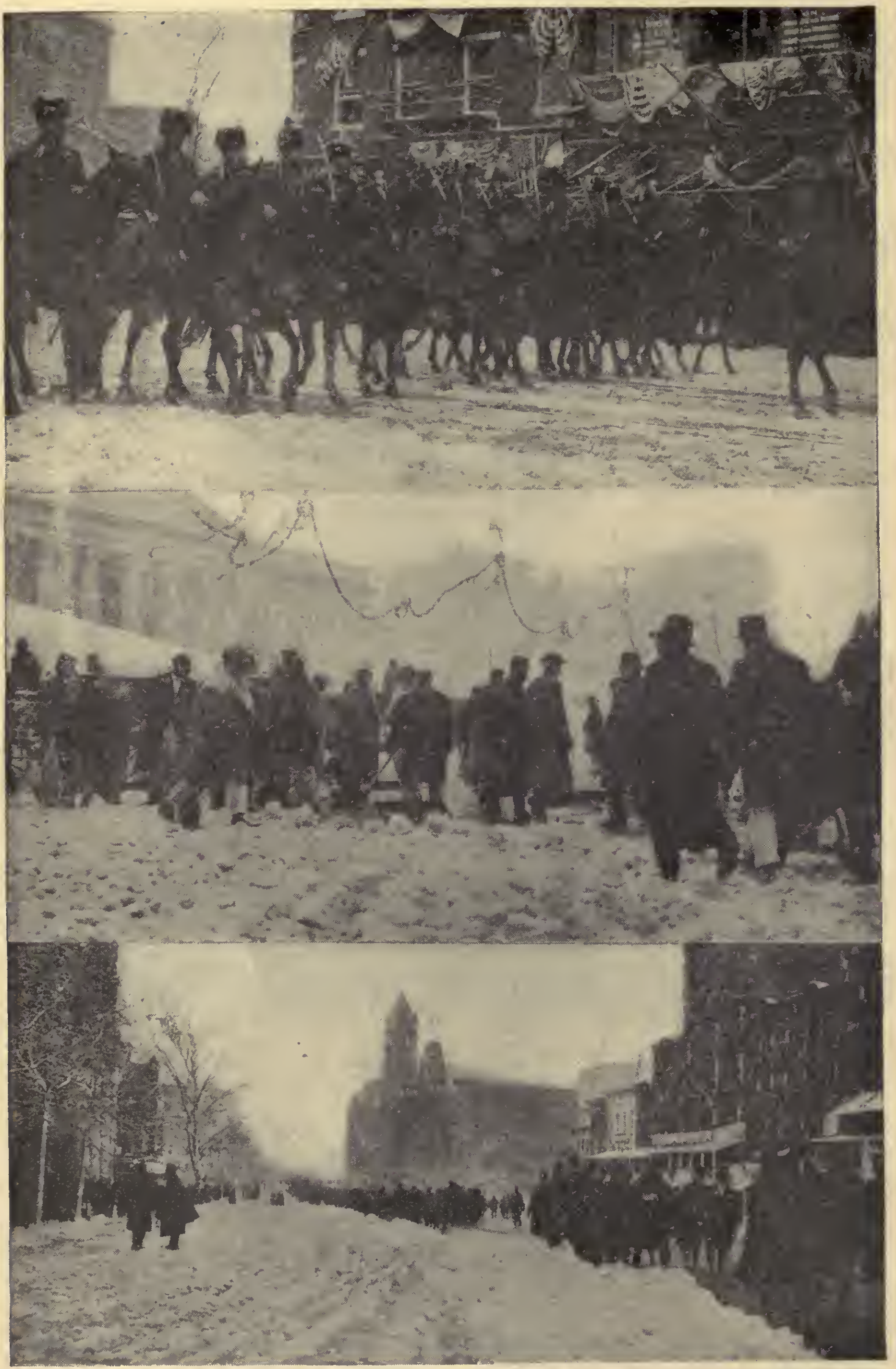
AN UNPRECEDENTED EVENT
Mrs. Taft accompanying the President from the Capitol to the White House

Clad in sombre robes, with stately tread, down the aisle walked the chief justices of the United States; then the members of the cabinet passed through the side entrance for the last official gathering of the cabinet of Theodore Roosevelt. The members of the House of Representatives filed in, and there was "standing room only" in the Senate Chamber, where it was decided that the inaugural exercises were to be held, although



TYPICAL VIEWS ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, ON INAUGURATION DAY the President-elect insisted that he was ready to brave the elements.

Before Vice-President Fairbanks delivered his valedictory and Mr. Sherman took the gavel, the proceedings in the Senate were changed to include the inauguration of a president. When the twin heroes of the drama, Roosevelt and Taft, entered, the glass roof of the Senate Chamber fairly rattled with cheers. Mr. Taft passed to the platform on the arm of Senator Knox. As the chaplain, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, in his deep, thrilling voice, concluded his invocation with the Lord's Prayer — repeated by almost everyone in the room — the sun struggled through the glass roof and seemed to pour the divine benediction on the scene.

* * *

In a deep, clear voice, the man who is to wield the destinies of one of the greatest nations in the world for the next four years read his inaugural address, with the deliberation of a judge and yet with the simplicity and fervor of a high-minded patriot and able statesman.

Seeking a glimpse of the new president, throngs of people surged through the Capitol, where the temporary picket fences placed to guide the procession, which was to have passed from the Senate Chamber to the east steps of the Capitol, had been rendered useless by Old Boreas' blustering mood. Thousands of ingenious people came with blank cards of regular invitation size and various other devices and excuses to blockade the doors; the officials were obdurate, but at one entrance the doorkeeper ingeniously kept the throng moving constantly past the door, so that hundreds of persons got a glimpse of the interior, which would have been afforded only to the few who otherwise would have filled up that entrance. Watching this device, I bethought me that it might be a good plan to have a moving sidewalk, on the "moving stairway plan," at the next inauguration, so that thousands might have a peep at the ceremonies, instead of merely the few who can secure places near the stand. Such a surging audience might make some speakers seasick, but not a good sailor like William Howard Taft.

* * *

The dashing exit of Theodore Roosevelt from public life was a dramatic feature of the great day. Slipping on his arctics and tucking his trousers into them, he ran for his carriage, and was escorted to the station by a thousand members of the Republican County Club of New York City, who waved flags and cheered lustily while the band played, "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," concluding with "Auld Lang Syne," the refrain of which was sung all along the line.

VICE-PRESIDENT J. S. SHERMAN

In the two hours of waiting for the regular train, the most light-hearted man present was

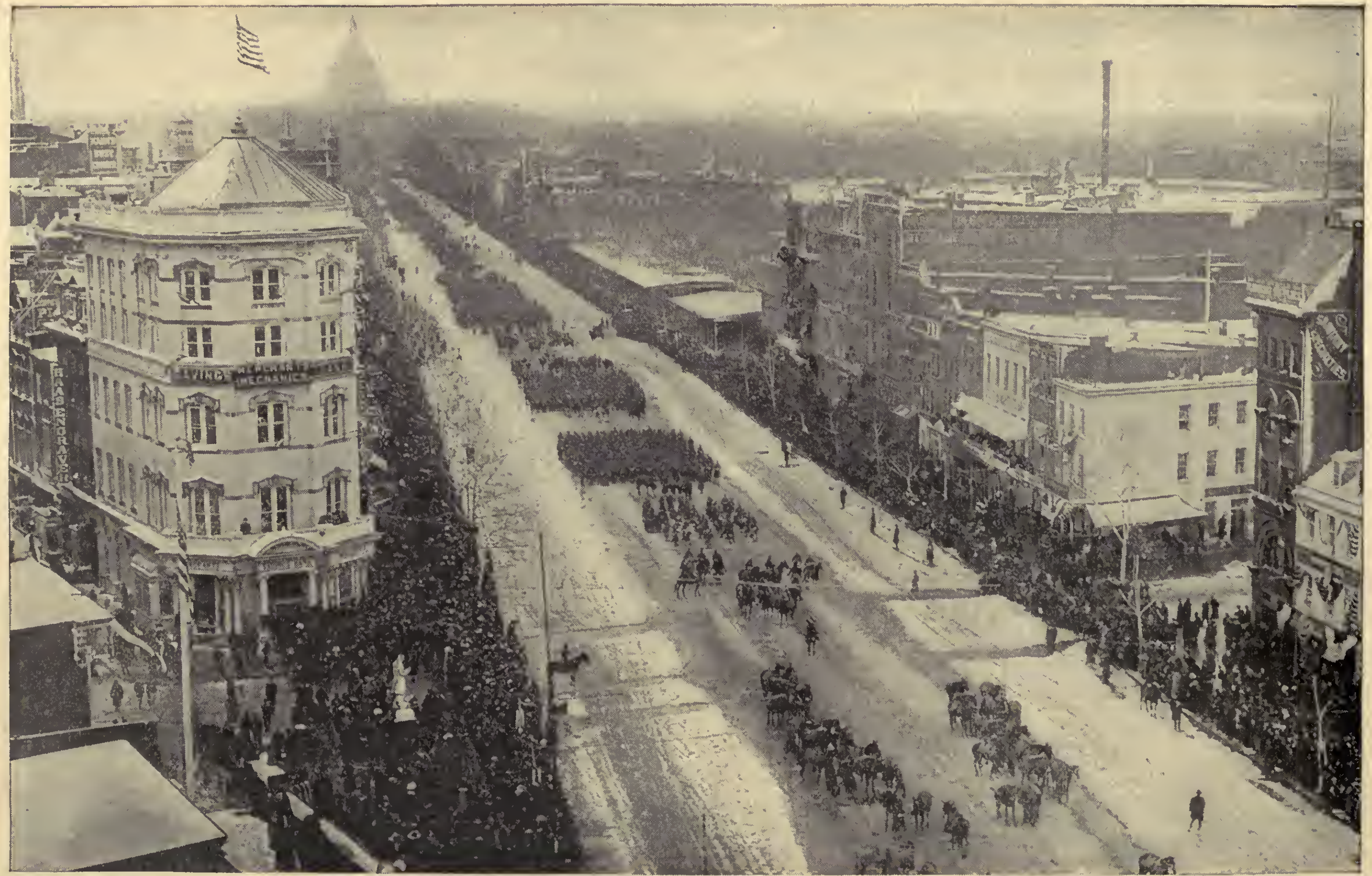


Photo by Clinedinst, Washington

GENERAL VIEW OF THE INAUGURAL PARADE IN SNOW AND SLUSH, ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

Roosevelt. When the train was announced, there were moistened eyes. Even the cynical newspaper men, who had prodded "Teddy" with acidulated pens, felt a suspicious smarting under the eyelids, and were eager in expressions of affection as, amid ringing cheers, the Roosevelt party entered an ordinary car on a regular train, and Theodore Roosevelt, the private citizen, a happy and contented man, for the first time in seven years bade good-bye to the secret service men.

* * *

After the inaugural address, President Taft came out and greeted the throng waiting in the snow and wind, and for the first time in American history the President rode down the Avenue, after taking the oath of office, accompanied by his wife. Bowing and smiling to left and right, as they passed down the great thoroughfare, they were met with a splendid ovation.

The parade was led by the scarlet-coated Marine Band. Nothing daunted by "the awful walking," down swept the sailors from the ships that had encircled the globe to take their place at a great national event at home. As the parade entered the Court of Honor and passed the reviewing stand before the White House, President Taft and Vice-President Sherman stood bareheaded, and all Washington marveled that they were not prostrate with pneumonia, or at least a raging toothache, the next day; cold feet and chattering teeth did not check the enthusiasm of the onlookers.

* * *

The governors of the various states and the militia demonstrated the splendid order that Secretary Root has introduced by the union of militia and the regular army. There were the soldier boys from Cuba who had helped to re-establish a republic. The Filipino band cheered on the 3,000 militia from Massachusetts, who, headed by Governor Draper and staff, marched to the music of "Hot Time." Orders had been issued that no man need feel compelled to march, but not one was missing from the roll-call. The doughty Seventh of New York were too late to participate in the parade and had to "stack guns" within ten miles of Washington. The boys of the Fifth Massachusetts were heard to remark:

"We were here on time in '61, and again we are on time in 1909," being a sly reference to their gallant rivals in the "swell Seventh of New York."

Governor Hughes, astride a horse, evidently determined to master the equestrian art as he has mastered knotty points of law, was given an ovation rarely accorded to a man outside of national public life. As he bowed his acknowledgments, "Your turn next, Governor," sounded on all sides.

To understand the glory of real gold lace one must behold the governor's staff on parade—the larger the man the finer the gold lace looks, and every stout man in the parade appeared to feel himself entitled to special consideration from the President, and swelled with importance, putting on a "chesty" air, as he looked upon the ample proportions of the chief executive.

The newsboys band! The West Point cadets! What a fluttering of hearts there was beneath the ladies' Empire "waists" and "hipless" coats as those natty boys in gray, with their flowing plumes, wended their way down Pennsylvania Avenue. The army was "it" that day, for the Annapolis cadets were stalled and failed to appear in the parade.

Wearing their tall, white hats and headed by a band, the old Blaine Club of Cincinnati marched before the reviewing stand, stopped, filed face about and greeted the President with the soft, sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home." Passing on they concluded with the national anthem. The Conkling Invincibles, a recurring feature of inaugural parades, and the Sherman Scouts of Utica, in unique uniforms of khaki and white, added color to the long line as it swung around the corner, where the avenue turns at the Treasury building. The Confederate Veteran Association, which had intended to do special honor to President Taft, did not march, fearing the risk it would entail on the veterans. Many persons regretted that the inclement weather made it impossible for the Grand Army and the Confederate Veterans to be present to emphasize the spirit of union in 1909.

The civic division of the parade showed the hearty interest of thousands of business, professional and working men. For four hours the marching continued and was followed by the famous tea, served to their old classmate by the Yale class of '78.

Hardly had the evening shadows gathered about the Monument than the brilliant pyrotechnic display began, and the skies were ablaze with shrieking rockets, cobras, and unique designs pencilled in vivid streaks of fire on the black curtain of night. The "oh's" and "ah's" of the crowd recalled old days on the greensward, when the young people's only regret was that the Fourth of July celebration must have an end.

* * *

After seven P. M. what a tale the dressing-room mirrors of Washington could tell of "marcelled" and puffed hair and of induction into beautiful gowns, for this was the night of the Inaugural Ball. The people began to arrive early at the Pension Building, which was transformed into a veritable palace of beauty. The great auditorium was a bower of flowers, with a big fountain in the center, and the gilded pillars at the side, amid a mass of green, stood out in bold relief. The eight immense columns, each eight feet in diameter, and containing bricks enough to build a two-story house, excited much remark; everyone was eager to inspect the curious graining of the marble bases, showing in outline historic events and profiles of Washington, Lincoln and Indian chiefs. At one end of the hall the scarlet coats of the Marine Band and the sombre-hued garb of the orchestra made a striking picture. Opposite the band was the balcony reserved for the family parties of the President and Vice-President. Here, later in the evening, I saw the most impressive figure at the Inaugural Ball, "Aunt Delia" Torrey. Proud of her nephew, perfectly happy, her sweet face and silver hair suggested the reason for the glowing tribute to maiden aunts paid by the President in the South a short time ago. The President seemed shy of the "throne chair" provided for him, and merely coquetted with the arm of his seat as he dispensed infectious smiles — everyone who looked at him smiled in return. Besides "Aunt Delia," the presidential party included Mrs. Taft and Miss Helen, Charles P., Henry W., and Horace Taft, the brothers, and the sons, Robert and Charlie. To the left of the Taft group was Vice-President Sherman, living up to his cognomen of "Sunny Jim," and Mrs. Sherman and family.

It had been a strenuous day; many times I leaned against a pillar as I watched the shifting scene; now a Chicago girl retiring from the floor in disgust, unable to perform even a gentle two-step in two square feet of space; or an enterprising couple essaying the "Merry Widow" waltz and colliding wildly with the elbows and toes of the closely-packed throng; now the sea of eager faces fringing the balconies right up to the roof; now, piloting her through the crowd, a young man and his mother, the lady not clad in evening dress, but having in face and carriage something more attractive than the gilded slippers, the wisps of curls, the graceful Grecian robe, the gauzy Salome gown or even the prim collar of the Puritanical maiden; then a glimpse of the little girl from the country, looking for the first time on social life in Washington—all moving and changing as in a magic mirror.

"After the ball." The megaphones rang out on the frosty air; the great procession of guests continued to pass out from the Pension Building long after the clocks had struck midnight; in the "wee, sma' hours" all was quiet, while the clocks diligently ticked out the "day after" the Inauguration of William Howard Taft.

* * *

THE article by Wade Ellis, appearing in this issue in the "Story of a Great Nation," indicates his thorough grasp of questions of federal law, and especially as applied to the great economic problems now confronting the American nation. He has already met with marked success in the enforcement of the Sherman and Hepburn laws, and many Washington people predict an important part for him in the work of the Department of Justice during the next four years.

* * *

YEARS ago it was a hobby of Mr. Hubbard, the father-in-law of Alexander Bell, of telephone fame, to see that the National Geographic Society was properly looked after. The membership was only 2,500 a few years ago; at the present time there are over 40,000 members enrolled and a magazine is published by the society which is sent to each member. Mr. Grosvenor is the editor and manager, and keeps alive a keen interest in the study and investigation of scientific subjects.

WITH arms aloft and eyes flashing behind his glasses, President Roosevelt made his farewell public address in Washington at the Metropolitan Methodist-Episcopal Church, on the anniversary of the diamond jubilee of the opening of missionary work in Africa. This was the church attended by President McKinley; the ovation accorded to Mr. Roosevelt was one of the most enthusiastic he has ever had. Men clapped their hands; women waved their handkerchiefs in true Chautauquan style.

The President said that this was the last speech he would make while holding office in that city as President of the United States. There was no quaver in his voice, and every word was spoken with vigor and enthusiasm. He launched at once into the Japanese question, and evidently could not resist the impulse to once more wave the big stick. His tribute to the work in the Philippines, as being "just a bit better than anything done by any other country dealing with a nation outside itself," did not seem boastful, though it may appear so on the printed page.

The historian who writes of the Roosevelt administration will not have to deal with many idle moments. The record of industry—mental, physical and moral—at the White House indeed reflects the vigor and aggressiveness of the administration as well as the unfailing efforts to blend the nation into harmonious efficiency. When the executive recommendations come for a memorial to General Robert E. Lee, it will be conclusive evidence that a united nation looks with

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HENRY CABOT LODGE AND HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. A. P. GARDNER high esteem upon that peculiar presidential niche of activity which will be left vacant when Mr. Roosevelt gathers up his guns and hies him to "darkest Africa."

* * *

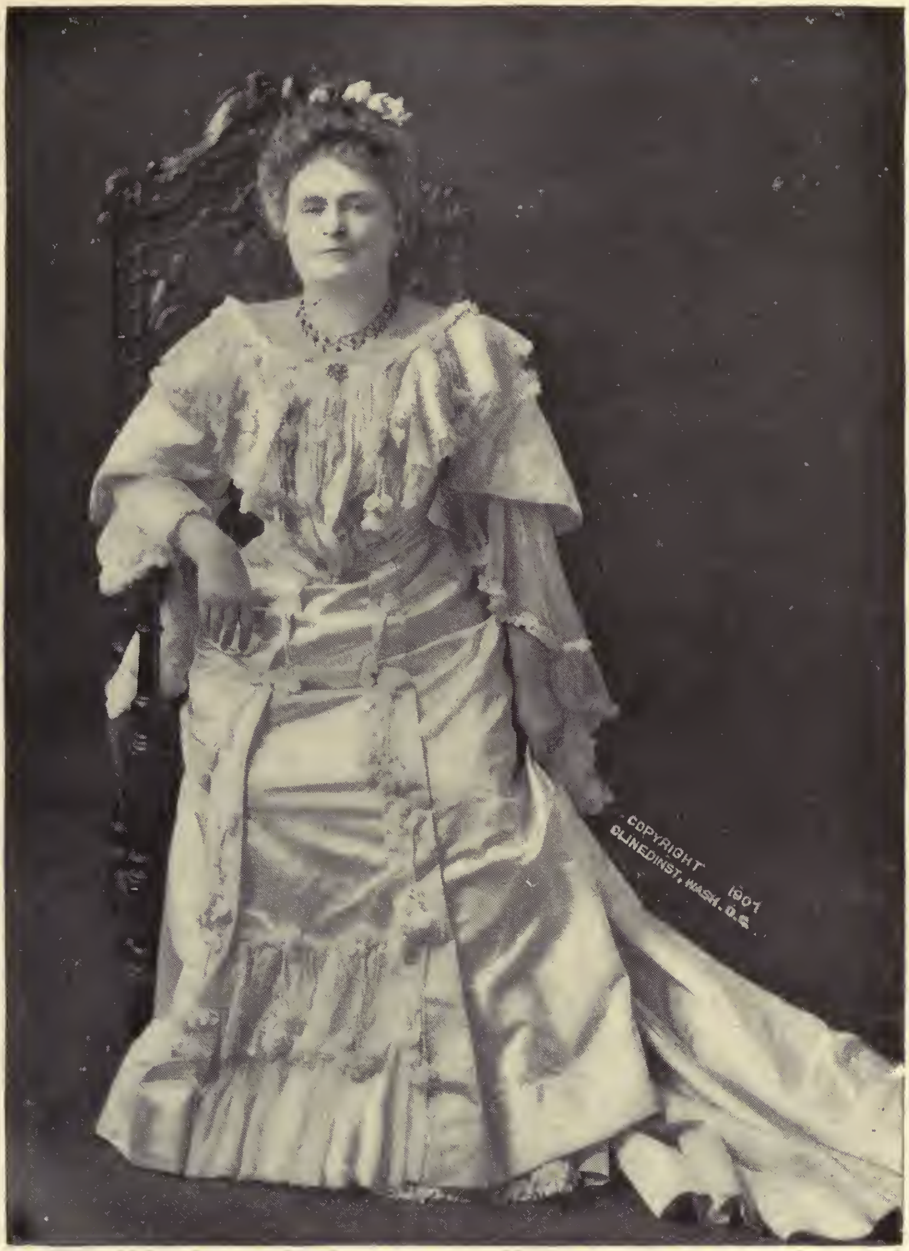
THE American fleet, which sailed from Hampton Roads December 16, 1907, in command of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, on its record cruise around the world, returned on schedule time, February 22, to the point from whence it departed, and the homecoming of the great battleship fleet was witnessed by President Roosevelt and the members of his Cabinet, who were accompanied by representatives of foreign nations. Other Washington officials were also present in large numbers. In his address of welcome, President Roosevelt voiced the enthusiasm of the American people over the wonderful achievements of the fleet, which returns after a cruise of fourteen months in fighting trim, and with a worldwide appreciation of the high character and efficiency of the officers and enlisted men of the American Navy.

Photo copyright by G. V. Buck, Washington

HUSSEIN KIAZIM BEY, TURKISH AMBASSADOR

Never before has the globe been girdled by a great fleet of battleships of a powerful nation, and the prestige gained by the United States by this remarkable demonstration of naval fitness will tend to create a more profound respect for Uncle Sam among the nations of the earth henceforth and forever.

At every foreign port visited by the fleet, the officers and men were cordially received and royally entertained. The elaborate social attentions first showered upon them by the Brazilians, at Rio Janeiro, were repeated at Callao, Peru; Auckland, Sydney and Melbourne, in Australia; at Yokohama and Tokio, in Japan; at Amoy, in China, and at Colombo, Ceylon, and these whole-hearted demonstrations of good-will were accepted with such manifestations of appreciation and fraternal goodfellowship as to favorably impress all nations with the peaceful disposition of the United States.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CLINEDINST, WASH. D.C.

MRS. JOHN H. BANKHEAD

Wife of Senator Bankhead of Alabama. The social season of 1908-9 was one that will long be remembered as one of the most brilliant in the annals of the national capital. The ladies of the South have been especially prominent in renewing the old-time ante-bellum hospitality of the South.

Soon after passing through the Suez Canal, the news of the terrible calamity in Sicily was received, and Rear-Admiral Sperry, acting under instructions from Washington, entered promptly upon relief work. The flagship "Connecticut" arrived at Naples January 10 with Ambassador Griscom, who was taken on board at Messina. The supply ship "Culgoa" had at that time landed supplies at Messina, and gone on to Catania and other Sicilian ports. The "Minnesota," "Vermont" and "Kansas" visited Villefranche. The "Louisiana" and the "Virginia" went to Smyrna, and the "Missouri" to Piraeus, Greece. The "Ohio" also dropped anchor at Piraeus a day or two later. The "Wisconsin" and the "Kearsarge" went to Malta.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

THOMAS R. SHIPP

Secretary of the National Conservation Committee

At an informal dinner given to Rear-Admiral Sperry and his officers at the Embassy in Rome, Admiral Carlos Mirabello, Italian Minister of Marine, warmly congratulated the Admiral on the happy and successful cruise of the fleet. The day following, Rear-Admiral Sperry and his aides were received in private audience by King Victor Emmanuel at the Quirinal, who expressed his deep appreciation of the quick action and the practical assistance rendered by the United States to the earthquake sufferers.

If this grand demonstration of efficiency is followed by reorganization of the Navy on lines favored by Secretary Newberry and the most capable naval officers, and brings about the co-operation of Congress in carrying forward an improved system of naval administration, it will be a fitting sequel to the cruise of a fleet of battleships which stands unequalled in the history of the world.

* * *

DURING the short session of the Sixtieth Congress the Committee on Appropriations in both the House and Senate will be very busy. All the Departments of the Government, as shown by the estimates, are demanding larger sums to meet governmental expenses than have ever before been submitted to Congress.

Photo by Harris & Ewing

MISS L. A. BURTON

Daughter of the Representative from Delaware

In the House, Congressman Tawney, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, plays the part of "Watchdog of the Treasury," and is ever on the alert. During the current

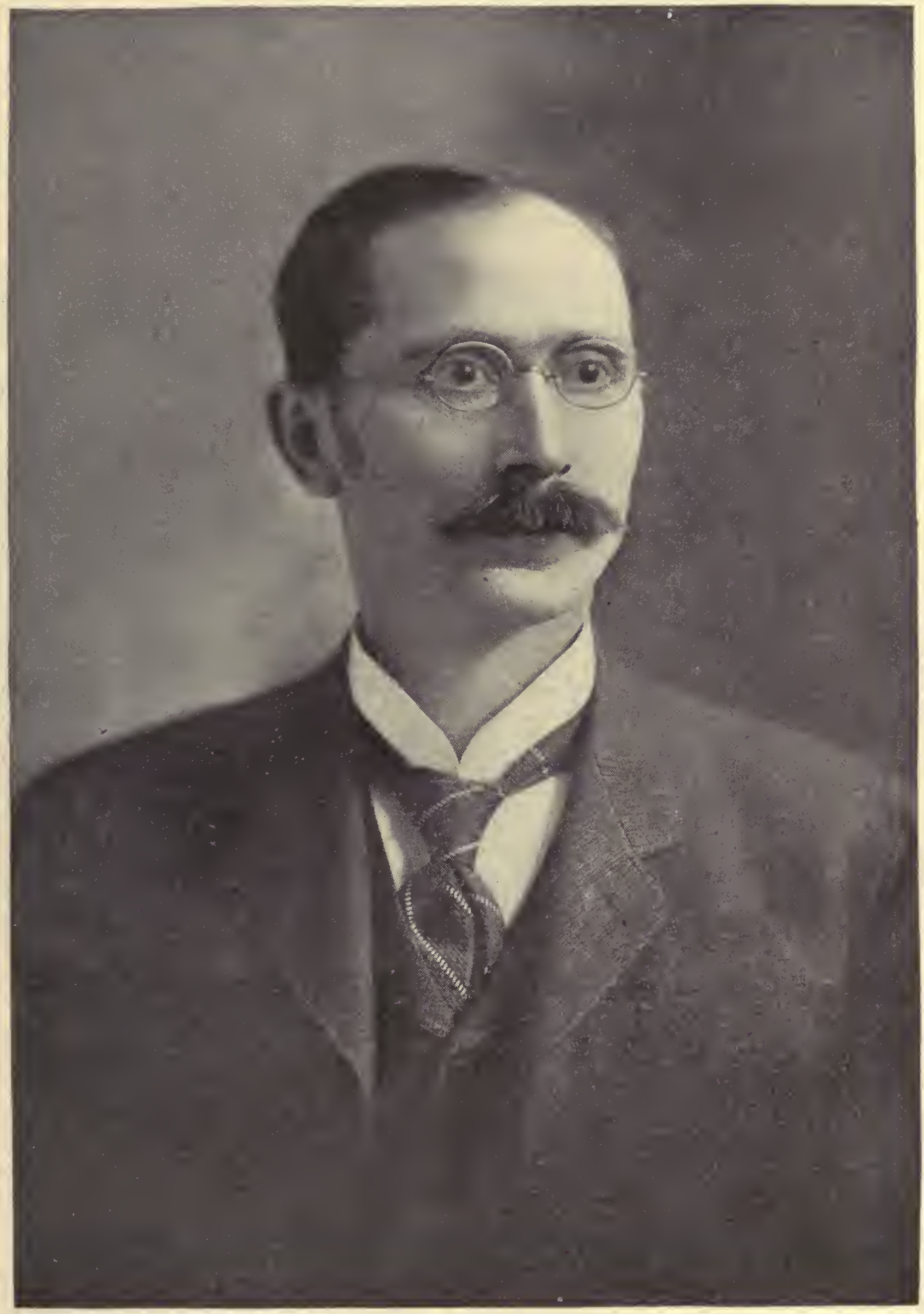

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington

UNITED STATES SENATOR JOSEPH L. BRISTOW OF SALINA, KANSAS fiscal year there is being spent for all governmental purposes through the various branches of the public service, $1,008,000,000. The estimates for these same expenditures for the next fiscal year, which the Committee on Appropriations of the House must first examine, reach the enormous aggregate of $1,058,000,000. Each item of these estimates is examined with the utmost care before the appropriation therefor is recommended by the Committee to the House. This is necessary in order to avoid unnecessary or extravagant expenditures.

The enormous work involved in these examinations of estimates is little understood either by those who spend the money or by the people whose money is being spent. It is a fact, however, that not in many years has there even been a suspicion in the minds of the people regarding the authorization by the Committee on Appropriations of more money than was necessary, or for purposes not authorized by law.

With the deficit now of over $68,000,000 and an almost certain deficit of $125,000,000, at the end of this fiscal year staring the nation in the face, which deficit is rapidly reducing the surplus in the treasury, the problem of keeping the expenditures for the next fiscal year, when it is estimated the deficit will reach $143,000,000, within the revenues is a task the extent and labor of which is little appreciated by the people. The demands for increased appropriations or new appropriations must therefore be denied until the revenues are provided with which to meet them. This policy will doubtless prove unpopular with the average Congressman who has some special interest in his district that could be advanced by securing an appropriation. It is a well-known fact that during the sessions of Congress the Committee on Appropriations is usually blamed by everybody for not granting all that is asked, and then at the end of the session, when the aggregate amount which has been allowed is seen, the Committee is again censured by these same men because the aggregate is so large.

If Congress were to pass the bills now pending, which authorize additional expen-

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WHITELAW REID

United States Ambassador, in Library of American Embassy, London ditures and provide for new services, the government would have to spend at least one-half as much more—if not double the amount—than is being spent, and this would increase the deficit to that extent. For this reason the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations and his associates are obliged not only to keep their battle axes well sharpened for use in their committee room, but they are likewise obliged, in the interest of good administration and economy, to take them onto the floor of the House and use them in hacking down appropriations reported from other committees. It is to be expected that the position of Chairman of this Committee is never, and never will be, a popular one with the House, but it is a position, if the duties are properly discharged by the man who fills it, that should commend him to the people as a faithful public servant. But this even is not accorded him, especially when the craze for the expenditure of public money has reached the point it has at the present time.

* * *

HOW often the ambitions of the boy in the schoolroom forecast his future career. A playmate of Whitelaw Reid related how, in the old days, he used to know by heart every line of the *New York Tribune;* the boys joked about it and nicknamed him "Greeley." One day when they were all talking, he chanced to bring up his favorite authority to prove a point, and the lads began to tease him about his preference for the *Tribune;* he answered their sarcastic comments: "Some day I may work on the *New York Tribune*, and know even more about it."

This remark seems almost prophetic; for the ambassador at the Court of St. James, the boy who in school days bore the nickname of "Greeley," has in truth been the editor of that great paper which was founded by Horace Greeley. A candidate for vice-president, prominent in national affairs for a quarter of a century, Mr. Reid has made a splendid and varied record. He has ably filled one of the most important United States ambassadorial posts and his addresses have done much to promote good feeling between the two nations.

PAULINE COBB

Five years old, grand-daughter of Professor L. T. Townsend of Brookline, Massachusetts, author of well-known theological works and an occasional writer for the *National Magazine*

The extent to which he induced English audiences to approve and applaud the strongest American utterances was especially noticeable in his addresses at the University of Cambridge, on the "Rise of the United States in the Eighteenth Century"; at Llandudno, in the dedication of a Memorial School to John Bright; at Bath, in unveiling a tablet to the memory of Edmund Burke, whom he described as "our foremost friend in Great Britain"; and in a multitude of other appearances on literary, educational and social occasions. There has never been a time since the separation of the countries in 1776 when the English feeling toward the United States was so conspicuously cordial, or when there was less trouble in diplomatic relations. Among other things Mr. Reid was able to quiet the constant difficulties over the Newfoundland fisheries by negotiating a modus vivendi in which American rights were so thoroughly safeguarded as to cause a considerable outcry in official quarters in Newfoundland. It worked successfully. When negotiations for a final settlement were blocked, he was twice able to renew this modus in a satisfactory shape; and finally to induce Great Britain to agree that the whole fishery dispute, which had been a source of constant trouble from the first peace with Great Britain, and especially since the Treaty of 1818, should be referred to The Hague Tribunal for arbitration. He proposed this in 1907; after some delay the British government accepted it, and in January, 1909, the Canadian and Newfoundland representatives were in

Washington to settle the final form of the questions to be submitted.

Mr. Reid succeeded also in getting Great Britain, the largest opium producing country in the world, to unite in the International Conference to check the evils of opium.

There is supposed to be constant activity also at the embassy in endeavoring to enlist the co-operation of the British government in various features of American policy—concerted action in China, avoidance of old treaty difficulties about Panama, movements against interference with the open door in Manchuria, and other matters in which both countries have interests which are best safeguarded by concerted action.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington

MR. AND MRS. WU CHAO-CHU
Of the Chinese Legation, with their child

The diplomat, who as boy and man revered the name of Horace Greeley—whose trenchant pen fairly scintillated with the American spirit—has won the confidence and respect of those with whom he has come into contact while representing the United States at the Court of St. James.

* * *

PRESIDENT TAFT has placed the seal of his approval upon the lock system in the building of the Panama Canal. On his way home from his visit to the canal in February, he declared that the work is going on as the people would have it go on, and would be completed by January 1, 1915. Two years ago, after a visit to the Canal Zone, we ventured to make a similar prediction, and by some it was considered as simply an outburst of Panama hysteria. It was, however, an expression of calm judgment, after witnessing the enthusiasm of the officials in charge of the work, and of the "men behind the shovels," for even then they were digging the "big ditch" with a time limit, dated January 1, 1915.

* * *

APPARENTLY Roosevelt's commission to inquire into the joys and sorrows of country life is traveling a rough road. Some of the farmers and agricultural papers do not appear to appreciate that list of questions hung out for them to answer. They resent the idea as a suggestion that they have to be looked after, like "the blind, the lame and the lazy."

To question twelve, asking "if the farmers and their wives get together with their neighbors for entertainment and social intercourse as much as they might do," one old farmer facetiously remarked:

"We get together too often; we are better apart; we lie about each other too much."

Another query elicited the reply:

"Why don't you make inquiries in your own home? What do you and your wife do? How about your own family? Don't you think you could do something better than stand around and ask questions that seem a trifle impertinent?"

The final conclusion of the old farmer was that there was not much that could be added for the betterment of life on the farm, which, according to him, was an endless round of joy when strangers did not "butt in." He states that "all we need is more than we have got. We are born healthy, live frugally, marry the best we can, divorce seldom, obey the law (we don't need much law in the country) vote as we've a mind to—most of the time are long on common sense, and don't ask impertinent questions of strangers."

* * *

FROM all indications the extra session of Congress will continue well into the summer. Already a great deal of overtime and hard work have been put upon the tariff bill, which promises to be a measure of great importance and magnitude. President Taft, in declining invitations reaching into August, indicates his anticipation of a busy summer. The members all realize that the more business is accomplished in the extra session of the new Congress, the less there will be for the late regular session, thus insuring an earlier adjournment in 1910, and giving members a chance to "fix up their fences" for the coming season.

The prospect of a summer session is always hailed with delight by the citizens of Washington, who have insisted, ever since the great advertising campaign by log-rolling locators of the national capital, that it is a good place to live in, winter or summer, and that the location of the capital insures a comfortable temperature for any season, except the hot summer months.

* * *

OCCASIONALLY in Washington the questions of rank and precedence come up, as matters of importance, at least for the moment. There is no legislation or ruling on the subject, but there is, in most instances, an understanding, a sort of unwritten code.

Many people will be surprised to learn that a governor outranks a senator, according to the law of precedence in vogue in other countries.

A few years ago the new senator from Vermont, Carroll S. Page, was crossing the Atlantic with the late Senator Redfield Proctor in the Cunard steamship "Campania." They were, of course, given seats at the captain's table. Senator (then governor) Page was surprised to find himself occupying the post of honor, with Senator Proctor seated farther down the table.

This the modest governor of the Green Mountain State thought was not quite correct, and he remonstrated, explaining that there must be some error, as his friend was

Photo copyright by Clinedinst, Washington

SIAMESE MINISTER AND CHILDREN

W. C. BROWN

President of the New York Central Railroad a United States senator and his superior in rank. He was told that a governor outranks a senator.

Little did Governor Page then think that he would be a successful candidate for the senatorial toga, but it is probable that he is reconciled to his reduction in rank when he travels abroad or in Canada.

* * *

THE railroad career of William C. Brown began in Iowa, when he started at the bottom of the ladder as a section hand on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. In swift succession he filled the positions of telegraph operator, train dispatcher, chief train dispatcher, train master, assistant superintendent, general manager and vice-president. He was born in Herkimer County, New York, on the line of one of America's greatest railroads, of which he is now president; but it was to Waterloo, Iowa, that he brought his bride, and the little frame house in which they began their life together is still standing.

REPRESENTATIVE E. F. ACHESON
Of Pennsylvania

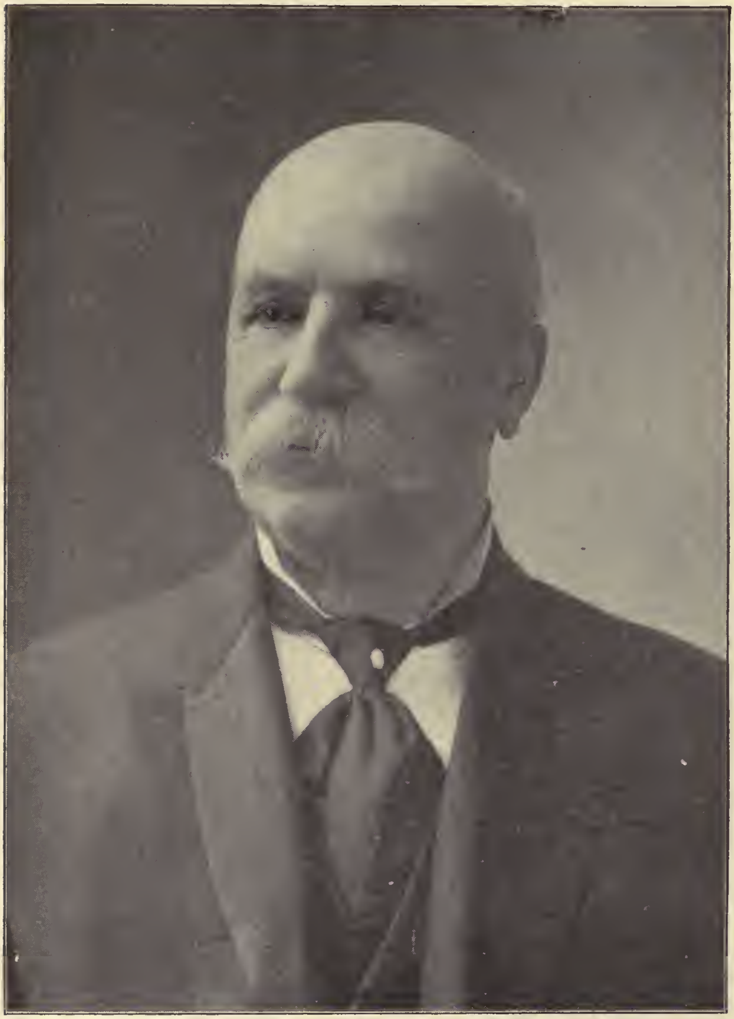
It is said of W. C. Brown that he knows just how to obtain results and is a born railroad manager. With the electrification of the line running into New York; with the many idiosyncrasies to be considered in laying out railroad work; with the financial avalanche of payments to be shoveled off every week or month, the responsibilities of a railroad president might daunt any man, but Mr. Brown is equal to all emergencies. Direct, intense, broad-minded, generous, keenly analytical, yet full of human sympathy, he has all the qualities needed by an official who holds a position which has come to be regarded as quasi-governmental, and in all respects Mr. Brown is well equipped to meet the wants and demands of the public traveling over the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

Photo by Clinedinst
AURORA QUESADA
Daughter of the Cuban Minister

* * *

ONE of the able and popular congressmen at Washington who feels the senatorial ambition is Representative Ebenezer J. Hill of Connecticut. Like the late Senator Platt, he ranks as one of the ablest congressmen from the Nutmeg State. A mine of information, a finished scholar, it can be truly said that when Mr. Hill says he knows a thing, he assuredly understands it thoroughly; it is amusing to see him unload his immense wallet of newspaper clippings, knowing just where to lay his hand on the particular confirmatory information he needs. Every one of these items of information appears to be indexed in his mind, and when he enters the lists in an argument, this bunch of detail flies from his pocket, and the adversary thus confronted is bound to quake. A lightning debater, he is never at a loss for a fact or a figure to fit his need of the moment. Mr. Hill seldom speaks in public, but when he does, he always says something that is worthy of careful attention from his listeners.

During the pending tariff revision, his room in the new office building close by the Ways and Means Committee, of which he is the fourth member in rank, has been the headquarters for the representatives of Connecticut's industries.



UNITED STATES SENATOR JACOB H. GALLINGER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

* * *

VERY much like preparing for a bridge whist party at our house was the condition of Washington as decked for the inauguration. It is interesting to remember that we have with us the only living ex-president of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, whose seven years at the White House are looked upon as among the most eventful in the history of the executive mansion, notwithstanding the popularity of the regime of Dolly Madison.

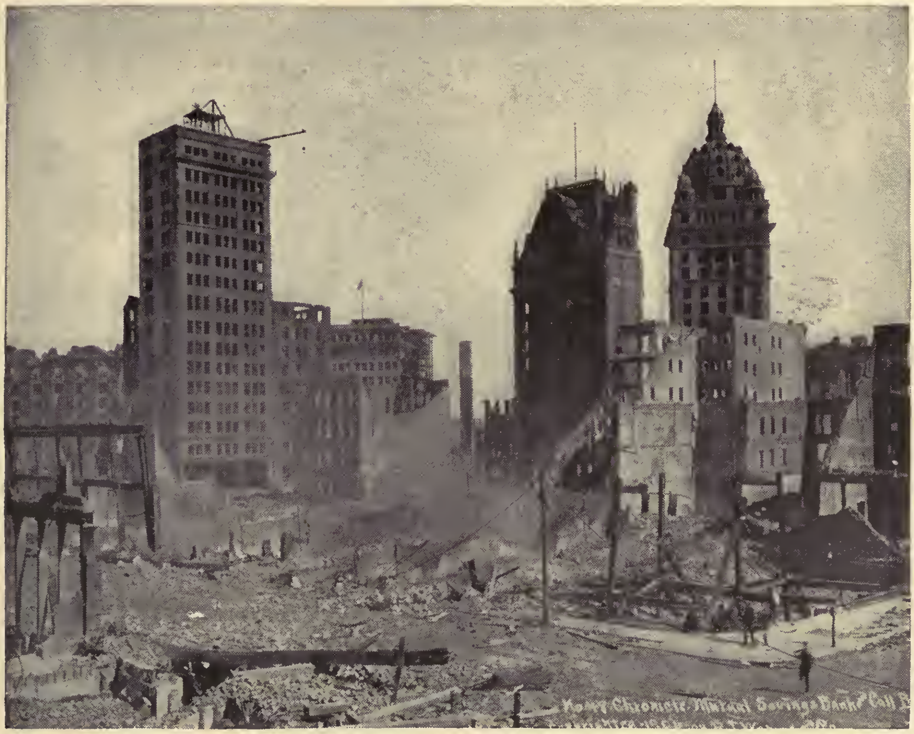
Speaking of Dolly Madison recalls a remarkable retort of hers, when congratulated on her husband's inauguration:

"I don't know that there is much cause for congratulation; the president of the United States comes in at the iron gate and goes out at the weeping willow"—a term formerly given to the stone arch on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Tradition has it that Franklin Pierce was looked upon as one of the handsomest of men and most popular of presidents. The son of New Hampshire was hospitable, generous and greatly beloved by all who came in contact with him—a winsome man in every way, though his most ardent admirers are obliged to admit that little of note was accomplished during his administration.

The strangest household that ever dwelt in the White House was that of Zachary Taylor. When "Old Rough and Ready," his wife, and handsome daughter, Mrs. Bliss, duly took up their abode at the Executive Mansion, it will be remembered that Mrs. Taylor remained the greater part of the time in her room—it is said, peacefully smoking a corn-cob pipe—while her accomplished daughter, wife of the president's private secretary, presided over the hospitalities of the mansion.

The present administration promises to be neither uneventful as the Pierce, nor peculiar as the Taylor regime; it will certainly be socially brilliant, with Mrs. Taft and her daughter, Miss Helen, in the Blue Room. They are rare entertainers and have always entered with zest and enthusiasm into the spirit of all work undertaken by the President.



THE SURVIVAL OF THE SKYSCRAPERS IN SAN FRANCISCO

Owing to the folly of insufficient window protection, fire destroyed interier finish and contents, but the structures themselves were damaged in some cases but five per cent. of their value

* * *

FOR years past no observer of affairs at Washington has failed to perceive that one of the hardest working and most industrious members of the Senate is Senator Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire. His re-election and the handsome endorsement of the Legislature of the Granite State were most gratifying to his many friends. When the fight for his re-election was on, it must have been encouraging to him to know that he had so many true and loyal friends, who were not to be swerved from the path of friendship by the bitter and desperate attacks of those who did not know the Senator as they knew him.

It has been characteristic of Senator Gallinger, whose career started at the printer's case, to win his greatest successes in the stress and teeth of the storm. His experience as Chairman of the Republican State Committee, during many strenuous campaigns, served him well. Few senators in the upper house come closer to the people than "Dr." Gallinger, as he is lovingly called by his own people. The Legislature of New Hampshire is the largest in the country, and an election by this legislative body is almost equivalent to a popular election. Senator Gallinger served with distinction in the lower house of Congress for four years, and the records show that no senator has been more conscientious and thorough in his committee work. His services as Chairman of the District of Columbia Committee have been notable.

SANDY LANDING—DICKEY'S FERRY

The magnificent Union Station, the Municipal Building on Pennsylvania Avenue, the new senate office building, and the splendid filtration plant, are pointed out as monuments of the influence, persistence and energy of Senator Gallinger. An enthusiastic advocate of the Merchant Marine, he has secured the passage of two bills through the senate, and will always be permanently identified with the upbuilding of that service. While his time and strength are taxed in connection with matters of national legislation, no senator is more considerate of the wishes of his constituents, and every letter or request appearing with the postmark of New Hampshire takes precedence of all else and receives prompt attention.

* * *

SIX congressmen, strong men and true, fell outside the breastworks in the last election. It is a matter of general regret nationally that congressmen of the calibre of Overstreet, Landis, McCleary, Hepburn, J. Adam Bede and John J. Jenkins are not on the House roll-call this session. If the nation were seeking men of ability and probity alone, irrespective of local political disturbances, the services of these men would be eagerly sought. Mere defeat has never been regarded as a discredit—"how far high failure overleaps a low success," has always been understood, and many valuable and prominent men in Congress today have suffered defeat because, in the absorption of the work at Washington, they have not given the attention necessary to maintain political fences in proper trim. The "Congressional Record" alone chronicles the value and quality of the splendid work done by these six sturdy congressmen who take the present situation philosophically.

"What are you going to do now?" is the query they are answering good-humoredly.

Apropos of this question, one of the gentlemen remarked that they would not follow up any such suggestion as that offered to his congregation by a minister to whom Helen Hunt, the famous author of "Ramona," went when she found a well-filled purse in his church.

She suggested that he should announce the finding of the money at the evening service, and say that it might be obtained by coming to her. The reverend gentleman carried out her instructions as follows, speaking with a slight hesitancy:

"This morning there was found in this church a purse filled with money. If the owner is present he can have the purse if he will please go-to-Hel'en Hunt for it."

There was a rustle of shocked surprise in the congregation; a sermon on heaven and hell had been previously announced, and probably their minds were intent on the latter part of the subject. In a moment the preacher saw that his words had been misconstrued, and hastened to revise his statement: "The purse may be obtained from Mrs. Helen Hunt, who now has possession of it."

One of the "big six" remarked:

"We are not going to Helen Hunt or anyone else to obtain an office, but will take our places as plain, active, American citizens."

* * *

WITHIN a half hour's ride of the city of Washington is one of the most entrancing beauty spots to be found throughout the country. A day in late autumn, spent at Great Falls, on the Potomac, is indeed a delight. Few people know that such wild grandeur may be witnessed within a short ride of the capital. The falls of Niagara are not more charming or more picturesque.

The great rugged rocks, reaching through a deep canyon, seem to crush the water as it goes roaring and rushing on its way, as when it was first visited by George Washington, who pronounced it a spot well suited to develop great manufacturing interests close to the capital. Just above the falls is a dam, where fishermen while away many happy hours; another charm is the ferry to the Maryland shore.

On either side of the falls are high mountains, clothed, at the time of our visit, with the gorgeous foliage of autumn—the despair of the artist. How restful, how supremely perfect was that scene, its quietude impelling to worship of the great Creator. Turning from the grandeur of the mountains the eye rests on many nooks and lanes, screened with the thick leafage of the trees, delightful retreats for young or old, within hearing of the ceaseless murmur of the Potomac, sweeping down to tide water.

Across the river are gold mines, where for many years a low grade quartz has been worked; every rock and crevice in this part of the country has felt the tap of the prospector's hammer, but coming suddenly on Great Falls, set in its magnificent gorge, one feels that a discovery richer than any gold mine has been made. People come thousands of miles to see this sight, and it promises to prove a favorite beauty spot for Washington visitors, although in summer it is said to be too warm at Great Falls for comfort, because the rocks gather and retain the heat of the sun's rays. If these falls had been located in New England, the thrifty Yankees would long since have made profit of the power stored in their volume of water, utilizing it to turn the wheels of industry, but one cannot refrain from hoping that Great Falls may long remain untouched by the soot of manufacture.

GREAT FALLS IN APRIL

HE is just the same old Theodore E. Burton that he was when he presided over the Committee on Appropriations for Rivers and Harbors on the House of Representatives side of the Capitol. An ardent admirer of Secretary Taft, he made the nomination speech at the Chicago convention, which indicated then and there that the sturdy congressman from Cleveland was of senatorial size. Hour after hour he stood in the breach on the rivers and harbors bill, to stem the tide of demand for very generous appropriations.

REPRESENTATIVE MICHAEL E. DRISCOLL
Syracuse, New York

As an indication of the drollery of Senator Burton, a story is told of how he finished a conference with the remark:

"Gentlemen: There is no use in asking; you cannot get the appropriation."

"Don't you think that is pretty hard on us, Mr. Burton?" inquired one of the spokesmen.

"You remind me," replied Mr. Burton, "of the story of how Solomon Levi borrowed a thousand dollars from his friend Einstein. Next day the latter was shocked to hear that Solomon had become bankrupt. His annoyance at the ingratitude of Solomon increased when he read the list of creditors next day—his own name did not appear. He hastened to find his erstwhile friend and reproach him:

"'Do you call yourself my friend, and you do not even include my name in your list of creditors—what about that thousand dollars I gave you on Monday?'

"'Nevertheless, I am your friend.'

"'How is that?'

"'Why, don't you see these men on that preferred list think they will get some money—but you *know* that you won't—and have no uncertainty to worry you!'

"That, gentlemen," said Mr. Burton, "is precisely my position in this matter. You might as well know that you won't get anything; there is some consolation in certainty, and I know you will agree with me that there is a limit even to the capacious pockets of Uncle Sam."

* * *

WHEN the carriage containing the retiring and incoming presidents traversed Pennsylvania Avenue, the spectators saw two men more closely united in friendship than any other two Presidents of the United States have ever been. During the years of the Secretary's work in Washington, there has been an uninterrupted friendship between him and Mr. Roosevelt. If, as has been asserted by a recent writer, Theodore Roosevelt is the reincarnation of the soul of Julius Caesar, then the latter's liking for stout men is certainly paralleled in Roosevelt's admiration for William Howard Taft, *magnus corporis.*

* * *

WITH the first breath of spring, the exposition grounds at Seattle present a scene of beauty and of splendid progress, which indicates that everything will be ready on "the dot" for the opening date of the exposition, June first.

Magnificent preparations are being made for the Hawaiian and tropical garden. The flowers and shrubs and trees have already been set out, and Hawaii, with its garden and building, will make a geat showing as one of the young daughters of the nation. Hawaiian girls will sell tropical fruit, and large shipments will be kept in refrigerators to supply the exposition.

The cactus dahlia—chosen as the official flower—will soon be in full bloom in every residential district of Seattle, and will remain in flower during the whole summer.

The largest log house in the world will play the part of forestry building.

THE DOCTORS' TRUST

A DANGEROUS MENACE TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

By CHARLES W. MILLER

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—From the bounding prairies of Iowa comes a stocky, corn-fed gentleman to illumine the pages of the National Magazine with a series of articles on "The Doctors' Trust." His round head is set deep between massive shoulders. His rugged face is furrowed with those deep lines that come early to thinking men reared near the soil. His jaw is square; his eyes seek their target unflinchingly. To see him is to be impressed with his strength.

In the little ink-scented office from which he issues weekly a typical country newspaper, and on the streets of Waverly, the snug little shire town of Bremer County, he is "Charlie" Miller. When the legislature is in session, and he is over at Des Moines, he is "The Honorable Charles W. Miller, Representative from Bremer County"—albeit many forget the dignity of the job and call him "Charlie."

Now in politics Miller is a Democrat, but his Republican neighbors, many of them, have acquired a habit of voting for him. Sometimes—as in the case of the election last fall—they are so anxious that their votes count for him that they vote the Democratic ticket straight. Miller stands for things his neighbors reckon more important than a party label. They forgive and forget his political heresy for they believe in Miller. They know he has been fighting their battle in fighting the Bremer County Medical Society. They can feel in their pockets the money Miller has saved them, for it had got to a point in Bremer County where as Miller says: "No one with $200 and a stomach-ache was safe over night." They know that it was because of his fight for them that a beneficiary of the "meanest trust" jumped on his back one dark night, treating him so roughly as to leave his mark.

CHARLES W. MILLER

Years ago, long before Miller was born, Herbert Spencer, with the vision of a prophet, issued a warning concerning a medical monopoly. The prophecy has come true. The monopoly exists. Iowa is a "medical slave state," just as a famous writer predicted it would be over fifteen years ago. But Miller is on the job, as an editor, as a legislator, but more especially as a citizen in whose veins runs rich red blood, that boils when his neighbor is wronged. And the strong heart in him pumps boiling blood down into the tips of his pen fingers when he writes of the machinations of this "meanest trust, the meanest thing God's bright sun ever shone on."

Miller makes it plain that he has no fight against the "medical profession" as such. He makes it plain, too, that the inside organization, the ring, is misrepresenting the rank and file of physicians, and is, by its political activity and otherwise, entrenching itself so firmly that it will take the better element years to throw off its domination.

Miller is in the legislature, and he is awake. He sees how this ring is pleading with the *state for more privileges, under the old guise of working in behalf of "public health." He knows how they abuse the special privileges they already have—he has an example in his own county. He feels a big graft is being pulled off, and that it is being pulled off by working the representatives of the people who are to be further looted.*

But we'll let him tell his own story in his own way.]

FIRST ARTICLE

THE American people are not overly tolerant of industrial and commercial monopolies, notwithstanding some very reputable political economists point out, with more than a semblance of plausibility, that there are good trusts as well as bad ones. Since the primary object of all trusts is to eliminate competition as a means of exacting a measure of profit that could not be obtained in a free field, the average man who "pays the freight" finds it difficult to regard any trust-devised encroachment on his pocket-book as a process of benevolent assimilation, helpful alike to assimilatee and assimilator. If he "pays the freight" intelligently and comprehendingly, he pays it also grudgingly, albeit he does not keep up a continual row about the necessity of doing so.

The average man cannot see any good in trust extortion as it applies to himself; and if he sees any good in them, it is when his mental vision is befogged by specious argument when it appears "as through a glass darkly." While there is an honest difference in the popular estimate of the moral character of the various trusts which exact tribute from our necessities, there can be but one estimate of a trust organized to exact tribute from our afflictions. It must be conceded that a predatory trust which would make prey of the sick and afflicted is utterly atrocious.

We can, apparently, regard with some complaisance the robbing of well people by trust extortion. We cannot, if we retain the American sense of fair play, view with any degree of complaisance the use of trust methods to loot those among us who are distressed and weakened by bodily ailments; and when the American people arrive at a full realization of the magnitude of its grewsome designs, they will not long hesitate to raise an efficient barrier against the further progress of the already well-entrenched MEDICAL TRUST.

I have no ax to grind that is not the ax of every citizen who believes in the "square deal." In none of the relations of life do I come into sharp financial or theoretical conflict with the medical profession, which I recognize as filling a sphere of usefulness. Its possibilities of beneficent service to humanity are not exceeded in any other line of endeavor, and the profession contains its fair share of heroes and self-sacrificing characters. I certainly have no war to make against the thousands of splendid men and women who strive to live up to its high ideals. I inveigh only against "the system," and the purse-hungry crowd which dominates it and is dragging a time-honored profession down to depths from which it may never rise. In what I write I shall adhere to facts which have been forced upon me in my efforts to break up the medical monopoly in my own state—Iowa.

The "Medical Trust" is less than ten years old. It had its inception when a lot of new blood was infused into the staid old American Medical Association. This had been an ultra-exclusive organization. Its membership had been limited to those who had won their spurs in the profession. Though it was half a century old, its membership was only 5,000, which indicated its exclusiveness. It was no small honor, nor one lightly gained, to be a member of the American Medical Association up to ten years ago.

For about fifty years the activities of the association were along the lines of research and medical and ethical progress. Now its activities are along the lines of political and commercial progress, and ethical development and medical progress, if considered at all, are incidental. With the infusion of new blood, which occurred at a time when schemes of trust exploitation seemed to be epidemic, this fine adherence to time-honored ethics was put aside. The first step of those of the new blood was to infuse more new blood and thus gain control of the organization; and then, through paid organizers, or walking delegates, to perfect alliances with state and county medical associations. These associations already existed, but had no intimate connection with each other.

The plan of confederation carried on with surprising success was patterned after the method of organization of secret orders. The American Medical Association became the "supreme" lodge, the state association became the "grand" lodge, and the county and city organizations ranked as "subordinate" lodges. Applicants for admission to the highest order were obliged to progress upward from the lowest through the intermediate. Those who had already gained membership in the highest, because of their high standing in the profession, were obliged to join their state and local associations, in order to retain it. A strong and efficient organization was soon perfected and, in itself, it was an admirable organization. But it was only slightly potent as a monopoly for the reason that it embraced only the "regular" practitioners, or, in other words, only those who practiced according to the teachings of the allopathic school.

The competition of the homeopathic and eclectic practitioners had still to be reckoned with, and in amalgamating these schools with the "regulars," the organizers of what was destined to become the meanest trust God's bright sun ever shone upon, showed a positive genius worthy of a better cause. What they accomplished humbles the imagination, and causes one's wildest flights of fancy to return tamed and ashamed, and content to eat out of the calloused hand of fact forevermore. What was accomplished was an amalgamation of the allopaths, with their long-time rivals and enemies, the homeopaths and eclectics.

The tremendous strangeness and inconsistency of this amalgamation can easily be appreciated by those who understand how utterly at variance are the theories and practices of these three "schools." Anyone who can hark back a dozen years will vividly recall concrete instances of how these "schools" shunned and despised each other. The homeopath looked upon the allopath as a deep-dyed villain, intent upon poisoning his patients; the allopath was convinced that the homeopath was a fool. Both agreed that the eclectic was a hybrid and a humbug. The eclectic cheerfully agreed with both his rivals in their estimate of the other, the while holding emphatic notions of the superiority of his own beloved "school." This was not a pleasant or particularly inspiring attitude for workers in the same vineyard—but under circumstances it was essentially a proper one. Each was honest with himself by being steadfast to the teaching of his particular "school," which he believed represented certain truths, and his steadfastness to these truths as he understood them was his only excuse for practicing medicine at all. To acknowledge that another "school," whose methods were the antithesis of his own, could be right would not only serve to bring his own skill and knowledge into question, but make him guilty of treason to the institution from whence came his diploma and degree.

Thus there was waged a seemingly irreparable conflict, not edifying, particularly, but most wholesome in its results since it caused physicians of all schools to exercise their greatest skill and caution. This competition spurred the whole profession to higher and better achievements—and kept the price of medical service within reasonable bounds. Not only was this competition checked by the amalgamation brought about by the miracle workers of the American Medical Association, but the whole profession was dragged to a lower plane by the surrender of individual ideals to the call of commercialism. The fraternization of physicians with other physicians whom they knew as apostles of what they thought a false, harmful, or nonsensical system of therapeutics was degrading, and could be brought about, even on the sordid basis of commercial expediency, only by a wholesale surrender of all that had been held most sacred by the individual schools. It meant stultification, not only of individuals, but of the profession as a whole. Individual conscience had to be smothered, altruism made to give way to materialism and love of humanity to greed for gold.

All this was done by the necromancy of the leaders of the new-blood members of the American Medical Association. As a result, there sits enthroned a monster medical monopoly. It has more power than any other monopoly ever dreamed of possessing. It is a part of the body politic; it has legislative authority conferred upon it; it is prosecutor, judge and jury; it is engaged in schemes of financial and political emprise that makes the story of the Standard Oil appear like a picture-book narration of the machinations of a group of giggling school-girls. It dominates and holds in line all the physicians it can by allurements of excessive financial reward and social and political prestige. By an occasional exhibition of its brutal power and cruel relentlessness, it terrorizes the rest into submission to its decrees and mandates.

The medical monopoly is not merely the meanest trust ever organized, but one of the greatest dangers that ever menaced a free people, in this or any other age. Herbert Spencer is almost universally accorded a high place among the great thinkers of the nineteenth century. He illumined every topic touched by his trenchant pen, and though he dealt with the problems of over half a century ago, one cannot read his works in the light of present-day conditions without concluding that this genius of letters was, in a measure, endowed with a gift of prophecy.

It was in 1851 that Herbert Spencer protested against the tendency towards the medical monopoly which did not materialize into a reality until fifty years later. When he published his "Social Statics" the medical profession had scarcely entered the shadow of commercialism as it is known and understood today. Not only did the accepted code frown upon a physician who would render a physician a bill, but the common law actually made it impossible, as a general rule, for a fee for medical service to be collected in the courts. Witness a change: In some states the organized medical profession has sought the passage of laws giving physicians a lien upon crops being grown by their patients.

At the time Herbert Spencer wrote, a man was presumed to enter the medical profession through motives of altruism, and to be satisfied with such material rewards as a grateful clientele was prompted to bestow upon him; and not only were such rewards generally commensurate with a physician's deserts and achievements, but he was accorded a measure of respect and deference among his fellows that was denied all others except those of the church and the peerage.

Since the law of England that made a bill for medical service of doubtful validity in a court of law was not repealed until the year 1858, the keen perception of Herbert Spencer can best be appreciated when it is understood that seven years before, at a time when such a change in the law was not even contemplated he penned the following lines:

". . . There is an evident inclination on the part of the medical profession to get itself organized after the fashion of the clerisy —moved as are the projectors of a railway who, whilst secretly hoping for salaries, persuade themselves and others that the proposed railway will be beneficial to the public —moved, as all men are under such circumstances, by nine parts of self-interest gilt over with one part of philanthropy. Little do the public at large know how actively professional publications are agitating for state-appointed overseers of the public health.

"Whoever has watched how institutions grow, how by little and little a very innocent-looking infancy unfolds into a formidable maturity, with vested interests, political influence, and a strong instinct of self-preservation, will see that the germs here creeping forth are quite capable, under favorable circumstances, of developing into such an organization. He will see further that favorable circumstances are not wanting—that the prevalence of unemployed professional men with whom these proposals for sanitary inspectors and public surgeons mostly originate, is likely to continue.

"The most specious excuse for not extending to medical advice the principles of free trade is the same as that given for not leaving education to be diffused under them; namely, that the judgment of the consumer is not a sufficient guarantee for the goodness of the commodity. The intolerance shown by orthodox surgeons and physicians towards the unordained followers of their calling is to be understood as arising from a desire to defend the public against quackery. Ignorant people say they cannot distinguish good treatment from bad, or skilful advisers from unskilful ones; hence it is needful that the choice be made for them. And then, following in the track of priesthoods, for whose persecutions a similar defence has always been set up, they agitate for more stringent regulations against unlicensed practitioners, and descant upon the dangers to which men are exposed by an unrestricted system."

The common law inhibition as to a physician's making a commodity of medical service was never strictly adhered to in the United States. The spirit of the law, which was only the reflection of the wholesome medical ethics that prevailed during the period of its existence, appears to be the foundation upon which most of the medical practice acts of our states are predicated. These acts are almost invariably arrogant in the assumption that the calling of physician is a species of philanthropy, and that all who have adopted it are of necessity of high moral character, and therefore as richly entitled to special privileges and immunities as they should be free from responsibilities except as to those answerable to conscience and professional pride.

Other writers after Spencer, and almost as prominent in their day, saw the monopolistic tendency of the medical profession. But, writing as they did at a time when medical competition appeared to have no parallel in its degree of fierceness, it is not strange that they did not succeed in influencing many people to join in their alarm.

Fifteen years ago, B. O. Flower, the brilliant editor of *The Arena*, wrote and published in his magazine a forceful article on "The Menace of Medical Monopoly." Even then it was only a menace, not the garish actuality it is today. His notable article closed with the following eloquent words of denunciation and protest:

"In the name of science, whose prophets and torch-bearers have time and again been denounced as quacks; in the name of freedom, upon whose pathway progress ever makes her most rapid strides; for the protection of the health and life of the people, and, lastly, in the name of that priceless and sacred right, which, when wrested from a people, leaves them slaves to a degrading despotism, I urge all broad-minded, liberty-loving citizens to stand determinedly against the stealthy and dangerous encroachment of a well-organized monopoly, arrogant and intolerant as it is selfish and avaricious, which in its own interest is striking at the dearest and most sacred rights of every intelligent and free American citizen."

But even while Mr. Flower wrote there still existed the barrier to a complete monopoly in the fierce rivalry of the various schools of medicine, and it may readily be assumed that the possibility of the breaking down of this seemingly immutable obstacle was as inconceivable to him as it was to Spencer and others who had voiced similar warnings during the half-century previous. And when I consider how the pens of these great men of letters would have flamed, could it have been accurately foreseen that, in so short a time, members of the leading schools of medicine would subordinate truth, knowledge and principle to the call of commercialism, and join in a combination as incongruous and unholy as would be a coalition of angels of light and imps of darkness, my poor pen halts and falters and seems lame indeed.

Mr. Flower singled out Iowa for designation as a "medical slave state," which allusion hints at a condition in my state not altogether salubrious, and it is with this condition, which has grown immeasurably worse in the lapse of years, that my future articles shall principally deal.

NATIVE HEADMEN AND FAMILIES AT KOKONGERO

ROOSEVELT'S HUNTING GROUNDS

By PETER MacQUEEN

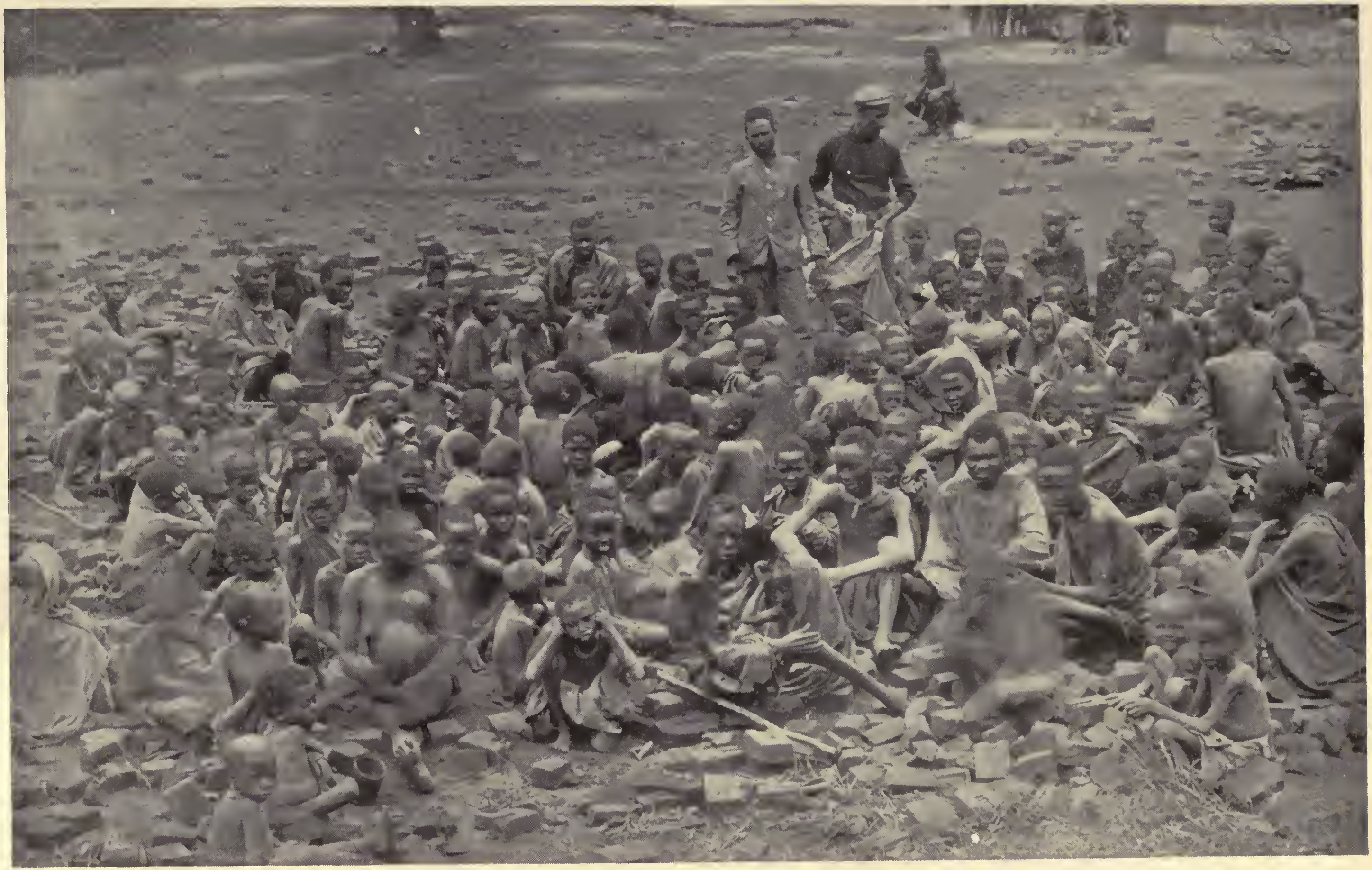
Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Special Correspondent of the *National Magazine* in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, in Manila and the Philippines in Aguinaldo's Insurrection and in South Africa during the Boer War

V—THE PEOPLE OF UGANDA

WHEN Christianity first spread among the Basese, nothing was so strongly resented by the heathen as the burial of the dead, and it became necessary to keep armed guards over a newly-made grave for six or eight days after the burial. In 1899 a French priest laboring among them by himself died suddenly, and an associate was sent to bury him. He was told by the natives that he was already buried, but they refused to point out the place of sepulture, which remains unknown to this day. British authority and the modern laws of Uganda, together with the obloquy and detestation now encountered by the supposed members of this horrible cult, have restricted its operations to out-of-the-way villages and the small islets of this beautiful archipelago, which now forms a county of the Uganda Protectorate and is represented in its parliament at Mengo by its principal chief, who receives a salary of two hundred pounds sterling, or about $970 per annum.

The islanders raise crops of bananas, beans, potatoes, wild coffee, maize and tobacco, and many fowls. There are no carnivorous pests, and the hippopotamus and crocodile are the only dangerous beasts. Basese go decently dressed, even the women wearing ample robes of bark cloth, which, however, generally leave the bust and shoulders uncovered.

The young woman of these people, who has decided to marry, introduces her lover



VICTIMS OF THE FAMINE IN BANANAS AND RICE, THROUGH WHICH FOUR THOUSAND NATIVES DIED LAST YEAR

Relief furnished by Bishop Hernlon, R. C., and Archdeacon Buckley of the English church saved a further catastrophe to her father, and if old enough to marry, goes at once to her future home. A few days later the girl's father pays them a visit and receives two cows from the bridegroom. Six more used to become due and payable to the paternal head within a year after the marriage, but the Uganda legislature has changed the rule of compensation in the case of an ordinary man to ten rupees, about three dollars and a quarter of our money. Chiefs according to their rank may pay a moderately higher price "to gladden the hearts of the relations."

HINDU WOMAN IN KAVIRONDO

The scenery among the Sese Islands is remarkably beautiful when viewed from the steamer's deck, and when seen from an eminence like Mount Bagola presents a vista of blue water reflecting bold headlands, shaded creeks and lagoons and wooded islets stretching away in almost limitless variety to the horizon and gradually softened and attenuated by the glories of dawn, the splendors of the setting sun or the soft haze which even in the hottest tropical day gives a magical charm to distant scenery.

The canoes of the Basese consist of a keelpiece which is prolonged for some distance beyond the bows and turned up, forming a kind of false stem, and two sideboards which are sewed in place with vegetable fibre. They always leak more or less, and a man is always assigned the important duty of constant baling. From the false stem to the bow plumes and fringes form a curious ornament, and on the larger canoes a kind of canopy is erected forward for the chief or passenger. Seen at sea with perhaps thirty to fifty paddles beating the waves into foam, while the men chant their rude choruses, a long war canoe, even in a time of profound peace, is a striking and suggestive spectacle.

FERRYBOAT CROSSING THE UPPER NILE AT JINJA

Before bidding a final farewell to Kavirondo, one cannot but consider the present condition and future prospects of this peculiar people. The accompanying scenes from the little station at Kibos, the last stop before reaching Port Florence, shows how limited are the wants and how small is the purchasing power of a people numbering many thousands of souls, who consider clothing an useless extravagance and whose dietary is almost as simple as their costume. How these "children of nature" are to build up trade or greatly promote commerce is a conundrum which the statesmen of the Protectorate will hardly solve to their satisfaction.

Among these have been colonized some

thousands of Indian coolies, the overflow of the railroad contract era, who have been given lands in Kavirondo, where white men cannot safely settle down for any length of time. Some of these have Indian wives; others have taken wives among the various tribes whose lands are traversed by the railway, but the general type is not one from which England can expect much in the way of missionary work, either by example or precept. It is hardly possible that a people so slow to change in their own land will greatly impel the march of civilization in Eastern Africa.

Indeed, it seems a pity that the British government, in organizing this new dominion, has handicapped it with Indian regulations of the allotment and titles to land and an Asiatic monetary system which gives the Indian rupee, anna and pice the place which should be held by pounds, shillings, pence and farthings at least, if a decimal system could not be adopted.

RAILWAY STATION AT PORT FLORENCE, LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA

However, the thing is done, and every white man who comes into this country for business or pleasure has got to use up more or less brain matter and pencil strokes every time he exchanges an eagle or a pound note for what they have chosen to style here "the currency of the country." It is claimed, of course, that the use of infinitesimal coins and cowries suits the needs of a country where wages are low and purchases very exiguous indeed.

But as we glide onward over the wate of the great African inland sea, a glance our boat, the "Winnifred," may not be uninteresting. She and her sister boat, the "Sybil," are of 600 tons burthen, can spread canvas at need and have cabins and dining-rooms lighted and cooled by electricity. A double awning of canvas protects the passengers from the equatorial sun, but we are advised to wear our hats, even when under the awning. The firemen and deck hands are half-naked negroes, and the cook and steward are Hindus, or half-breeds. The English officers and a few first-class passengers are the only white people on board, but Arabs, Eurasian and Hindu traders and money lenders, and half-breed traders, often formerly slavers, with Sikh, Somali and Egyptian soldiers are likely to be represented among the second-class passengers.

The food is well-cooked, and the variety sufficient for the cost, which is about $1.65 per diem, without extras. You can have a cup of tea or coffee and a biscuit before breakfast at eight o'clock, when fish, eggs, bacon, toast, fruit, marmalade, coffee and tea are served. At one o'clock a very substantial lunch of soup, meats, currie with rice,

AT KIBOS STATION, KAVIRONDO COUNTRY

MARKET PLACE IN KAVIRONDO

and dessert, and a very hearty dinner at eight o'clock in the evening certainly give the traveler all that he ought to eat in this climate. Nearly all the English travelers keep up the custom of "taking a peg" at or after lunch or dinner. A "peg" (Anglo-Indian slang) may mean a drink of any kind, but is usually a mixed drink, such as whiskey or brandy and soda-water, claret-cup, half-and-half, or the like. The lake water, duly cooled, was good enough for me when I wanted a "cold peg," and the tea and coffee were fairly excellent.

There are two other steamers on the lake: one, the little "Sir William McKinnon," which was brought up in sections from the coast before the road was completed, is still used as a dispatch boat. The fourth, and largest of all, is the "Sir Clement Hill," of 800 tons.

The large number of canoes, large and small, on the Victoria Nyanza, calls one's attention to the fact that for generations thousands of people have depended largely for their daily food and means of barter on its fisheries. They have always used the hand-line and rude iron hooks, and, of course, are now buying the regular Sheffield article. Various traps and nets are also employed. All the boats leak, and it is said to be the correct thing in a light boat and heavy sea to let the canoe fill and get overboard, using her as a life preserver until the storm is over. The fishermen of certain tribes, however, are becoming more enterprising, and well-built boats and even sailing-craft are beginning to appear among them.

Passing to the northward of this archipelago, after a voyage of fifteen to twenty hours, the boat lands her freight and passengers at Entebbe, the commercial metropolis of the Uganda Protectorate.

Entebbe, the British capital of Uganda, is beautifully situated, and has many attractions, despite the fact that civilized architecture in this part of Africa runs to structures of corrugated iron, low-walled, many-windowed, and with as little wood as possible in their composition. If you inquire curiously as to the reason of this, the initiated will point out sundry rudely conical mounds which lead the uninstructed to believe that the whole country is studded with shocks of ripened grain, and inform you that the white ants that build such ant-hills are quite capable of destroying a new American wooden cottage in a few days, to say nothing of the lurking-places for all kinds and conditions of reptiles, insects and vermin unutterable, afforded by a "balloon frame."

But whatever may be said of the buildings, there can be no question about the hearty and generous hospitality of their inmates, as the Honorable Winston Churchill found when last year he came up from the coast to be led under arches of welcome and be feted and feasted until he was fairly overwhelmed with goodfellowship. If you doubt it, "Haven't I a photygraft to prove it?" as Mulvaney says.

What they will do when Roosevelt lands from the lake steamer, I don't know; but I should say that about every white denizen of Entebbe, regardless of age, sex or previous condition, has spent more or less time in trying to evolve some idea which will add to the reputation of Entebbe for enterprise, originality and well-judged hospitality, and the comfort of America's only living ex-president. They need not worry, if I know anything of the ways of the great American, for I am sure that the surroundings and sights of Entebbe herself would entertain and interest President Roosevelt for weeks together, if he had the time to study them as he loves to study men and things. For Entebbe, although small, has within herself the seeds of a greater empire and increasing wealth; schools, churches, hospitals, courts, libraries, prisons, troops, public gardens, gardens in which outland coffees, rubber-trees, cottons, spices, fruits and valuable trees and vines are being brought to the knowledge of the people—all these she has and more. For she has men who have taken up "the white man's burden" and borne it under stress almost unutterable—when mutiny and massacre threatened a handful of Englishmen, surrounded by innumerable savages in the heart of the "Dark Continent"; when multitudes were dying around them of the terrible, and then incurable, "sleeping sickness," when the bubonic plague brought by some sordid ignorant coolie out of the poisonous East, crept like a serpent into the heart of Africa and began to reap where the smallpox and fever had gathered victims; and when drought and blight cut off the only sources of food supply, and men, women and children died by thousands before relief could come. And these men, though stern and masterful when necessary, are just and law-abiding in their dealing with the helpless natives committed to their guardianship. No one may strike a native except he be punished by the verdict of a court, and this punishment must not be brutal or excessive. It is a joy to know such men—doughty fighters, hearty, genial hosts, mighty hunters before the Lord, who for the honor of the English name and flag, and the desire of doing the work given them to do well and faithfully, bear exile and many trials in a savage land bravely and cheerily to the end.

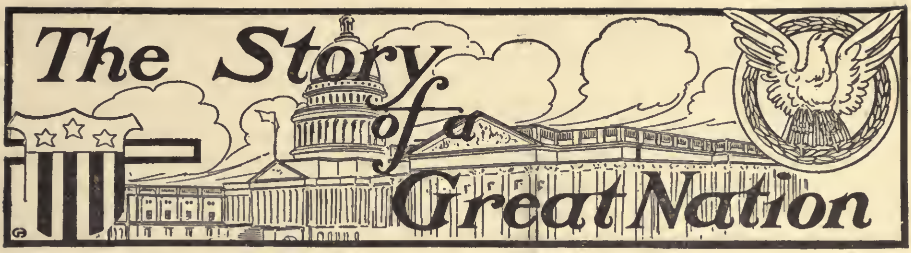
And again, she has myriads of men, savage men if you will, who in form and stature, if not in features, recall the sculptured manhood of Phidias and Praxiteles in the golden days of Grecian art. For here, sooner or later, drift representatives of every race and every hybrid which peoples Africa from the Lower Congo to the Indian Sea. Even from German East Africa, where every white man and soldier is privileged to use his wicked whip of hippopotamus hide on any native who displeases him, the natives come to do hard work for small wages, where no man uses them cruelly or dares to do them wrong.

So one sees here chiefs, decorated for loyalty in rebellion and gallantry in action, decently draped in snowy Americani, with wives and children, who no longer fear that the caprice of a despot will loose upon them the spears of his legions and the greed of some rival at court. They meet in council now to debate and legislate for the good of the common people, and if the chief has some privileges above his poorer neighbor, it comes from the hand of the administration in a moderate salary, or a permission to be a little more liberal in giving away his substance. So, too, one learns of the noble charities of last summer, when the bananas blighted and the rice was blasted by the drought; how the truth was not known in due season until hunger had so done its work that, first and last, four thousand men, women and children died of hunger or the weakness which no relief could repair; how Catholic prelate and Protestant priest alike fed the multitude with that temporal bread, which alone could preserve the body alive, to profit by the spiritual teachings of these Christian co-laborers.

(*Continued in May number*)

Photo by Harris & Ewing

Elihu Root


The Story of a Great Nation

INTERNATIONAL FRATERNIZATION

By HON. ELIHU ROOT *

United States Senator from New York

NO student of our times can fail to see that not America alone but the whole civilized world is swinging away from its old governmental moorings and intrusting the fate of its civilization to the capacity of the popular mass to govern.

Not in one generation nor in one country can the effective control of a superior sovereign, so long deemed necessary to government, be rejected and effective self-control by the governed be perfected in its place. The first fruits of democracy are, many of them, crude and unlovely; its mistakes are many, its partial failures many, its sins not few. Capacity for self-government does not come to many by nature. It is an art to be learned, and it is also an expression of character to be developed among all the thousands of men who exercise popular sovereignty. Loyalty to that abstract conception—one's country—is as inspiring as that loyalty to personal sovereigns, which has so illumined the pages of history.

The world is making substantial progress toward more perfect popular self-government—in the intelligent participation of the great mass of the people, in the fidelity and honesty with which they are represented, in respect for law, in obedience to the dictates of sound morality, and in effectiveness and purity of administration. No longer is it man's conception of government that it must be by a superior force, pressing down what is bad; but that it shall be from beneath, with all the good impulses and capacities of human nature pressing upward what is good. The sentiment, the friendship, the affection, the feelings of this great throbbing mass of humanity, determine peace or war, progress or retrogression. No longer the aristocratic selfishness, which gathers into a few hands all the goods of life, rules mankind. Languages may be different; we may draw from our parent countries many different customs, different ways of acting and of thinking; but, after all, the great substantial underlying facts are the same; humanity is the same.

I know there are many who listen incredulously to the gospel of international fraternization; there are many who think practical considerations alone rule the efforts of men —profit in trade, the almighty dollar, the balance of bookkeeping or the checks in the counting-house. There are many who think that this is all there is in life, and that he is an idle dreamer and insincere orator who talks of the constancy of international friendship; who talks of love of country rising above the love of material things; who talks of sentiment as controlling the affairs of men. The attractions and repulsions that move the millions rule the world today; we cannot see it in a single lifetime, as we cannot see the movement of the tide. We see the waves, but

*This article comprises excerpts—made with the author's approval—from speeches delivered by Honorable Elihu Root during his South American tour in 1906; from speeches made at a dinner given by the Brazilian Ambassador, and at a dinner given by the Pilgrims of the United States in honor of the Governor General of Canada; an address delivered before the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress in the same year, and also from an address delivered upon the opening of the National Arbitration and Peace Congress in 1907. Strong and cohesive in character these paragraphs, fourteenth in the series of articles "The Story of a Great Nation" are a notable contribution to the annals of American statecraft.

the tide moves on imperceptibly. The progress, the steady and irresistible progress, of civilization is ever on.

All international law and international justice depend upon national law and national justice. No assemblage of nations can be expected to establish and maintain any higher standard of life in a community than is maintained in the individual character of the elements of the community. In the field of international arbitration we find a less fully developed sense of impersonal justice than we find in our municipal jurisprudence. Because the world has not passed out of that stage wherein men, even arbitrators, act diplomatically instead of judicially, arbitrations are too apt to lead to diplomatic compromises rather than to judicial decisions. The remedy is not to abandon arbitrations, but to press on in every country the quickened conscience, the higher standard, the judicial idea, the sense of responsibility for impartial judgment in international affairs, as distinguished from the opportunity for negotiation in international affairs.

We are apt to be impatient in our judgment and forget how long it takes to educate whole peoples up to different standards of moral law. The principle of arbitration requires the education of all peoples of civilized countries up to the same standard which exists now regarding the sacredness of judicial function exercised in our courts. We must learn to love justice, to regard more highly an act of justice and of generosity than even an act of courage or an act of heroism.

Since the dawn of civilization, there has been but one republic of science, but one republic of letters; let there be but one republic of the politics of peace, one great university of the professors and instructors of justice, of respect for human rights, of consideration for others, and of the peace of the world.

* * *

A little less than three centuries of colonial and national life have brought the people inhabiting the United States, by a process of evolution, natural and with the existing forces inevitable, to a point of distinct and radical change in their economic relations to the rest of mankind; the energy of our people, directed by the formative power created in our early population by heredity, by environment, by the struggle for existence, by individual independence and by free institutions, has been devoted to the internal development of our own country. We have been drawing on the resources of capital and labor to aid us in our work. We have gathered strength from every rich and powerful nation and expended it upon these home undertakings. We have been always a debtor nation, borrowing from the rest of the world, drawing all possible energy toward us and concentrating it with our own energy upon our own enterprises.

In the fifty years from 1850 to 1900, we received on our shores nearly 20,000,000 immigrants from the Old World, and borrowed from it thousands of millions of dollars —with those strong arms and with that capital we have threaded the country with railroads and created the phenomenal prosperity that all the world recognizes.

* * *

Since the first election of President McKinley, the people of the United States for the first time accumulated a surplus of capital beyond the requirements of internal development. We have paid our debts to Europe and become a creditor instead of a debtor nation. Our surplus energy is also beginning to look beyond our own borders, throughout the world, to find opportunity for the profitable use of our surplus capital. Our first steps in the new field indeed are somewhat clumsy and unskilled. In our own vast country, with oceans on either side, we have had too little contact with foreign peoples readily to understand their customs or learn their languages, yet no one can doubt that we shall learn and shall understand and shall do our business abroad, as we have done it at home, with force and efficiency.

Coincident with our development, progress of political development has carried South America out of the stage of militarism into the stage of industrialism; the revolutionary general and the dictator are no longer the objects of admiration and imitation; civic virtues command the highest respect; nearly everywhere the people are eager for foreign capital to develop their natural resources and for foreign immigration to occupy their vacant land. Immediately before us, at exactly the right time, just as we are ready for it, great opportunities for peaceful commercial and industrial expansion to the south are presented. Other investing nations are already in the field, but it is so vast, the new demands are so great, the progress so rapid, that what other nations have done up to this time is but a slight advance in the race for the grand total.

Nowhere in the world has progress been more marked than in Latin America. Loyalty to country, its peace, its dignity, its honor, has risen above the partisanship for individual leaders. Individual liberty is respected. Continuous public policies are followed; national faith is held sacred. Progress has not been equal everywhere, but there has been progress everywhere. The right tendency is not exceptional; it is continental. The present affords just cause for satisfaction; the future is bright with hope.

It is with nations as it is with individual men: intercourse, association, correction of egotism by the influence of others' judgment, broadening of views by the experience and thought of equals, acceptance of the moral standards of a community the desire for whose good opinion lends a sanction to the rules of right conduct—these are the conditions of growth in civilization.

* * *

To promote this mutual interchange and assistance between the American republics, engaged in the same great task, inspired by the same purpose and professing the same principles, is the function of the International Bureau of American Republics, at whose conventions no political questions are discussed, but many subjects are considered which may enable the republics to ascertain for the common benefit what advances have been made by each nation in knowledge, in experience, in enterprise, in the solution of difficult questions of government and in ethical standards. No rights, privileges or powers are claimed by one that are not freely conceded to every American republic. True growth is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and a common growth, that we may all become greater and stronger together.

The great declaration of Monroe, when he threw down the gauntlet for Argentina's independence, was made in the infancy of Latin-American liberty, but it was an assertion to all the world of the competency of Latin Americans to govern themselves and their countries. At that time we had nothing to offer the sister republics but our friendship. Twenty years ago, when that far-seeing and sanguine statesman, Mr. Blaine, inaugurated his South American policy and brought about the first American conference at Washington, and the establishment of the Bureau of American Republics, we were still a debtor nation, with no surplus capital, and engrossed in doing the work at home; but the nineteenth century was the century of phenomenal development in North America. Should I attempt to speak as a prophet, I would say: "The twentieth century will be the century of South America."

When the recognized possessors of every foot of soil upon the American continents met, with the acknowledged rights of equal sovereign states, in the great world congress at The Hague, it was the world's formal and final acceptance of the declaration that no part of the American continents is to be deemed subject to colonization. This means that in time the weakest and most unfortunate of our republics may come to march with equal step by the side of the stronger and more fortunate. Liberty is the twin sister of justice and peace.

This is demonstrated by the position taken up by the State Department—the Department of Foreign Relations of the United States of America—in many matters. For instance, for over a century it has been our settled policy that the army and navy shall not be used for the collection of ordinary contract debts of foreign governments to her citizens; the United States deems such moneys better lost to private individuals than that any infringement of peaceful relations should come about by public partisanship of private matters.

* * *

The triumphant march of the conquering hero is admirable and to be greeted with huzzas, but the conquering march of an idea which makes for humanity is more admirable and more to be applauded. I am an advocate of arbitration, of mediation, of measures that tend toward bringing reasonable and cool judgment to take the place of war; but let us never forget that arbitration and mediation are but the treatment of the symptoms and not the treatment of the cause of disease, and that the real cure for war is to get into the hearts of the people and lead them to a just sense of their rights and other people's rights, lead them to love peace and hate war, lead them to hold up the hands of their governments in the friendly commerce of diplomacy, rather than to urge them on to strife. Consideration for the rights of others lies at the basis of the peace of the world.

* * *

All the republics are face to face with new conditions; our relations must be those of intimacy, and this is the time to say that our relations shall be those of friendship. When the change in the attitude of the United States was taking place towards the rest of the world, when she was passing from being a borrower of money to being a developer of resources—a country with surplus capital to send out into the world—it seemed to me that I might, by visiting South America, help to establish the relations I should like to see existing. While the course of trade cannot be controlled by sentiment or by governments, because it follows its own immutable laws and is drawn solely in the direction of profit, there are many ways in which the course of trade can be induced and increased. Mutual knowledge leads to trade. All the advertisement in the world which pays is but the means of carrying information, knowledge and suggestion to the mind that reads the advertisement. Mutual knowledge cannot exist without mutual respect. I believe so much in the goodness of humanity that I think no two people can know each other without respecting each other.

My visit to South America has convinced me that a heavy responsibility rests upon the citizen of our country who lives in a foreign land—every American citizen is the representative of his country. He needs no commission, for no power can prevent his holding a commission to represent the character of his own countrymen—by the conduct of our foreign representatives we stand or fall. We have committed errors and we are deeply conscious of them; but we are justly proud of our country for the progress it has made, and we look on every country that is engaged in that same struggle for liberty and justice with profound sympathy and warm friendship.

* * *

The completion of the canal across the Isthmus of Panama will fulfill the dreams of early navigators—no one can say what changes the opening of that waterway will bring in the affairs of the world, but it will assuredly be a factor of incalculable importance in determining the affairs of the Western Hemisphere and promoting our relations of intimacy and friendship.

Nothing of the kind was ever done in human history without producing a most powerful effect upon mankind. The course of civilization, the rise and fall of nations, the development of mankind, have followed the establishment of new trade routes. The nations immediately to the south and north of the canal will experience a great change in their relations with the rest of the world, and it is gratifying to know that this great work was undertaken by the United States, not merely for her own benefit, but because she believes that great things are worth doing.

* * *

There is a new day dawning—a new day of industry, of enterprise, of prosperity, of wider liberty and more perfect justice among the people of the Southern Continent. The change is not in material things, but in spiritual things. The development of individual character has made the collective character competent for self-government and the maintenance of that justice, that ordered liberty, which gives security to property, security to the fruits of enterprise, security to personal liberty, to the pursuit of happiness, to the home, to all that makes life worth living.

All mankind is advancing steadily from brute force, from the rule of selfishness and greed toward respect for human rights, toward desire for human happiness, toward the rule of law and the rule of love among men.

Here in the United States we sometimes stop to think. We ask ourselves: "What will be the end of civilization?" Will it be said of us, as of that ancient power—"The lion and the lizard keep the courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep"? If not—if our civilization is not to meet the fate of all that have gone before—it will be because we have builded upon the foundation of the plain, the common people, and of a character formed upon the principles of justice, of liberty and of brotherly love. Our one hope for the perpetuity of our civilization is that quality in which it differs from all civilizations that have gone before—its substantial basis.

U. S. EXPERIMENT STATIONS

By DR. A. C. TRUE

Director, Office of Agricultural Experiment Stations

XV—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

TWENTY years have passed since the National government undertook to endow the state agricultural experiment stations. The act of Congress by which this was done was passed under the leadership of Hon. William H. Hatch of Missouri, and has since borne his name. Experiments in agriculture under scientific direction were begun in this country with the establishment of the first agricultural college in Michigan in 1857. Agricultural experiment stations as distinct institutions in the United States were first organized in 1875 at Wesleyan University, in Connecticut, under Prof. W. O. Atwater, and about the same time at the University of California by Prof. E. W. Hilgard. When the Hatch Act was passed seventeen states had already established stations, and their success had led to the demand for a national endowment. Most of the leaders in this movement were associated with the agricultural colleges, and hence it was natural that the national legislation for the stations should take the form of a grant of money to these colleges through the states, though an xception was made in the law in favor of those stations which had been established by the states as institutions separate from the colleges. Each state and territory was given $15,000 annually for the maintenance of an agricultural experiment station which, with the exception just indicated, must be a department of the agricultural college established under the Act of 1862. Only five per cent. of this fund could be spent for buildings, and none of it for the purchase or rental of land.

DR. A. C. TRUE

The immediate effect of the Hatch Act was to cause the speedy establishment of stations in all the states and territories. The colleges provided quarters for the station force in their buildings and turned over to them portions of their farms for field and feeding experiments. Under the terms of the laws each station must publish at least four bulletins a year and distribute these freely to the farmers within its state. In the first few years the stations had comparatively little to publish as the result of their own work. They, therefore, undertook to compile the results of previous experimental inquiries at home and abroad, with comments showing their relation to local conditions in the United States. This had a double effect. It helped to train the workers in the stations and show them the lines in which further inquiries were needed. It spread before multitudes of farmers the useful results of scientific work in agriculture and thus powerfully helped to create for the stations a constituency of intelligent men who, having received help in their business, thus learned to support the stations in their efforts to secure more of this new knowledge.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION BUILDING, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

In this way was begun a new American literature of agriculture founded on science and adapted to the needs of our rural people. Moreover, the eyes of our best farmers were opened to the possibilities of progress in their art. It began to be seen that agriculture need not keep a backward look as in past times, but might turn its eyes hopefully toward the future like the other great industries of modern times.

Within ten years the stations had become firmly established, had won the confidence and support of many farmers in every state, had secured results of widespread and permanent benefit from their own experimental work. It began to appear that they were not only able to defend the farmer against fraud in the sale of fertilizers, and to aid him in the ceaseless warfare against insect pests and the diseases of plants and animals, but also to introduce new crops, methods and industries and largely to revolutionize agricultural practice. Beyond this, they were creating a new and firm basis for a system of agricultural education which was first to be organized in the agricultural colleges and then extend down through the high schools to the masses of children in the public schools in both city and country, and outward to the mature men and women on the farms.

Until the stations were well settled to their work it was not possible to make suitable and adequate courses of instruction in agriculture for colleges and schools or to put agriculture as an industry on such a footing that even the farmers themselves would desire that their children should be educated with special reference to its pursuit.

CHOYOTE, FLOWERS AND FRUIT
A vegetable grown at the Porto Rico Experimental Station

But when the foundations of agricultural education had been laid in scientific research and a body of knowledge had been accumulated which could be reduced to pedagogical form, then our agricultural colleges took on new life and a great agricultural education movement began. Now we have more than 10,000 students in our agricultural colleges, over 300 high and normal schools with agricultural courses, many thousands of pupils studying agriculture in country schools, gardens attached to our city schools, and 2,000,000 men and women annually in attendance on farmers' institutes.

Moreover, the experiment station influence spread to the United States Department of Agriculture and made James Wilson, director of the Iowa Experiment Station, secretary of agriculture. Thus the department entered on the wonderful development which has made it the greatest organization for agricultural reasearch in the whole world, and has brought into its service a force of agricultural scientists and experts several times as large as the combined forces of all the stations.

EXPERIMENTS WITH NODULE BACTERIA. CLOVER IN THE FOREGROUND AND ALFALFA NEXT TO IT

As the success of the stations grew, the states became more and more liberal in their support, particularly for those enterprises which seemed to promise immediate results of local practical value. In recent years, sub-stations, demonstration fields and co-operative experiments with farmers have greatly multiplied. Such expansion of their work led the more thoughtful leaders of this movement to see the necessity of strengthening their scientific activities in order that a broader and deeper foundation of fundamental research might be provided. Under the leadership of Director Henry of Wisconsin, an appeal was made to Congress for additional financial support. A powerful ally was found in Representative H. C. Adams of Wisconsin, and under his wise guidance an act was passed and signed by President Roosevelt, March 16, 1906, giving each state a perpetual fund (beginning at $5,000 and rising each year by $2,000, until it reached $15,000, thus doubling the Hatch fund), which must be used only for "original research" in agriculture. This is the greatest grant exclusively for scientific research ever made by any government, and its effect on the work of our stations will doubtless be profound and far-reaching.

Already a large number of fundamental investigations have been formulated and begun, many thoroughly trained scientists have been added to the station staff, and a more scientific atmosphere created at the stations.

Agricultural experiment stations are now in operation in all the states and territories, including Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico. There are also several in the Philippines under the insular government, and one has just been established in the Island of Guam.

Excluding a large number of branch stations, there are sixty-one stations in the United States, with an aggregate force of over 1,100 administrative officers and scientific workers.

The total income of stations maintained under the Hatch Act in 1907 was $2,334,671.90, of which $1,056,000 was received from the national government, $770,000 from state appropriations and the balance from individuals, communities, fees for analyses of fertilizers, sales of farm products, etc.

The stations publish annually about 450 documents which are distributed to about 775,000 addresses.

BUILDINGS AND EXPERIMENTAL PLANTS
Porto Rico Agricultural Experimental Station

The state stations have been brought together to form a national system of agricultural research by two agencies, (1) the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, and (2) the Office of Experiment Stations.

The association is a delegate body composed principally of the presidents of colleges and directors of stations, which holds annual conventions in different parts of the country and works in the interim through standing committees. This organization has provided an efficient forum for the discussion and settlement of many important questions relating to the organization and work of the institutions represented in it. It has also done much in formulating standards for agricultural education and research, securing legislation and promoting the best interests of the colleges and stations.

The Office of Experiment Stations was established in 1888 in the United States Department of Agriculture, to represent the secretary of agriculture in his relations with the agricultural colleges and experiment stations at home and abroad. At first it had no control of the funds given to the stations under the Hatch Act, but in 1893 Congress provided for a limited supervision of the expenditures under this act, and the office is now charged with the administration of the Adams Act. The office requires detailed reports of the work and expenditures of the stations, makes an annual inspection of them, and prepares reports to Congress. It collects all the publications of the stations and kindred institutions in the United States and more than fifty other countries, and on the basis of these prepares technical and popular publications which are widely distributed at home and abroad. Its most important publication is a monthly journal called the *Experiment Station Record*. This contains abstracts of all the world's literature of agricultural sci-

COPPER VALLEY EXPERIMENT STATION, ALASKA. RIPE SIXTY-DAY OATS

ence (about 5,000 articles annually), with editorials and notes on matters of general interest to agricultural scientists. Its carefully indexed volumes constitute the most complete record of agricultural progress during the past twenty years.

The practical results of the stations' work are published in a popular series entitled *Experiment Station Work* and in other farmers' bulletins.

This office has the direct management of experiment stations in Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico and Guam, which are almost wholly supported by national funds and do not come under the general legislation relating to the stations elsewhere in the United States.

The office is also in close touch with the agricultural colleges and schools, farmers' institutes and other organizations for agricultural education in this and other countries, and is publishing many documents regarding their work. It has had an important part in the great movement in this country for the building up of agricultural colleges and schools and the development of a comprehensive system of education for country people. Much of its work has been done in co-operation with the Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. The director of the office has for many years been bibliographer of the association, chairman of the standing committee on instruction in agriculture, and dean of the Graduate School of Agriculture conducted under the auspices of the association.

This office has also conducted an extensive series of investigations on the food and nutrition of man in co-operation with colleges and stations throughout the country. The scientific and practical results of this work have been embodied in over 100 publications, many of which have had a very wide circulation and are used in colleges and schools wherever domestic science and art are taught. These investigations were for many years in charge of the late Professor W. O. Atwater, under whose direction was developed the most perfect apparatus for the study of fundamental problems of human nutrition—the Atwater-Rosa-Benedict respiration calorimeter. The latest form of this apparatus is now installed in the new

A FIELD OF SUGAR BEETS

building of the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

For the past ten years the office has carried on a large investigation on the laws and institutions relating to irrigation and on the methods of irrigation practice. Most of this work has been done in the arid and semi-arid region, but important studies have also been made in the humid regions where irrigation is being more and more largely used to supplement rainfall. Just now much attention is being given to measures for the prevention of waste of irrigation water. Enough water annually goes to waste in the irrigation ditches and fields to water a region as large as the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Drainage investigations have in recent years constituted another large enterprise of this office. There are nearly 80,000,000 acres of land in the United States which might be reclaimed by drainage. As a rule, this can be done only by united action of the owners.

The effort of this office has been to bring those people together, to secure adequate drainage laws, and to prepare feasible drainage plans. Such plans have already been made for the drainage of several million acres, large areas have been successfully drained, and widespread interest in the prosecution of such work has been aroused

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION

By EX-SENATOR J. B. HENDERSON

Author of the 13th Amendment to the Constitution

XVI—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

EVEN the lapse of over forty-three years has not effaced the impressions made by events which occurred during the stirring times when the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States was passed.

The joint resolution to amend the Constitution, abolishing slavery, which afterwards became the Thirteenth Amendment, was presented by me on January 11, 1864, and at once referred to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. The resolution as submitted consisted of two articles, the first of which was intended to abolish slavery throughout the United States, and the second was designed to facilitate, or make less difficult, the process of amending the Constitution. The first article as introduced by me was in these words:

> ARTICLE 1—Slavery, or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, shall not exist in the United States.

On February 10th the committee, through its chairman, Senator Trumbull, reported back the joint resolution, omitting entirely the second article, and amending the first article to read as follows:

> SECTION 1—Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.
>
> SECTION 2—Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

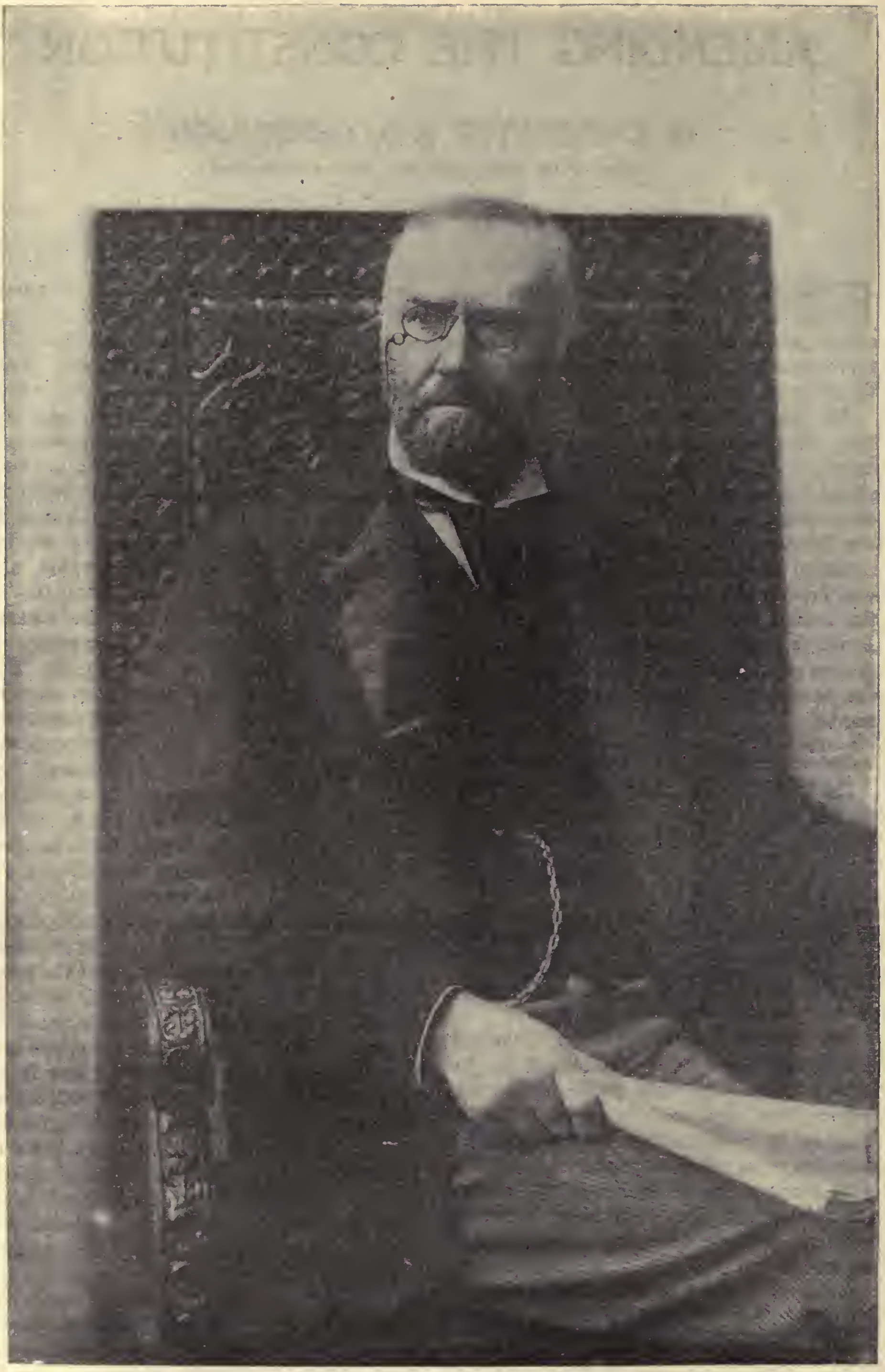
My remembrance is that Mr. Trumbull, and possibly some other members of the Judiciary Committee, while the resolution was before them, indicated to me a desire or purpose to conform the language of the amendment, as nearly as possible, to that of the sixth article of the Ordinance of 1787 for the government of the Northwest Territory, which, as you will remember, is in the following words:

> ARTICLE 6—There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been convicted.

As slavery was not supposed to exist at all in the Northwest Territory in 1787, the Congress of the Confederation used language, not to abolish slavery, but to prevent its future introduction, to wit: "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude," etc. That slavery existed as a matter of right, or even of law, in the United States in 1864, was disputed by some extreme anti-slavery members of Congress. But that it existed as a matter of *fact*, was hardly to be disputed by anybody. I assume that the Judiciary Committee recognized the actual existence of slavery in the states, and that their purpose was to use language proper to terminate its existence on the adoption of the amendment. The change in phraseology is slight, but indicative of the purpose. The language used is: "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude * * * shall exist within the United States," etc. In other words, as slavery did not exist in the Northwest Territory in 1787, it was enough to say: "there shall be" none there in the future; but as slavery *did* exist in the United States in 1864, it was declared that upon adoption of the amendment it should no longer exist.

In this desire to further conform to the phraseology of the Ordinance of 1787, it followed, of course, that the words "whereof the party shall have been duly convicted," were inserted. To this change I, of course, made no objection. If it introduced anything new into the amendment, the new matter was in no way objectionable. If it added nothing of substance to my original draft, it detracted nothing, and possibly made it less liable to misinterpretation. While clearness of expression is desirable in the framing of laws, brevity is equally desirable, provided the language used clearly conveys the purpose sought. It never entered into my mind, however, that "punishment for crime," under our constitution or system of government, could be imposed by any authority other than the duly constituted tribunals of justice.

After providing that "neither slavery nor



EX-SENATOR J. B. HENDERSON
Author of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States

involuntary servitude shall exist in the United States," it is sometimes asked why it was thought necessary to add the words, "or any place subject to their jurisdiction." In this connection attention is called to the comments made by several justices of the Supreme Court in their late opinions in the Porto Rico and Philippine cases.

The reasoning of these eminent judges is in some respects defective, and the difficulties of construction suggested by them would perhaps have disappeared with a better knowledge of the history of the amendment and the peculiar circumstances attending its adoption.

Whatever else these words may mean they surely were not necessary or intended to embrace the then existing territories of the United States. If the eminent lawyers, who composed the Judiciary Committee at that time, had intended such a meaning, the term "territory" or "territories" would have been expressly used. It is the language of the original Constitution. "The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory, or other property, etc." The word "territory" had a clear and well-defined meaning before the Federal Constitution was framed. It was constantly used and well understood under the old confederation of the States. The United States inherited "territories," and the new government accepted the nomenclature and attributes attached to them as the convention had crystallized the phrase in the Constitution. It is a term whose definition is as distinctive as any other term or phrase used in that instrument.

In providing for a capital or seat of government the land to be acquired for the purpose was not called a "territory." It was denominated a "district," and that title still inheres in all our laws relating to the subject. The sites to be obtained for forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings were not designated as "territories." They were called "places." And as these "places" were to belong to the United States, they would necessarily be "subject to their jurisdiction." And in this connection, you will mark the fact that the Judiciary Committee in framing the Constitutional Amendment of 1864 used the word "place"—the precise word already used in the Constitution to designate those districts or tracts of land, other than territories, belonging to the United States.

In 1864, let it be remembered, the members of Congress who were called upon to act on this amendment, were fresh from the work of laying taxes of every character—"taxes, duties, imposts and excises." The whole gamut of taxation as known to the Constitution was quite familiar to them all; and it was accepted by all that tax laws, by virtue of general enactment, applied to "territories" as well as states. How could it be otherwise when each member knew and properly respected the old and revered decision in the Loughborough-Blake case, which had already defined the term "United States." That court, through its great chief justice, had said: "It is the name given to our great Republic which is composed of states *and territories*. The District of Columbia, or the territories west of the Missouri, are not less within the United States than Maryland or Pennsylvania."

If we examine contemporaneous history we find the nation involved at that time in a war of gigantic proportions—blockade runners hovering about our Southern coasts with privileges of shelter in the islands of the gulf, and privateers despoiling our commerce, carrying commissions of the Confederate States and carrying also the sympathy of European Governments.

Among the officers of our army and navy the demand for naval and coaling stations outside the United States, as then constituted, and nearer to the rendezvous of these enemies of our national success, was not only general but urgent. The necessity for such stations was equally recognized by the statesmen of that period. So strong was this feeling that Admiral Meade, a short time after, assumed the authority to contract with a Samoan Chief for the harbor of Pago Pago; and General Grant, as President, with similar purpose opened negotiations for island sites in the Gulf of Mexico. In contemplation of such stations or "places" the language of the Amendment becomes not only appropriate but necessary. They might thereafter be obtained in slave-holding territory. If so, no compact in the agreement of purchase, or lease, could operate to perpetuate the institution of slavery. In the language of the Constitution, as it then stood, such stations would not be designated as "territories" but as "places." And this latter word was the term naturally to be selected by such lawyers as Trumbull of Illinois, Harris of New York, Howard of Michigan, Foster of Connecticut nd Ten Eyck of New Jersey. If such places should ever be acquired, slavery would not exist after the acquisition.

I come now to another view of the subject, then fully realized and *felt* by all, but not openly admitted or even discussed by any. I mean the ever-constant fear that after all our sacrifices, foreign intervention, or some other contingency, might compel either a final separation of the states, or a peace on terms looking to the continuance of slavery in some of its forms and in some of the states. With the more pronounced anti-slavery men (especially those of the old abolition party), the fear of this latter contingency was more dreadful, if possible, than that of dissolution or permanent separation. Among these men there was want of confidence, more or less, in Mr. Lincoln himself. He had already said that he would favor whatever made for the Union. If the Union could be preserved by abolishing slavery, he would destroy the institution. But if the Union could only be preserved by retaining slavery, he would accept the hard conditions and save the Union.

To statesmen like Sumner, Wade and Chandler, this was gall and wormwood. They were peculiarly alive to the possibilities of the future. The seceding states might possibly be taken back with their original institutions untouched. If so, the old strife in their opinions would continue. The roots of dissension would again grow into rebellion and war. These states might possibly be left in a confederacy to themselves, but in some way subject to a modified jurisdiction of the United States—such as the Balkan States under Turkey, such as the South African Republics under Great Britain, or Cuba under the Platt Resolutions. It was then universally conceded that if slavery were abolished by constitutional provision, it could not be revived by treaties of peace. The Constitution was then supposed to be superior to treaties and laws. The nation had not then outgrown its own organic law. A treaty in violation of the Constitution would have been denounced by all as null and void. The republic in its swelling pride of greatness had not accepted the doctrine that the thing created may be greater than the creator, or that two or more departments of the government might set aside the charter under which they have their being. But, if slavery were once securely abolished by constitutional provision, it was supposed that its existence could not be revived even as a condition of peace.

When this amendment was drafted, General Grant had not commenced his great campaign against Richmond; he had not then even been selected for this work; and General Sherman had not reached Atlanta nor organized his march to the sea. No man could prophesy the end of the war. But whatever else might result, a majority of union men had reached the hope and the purpose that there should be an end of slavery. Perhaps to this intense desire, however crude and imperfect its phraseology, may be attributed the joint resolution of Mr. Sumner on this subject, introduced into the Senate on February 8, 1864, and afterward pressed by him as a substitute for the committee's report. It provided as follows:

"Everywhere in the limits of the United States, and of each state and territory thereof, all persons are equal before the law, so that no person can hold another as a slave."

If this resolution had become a part of the Constitution, those honorable judges who were puzzled by the language of the Thirteenth Amendment as adopted, would have been led into some confusion, in an effort to account for the word "states" after the whole area of the United States had been included and provided for.

In view of the facts referred to, it is fair to presume that the Senate and its committee came to the conclusion that the term "United States" embraced all the states admitted into the Union, together with all territories belonging to the government; and that the clause, "any place subject to their jurisdiction," covered the District of Columbia and all forts, arsenals, dock-yards, naval and coaling stations, together with any other territory, district or place which might be thereafter acquired.

THE FEDERAL LAW

By WADE H. ELLIS

XVII—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

IN order to define the Federal law in a non-technical way, it would be necessary to start with a brief popular definition of the common and statute laws upon which state procedure is based. To say that the body of the law last mentioned is the will of the people is correct, but it is the will of the people of so many centuries and under so many circumstances that the foundation and framework have become hidden by the growth of the superstructure. To put the definition in other words, the full body of law recognized in state jurisdictions is chiefly the written record of certain customs and sentiments of the English-speaking people.

As these customs have become forgotten, their crystallized form, comprising tenets of the law, seem, to the lay mind, to owe their origin to arbitrary force. Whatever may be the fact as to the legal institutions of other nations, this was distinctly not true of the law in the several states that composed the United States of America at the time of the adoption of its Constitution. Still less is it the fact at this time, after a century and a half of modification and shaping of the common law to suit the circumstances and conditions of the people of the sovereign entities of the Union.

BENJAMIN CIN. TI. O.

WADE H. ELLIS
The brilliant young Ohio lawyer who is adding to laurels earned as District Attorney of Ohio by distinguished service under the Federal Department of Justice in high positions.

When the Constitution was adopted, there was, theoretically, a choice of two courses to be pursued with respect to the establishment of Federal law; either to frame an entirely new code of jurisprudence, or to make such adaptations of existing institutions as would meet the situation. The first course, although theoretically possible, was practically impossible to the Englishmen and their immediate descendants who formed the bulk of the citizenship of the new Union, and there seems to have been no thought but to apply the old principles with which the new country was entirely familiar and for the application of which in their entirety the Revolutionary War had been fought.

The clause of the Constitution providing for the judicial power of the United States does not, therefore, attempt to define legal rights and remedies. These were already provided for in the common law and equity procedure developed in England and adopted in the colonies. The section dealing with the judicial power refers simply to the matter of jurisdiction, to which was added certain limitations in the powers of the Federal Courts which had been indicated by abuses developed by experience in the administration of the law in the mother country.

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For this reason, a plaintiff over whose cause a Federal Court has jurisdiction proceeds, with slight and immaterial modifications, in the same form and along the same pathway of law as he would proceed in the court of his own state for the presentation of the particular wrong complained of, and for the application of the particular remedy invoked. Thus, if he has a remedy under the common law, he cannot proceed in equity, and he has, if the jurisdictional conditions permit, all those privileges, if he be the plaintiff, and all those safeguards, if he be a defendant, which have been secured by the common law and equity practice.

But, as sharply marking the fact that the Federal government of the United States is one of limited powers, that it secures its powers by the consent of independent states which, by voluntary agreement, made up the Union, the jurisdiction of the Federal Courts is strictly limited and confined by certain definite expressions, and by the use of such definite expressions jurisdiction not conferred is denied. The fundamental proposition sought to be established was that the sovereignty of the independent state over its own citizens should not be challenged or disturbed. The attitude of the states on this point of sovereign dignity came to be expressed more definitely than in the original paragraph on the judicial power (the second section of Article Three of the Constitution) by the opposition to and consequent amendment of a clause in this section. Admitting that the Federal Courts ought not to interfere with the controversies between citizen and citizen of a given state, or between citizens of a state and the state itself, it was thought at first that citizens of one state might appropriately appeal to the judicial power of the Federal government when they had grievances against the government of another state than that of which they were the immediate subjects. It was very shortly seen, however, that the state suffered a derogation of its dignity if it could be compelled to answer in other than its own tribunals and without its own consent to the complaints of a plaintiff of lesser dignity than its own.

As a result of the agitation based on a jealous appreciation of this fact, the clause in the second section of Article Three, which extended the judicial power of the United States to controversies between a state and citizens of another state, was negatived by the eleventh amendment to the Constitution, which provides that the judicial power shall not extend to any suit commenced or prosecuted against any of the United States by citizens of another state, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state. This amendment, however, has not been, and ought not to be, so construed as to deny to any American citizen the right to redress in the Federal Courts where his privileges or immunities under the Federal Constitution are infringed, even though the infringement be attempted by an agency of a state itself.

Federal law, then, includes the Constitution of the United States, the statutes of Congress enacted in pursuance of the Constitution, the treaties made between the United States and foreign nations, and the old common law of England as modified by the surroundings of the early American settlers and as developed by the growth of our institutions, and the changes in the business habits and methods of our people. This law is in force in the United States Courts with respect to all persons and matters over which such courts have jurisdiction. We have, therefore, throughout the whole country two independent jurisdictions operating within the same territory, the one being the State Courts administering the state laws, and the other the Federal Courts administering the Federal law, and yet there is no natural or necessary conflict between them. In fact, the United States Courts sitting within the territorial limits of the states are required to adopt their practice, pleadings and forms to those existing at the time in like causes in the courts of the state within which the Federal judges sit.

The jurisdiction of United States Courts extends to all matters in which the United States is a party; to all crimes committed against the United States; to all actions affecting the representatives of foreign nations, their ambassadors, public ministers, consuls and the like; to all admiralty and maritime matters, such as wrongs committed upon the public waters or the navigable rivers and streams of the country and to all contracts to be executed upon such waters, rivers or navigable streams, or which relate to maritime services and transactions; to suits for and against national banks; to cases of bankruptcy; to the enforcement of the immigration statutes; the import, internal revenue and postal laws; to suits involving patents and copyrights; to controversies respecting Federal offices and the powers and duties of Federal officers, and to suits brought directly to redress the deprivation of rights secured by the Constitution.

But by far the most important field of Federal jurisdiction is that which concerns controversies between the citizens of different states. The Constitution expressly provides that the courts of the United States shall have jurisdiction over such persons and such subject matter, and measured by the volume of business, this is the most extensive grant of power to the Federal judiciary. It is by reason of this provision of the Constitution that the Federal Courts have come in late years to play so considerable a part in litigation affecting interests lying wholly or partly within the confines of one of the states of the Union. Corporations, being held to possess an equal right with natural persons to sue and to be sued in the Federal Courts where there is a diversity of citizenship between them and the other party to the litigation, have by their enormous development in recent years added greatly to the work of these courts. So the new legislation of Congress, respecting common carriers and interstate relations generally, has vastly increased the volume of business in the Federal Courts.

A casual inspection of the cases decided in the courts of the United States during their comparatively short history shows the great changes in the character and amount of business done. As to its character, it may be remarked that up to very recent years the predominant subjects of litigation were those relating to admiralty and maritime matters, customs laws, patents, bankruptcies and other subjects embraced within the direct enactments of Congress. This situation has undergone a radical change by the development of litigation heretofore noted.

As to the amount of business transacted in the Federal Courts, it is interesting to observe that, when the Supreme Court of the United States met for its first session, there was not a single case upon the docket; in the ten years from 1790 to 1800 but six cases were decided by that court which involved a construction of the Constitution, and when Chief Justice Marshall took his place upon the bench, he found but ten cases pending. During the thirty-four years that Marshall served, only 1,106 cases were decided by the Supreme Court, and of these but 62 involved constitutional questions. On the other hand, when the Circuit Court of Appeals was established to relieve the Supreme Court, nearly twenty years ago, there were more than 2,500 cases undisposed of, and this great court today, notwithstanding the relief thus obtained, disposes annually of from 400 to 500 cases, and hears oral arguments in from 150 to 200 cases during every term from October to June. There are now pending and undecided (February 1, 1909) 510 cases in the Supreme Court of the United States. In the other Federal Courts, district and circuit, throughout the enitre country, there were pending on July 1, 1908, more than eighty thousand cases.

These figures as to the business transacted in the Federal Courts present in convincing fashion the enormous growth in the domain of Federal law, and justify the conclusion that the courts of the United States are ever coming into closer touch with all the varied affairs of the people, and are administering justice between an ever-increasing number of American citizens.

THE BUREAU OF THE MINT

By FRANK A. LEACH

Director of the Mint

XVIII—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

THE Bureau of the Mint, which is presided over by the Director of the Mint, is a comparatively new addition to the administrative machinery of the Treasury Department. The first mint established by the government in 1792 was located at Philadelphia, and was presided over by an officer styled Director of the Mint. When in subsequent years the needs of the country made it necessary to establish other or additional mints, they were styled branch mints, and the officer in charge was styled Superintendent. These additional mints were subordinate to the parent mint at Philadelphia, and the superintendents made all reports to the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia.

We very frequently hear the institutions at San Francisco or New Orleans referred to as branch mints. Such designations, however, are inconsistent, for they ceased to be "branches" after the Act of 1873, which established a Bureau of the Mint at Washington under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, the principal officer of which, as herebefore stated, was made the Director of the Mint. He removed from the Philadelphia mint to Washington, with all his books and papers relating to general control, and the chief officer of the Philadelphia Mint was thereafter a superintendent, as with the other mints, all being placed on the same footing and all reporting to the Bureau of the Mint at Washington.

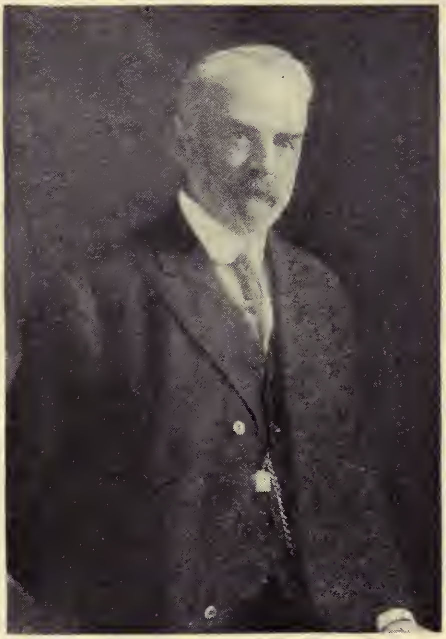


Photo by Harris & Ewing

FRANK A. LEACH
Director of the United States Mint

In addition to the four mints there are under the administration of the Director of the Mint nine government assay offices, located in New York City, New York; Charlotte, North Carolina; St. Louis, Missouri; Deadwood, South Dakota; Helena, Montana; Boise, Idaho; Carson, Nevada; Seattle, Washington, and Salt Lake City, Utah. These institutions are established by the government as a convenience for the producers of gold. At each office there is employed a corps of efficient assayers and bullion melters; and it is their duty to melt all gold brought to them into bars and assay it, thus determining its value. The findings of the assayers are stamped on the bar if the owner desires to have his bullion returned to him; but most frequently the owner sells his gold outright and is paid in cash or its equivalent for the full value of the contents of the bar. The coinage mints also buy bullion, the same as the assay offices. The purchases made by the latter are sent to the mints, refined and ultimately made into coin.

EXAMINING DIVISION

The working parts of the Bureau of the Mint are embraced in three divisions, viz., the Examining Division, Statistical Division, and the Laboratory.

As might be inferred, the first named is practically an auditing department. Each and every disbursement made at the mints and assay offices is examined here as to the accuracy of the account, the authority for the payment, and as to whether or not it is in conformity with contract and regulations governing purchases. It may be of interest to know that all of these accounts are again gone over by the Auditor for the Treasury Department, who scrutinizes them closely for the slightest irregularities, upon the discovery of which the account is suspended until the irregularity is corrected. Ordinarily, one would think this much of an audit was sufficient; but not so. After the auditor is through with the accounts, they are again examined by the Comptroller of the Treasury for any lapses overlooked by the auditor. All the gold and silver handled by the mint and assay office has to be accounted for by weight which must check with the value in dollars and cents.

The mints and assay offices are maintained by annual appropriations made by Congress; so much for wages and a certain amount for contingent expenses. The wages paid at the different institutions are regulated by the Director of the Mint. All expenditures for contingent purposes must be authorized by the director, after the lowest price has been obtained through competitive bidding.

The Treasurer of the United States furnishes the money with which the purchases of bullion are made at the mints and assay offices, and such withdrawals of funds from the treasury are made good with the money coined from the purchases. As each gold piece contains the exact amount of gold expressed by its denomination, and as there is an unavoidable loss in the manufacture of the coins, such as loss in melting, abrasion, etc., there must be a wastage. This wastage is determined at the close of each fiscal year, and the Treasurer's fund is made good from the funds in the contingent appropriation.

While Uncle Sam makes the gold coin practically without cost to the owner of the bullion, he makes sufficient profit (called seigniorage) on the silver coinage and the nickels and pennies manufactured at his mints during the year to a great deal more than pay all expense of maintaining the mints and assay offices. He buys the silver, nickel and copper at its bullion value, which, in the case of silver, costs about half the face value of the coin made from it. It may be of interest to know that the actual cost of a nickel or five-cent piece at the present price of metal, including labor and contingent expenses, is about two-fifths of a cent each; and that the cost of a one-cent piece, including metal, labor, etc., is about one-half as much, or one-fifth of a cent each.

In addition to the profits on silver and minor coinage, the government has a source of revenue and profit from charges for refining deposits of gold and silver, charges for the alloy used in making the coin, assaying, making medals, sale of by-products from the refining operations, and the coining of money for other governments. The total earnings of the mint and assay service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, was $10,942,900.98, while the total expenditures for the entire service, including salaries, wages of workmen, contingent expenses, and the loss in operations, amounted to $1,955,843.24, leaving a profit of $8,987,057.74. Of this income for the term above stated the seigniorage on the silver coinage was $8,713, 413.35 and the seigniorage on the minor coinage for the same period was $1,535,029.42.

STATISTICAL DIVISION

The work of the Division of Statistics covers an extended field, and, as may be seen from the following brief synopsis, is important in character. Here is compiled quarterly the table of the value of foreign coins in money of the United States. This table, by Act of Congress, is made the standard of value in all Custom House transactions, and in the courts. This division monthly prepares a statement showing the stock of gold and silver coin in the United States. This statement is regarded by economists and financial writers as being the most reliable data on the subject obtainable. Further, through the aid of government representatives and their agents, information is gathered from every gold and silver producing corner of the globe, which enables the Director of the Mint to annually estimate the yearly production of gold and silver of the world. The annual production of precious metals in the United States and Territories is compiled by this division.

LABORATORY

The Laboratory Division is under the direction of a trained metallurgist and chemist. The principal function of this office is to examine the samples of the coinage as it is made at the different mints, both as to weight and fineness. The law requires the coins to be of certain weights, according to denomination, and also that the coinage shall contain a certain percentage of copper to the amount of precious metal used. Of course, it is a mechanical impossibility that every coin should have the exact weight and the exact amount of alloy fixed by law, therefore the statute provides a certain limit of variation; and that a prompt examination be made of all coinage, the regulations require the superintendent of each mint to send a sample of each day's work to the Director of the Mint for examination and test, which is made by the assayer in charge of the Laboratory Division. The coinage made at the mints is not released to the public until this examination and test has been made at the laboratory and reported satisfactory. So accurate is the work of our coinage institutions that it is very seldom the assayer in charge of the laboratory has occasion to report any error in the mint work. Incidents of imperfect coinage would probably not average one in ten years.

Another duty imposed upon this division is the settlement of any dispute which may arise as to the assay returns between a depositor and any of the government bullion receiving institutions, but it is an appeal that is seldom resorted to.

A PLOT OF GOLD

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

I KNOW a little door-yard square,
  With thought of it my bosom thrills:
How spring will spill its sunshine there
  In crowns of tossing daffodils.

While tarnished drifts still mark the ledge
  Of northern slope, and line of wall;
And from high elm and lowland hedge
  We hear the chattering blackbirds call.

And when, to plains of dryest soil,
  With team and plow the farmers go;
And furrows stretching to their toil
  Yield tribute to the watchful crow;

Oh, then, how favored seems that place
  Where April half her treasure spills
To heap with gold the door-yard space
  In crowds of laughing daffodils!

The Adventures of Floyd Ireson

BY H·C·GAUSS

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER IX

THE fresher wind and the grind of pebbles on the beach, with the fluttering of that vibratory warning that comes before a northeast storm in Massachusetts Bay, promised foul weather on the evening following that on which the cargo of the Water Witch had been successfully landed. With an empty hold, the vessel had been safe to haul up into the harbor, and she lay at anchor nearly opposite Moll Lansburra's inn. A single boat put off from her side rowed by four sailors. Blaze, in the stern sheets, steered the boat, and was accompained by a man, who, though roughly dressed in the garb of a fisherman, chatted on apparently equal terms with the commander. Securing the boat, the occupants tramped sturdily up to the inn, and it might have been noticed, had there been any outsider to take heed, that the second occupant of the post of honor in the boat tramped as sturdily as the rest until he reached the lane, when he assumed the aspect of one entirely worn and spent, and leaned heavily on a companion's shoulder as he almost stumbled over the threshold of the resort.

The party was received with a murmur of welcome by the occupants of the crowded room. There were fishwives, and the less capable or hardy of the male population, who remained ashore as fish turners, and other laborers about the fish-curing yards. All were rugged and hard-featured, and in some instances, where the crowd hid the garments, it was difficult to tell which were the male and which the female.

"Some brandy for the boys," said Blaze, "and mayhap the good folk will not be against a nip wi' us, seeing's it's likely to be a nasty night. Glasses round, and here's to good old Marblehead, her true hearts and sweethearts."

There was a burst of applause for the sentiment, and an unanimous desire to do the toast full justice. In the silence which followed, that anticipatory silence which follows a round of refreshments, in this case a wait to see if some temporarily flush native would return the compliment, or whether, failing that, the captain would be disposed to repeat the invitation, one of the boat's crew growled:

"There's one that's not a true heart, anyhow, in Marblehead."

"Ha, what mean you?" cried the captain, turning to the speaker with a threatening frown.

"You knows what I means, cap'n," said the sailor, sullenly. "I means the story this here shipmate, Bill Becket, has ter tell. An' I means thet it orter be tol' these here hones' folks."

The captain rose with an oath, and clapped his hand to his cutlass. "Secrets aboard should be secrets ashore," said he.

But the sailor met his eye unflinchingly, and the rest of the boat's crew muttered: "It orter be told, cap'n, it orter."

The man who had stumbled into the inn had been sitting a little apart from the rest, leaning his head on his hand, and not even a bumper of brandy which he took with a woebegone expression had revived his much wilted spirits. The captain turned to him with an impatient shrug, and said, "Well, so be it. Stand up, Bill Becket, and spin your yarn, though, mind ye, good folks, I would have spared it ye, since it's only one man's word against another's."

Bill Becket arose, and despair was written in his face. Smothering a naturally robust voice into a husky croak, he said:

"I'm a Cape Ann man, naybors, an' a fisherman, born an' bred. You sees me as I come from many days an' nights on the waters of th' bay of Casco, which lays off the town of

Portland, in the Maine province, and frum which, naybors, I wuz rescood, a dyin' man, by this 'ere good cap'n which I sees before me. I comes here ternight, naybors, ter tell ye ter look out fer one among ye, an' I'll name his name, bein' a bloody villyun, an' weth lives uv good men an' trew t' 'is door.

"I'll name 'is name ez I hev larned et, an' I'll name 'im Flood Ireson, an' I'll tell ye trew an' straight what he done to me and them as sailed weth me. 'Twas on th' banks, naybors and shipmates, an' many of ye here knows well what I means, and has been in those orful places where us pore fishermen gets our livin's. We, bein' frum Glo'ster, mind ye, comes ter know this yer Ireson, he bein' th' bloody-minded skipper uv a crew o' your own good folks, an' well I knows 'em fer men an' seamen. We, bein' fortnit, an' gettin' good berths, he sails down on us an' tries to cut in, but gets no fare. Maybe we crowds him sometimes on a berth, as you knows, bein' fishermen, born and bred, is th' way uv giv'n-take, but all good-natoored, as we thinks. But we gets a fare, an' he starts home light, after we starts, mind ye. He comes up wi' us in th' night, me bein' tiller watch on a beyutifle night, naybors, an' my mates sweetly sleepin' an' me thinkin' uv no harm. He bein' light, an' we heavy an' sailin' slow, he comes up wi' us, naybors, an' me thinkin' nothin' an' mayhap drowsin' a bit wi' th' feel o' th' tiller in my han', he smashes into us on th' quarter, does this Skipper Ireson, an' sails away, an' I see him wi' his crew about 'im beggin' t' put about, an' him a-cursin' an' shakin' 'is fist as he sails away."

Here the narrator paused as if to command his feelings, then resumed. "Ten good men, naybors, went down in ther sleep. I seizes a floating spar an' floats night an' day tell this here good capt'n comes along an' takes me up, an' this es th' story I tells him an' th' story I tells you, naybors, one an' th' same, ez this here good capt'n 'll bear wetness."

"It is true," said Blaze, "that the story is the same as he told me when I picked him up, but further than that, my friends, don't look to me. If he were on his oath, now say, it might be a different thing."

"I'll affidavy, capt'n, I'll affidavy," cried Becket, and he raised his right hand, while Squire Patch, who had bustled forward at his cue, rattled through a form of words that, I fear, only remotely resembled the oath in such cases made and provided, but which had an equally potent ring in the ears of the audience.

"I think," said Patch, beaming blandly around, "I think there will be none who will doubt this good man's word after that. I think the law would have something to say to such a person."

CHAPTER X

Had there been among the company any real fisherman, or a disinterested person of sense, a question or two or a sceptical remark would have gone far to demolish the monstrous fabrication, and would have exposed the theatrical get-up of the man, so overdrawn in its lugubriousness that Blaze himself could hardly keep from an audible chuckle as the simulated Bill Becket got up to speak. The sailing master of the Water Witch who had played the part, was a lively, alert fellow who assumed many roles, but he was no more a fisherman than any of the natives in the audience were deep water sailors. It was eminently a packed jury, primarily hostile to Ireson, and secondarily ready for mischief at the end of two or three drinks of brandy. None of the men had been fishing beyond the experience of a summer mackerel trip in the bay, and had the discrepancies been twice as glaring, they were ready to follow the leader and take part in a demonstration against an unpopular person. There was enough in the story to warrant raising a cry on the basis of the older accusations, and the cry was raised almost as soon as the bogus Bill Becket had finished his story.

The cry was "torr an' futhers" and while some ran to fetch the materials, others went to arouse kindred spirits and to carry the news that sport was afoot.

A shouting, cursing crowd started from the corner of the lane, and climbed the rocky path that led to Floyd Ireson's boarding place. Conch shells and tin pans sounded the clarion of onset. Gutteral vociferations and the tropical fervor of language for which Marblehead of other days was celebrated, filled all the chinks of the din. Hastily improvised torches glanced on rugged faces, or scarcely more rugged outcropping ledges, and on the low-browed houses, each one of which contributed to the gathering.

The tar kettle and feather bed were borne triumphantly in the centre of the throng, while in the rear hobbled the ancient man whose kettle had been torn from its backyard resting place, completely outdone and put to shame by the protestations of the dame whose best feather bed had been ravished by a hobbledehoy son with a laudable ambition to provide material aid and comfort for his townsfolks.

Knowing the temper of the Marbleheaders, it would have been wisdom in Floyd Ireson to have made his way from the rear of his boarding-place and with such speed as he might to other parts. Although there had been a posting of scouts in that direction to report flight, they were few and juvenile, and the main body might have easily been distanced by a fleet runner. But, instead, on the alarm, he picked up his hat and the cudgel that had sustained him on the previous evening and walking to the gate of the little garden of the house, quietly awaited the coming of the mob.

Some of the light infantry had already arrived, and they promptly let fly a shower of stones, though without effect, and then retreated on the main body which with glare of torch and much vociferation was but around the next winding of the crooked lane.

Ireson's idea was to preserve the house in which he had been a boarder from injury as far as possible, well knowing that the first onslaught would be with a shower of stones that would leave the place without glass to its small-paned windows. The cottage stood somewhat back from the lane, and the miniature garden was enclosed in a ledge which came down on both sides on the front, the gate having been made in a natural fissure to one side. So protected, the pass was not a difficult one for a single man to defend.

The lane took a sharp turn here, and as Ireson stood, quietly tapping the stone with his stick, the leading torch bearers burst round the corner and ran almost into his arms. Ireson recognized the foremost and said, "Hello, Jimmy, what's your nip?" at the same time setting his back against the garden gate which was hinged to swing into the lane, and bringing his stick into a position that promised usefulness.

The leader did not reply, but someone conveniently in the rear shouted, "We've coom fer you, Flud Oirsun."

"Well, here I am," said Floyd.

But the light infantry had rallied and there came a shower of stones from the semi-darkness. One, thrown by other than a boyish hand, sped true to the mark. It struck Ireson on the head, and he went down, catching his arm in the gate, and half hanging, his legs doubled under him.

"We got 'im, grab 'im," they cried, and there was a rush.

The foremost in that rush was called "Boiledeye" for the rest of his life as the token of the finger nail scratched optic he got in the onset. The second in position suddenly received new opinions as to the movements of the heavenly bodies. Betty of the inn, in all her young muscle, a no mean foe, as most of the younger ones had knowledge, was in possesion of Ireson's cudgel and her own tongue, and both were being used effectively.

The memory of the thoroughness with which the shortcomings of the various members of that body of the virtuously indignant were called to light and commented on, remained in Marblehead for many a day.

Fishwives of half a century of precept and practice are said to have wept for envy and at the impotence of their puny powers of reply. One by one, the younger men disappeared into the darkness. The enterprise was plainly impossible in the face of the necessity of the removal of the new champion who seemed to discern the holder of a stone, no matter how furtively picked up.

A few of the women dashed into wordy battle, but were speedily put out of action by the superiority of Betty's rapid fire.

By the time Ireson had dizzily risen to his feet, the riot had been sufficiently quelled to embolden the town constabulary to appear and hustle sundry old wives and mere curiosity seekers with great fierceness, and under guard of the watch and several town officers, Ireson and Betty were taken through the lanes, and, followed by a noisy but harmless crowd, to the town hall and lockup.

CHAPTER XI

We shake our heads and moralize over the ups and downs in the life of man, but for even the longest lived and worst buffetted of mankind death makes a period and a finish. What are the vicissitudes of any human life compared with those of an old street, brought from opulence to poverty doomed to a perpetual existence in squalor?

You see these pathetic castaways of streets in every city. Once they were of the fair, green fields. Fashion fleeing before the advance of business seized upon the location, dignified it for a space, then fled. Lower and lower sinks the devoted thoroughfare as the roar of traffic comes nearer and nearer. Men who drop from wealth to poverty die, but the old back street, engulfed in the business wave, remains a dirty old back street indefinitely, interminably, and any relic of its former grandeur is a cankering mockery it would fain throw away.

In place of the closely packed wooden houses which line Derby street in Salem, there were once pleasant fields sloping down to the harbor edge. The merchants of Salem, the shipmasters and ship fitters built those square three-storied houses of wood and brick with ample garden room, facing that line of wharves that has disappeared from view and almost from remembrance. As trade grew brisker, the smaller houses crept in, and those "round-the-common" and Chestnut street mansions housed the richer, while sounds of revelry drove the more sedate from the water front.

Just how much of business and bustle there was along that water front at this particular time of the eighteenth century, it is not easy to say. A large proportion of the business must have been done above the location of the present custom-house. In the days when everything was done by man and horse power there must have been considerable of confusion, of running about, of pulling , hauling, ye-hoing. There were many sailors' boarding houses along the upper part of the street, the halloing of drunken sailors, many rum shops, much din of the carpenters' and caulkers' hammers, the rumble of drays and the shouts of drivers; polyglot assemblies on the corners and on the wharves, a scene very difficult to reconstruct from the present quiet aspect of the thoroughfare.

There were, it is likely, the usual surroundings that followed Jack Tar of the era in whatever port of the world he congregated, and in the absence of anything that resembled a modern police system, much disorder and a good deal of fighting.

And the center of this life and bustle was somewhere in the vicinity of what is now Charter street, where the beginnings of a thriving distillery had already been made. And to a boarding house in this section, Floyd Ireson had brought his wife in the first days of their married life.

The night of the attempt to turn Floyd Ireson into a feathered biped had been one of anxious consultation among the town fathers of Marblehead. It was evident that the town's peace had been broken, but justice recoiled from the task of bringing so many offenders to book. It was Squire Patch's suggestion that cut the Gordian knot. He pointed out that Ireson was the real cause of the disturbance, and that, if he were excluded from the town, it would not only provide against the necessity of proceeding against the rioters but would be assurance against a further disturbance.

The chairman of the selectmen who majestically waited on Ireson in the common room of the lockup with the information that his presence outside the town limits was urgently requested, brought back a further complication. The girl, Betty, had not only addressed the chairman in unbecoming language, but had expressed her determination of expatriating herself with Ireson.

Mistress Moll Lansburra was summoned post haste, and labored diligently with her tongue—would have used other means, but was prevented, and stalked off, declaring that she washed her hands of the hussy.

Again the ready Patch offered a suggestion. The minister was routed from his dreams, and under special dispensation a marriage was declared, the scandal abated, and the pair sent over the rocky road to Salem in the chairman's chaise with a trusty driver, while the board of selectmen drew a collective sigh of relief and overwhelmed the modest Patch with congratulations.

It is fair to say that the couple were not sent off empty handed, and the packet of coins that formed their wedding outfit was made up largely of a contribution made by Patch, who included the amount in his next statement to Blaze, receiving a full acquittal and praise for the expenditure from that intelligent worthy.

With cash in hand, Mr. and Mrs. Ireson began their married life under comfortable conditions. But Betty had no mind to be brought to the end of their little store, and after one day spent in seeing the sights and tasting the delights of Salem, she sent Ireson out to look for work along the wharves and offered herself in the capacity of handmaiden to the woman who kept the house.

During some weeks of this mutual industry, ambition had begun to stir in Betty, her views had broadened, and in their Sunday afternoon walks abroad, she contemplated conditions of comfort and something approaching elegance which she came to desire mightily for herself.

If she had dreamed at all in the days in Marblehead, it had been of a cottage and brood, of a successful skipper husband, of a seldom used parlor, and of an occasional afternoon tea party. But these visions had expanded during her brief residence in Salem into those of a fair brick house, of silks and of a chaise, and Betty saw no reason why she should not accomplish them as well as some of those of whose lowly beginnings she had been told, and whose prosperity she witnessed.

The first obstacle that confronted her was, that her Floyd, instead of partaking of the restless eagerness for wealth of many of his contemporaries, seemed likely to drop into a humdrum longshore existence, content with the many holidays that come in the chances of longshore work, and entirely approving of the industry of his better half.

This inclination for frequent idleness did not suit Betty and she labored with her husband that he should take a more strenuous view of life. Floyd did his best to respond, and undertook some small merchandising, several profitable lines of which offered themselves. But his lack of capacity for money-making in that line was too manifest and the family council decided that he should go to sea, while Betty raked and scraped ashore, and husbanded the joint earnings so that in course of time he might be able to purchase a share in a vessel and become successively mate, captain, and ship-owning merchant.

CHAPTER XII

And so Floyd Ireson sailed away on an East Indian voyage, not unwillingly, for during the short period of his married life, he had come to place unwavering belief in the directive and administrative superiority of his wife, and was quite of the opinion that he had voluntarily made up his mind to go and seek his fortune on the deep.

According to custom, a certain proportion of his wages was to be paid in food or cash to the girl he left behind, and Betty evinced commercial skill by choosing to take payment in goods which she retailed to her employer and others for more money than would have been coming to her had she elected to take the cash payment. And having a surplus from her own wages, she every week added something to the little hoard that was some day to buy her husband a share in a vessel and a captaincy.

A less stout-hearted, determined damsel would have found her way difficult and beset with pitfalls. Her employer, who combined a profitable complaisance in all of her sailor boarders' whims, with a most scrupulous adherence to the outward forms of propriety, marked the apparent cheerfulness with which Betty plunged into the daily drudgery, and commended it freely. As the weeks went by, she hinted to Betty that it was a plain flying in the face of providence that her youthful charms should be ignored, even if she did possess a husband gone to sea.

She pointed out the convenience of the freedom from connubial scrutiny, and enlarged her sermon with precept and example of other wives who fought off melancholy and added to straightened incomes by what the landlady denominated as "seeing a little company." But Betty had other means of advancement in mind and disregarded hints, refused direct counsel, and defied threats, so that the landlady finally let her alone as one peculiar in her views, but valuable about the house, while the sailor boarders learned to know by physical demonstration that Mistress Betty Ireson was not for them.

When and how the great idea came to Betty, I do not know. The slowness with which the little pile of coins grew in the workbox which was the bank of deposit was at the bottom of it, likely; the contemplation of the quick rise of many along the water front into positions of wealth and dignified retirement, fretted the girl's ambition. She worked through the winter cheerfully enough, but with the spring and its restlessness, new ideas came, and with the early summer, her plan had been made.

The landlady's twelve year old son was absent during one "lecture afternoon" in early June, and under his mother's cross-examination, finally admitted that he had had a shilling from Betty for delivering a message to a man in Marblehead, and the message was for the man to come and see her.

The virtuous indignation of the landlady was loudly, if privately, expressed, and was even greater when, on the following afternoon, Squire Patch, spick and span, arrived and was escorted by Betty to her room.

If eyes could pierce doors or ears hear through carefully plugged keyholes, the details of the meeting would have been in the possession of the landlady as they occurred, but Betty was something of a tactician, herself, and the discomfited boarding mistress retreated below stairs, no wiser than when she had carefully crept up over the creaking steps.

Betty had set up this, her first camp in married life, in one of the rooms in the third story of the large, square house that had been built for a mansion, but which had come to keeping boarders. The room was spacious, though low studded, so that the bed might be modestly screened off, leaving a respectable sitting room in which Betty had on other Thursday afternoons, entertained some of the younger matrons of the neighborhood at tea.

Across the harbor, the south wind was cooling itself in the ripples before it brought its perfume of hay into the open windows. There was a pitcher of cool water on the table, a quaint black bottle of old rum, and a handful of India cheroots, a form of loosely rolled cigar which has since been imitated this side of Trichnipoly, and with the most deadly results.

It is little wonder that the Marblehead lawyer, seeing these preparations, should have laid the summons to the credit of his personal attractions. With an abundance of compliments, he accepted a glass of grog and a cheroot, and composed himself for a comfortable afternoon. Not such a rake-hellion, though, after all, was Patch, and he blushed when Betty, seating herself opposite him, gazed at him with considerable attention.

"I do believe, "she cried, "that you think I sent for you to court me."

Shamefacedly, Patch rejoined that he could have come on a much more disagreeable errand.

"No, no, Squire Patch," said Betty, "I've other things to think of than lovers and loving wi' my man at sea and me having to work for a roof to cover me an' clothes to wear. There's a little matter of business for you and me to see to this afternoon.

"I know why my man was drove from Marblehead, an' why some men who seem to have the say of everything that's done were afraid he might tell what he knew when they tried to put upon me. I don't mean you, Squire Patch, an' I don't bear no ill will t' you, but there are them that tried t' git my husband out o' th' way for more reasons than one. But they didn't know my husband, and I guess they didn't know me, neither. My husband is a true man, an' wouldn't never been no informer, an' he'd a said what he had t' say, an' done what he had t' do, open an' like a man.

"But that's neither here nor there, Squire Patch. A bitter wrong's been done my man, a bitter wrong an' shame that'll foller 'im all his life. An' now them 'ats done it has got t' pay for't. You take that word back to them you know, Squire Patch, an' say I say it. Flud Ireson's been wronged and can't be righted, but I say that pay shall be paid, an' paid t' me, his wife, or there's such a clattering to come as will jar more'n one ruftree.

"An' no tuppence-hapenny, mind ye, Patch, but a share, a Blaze share, a Patch share. I'm to go t' Boston, Patch, an' be set up a lady, an' a share is t' be paid to me handsome, every month."

Had the glass of grog in his hand expressed a determination to drink him, or the cheroot a purpose to smoke him, Patch's consternation could not have been greater.

"Why, Betty, why," he gasped "—it couldn't be done. Irregular, you know, no funds, no money for such—. Dear me, quite out of the question. If you return to Marblehead, my dear, we'll do something, perhaps—yes, I might promise you we'd stretch a point, but nothing considerable, nothing considerable, certainly, not a share. Why, what services could you offer? Dear me, certainly not a share."

"Marblehead be damned, and something be damned," cried Betty. "I tell you I'll share or I'll split. Damme, I'm a good mind to split, anyhow. Don't talk to me of something. I tell you I'll be in it or I won't take a shillin', an' then we'll see what comes.

"Look here, Patch, don't you see what could be done? Set me up a lady, an' let 'em come t' my house. I could do my part, I'll bet better than that fudging Blaze, with his chicken heart for all his red face."

And so with threats, with some cajolery, and with much practical argument, Betty labored with Patch during the afternoon. She skillfully maneuvred him through all the mazes of his arguments and offers of compromise, and secured from him, before he went away, an adherence to her plan, which he had been brought to look upon, finally, with considerable of admiration and enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XIII

And the plan was sufficiently a bold one, bolder than Betty, or even Patch himself, knew. There have been more people than the companions of Gadshill who have had the receipt of fern seed, and the convenient blindness of His Majesty's officers in the colonies was not without its reasons.

An eminent personage in the old country owed no small part of his revenues to quiet transactions in different and distant waters, and appreciated the source of income so well that he kept a sure, if secret hand on the doings of many agents.

Among the duties that he declined to commit to the care of others was the selection of those agents who would have to be trusted with a knowledge of the source and final disposal of the commodities dealt in. The underlings who might temporarily have charge of the goods in transit, and the arrangements therefor, such, for example, as Patch, he left to the appointment of his own appointees, but those who had to do at either end with the outside world, he wanted to see and estimate and have under his personal influence.

Thus Betty's self nomination for a jointure with Blaze in the disposition of goods and her alternative of defiance was aflying in the face of a power which she was not capable of estimating, and which, on its part, was quite capable of, and was very likely to be disposed to the summary removal of so slight an obstacle in its way.

But the plan was not without its strength. Already the independent merchants of Boston were murmuring that the free trade might be carried on by many as well as by one, and the situation had been reviewed with some anxiety by the factor resident in Boston singly and in consultation with Blaze and Patch. Such a commercial salon as that proposed by Betty might, under the circumstances, have its value in the way of a means for securing information, and in cementing a disintegrating clientele by social intercourse.

This view of the matter as proposed by Patch to Blaze was accepted by the latter with some enthusiasm, though there might have been an interested, not to say amorous reason for his ready adherence. The factor resident, however, was not so ready. He felt that an older head was needed for such an undertaking, and, indeed, had a favorite of his own for the place. He thought that the best disposition for Betty's case was to quietly ship her southward as far as might be necessary. Finally, in deference to the joint protestations, he agreed to see the girl and hear what she had to say before deciding on a final disposition.

Within the next few days a sailor who stayed at the boarding house in Salem over night, left a verbal message with Betty, and in sequence, Betty confided in her employer an alleged long cherished desire to visit Boston, and demanded a holiday.

The landlady, connecting the demand with Patch's visit, taxed Betty with an intention to desert, and swore she should not take a stitch from the house except what she had on her back. As Betty was already arrayed in her best and had the little hoard concealed on her person, and was, moreover, strong in the confidence of a brilliant future, she abandoned the rest of her belongings with cheerfulness. Marching off up town to the stage office, she took an inside passage in all state and set off with a valiant heart in search of fortune.

During the days of her later prosperity a macaroni who frequented her house wrote to London this:

"With respect to my good friend Mistress Betty Landsborough, I am at times and by bits getting something that would most delight our friend the Spectator, durst one communicate the same to any outside the knowing. My good Betty is a most admirable hostess and hath mighty fashionable pretensions but smacks, nevertheless, something of the soil. It is not that she will on occasion rap you out a sounding oath, for we know of fair duchesses who have that failing and more, but in her unguarded moments she hath a strange accent as of the rustics of our northern English parts which she is at much pains to overcome and conceal in her ordinary manner of speech.

"She hath been in London, hath Vauxhall and the tags and ends of fashion at her tongue's end, but I suspect a lowlier birth than that of the fair family of Landsborough with whom she claims kin. There is at times with her an odd fellow of a legal practitioner from one of the small towns hereabouts, and I have heard him, myself being ensconced near by, but unseen, rally her on pranks they have mutually seen, when, it appeareth, Mistress Betty hath assumed the apparel of the sterner sex. And this it seems, too, was in Merry England. And so, but for the fear of ill-favour in a certain quarter, there were our Spectator's paper. A maiden of colonial birth visiteth England in the disguise of a macaroni, hath favor in a certain personage, his sight, and returneth to queen it among the colonials. Mem. and query,—why permitted to return?"

Had this gossip but an accurate knowledge of the strength of will of Mistress Betty Landsborough, the answer to his query would have been self-evident. He saw only the good-humored, somewhat vulgar hostess. Those who came into contact with her in a business way recognized not only skill and tact, but an undeviating will and purpose, and mainly either succumbed to Mistress Landsborough's views or retired from the contest, though never retiring with lacerated feelings or more than a vague sense of defeat.

For Betty had a fashion of having her way with men. Women, she said, she couldn't abear, and had but little success with them, indeed shunned them, and never had a female confidante. But she could twist men, and worked her will on the great personage's factor resident in Boston. Disposed to rally the green country girl at first, he was led to listen to her argument, her clearly stated and business-like plan, and was conquered before he had begun to think of summoning up a resistance.

He had no power himself to bring about the innovation, however much he might wish it, but he went to the farthest limits of his authority and dispatched her with Patch for company to England. For safety and convenience, her outfit, as has been hinted, was that of a provincial dandy, and a very pleasant looking man she made of it, and out-swaggered Patch and soon had him as completely under her thumb as had been the absent sailor, her husband.

After adventures by sea and road, borne man-fashion, she presented herself with all that favorable and urgent letters could do for her, before the great personage himself. He was immensely taken with her from the first, and swore that she should not go back among the provincials, but should stay in London and be made a toast.

CHAPTER XIV

It had been a nobleman's mansion before trade had driven nobility from that section of seventeenth century London. There had been gardens about it, which now bore the weight of great warehousings, but the exterior of the mansion had been but little changed, except that trade signs had been mingled with the owner's carved crests. In quite another quarter of the city the present noble owner was much more splendidly housed than his ancestor had been and the rentals of the old mansion were an important factor in meeting the expenses of the new. If the noble owner thought of the old house at all, it was in the light of an income-bringer and he was entirely careless of the smutchiness and business-like squalor which daily increased in his ancestral halls.

That substantial, conservative business may be carried on amid neatness and even amid actual luxury, is a discovery of modern times and a new country. The fine old business Briton of a couple of centuries ago regarded dinginess and dustiness, perhaps positive nastiness, as a symbol of sound business methods. So the sub-tenants of the noble mansion tracked the unspeakable filth of the London streets into the broad entrance hall with no rebuke and with but little janitorial following. The man who slipped at the entrance on a moist day wiped his soiled hands on the wall, and as broken baluster posts and other tokens of mishaps appeared, no one thought it worth while to make repairs.

The lessee of the premises was Bradshaw's, a house more than respectably spoken of in the coffee houses. The sub-tenants were just as miscellaneous as the sub-tenants of any block in a present business district, and though there was a narrative worth telling in every room, a romance for every window, they have no particular concern with this present story, and must go unrescued from oblivion with the rest of the lost volumes of that great library of romance—the business transactions of a nation. The House, as most of the tenants called Bradshaw's, being themselves in small and subsidiary ways, had reserved for its use the long, panelled dining room, and the newly built warehouses on the garden space were the Bradshaw warehouses. A portion of the dining-room was divided into stalls barely sufficient each for turning room for the clerks who scratched and mumbled in villainous light. The better lighted and in winter, warmer, part of the room was, apparently, a common or public room, in which there was a constant coming and going, a perpetual hum.

It was not an old house, Bradshaw's. It counted only one life, that of Richard Bradshaw, but it had been a long and was a very strong life, and in consideration, the house was well up with those which had come down through three generations. Richard Bradshaw was of the breed of family founders. Rather short, thick set, face of the sound red of good beef, with the tightly curling hair of purpose and energy, he forcefully went forward because to him it was the line of least resistance. He had taken long chances, knowing they were long chances when heavy risks alone were the means to the end. But Richard Bradshaw never took a risk for risk's sake, had no joy in speculation for itself, and when such a man instead of dropping American ventures persisted and made money where others lost, it became the always recurrent topic of business conversation.

We know many things about most parts of the earth's surface. We know that the tools of labor must open the door of every land of gold. It has taken about four centuries to learn this bit of practical knowledge, and London had just learned one lesson in the course. Vessels sent away to pick up the superabundant gold of the new-found lands had not returned at all, or had come back almost as unprofitably with only divers bits of curious knowledge and a stock of adventurous incident. Any tavern liar could mint as good over his pipe and mug upon the hints of the earlier discoverers. Curious adventures were a drug on the market in London. Those desirous to hear of them could be regaled at any turn upon slight expenditure for liquid refreshments. Dividends in gold dust and guineas from the sale of costly furs were very much more desired.

But, though the house of Bradshaw had been burned with the rest at an earlier day in the American trade, it did not, like the others, drop the hot coal. It was more and more coming to be known as the great American house. It not only ventured its unused moneys in tentative ventures, but was withdrawing capital from other branches of its trade to add to its American enterprises.

While some of those who follow their neighbors' business with such marked attention pointed to the facts as an evidence of waning business sagacity, others said that Dickon Bradshaw was too steady a hand for that, and opined that he had found the gold or that the king's dues were suffering.

But the merchants were generally agreed, both those who had stuck to the old ways and those who had been tempted to run after new and strange things, that the American trade would never be worth a rush, that the best of the New World had been taken by the Frenchmen and the Spaniards, that His Britannic Majesty's possessions were poor, beggarly things.

Between two rows of roughly partitioned stalls which contained the accounting force of the house of Bradshaw, a long, dark passage ran to somewhere in the rear. During business hours, a soberly dressed beadle stood at the entrance of this passageway. From time to time the group in the common room parted and gave back, and a gentleman paced through the lane thus opened. As he reached the passageway, the beadle deftly stepped aside and as deftly stepped back, a human door, and unyielding to any of the common gathering who were nodding and whispering in an ever shifting mass. A sturdy beadle, and an incorruptible beadle, as one man finds who detaches himself from the throng. He is bound for the passageway with apparently no idea that he may not pass. He is much surprised, look you, when the beadle stops him. There is talk and the chink of coin, but the beadle frowns, draws back his hand and the would-be passer retreats to the group in the center of the room.

In an earlier day, when Richard Bradshaw was still a young man, there had been in the common room at Bradshaw's much talk of America, but it was not of American dividends or their lack. They called the new country Canaan in the common room then, and there were many Biblical allusions fiery with Old Testament anathema. They spoke of themselves as the Lord's anointed, and there was speech of smitings. Now and then a strident voice would lift above the hum and the language was that of scriptural exhortation. Again a hasty gesture would disarrange hat or cloak and show evidence of a maiming too common in the good old times to occasion especial remark. There was a general sadness of dress and of visage in the throng, and while one or two wore the gauds which were so dear to the hearts of male humanity in the pre-pantaloon eras, these seemed to be only accidental minglers and had to listen to so many reproofs and sermons on the vanities of their apparel that they were glad to get away as soon as they might detach themselves from their homilists.

In these later days, however, modes and fashions had crept into the place and although there was still a general air of sombreness due to the preponderance of Puritan dress, the brighter hued garments made more than a little show and had become so usual as to attract no notice. The man who had failed of entrance would, however, have vied with the most sombrely dressed of the former time. His garments had not even the ostentatiousness of complete black. A black short cloak hung from his shoulders and his hat was of a sable hue, but the remainder of his garments were of that self-effacive brownish-gray or grayish-brown or nondescript no-color that is the dye par excellence of humility. A turned over collar of coarse linen at the neck, square-toed, twine-tied shoes and a complete sacrifice of hirsute and other personal adornment marked the religious enthusiast, even if his voice had not been often heard in scriptural quotation and allusion, in a fashion which sounded strange to the ears of most of the throng, used as the older ones had been to its patter in their earlier days. The porter endeavored to keep an eye on the movements of the fanatic, much as a modern messenger defends the great man of business from the modern "crank," but a party of some half a dozen of seemingly greater importance than previous comers stepped gravely along, and as the beadle bowed low, he missed his would-be briber, who stepped quickly to the farther side of the party and entered the passageway with them.

The new-comers, some of whom were portly and rubicund and pleasant to see with the signs of good cheer, proceeded in single file along the illy lighted passage and stumbled up a flight of steps at the end. The leader, indeed, tripped fairly on the landing and plunging against the door, thrust it open with a clatter of wood and of stout leather shoes. "A pox on thy —— passage and stair — " he cried, but covered his mouth, for the head of the house of Bradshaw held up a warning finger and pointed to a clergyman who had half risen at the clatter. The offender kept his hand clapped over his mouth and certain sounds of choking were taken by the well-disposed as the terms of an apology. The clergyman smiled benevolently and seated himself again, while the discomfited leader sought shelter behind the next comer, the enthusiast who had come unbidden and in spite of the beadle's check decisive. An unlucky man, this leader, for the maneuver by which he sought to hide his embarrassment brought the shy one face to face and gaze to gaze with the head of the house, whose bull dog jaws came together with a snap when he saw the intruder. But the latter turned away and there were sober salutations and a grave disposition of persons in the heavy but comfortable chairs which furnished the room, after the fashion of committee rooms in all centuries since the Anglo-Saxon committee began to be a power.

Presently the jumble of voices in the room began to lessen. Bradshaw said something to the man beside him, who said, "Eh, what?" and poked his neighbor. One by one the voices stopped in suddenly checked periods and silence ensued. It was the ponderous silence of stout men in which a "hem" rolled like thunder and left silence deeper still. Still silence, and a fixity of gaze on one man who, from gazing straight before him, looked up at the ceiling and down at the floor in an unsuccessful assumption of ease. Still the silence and the fixed attention. A corpulent man grew apoplectic in his intention to stare the intruder out. Still silence and the gaze, the object thereof visibly weakening. Presently, after much shifting in his chair and an abortive attempt to speak, the intruder went out. Bradshaw chuckled deeply.

"That," said he, "was Melancthon Fish, grandson of old Preserved. I never knew the old 'un, but I knew this man's father when I was a boy with the old Company, when it was housed in this very building. Those were days when it was as much as a man's life was worth to go out into yonder room wearing a bit of plum-colored velvet. This Fish's father was one of the come-outers among the sectaries who left the Boston colony and went over into the Connecticut country. The boy, as he seems to me, though he hath got along to middle life, apparently, was a smart Indian trader and has been a good agent, would be now, I make no doubt, but for a bit of an accident."

The old man's eyes twinkled and he squared himself for the narrative with a good deal of pleasure.

"It seems," he went on, "there was rather too much of certain cloths and other commodities in Boston, and it was thought best to get them to the Indian trade as soon as possible, and to get them even so far as the French inland settlements, though they are not used to get so far, seeing that the Indians, by passing these goods one tribe to another, take up all the surplus that accumulates. This Fish had been a good agent and he was given rather a better bargain than need be, as I look into it now, a very tidy little venture with the usual agreement not to send any of the goods to seaports or by sea. It seems, however, that the goods went slowly at first and he had the thought to send them to the French provinces by sea in a little shallop he had, and also to save some of the expense of land carriage and some of the danger also, for the Indians are very thievish. So thinking, he put them afloat and some free traders or freebooters, or what you will, of which there is talk along the New England coast, picked the shallop up so that all the goods were lost to him. Of course, this was a matter in which we had no concern except as we might find reason to deal with Fish for breaking his agreement, but lo, and behold, some weeks later there comes to excellent Fish from the Boston warehouse certain goods which he swears were the same goods he shipped in the shallop. I have chided him mightily for attempting to cover his breach of agreement with this child's story but he will not be put off, and had, I suppose, in mind to put the matter before the committee today."

Bradshaw's narrative had been received with widening eyes, with sundry chuckles and nudges by his auditors, and as he closed there was a roar of laughter, a mighty pounding of the table and gasps of "Well said, Dickon," and "A mighty jest, indeed."

"I fear," Bradshaw went on, when the laughter had ceased, "that it may cost us a score or so of pounds to be rid of this persistent Fish, unless, indeed, His Grace will take the matter up on his side of the agreement."

He stood up and bowed to the clergyman in the company who was not only the chaplain of a great and noble person very close to royalty itself, but the business man of the historic celebrity who need be no more than hinted at, since he appears in the narrative only as the hidden mainspring of a very considerable enterprise.

The clerical individual smiled pleasantly and at the same time with something of condescension, and said: "I will make a note on't. Now, as time presses, I will e'en deliver my message and be gone. His Grace has heard of some little carping and crying about a certain person temporarily in London, and sends me here to tell you that he will name whom he d—— pleases for the commands in New England, and that if it be his humor to set a child in arms over matters, it is his right and he will so do. What His Grace does, how he controls and who are his instruments are none of your affairs. If you have forgotten the terms of the agreement, he has not and as he finds a way to make himself sure of the loyalty of his agents abroad, be certain he will not sit idle under mischievous faultfinding and babbling here in the city. But, sirs, I think you may rest content. I have seen much of the person of whom we speak, and there is so little of the woman there and so much of the man, that, barring my cloth, I think she might lead even me on any expedition of daring she might name. She hath even had her will of His Grace, and is to return months before he would be willing to miss the novelties of the companionship of this rare wonder the wonderful new world hath sent us. I speak as among friends, of course, and for no other ears, and would advise you, sirs, to take His Grace's message in earnest and good spirit, for he is in something of a warmth at stories that have come to him."

Betty's course in London might well have commended itself to the factor of His Grace's affairs spiritual and affairs commercial. In male and in female caparison she was taken out and about in the great city, made one at dinners, feasts and routs, and her entertainer swore that she grew every day more entertaining and indispensable to him.

But Betty, though she entered into the entertainment offered with dash and abandon, and picked up fashionable language and ways, a most apt scholar, kept her head, nevertheless, and never lost sight of the real business of her visit. She declined the meteoric career proffered her in London, shrewdly preferring the much longer reign she proposed in Boston, and had her way with the great personage as with other men.

And he was compelled to let her go after such a round of gaiety as might have upset many a seasoned London head, and with full power and commission as joint in power and authority with Blaze, under the factor resident in Boston only, with power to sell and dispose, though not with the final power to receive moneys, she embarked for the New World again, and landed in Boston, still months before Floyd Ireson's voyage was to terminate.

(*Continued in May number*)

A SPRING SONG

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

AN old, old man am I, with thatch of snow-white hair,
But a feeling comes upon me and I sing
When I hear the marsh frogs fluting down the air,
And potato planting time has come at spring!

I think of rain-kissed Ireland then and Long Ago,
(Ah, God be with the home fields far away!)
And the fever comes upon me and I take my hoe
And I plant potatoes all an April day.

Kingcups deck the hollow and daisies strew the wold,
And the lily by the brook lifts up its shield:
But it's not their beauty shakes me with a joy untold—
'Tis vines of the potatoes in the field!

An old, old man am I, of passing sixty years,
But I love the fragrance of the sod uncouth,
And hope within me wakens when with smiles and tears
The green potatoes take me back to youth!

BUTTS' MANUAL DRILL

THE WEST POINT OF THE SOUTH

By H. S. PARKER

TO the Southerner, both of the past and of the present, there is no college today which commands so much respect and universal love as the historic Virginia Military Institute located in Lexington, Rockbridge County, Virginia. This little city overlooks the waters of the North River among the foothills of the beautiful Blue Ridge mountains, and the good citizens are justly proud of the institutions of learning in their midst, the Military Institute and the Washington and Lee University. The great natural beauty of the place, its lack of daily turmoil and strife of modern business, its peaceful day-to-day life, make it a model college town.

This pretty Virginian city was, before the breaking out of the Civil War, much more populous than at the present day. It boasted of considerable wealth within its limits, and today one sees fine old mansions of the days "before the war," the fine old Virginia homes where hospitality and chivalry were always to be found, the homes of brave men and of beautiful women. The ravages of the four years' war fell heavily on the State of Virginia. There was hardly a county or township within her borders which did not witness conflict between the Union and Confederate forces. From the beginning to the end of the war, Virginia was the field of conquest for the contending armies. Fortunes were swept away, in thousands of cases fathers and sons fell on the battlefields, families were broken up or totally obliterated. The air of thrift and contentedness to be seen in the Lexington of today attest to the courage of the people in meeting the stern problems of life and overcoming them.

The Virginia Military Institute was established under an Act of the General Assembly of Virginia, passed in March, 1839; and the first corps of cadets was mustered into the service of the state on the eleventh day of November, 1839. Up to that time a company of soldiers had been maintained by the state, at an annual charge of $6,000, to garrison the Western Arsenal located at Lexington, in which were stored thirty thousand muskets and large quantities of military supplies. In the year 1836, J. T. L. Preston, Esq., a citizen of Lexington, conceived the idea of substituting for the company of soldiers who guarded the arsenal, a company of cadets, who, in addition to the duties of an armed guard, should pursue a course of scientific and military studies. On the consummation of the Act of March, 1839, the first Board of Visitors met at Lexington. Of this Board, Colonel Claude Crozet, a graduate of the

JACKSON MONUMENT

NEW MARKET MONUMENT

THE COLORS

LIMIT GATE

THE LIBRARY

Polytechnic School of France, a soldier under Napoleon in the Russian campaign of 1812, and subsequently a professor in the Military Academy at West Point, and at the time a citizen of Virginia, was elected President.

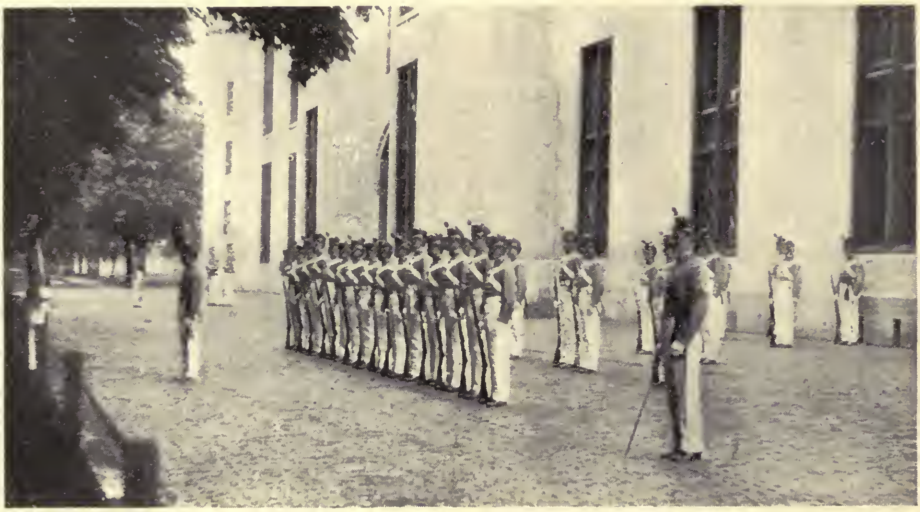
The first act of the new board was to recognize the eminent fitness of General Francis H. Smith, a distinguished graduate of West Point, and at that time Professor of Mathematics in Hampden-Sidney College, for the position of superintendent. The school rapidly grew in popular favor, and in 1861 was full to its capacity. At this time the barracks were being enlarged to accommodate the applicants for admission, the privileges of the school having been extended to the citizens of other states. In the spring of 1861, at the breaking out of the Civil War, the corps of cadets, under command of Major—afterwards Lieutenant-General—Jackson, marched to Richmond, the capital. Here, in camp Lee, the cadets were busily employed in organizing and instructing the large numbers of volunteers, and history attests to the thoroughness of their work. The corps of cadets was soon disorganized, however, by the advancement of large numbers of them to military rank in the different grades of the service. In 1862, the Institute was again opened, this time essentially as a training school to supply skilled and educated officers for the southern armies, then operating in the field.

On the 15th of May, 1864, the corps of cadets, organized as a battalion of infantry and as a platoon of artillery, serving two three-inch rifled field pieces, constituted a part of Echol's Brigade in the fiercely contested and bloody battle of New Market. To reach the town of New Market the corps made a forced march of four days, much of the time in drenching rains and over roads made almost impassable by mud and the storms, yet not a murmur of impatience or discontent was heard from these young soldiers save their natural discontent at being obliged to travel so long a distance and so hard in order to meet in battle a foe whom they respected, but whom they did not fear. They were ready to sacrifice themselves, if need be, for the cause in which they believed. Many of them had fathers and brothers in the Confederate army and they were naturally impatient to qualify also as veteran soldiers—those who had been under the fire of the enemy.

In the battle of New Market, the Union forces engaged numbered from ten to twelve thousand, being commanded by General Franz Sigel; the Confederates less than three thousand, commanded by General John C. Breckenridge. In spite of the disparity in numbers, the Confederates gained a complete victory and captured a large number of prisoners, suffering a loss of sixty-eight killed and three hundred and thirty-seven wounded. The loss to the Federal forces was two hundred and forty-two killed, five hundred and sixty wounded and two hundred and forty missing. This battle was of grave importance to the cause of the Confederacy, protecting the products of the valley, which was the principal source of supplies of General Lee's army, as well as preventing its interception by Federal troops. As evidence of this fact, Hunter's army (Federal) was checked only at Lynchburg by General Early.

At the very commencement of the fight, the cadet corps suffered severely from the rifle fire of the enemy, but held their ground steadfastly. Their precision of movement, gray uniforms and flag of white silk with gold background and a picture of Washington, disconcerted their adversaries not a little and attracted to them close attention. Only when a six-gun battery of field artillery obtained their exact range and exploded rifled shell and canister in their midst did they falter. It was but a temporary check, however; their fighting blood was up, there was no thought of retreat, they had come to fight and were receiving their baptism of fire and blood. Their numbers were being decimated and even seasoned troops could not withstand it long. Echol's Brigade of veterans at this juncture rose up from the ground where they had been lying and charged, giving the wild rebel yell. Instantly the cadet corps sprang to their feet and swept down the green slopes. The Federal troops now fell back on their second line of defense, and, taking advantage of the opportunity, the Confederates paused in the road, in the shelter of the stone wall and embankment, to gain a breathing spell and re-align their troops.

Again the advance was ordered and the cadets responded with a ringing cheer. Clambering over the stone-wall, they advanced quickly on the Federal position through the wheat field which lay between the contending lines. It was in this wheat field that the



GUARD MOUNT

battalion lost most of its killed and the greater number of their wounded here fell. The battery, now shotted with shrapnel and canister, at close range, opened upon them a murderous fire. The infantry, lying on the ground behind fence rails, poured into their ranks a steady volley. Both lines were now enveloped in low-lying smoke out of which flashed the incessant rifle fire; the hoarse shouts of command and of encouragement from officers rang above the din, and ever and anon the ground shook with the explosions of the artillery stationed in the orchard near the farmhouse. Both veterans and youthful cadets were falling, and it seemed as though none would survive the inferno of shot and shell. At this critical moment Lieutenant-Colonel Shipp, commanding the corps, fell, and the cadets, deprived of their leader, appeared irresolute. It was then that Captain Henry A. Wise, Jr., tactical officer and commanding Company "A," sprang to his feet and ordered the battalion to charge, and, moving fearlessly in advance of the line, led the battalion on the Federal position. With a yell the cadets sprang to the charge, the blue lines of infantry began to break and seek cover behind the farm buildings. The one objective of the cadets was the battery of artillery by which they had sustained severe losses early in the engagement, and before the order to limber up could be obeyed by the artillerymen, the cadets were upon them, disabling the teams, shooting down the gunners and engaging in fierce hand-to-hand encounters with their foes. Such a sanguinary struggle could not last long—one side or the other must give way—the Federal troops broke and sought safety in flight. The battalion was quickly re-formed, half-wheeled to their right, and, with Echol's and Wharton's Brigades, advanced again, firing into the woods and thickets as they went forward until the last of the enemy had been driven from cover and up the valley, pursued by the Confederate cavalry. The fact that in their retreat the Federal troops burned the bridges behind them, showed them to be thoroughly whipped for the time.

The Honorable John S. Wise of Virginia, who was a cadet corporal of Company "D" and who was in the fight, in his memorial address at the unveiling of the Battle Monument on the Institute grounds years later, depicts most touchingly the heartrending sights on the battlefield as he went over it searching out his killed and wounded young comrades. Mere boys were these, but they had showed by their courage that they could be faithful unto death. They had proved true to their training and trust, and in the wheat field, covered with grime of smoke and blood, in some instances terribly mutilated by the canister and shrapnel, lay dead eight cadets of the gallant battalion. The wounded, forty-four in number, were being tenderly removed to neighboring houses and to the improvised field hospital in the farm-

WINTER DRESS PARADE OF BATTALION

house near where the battery had stood early in the engagement.

Regardless of the questions of the hour which agitated the people of the North and of the South at the time, all Americans may take a just pride in the gallantry of this cadet battalion in the battle of New Market. Although but boys, they exhibited dauntless courage in the face of the enemy when that enemy outnumbered them three to one. With their ranks torn and rent by the canister, with their comrades dropping under the fierce fire of musketry, they maintained their position, and when it became evident that the corps must perish if they remained where they stood, they never for a moment thought of retreat, but gallantly and fiercely charged their enemy at the point of the bayonet, driving everything before them, capturing numerous prisoners and a battery of artillery.

Shortly after the battle the cadet corps were ordered to Richmond where they were stationed at Camp Lee, finally being ordered back to the Institute barracks at Lexington and there furloughed. A greater number of the young soldiers at once entered the Confederate army as officers where they served most gallantly and efficiently to the honor of their Alma Mater.

On June 11th, 1864, the Institute barracks, mess hall, officers' quarters, the library containing about ten thousand volumes and all of the apparatus and instruments of the various departments of the school were burned by order of General David Hunter, commanding the United States Army, at that time operating in the Valley of the Shenandoah. From providential causes, the quarters of the superintendent escaped destruction and was the only building left standing on the grounds. In October, 1865, after the close of the war, the Institute was re-opened, the buildings and equipments of the school were rapidly restored and the Institute entered upon an era of unprecedented prosperity. The present buildings are very impressive to the beholder, not alone from their historic associations, but from the fact also that they are most solid and permanent in their character, grimly military in all their appointments. They comprise the cadet barracks and academic building, surmounted with battlements on the parapet; a library, administration building, Jackson Memorial Hall, mess hall, hospital, officers' quarters, a power and light station and numerous smaller buildings. There are now in contemplation a new Chemical Laboratory and an Applied Science building. The grouping of these large buildings and the fine parade ground make an exceedingly interesting picture and a visit will well repay one who is interested in American history and American military prowess. Embedded in the east walls of the barracks are pointed out two shells fired into the buildings by Hunter's artillery on his approach to the town. These shells are

THE NEW MESS HALL

high up on the walls and very close together, evidently fired from one gun. During the occupation of the town of Lexington by the Union troops, a Confederate spy, captured within the lines, was taken to the Institute grounds and there hung in chains. The chains were not removed from the tree after the execution and are now pointed out to the visitor, being quite grown into the trunk and now inseparably a part of the tree, a grim reminder of the times when stern-visaged men talked but little and acted quickly.

On the west side of the barracks and opposite the arch in the beautiful Jackson memorial erected to the memory of General Stonewall Jackson, there stands the New Market battle monument. This work of art in bronze was designed by the noted artist, Moses Ezekiel, who was himself a cadet in that battle. It represents a female figure emblematical of "Virginia mourning her dead." The huge granite pedestal is panelled on the four sides with bronze tablets whereon are inscribed the names of the officers and cadets of the Institute who were in the battle. No Virginian can look on this beautiful monument without mingled feelings of pride and of sadness—pride in the spirit and courage of the young soldiers who fought and who fell—sadness at the thought of the terrible sacrifice of noble lives and of property which were at the time demanded of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and from which it has taken her so many long years to recuperate. The artist, Moses Ezekiel, now resides in Rome, and his contribution to his Alma Mater was without price, a token of his everlasting love towards those with whom he stood in battle on the fateful day in May, 1864.

On the anniversary of the conflict, now known as "New Market Day" at the Institute, the names of the cadets who fell in battle at that time are inserted in the company rolls, and as they are called by the sergeant, a cadet of the first class steps to the front, salutes and reports: "Died on the field of honor, Sir." Their names will ever live in the memory of the Institute and of the Commonwealth of Virginia. Five of the killed are buried in the cadet cemetery on the Institute grounds and on "New Market Day" the battalion marches to this beautiful and secluded spot and there fires three volleys over the graves of the young heroes. One cannot leave this little cemetery without feelings of deepest emotion as he contemplates the sacrifices so gallantly made years ago by the youthful soldiers of Virginia. A more beautiful spot for a last resting place was never seen than this—in the quiet and peaceful Valley of the Shenandoah.

The historic old town of Lexington is now regarded, and rightly so, as the "Shrine of the Confederacy." General Lee, the memory of whose noble character is beloved not only by the South but by thousands of admirers in the North and throughout the country, lies buried in the quaint and pretty Washington and Lee Memorial Chapel in the grounds of the University of that name, just outside the Military Institute limits. Surrounded by magnificent trees and the beautiful and well-kept college campus, and overgrown with clinging ivy, the little chapel makes a fit resting-place for the mortal remains of the great soldier.

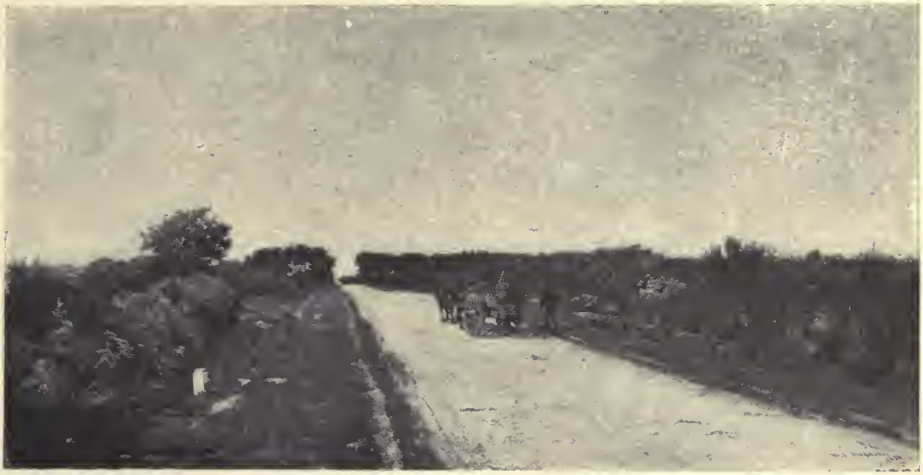
Thousands of students of history, tourists and others, have journeyed here to see the impressive white marble recumbent statue of General Lee in the chapel just over the Lee family crypt, wherein lie the body of the General, his wife and two daughters. His old college office in the same chapel now remains exactly as he left it when stricken with his fatal illness. Not a paper has been disturbed, not a piece of the quaint old furniture has been moved; the books, magazines, old daguerreotypes and records are shown by the old negro janitor, exactly as the General laid down his work for the last time. Irresponsive indeed must be the heart and soul of him who can contemplate these mementos of the great leader and not be strongly affected.

In the cemetery on the west side of the town and in a beautiful spot overlooking the Valley of the Shenandoah, lies the body of General Stonewall Jackson, the grave being marked by a granite pedestal surmounted by a heroic-sized bronze figure of the beloved Southern soldier. The site recalls to memory his dying words, "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees." Although a soldier by training and profession, he abhorred war and it was his expressed wish that he should be allowed to resume his chair at the Institute when the war should have closed. His untimely death brought the career of a most noble Christian soldier to a tragic close.

In all the professions and vocations of life, the men trained at the Virginia Military Institute have won for themselves honorable distinction. The illustrious record of services rendered by her sons in the Civil, Spanish and Philippine wars has established the reputation of the Virginia Military Institute upon an enduring foundation. In the regular army her graduates are found, in numbers second only to those of West Point. The Marine Corps and the Navy also claim a large number of these finely educated and disciplined young men. The Institute has been officially recognized by the Imperial Government of China, a number of student cadets from the Flowery Kingdom having been sent to the Institute to acquire academic and military training of the highest order. One graduate, of the Class of '07, is at the present time a colonel in the Chinese Imperial Army. At the commencement exercises in June, 1908, the guest of honor, Major-General J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff of the United States Army, addressing the cadets, referred to the school as "an institution, which, of its kind, is second to none other in the world." In practically every state throughout the Union her graduates are busy, honoring themselves and their Alma Mater by applying to everyday life the lessons of self-control, concentration of thought, of chivalry and of honor, acquired within the walls of this most honored and historic college, the "West Point of the South."

GEN. R. E. LEE STATUE, LEXINGTON, VA.

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.



By William L. Picknell

"THE ROAD TO CONCARNEAU"

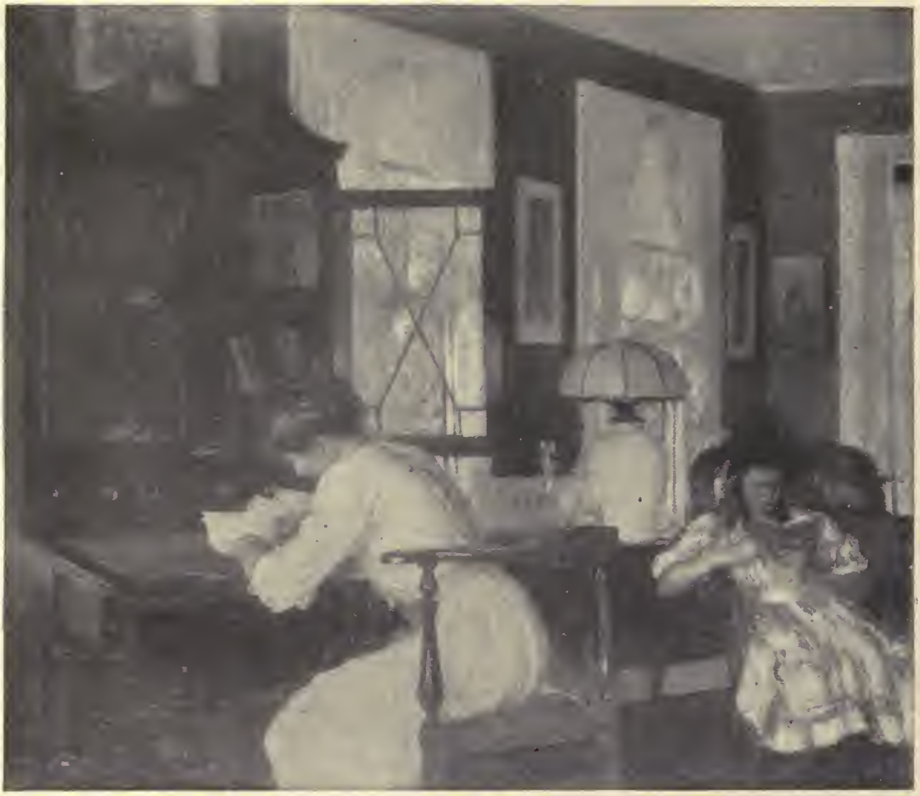
THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

By FLYNN WAYNE

YEAR by year interest in Abraham Lincoln increases, and artist and sculptor attempt to depict with brush or chisel the great Emancipator; this marked interest is due to the fact that, although in his lifetime many remarked on his "homeliness," the rugged features of the man who loved "the plain people of America" were of classic mold. What the artist seeks is strength and individuality rather than the soft curves of mere beauty. In the Corcoran Art Gallery, at the second exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings, a prominent place is given on either side of the entrance to the stately statues of Lincoln by St. Gaudens, included in the Augustus Saint-Gaudens Memorial Exhibition. In this gallery there are many replicas of American and foreign masterpieces. In the corridor is the famous statue of Napoleon Bonaparte on the island of St. Helena. Leaving this faithful image of the "Little Corporal" with a sigh for the conqueror in exile, we come upon a group of art-lovers engaged in a lively discussion over a study representing girls and boys wading in a pool; as they leaned over to gather the pond lilies one could almost feel their toes sink into the soft mud.

On that winter Sunday the President visited the gallery early in the morning for a private view; but it was later in the day that the most interesting picture of all might be seen—the eager throng, reminding one of the last day of a church fair, when the scent of "bargains" is in the air.

Here a throng collected before portraits to which a peculiar pink tone gave a striking effect; others stood rapt before portrayals of joyous, happy childhood; the charm of the tributes to motherhood held the attention of many a visitor, and an admiring group was ever standing, enchanted, before the wonderful Corot landscapes in the loan collection of Honorable William A. Clark; in these lovely nature studies the leaves and boughs seem to whisper and bow, so delicate and true is the great painter's art. This collection also included the "Poppy Harvest," which has a touch of Millet's "Angelus"; Van Dyke, with his rich coloring, and Perugino's wooden-featured but cheerful-looking cherubs. The pronounced success of this



"JOSEPHINE AND MERCIE"
Edmund C. Tarbell, Corcoran Art Gallery sketch

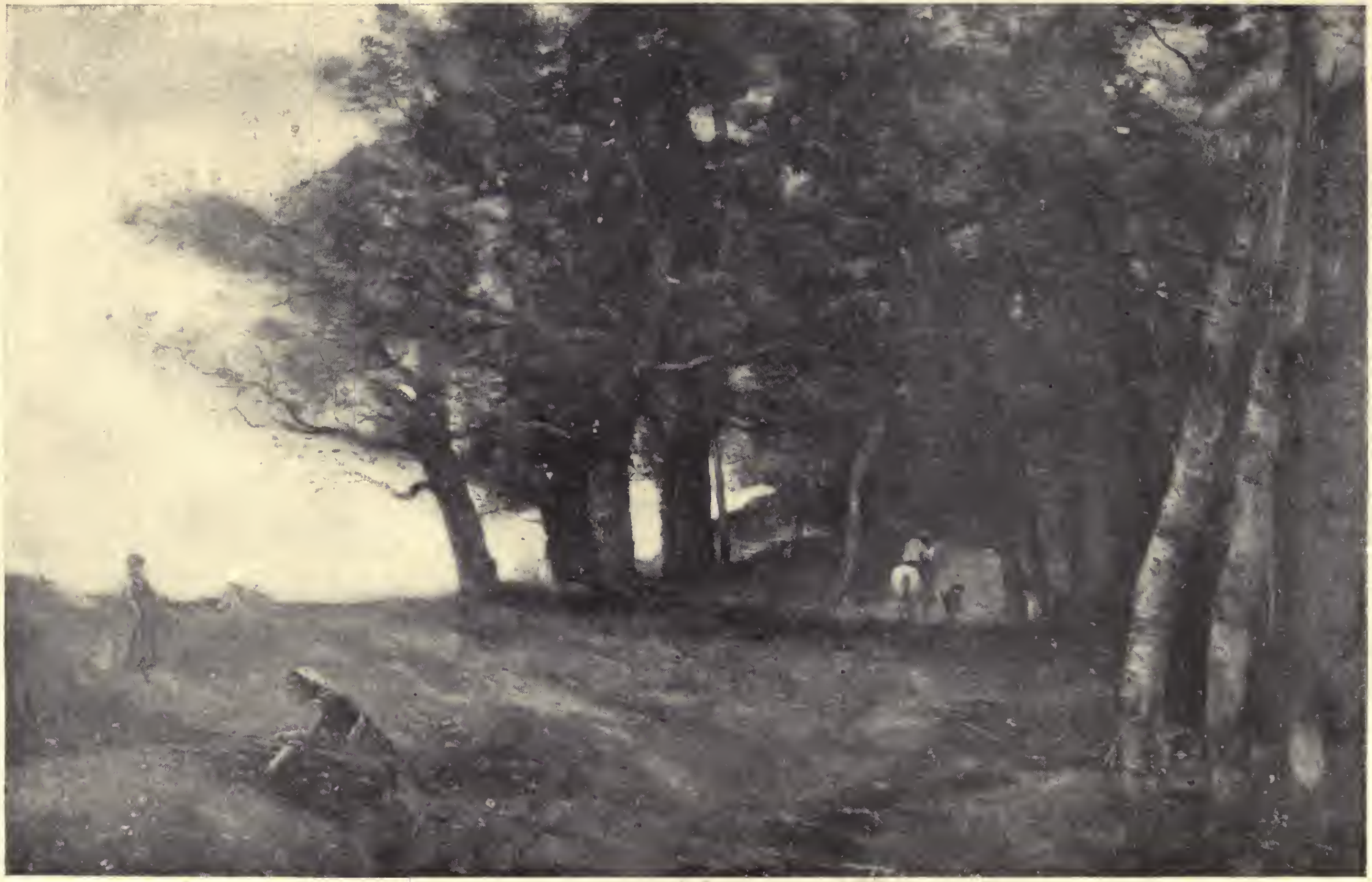
exhibition was largely due to Mr. Clark, who most liberally donated the sum of $5,000 to be awarded in prizes. The people enjoyed all the beauty which art had spread before them, but it was clearly seen that the favorite pictures were those which contained the most human feeling. Every shade of varied temperament was doubly depicted—on the canvas, and in the living faces that studied them.

President Roosevelt was twice represented in full-length portraits: one in riding costume, painted by Gari Melchers, and the other, painted by Joseph De Camp, as he stands at his desk, alert and ready for the day's duties.

Here were seen the Wolf Pictures which arrested the attention of the President and caused him to comment on the cross-eyed, savage brutes. "The Rose" was a lady clad in red, whose face suggests a charming perplexity. In "The Penance of Eleanor," by Edwin A. Abbey, the hooded, cadaverous faces recalled his "Quest of the Holy Grail," the well-known mural decoration of the Boston Public Library. Kenyon Cox's masterful portrait of St. Gaudens, immersed in that indefinable blue characteristic of this painter, represents the sculptor as giving, with deft thumb, the last delicate touches to a great model; his auburn whiskers give the portrait a rich color contrast.

Several foreigners stood discussing the paintings in smooth, mellow tones, sharply contrasted with the loud-voiced and somewhat brusque comments of the Westerners.

Many fine portraits were loaned to the Corcoran Art Gallery, notably one of General Horace Porter, painted by William T. Dannat, an American artist temporarily residing in Paris and president of the Society of American Painters in that city: a rich man who works purely for love of his art and whose justly celebrated pictures may



WOOD GATHERERS

From the original painting by Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. 44 inches by 63 inches be found in the Luxembourg, the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and many other noted galleries. He has been honored by Spain, his pictures of Spanish life being highly celebrated, decorated by Italy, and made a commander of the Legion of Honor by France. When not loaned for exhibition, General Porter's portrait hangs in the library at West Point. It is to be transferred to the Hall of Fame after the death of the General, he having received the Congress Medal of Honor for an act of special and conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Chickamauga. The technique of the picture, as in all Mr. Dannat's work, is of a very high order, and each minute detail is so perfect that every thread of the gold bullion of the epaulettes is visible. The American picture-loving public are proud to remember that in Mr. Dannat their country is so well represented abroad in its art.

Eloquent addresses or impassioned speeches could have no more educative influence than these superb paintings. Visitors whom I had seen standing motionless before some picture as I entered the gallery, were still admiring their favorite when I returned, taking a lingering look before the ringing of the closing bell. Women with babes in arms, boys and girls, workingmen with toil-worn hands, office clerks with pale faces, congressmen, business men, society belles and beaux—all found something there to claim their interest.

The bell rang all too soon for "lights out," and as room after room faded into darkness the figures on the wall were bidden good night, as though the curtain had fallen after the play. Even those specter cards marked, in large letters, "S-O-L-D" could not mar the thoughts and aspirations engendered by the works of art, or bring a realization of the prosaic fact that even the most beautiful picture may have its price,—which seems as incongruous as the taking of a collection in church after an eloquent sermon, bringing the congregation down from the mountain-tops to the worldly consideration of the omnipresent and almighty dollar.

In the early twilight the throng pouring out of the Corcoran Gallery resembled the breaking up of a mass meeting gathered to voice public sentiment on some burning question of the day. Outside, in the dim December dusk, the finest picture of all was presented to our view—the Washington monument stood out against a background of steel-gray sky and roofs tinted with the glowing purples and golds of sunset; in the foreground the eager faces of the people—a picture painted by the Great Artist. Floating over this picture came the sweet chimes of the Metropolitan Church, filling all the air with music, and impressing us with the thought that it had indeed been a day of worship, and that the eye, absorbing inspiration from some storied canvas, may be as truly a medium for worship as voice or ear.

LIFE'S CONTRADICTIONS

DO you sing? The sweetest songs
Tell of sorrows and of wrongs,
Do you love? A perfect love
Only reigns in realms above.
And the careless are the light—
Light of heart and light of head—
As we robe the bride in white,
So in white we shroud the dead.

—*Kate Lovett Sedgewick.*

THE AWAKENING

By FLORENCE MIRIAM CHAPIN

IT was quiet in the office where the physician sat reading, the soft shade of the lamp throwing the outlines of the room in dim relief. A scattered pile of unopened letters and medical bulletins awaited his attention, but he remained absorbed in the evening paper. His wife's entry finally roused him, and he looked up at her as she stood just over the threshold, a heavy cloak on her arm, regarding him in grave surprise.

"Why, Gilbert, I didn't think you were coming back here! Won't you be late?"

"I'm not going up tonight." His eyes dropped back to his paper.

"But the convention opens in the morning!"

"One day will not make much difference—besides, I'm not sure that I shall go at all."

Her look changed to uncertainty. "Is it some new—have you an obstinate case?"

"No-o. I could leave the patients all right."

"Then you—just don't care about making the effort?" A note of constraint crept into her voice, and there was a slight curl to her lips as she turned from him.

The physician flushed a little, but he made no answer, and a silence fell between them. After a little she faced him again with another question.

"What of the lecture you are scheduled to give?"

"The committee can easily substitute someone else," he replied impatiently. "And I haven't said positively that I'm not going."

"Doctor Winslow said that that lecture would mean a great deal to you—that it was an honor to be invited to speak."

"Winslow is an enthusiast." Thorp sounded anything but one as he thus curtly dismissed his wife's argument.

"Would to Heaven you were, then!"

The doctor's eyebrows lifted in surprise at this unexpected emotion, but he made no attempt to gainsay her. He continued his reading, though he showed himself restless under her reproach.

The tension between them grew in the silence, yet both seemed to avoid words. There was intense restraint in the woman's manner, a visible effort at control, and her face showed pale in the lamplight. Drawing back the curtains, she opened the window and leaning against the frame looked out into the night.

Had Thorp been less preoccupied a certain appeal in the graceful figure must have touched him, but it was the cold air from the open window that brought a response.

"You're crazy to stand there in that lacey thing, Julia."

"I'm not cold."

"Going out?" The question was perfunctory.

"The Alexanders receive tonight."

"Oh, yes—I had forgotten."

"Will you go?" She turned back into the room, her face brightening.

"I?" with a short laugh. "Oh, no, thank you." Then, as though remembering himself, "Have you an escort?"

Her momentary eagerness vanished. "Ned is coming for me," she answered quietly.

"That cousin of yours seems very attentive—an ever-willing proxy."

She came forward into the room at that, and anger flushed her pale face. "Your wife has need of such, Gilbert." Against her will the retort had escaped, and in vexation at herself she turned back to the window, but she had not roused the doctor.

"A physician cannot be a Beau Brummel," he answered, with exasperating indifference.

Neither spoke again until the sound of carriage wheels broke the stillness. Perhaps the interruption was welcome to them both.

"Here he is now!" She closed the window and drew the folds of her cloak about her. "Good-night, Gilbert."

"You'll not be in again?"

The rich coloring of her wrap threw her face into strong relief, and Thorp unconsciously leaned forward as the light fell full upon her. It was a beautiful face, a pure patrician, mobile and strong, one in which the spirit was meant to shine, but her calm, inscrutable eye withheld betrayal of the soul within.

She stood irresolute in the doorway, but if the thought to plead with him for the fulfillment of his duty came to her, it quickly passed, and in indifference like his own she answered:

"No, I shall be too late—if you catch your train—good-night."

"Good-night."

He heard the soft frou-frou of her gown as she went from him, the sound of voices, the closing of the carriage door, and the disappearing rumble of the wheels, but he still bent forward gazing through the empty doorway. The consciousness of his wife's reproach stung; he had refused to go with her, and he had offended gravely in the matter of the convention—whither were they drifting—were there rocks below? Ah, well, it was easier to drift than to pull against the current. So musing, he turned to his letters, glad of the recreation they offered.

Most of them were short, business communications that required only a cursory glance and the pile soon vanished, but the last was longer and more personal and Thorp was some time in reading it.

> Bellevue Hospital, New York City,
> Dear Dr. Thorp:—
>
> In writing to you and saying what I am about to say, I fully appreciate the fact that I am over-stepping the brief limits of mere acquaintance and the broader ones of fellowship entitled to us as members of the same profession. I have to ask that you will read through this letter before you form an opinion as to my motive in thus approaching you.
>
> On my recent visit to your home city, I was greatly interested in the new hospital and in that unique training school for nurses of which you are the head. But the thing that claimed my interest and attention to the exclusion of all else was that masterly operation performed by you, which it was my good fortune to witness. I cannot praise your skill too highly, Thorp—it was a marvelous exhibition. Surely there are no limits such genius cannot reach. Alexander might not have wept, had he your unconquered fields before him.
>
> On returning to Bellevue and discussing this affair with one of my colleagues, I was deeply shocked to hear it said that your wonderful skill was in extreme danger of annihilation—through your own hand and knowledge.
>
> And now you know what I would ask of you. I do not speak as man to man, now, but as a pupil to a loyal master who has erred. Save yourself from yourself before it is too late! In God's name, and in the interests of humanity, leave wines alone. Such things are not for you.
>
> Every little while there comes into this busy world of ours some being of a finer clay than most of us—someone in whom the divine spark glows more brightly, and of such an one we say: "He has wonderful talent." You, Gilbert Thorp, have that God-given talent—use it, not abuse it.
>
> The writing of this letter, believe me, has been no easy task, but in the name of the profession we both honor, I ask you to accept it, to con it, to follow it, and to hear within the voice of the people upraised in supplication.
>
> In deep entreaty and sincerity,
> Your friend and colleague,
> Woodbury Langdon.

There was a long silence in the little room. The physician still held the letter before him, his eyes, in a motionless, unseeing gaze, fixed on the closing lines. When at length he moved, the white sheets rustled in his hands as he turned them and re-read the letter.

The power of the appeal withheld for a time the very human instinct of humiliation at the publication of guilt, but gradually a dull red burned through his dark skin and mounted to his furrowing brows. He strode the room with the quick steps of annoyance. Had it come to this, then; had he laid himself open to reprimand from whomsoever willed? Yet, was it not assuming much, thus to demand allegiance of an independent life—would the Crusader's "God wills it" justify even that? What have you done with your life—was that a question for this world, and might one human ask it of another?

Thoughts such as these fanned the physician's indignation into anger, and his fingers closed vice-like about the crumpling letter. Thus would he answer Woodbury Langdon!

Up and down, up and down, the sweet chimes of the clock the only intrusion, as he paced in silent thought for over an hour. Gradually his anger cooled, and he sank into a chair, leaning wearily back, still listening to the letter of reproach—but heard this time with reason at the bench.

Of annihilation by your own hand and knowledge—yes, there was truth in it, evade it as he would. That very morning the death of a patient had played havoc with him—he had been unnerved for weeks and shunned the operating room—perhaps what Langdon termed his God-given talent was gone already—well?

For the moment a shadowy perception of what that would mean overpowered him. Could he lose that and still live? And yet, would it matter—who would care? And the indifference that had grown upon him so much of late came back again. If he did not—was there anyone to whom—

His wife! Thorp started and leaned forward in his chair, his face lighting, then the excitement passed. Julia, not she!—once, yes, but that was before these days of calm indifference—before the wine cup had claimed him. Yes, the fault was his; unflinchingly he acknowledged that, but what was there left to make the sacrifice worth while—the pity of his fellowmen, the tolerance of his wife? "No!" Unconsciously he spoke aloud, and turning to his desk, he poured a glass of wine from the decanter. "Your health, Woodbury Langdon!" He raised the glass, but the sound of loud talking in the hall arrested his attention. He made out the servant's voice and another that he could not place, raised in altercation.

"I tell you I must see him." Ned Williams! Thorp half rose from his chair—"What—?"

The office door opened quickly and Williams entered, his hat still on.

"Put down that glass, Doctor!" Striding across the room he took the glass from Thorp's hand. "Been drinking?"

Taken off his guard, and in sheer amazement, the physician answered without resentment—"No."

"Thank God!" the other exclaimed fervently, and he seemed to breathe easier. "Quick—get your hat. There's been an accident—Jule—"

Thorp's hand struck the desk sharply, but he did not realize it; his eyes were on his wife's photograph. Julia! He had heard her laugh only an hour or two ago—how could—

"Here—" Williams brought the doctor's coat and hat from the closet, and touched him on the arm. "Come, Gilbert, there's no time to lose."

He sat in the carriage silent and rigid, replying to his companion mechanically. Once he turned to Williams with a question, but it came with an effort. "Where—is she?"

"At the hospital—we took her there at once. She asked us not to send for you, but it seemed the thing to do—she doesn't know that you're coming."

It was not said unkindly, but there was no sympathy in his voice, rather a note that showed disapproval for the measure of the man before him.

Did not want them to send for him! Thorp knew what that meant—she dreaded the condition in which they might find him. Ah, God! that in the presence of death she must remember that!

By a curious change in their positions, it was Williams who led the way when they reached the hospital. In the building where for years Thorp had spent most of his waking hours, he walked a stranger, following his guide uncertainly.

In a small office near one of the operating rooms Williams laid aside his hat and coat. "Wait here, Doctor—I'll go and see how things are. The operation must take place at once—no doubt they are ready and waiting now."

Thorp did not seem to hear him or to know when he left the room. The consciousness of two things alone occupied his mind—Langdon's letter with its flaming lines and the sequel by his wife expressed so poignantly in Williams' brief words of explanation. And now—what was it about an operation? Suddenly he drew a flask from his coat and held it to his lips.

At the same time Williams entered the room. From the threshold he saw Thorp's movement, and in an instant he had covered the distance between them and withdrawn the physician's hand. As they faced each other, it flashed across the minds of both that for the second time that night the one had stood between the other and his temptation.

"Gilbert! Think of what is before you."

The man brushed his eyes wearily. "I seem to have lost all power to think," he answered dully.

"But you must! Pull yourself together, man!"

Thorp jerked his hand toward the farther door. "How are things in there?"

"Everything is in readiness for you. Luckily, the best nurses in the hospital will be able to assist. Are you ready?"

There was a pause, and the doctor shook his head. "I can't go in now—I'll wait till afterward."

Williams touched him on the shoulder. "Why, don't you understand—you have got to operate."

The physician comprehended slowly, but gradually his face went gray, and he turned to the window, shuddering. "I—can't."

"Gilbert! You are the only man in this city who is equal to it—you must do it!"

"Griswold is the one for this—he has less at stake. You must find him, Ned."

"Dr. Griswold has left the city!"

"Wire."

"We have—a forlorn hope, though, and seconds count tonight."

A nurse entered with a paper for Williams. She held a few hurried words with him and went swiftly and quietly out.

Williams opened the message, then held it out to Thorp. "They can't reach him, Gilbert."

Thorp turned away with an exclamation. Williams followed him. "Think what it means," he urged. "It's her life, Gilbert—dear Jule's life!"

"That's it—if it were only someone else—anyone but Julia. I can't do it for her—" and he broke down miserably.

William's anger rose—"You coward!" The words seemed forced from his unwilling lips, compelled to utterance by the other's maddening lethargy.

The physician started—the contemptuous words had struck home, but it was only by a swift passage of the hand across his brow that he showed his hurt. It was as if he had already sounded the depths of suffering and could only feel mere physical pain at his companion's taunt.

The clock ticked the seconds mercilessly. "A coward—yes, and worse—you are a disgrace to your profession. And hear me, Gilbert Thorp. Console yourself with this: What has happened may be for the best, for, could Jule speak tonight, you would find her not unready!"

Thorp turned suddenly, and his eyes held living pain. "Williams!" he cried.

"Well?" The voice never lost a shade of its torturing justice. "Well, Gilbert, have you taught her to love life—have you shown her its true valuation?"

A low moan was Thorp's only answer, and his accuser went on slowly:

"You have made a poor steward, indeed. Of all that Julia gave into your keeping, you have left her only life, and that robbed of all its sweetness. She has kept silence, and yet I know that in her heart of hearts she holds life lightly. And your accursed drink has done this. Still you make no move to save her—Oh! man, where is the God in you?"

The physician held up hands that trembled. "Look! Would you have me murder her?"

Williams' voice wavered. "She may not be living now," he answered.

A sob shook Thorp's frame. "Stop!" he cried. "In her name, peace!" The hand that opened the door still trembled violently, but the man was alive now in every nerve. "I'm going in there, though only God knows what I can do like this—but pray for us, Ned; pray as you never have before."

The nurse was waiting outside the door, and they went to the operating room in silence.

Julia lay on the table, her beautiful face white and still. Her eyes were closed, as though already the anesthetic had done its work, but at the first sound of his footfall the eyelids lifted and she mutely begged of those about her for consciousness a little longer.

The young physician, with the ether sponge already in his hand, drew back and made way for Gilbert.

Unable to speak, Thorp bent over her and somehow found her quiet hands, holding them in his own trembling ones.

She smiled and tried to hide her pain. "You will operate?" she whispered.

He nodded.

"Yourself?" as though trying to be sure.

Again he nodded, too choked to speak.

A spasm of pain, too strong for even her spirit, seized her then, and the younger physician and the nurses came back, but her eyes still held Gilbert. "Now I am content—good-night, dear."

The ether had its way with her then, but with one quick cry of "Julia!" Thorp turned away. Content, content, ah, the hemlock was bitter! With lambent clearness he had read her meaning, and the gentle words struck deep into his heart. She knew him defenceless, her loving smile had held no faith; yet she guessed his agony, and knew that he had found himself when he entered the lists to fight alone. Thus, fighting back her suffering, her last care had been for him.

He had not failed her there—there was a glimpse of Heaven in that thought. But now—the good-night had been good-bye—she had no belief that he could save her.

He saw again the warning of his friend: "Save yourself from yourself before it is too late."

Faith! Where was there any—in the waiting attendants, in the stilled heart of his wife, within himself? No! For such as he there was no faith, only pity and averted faces.

From the window the sentinel lights of the city gleamed through the darkness; on a distant church a bell rang twice, vibrating through the stillness, while below on the river the bulky form of a vessel slipped quietly down with the tide.

The same unearthly stillness filled the room where the quiet form lay waiting, and the breathless watchers stood, silent in the presence of a soul before its Calvary.

When it seemed that another moment could not be given, a nurse touched Thorp gently on the arm, and as he turned from the window she heard him quite distinctly say:

"I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me."

It was a full hour later, and just as Julia was regaining consciousness that he spoke again.

"She lives!" It was a weak, broken cry of triumph, but it was all his spent nerves could give, and then they led him mercifully from the room.

It was nearly eight weeks later when, entering his house one afternoon, Thorp met Williams coming out.

"Hello!" the latter called out cheerily. "I've been waiting to see Julia, but she is still asleep and I haven't any more time now." He followed the doctor into his office. "I've no desire to go back to something we both want to forget, Gilbert, but I do want you to know how I feel. It was wonderful, what you did that night."

Thorp, surprised by this unexpected outburst, was silent, and Williams went on: "Judging by that and your attitude since, perhaps I went too far, and if so, I'm truly sorry. That's what I came to see Jule about; I want to tell her what it cost you—it will shorten her convalescence."

"No, no, Ned!"—the physician put up a restraining hand—"Don't take back your denunciation—it was all true, too true—it may be so now—God knows!" He spoke with effort, and Williams realized for the first time how much the man was still suffering.

"And you must not speak to Julia—promise me that!" The doctor gripped Williams' shoulder and held him fast. "There is no one on earth who can help me in this thing, Ned—it lies between Julia and me. Oh, boy, you were right—she did not want to live!"

After a strong handclasp, they parted in silence. Left alone, Thorp sat motionless a long time, in a deep study. When at length he roused himself, he drew two letters from his pocket, sealed them into a packet, and placed it away in his desk. It was Woodbury Langdon's letter that had so roused his ire a few weeks ago and a copy of his own answer written that day from the depths of a grateful heart.

"Perhaps some day she shall see them," he whispered hoarsely; then he rose and went upstairs to his wife.

She was awake, but had not heard his footsteps, and he stood still upon the threshold of her chamber, waiting for some sign from her.

She lay quite still, now and then moving her deep, wistful eyes from place to place in that listless, half-absent way so familiar with those who are not well. The curtains blew in in little lacey puffs as the fresh sea breeze stirred them. She watched them quietly. To herself she seemed to be drifting on a quiet sea—whether the tide carried in or out she hardly knew or cared—the dreamy languor of the convalescence still held her.

After a long time, her eyes in their wanderings found his. She did not start or show surprise—it seemed a part of the quiet order of things that he should be there waiting.

"Dreaming, Julia?"

"Perhaps so."

"It is good to have you home again."

"Yes, the hospital was a new experience for me—though I'm not sorry to have had it."

"You're going to get well, Julia—and you didn't want to."

A dull red dyed the face on the pillow, but he bent over gently. "I'm going to make you love life dearly, Julia." And bowing his head on her hands, Gilbert Thorp entered upon his pilgrimage.

A MODEL POST OFFICE

By MITCHELL MANNERING

TO "get left" engenders in the mind of mortal man the conviction that "this world is all a fleeting show"; that was how I felt as I watched the rear of the train whisk out of sight just as I had reached the gate of the Milwaukee railway station. To soothe my fluttered feelings I decided to visit an energetic young friend of mine—the Milwaukee postmaster.

Like a grim inspector, determined to take him "off guard," I assumed that aspect of severe dignity befitting an august officer, and entered the stately pile, known in official circles as a model post office. Even a cursory glance convinced me that no such phrase as "off guard" was known there.

Moffett Studio, Chicago

DAVID C. OWEN, POSTMASTER, MILWAUKEE

A brief conversation with David C. Owen, and an inspection of the entire office convinced me that even the largest public building can be kept immaculate by eliminating politics and using strictly business methods in all departments; on this basis a proper amount of energy and pride can be infused into the employes, who are induced to work in harmony with their chief. Even in the remotest corner of the basement it was impossible to find dust or dirt, and everything was arranged with a view to quick dispatch of work and the convenience of the employes. It was the middle of the day; the office had not been swept since early morning; carriers and clerks were constantly coming and going, yet not a scrap of paper or twine littered the floor—a letter or package dropped could easily be seen a block away. No lost letters or mislaid parcels here. Everyone was busy, but there was no fuss or noise and it was hard to believe that with so little commotion ten million pieces of mail were going out every month and six million coming in, and that a twentieth part of the second-class mail of the country was at the same time passing through this office.

The paper and package distributors and men doing heavy work do not slouch about this office in old clothes; they are all neatly attired in khaki blouses and present an attractive and uniform appearance, in keeping with the character of the office whose postmaster has so systematized both outgoing and incoming mail that a single piece of mail, if carried over even one dispatch, would certainly be seen at a glance by himself or the superintendents going through the office.

Mr. Owen has had the stamp division, the general delivery, the registry and money order divisions enlarged, and the windows and hours are now so adjusted that stamps and money orders can be purchased at all hours of the day or night. All clerks meeting the public wear neat office coats, and perfect courtesy is insisted upon.

A new record was established here last Christmas Day, when several correspondents of Milwaukee papers went through the office and saw that not a single piece of mail re-

MILWAUKEE POST-OFFICE SPECIAL DELIVERY BOYS

Two years ago the special force consisted of eight boys, without uniforms; now there are twenty-five. This proves what can be done if the public have confidence in any service. The increase is due to the neat appearance of the boys on the street and the promptness in which they attend to their duties.

mained there when the carriers departed on their final trip at 11 A. M. The division for outgoing mail was also cleaned up. Here the card system has been worked to its full capacity and has produced marvelous results both in general delivery and forwarding divisions. Formerly the forwarding orders were placed in large record books, and these accumulated so fast that clerks spent half their time going over dead names. Postmaster Owen obtained permission to put in a new distributing case, made with about 1,000 separations; the card system was installed, and though business has increased fifteen per cent., the work is done much better and in half the time. Another innovation much appreciated by the public is the city directory room, where a number of black-bound and gilt-lettered volumes supply the desired information and there is abundant desk room and writing material. Here correct addresses of correspondents may be looked up, and this room doubtless prevents hundreds of letters from going to the dead letter office.

In addition to the improvements at the main office, six sub-stations have been renovated. Having received authority from the department, Mr. Owen soon replaced these inadequate and antiquated equipments with up-to-date and first-class service. One of the greatest improvements has been the installation of the automobile mail service. Four automobiles do the collecting, averaging fifty-eight miles per day, and each making eight trips of about one hour. The mail is faced up, ready for the stamping machine, and at certain hours the primary distribution is made in the car en route, greatly hastening the delivery of a large portion of business mail. Four other automobiles deliver mail to the six sub-stations, thus enabling Postmaster Owen to give each station eight deliveries a day, four more than could be managed with the old horse and wagon service.

Mr. Owen has his headquarters in a small room with circular windows; not a speck of dust, not a stray paper anywhere; it reminded me of a Dutch kitchen in its sparkling neatness. It is not the precision of inaction, for last year this office did a business of one and a half million dollars, and the volume of money in the order division exceeded eight million. Its pay-roll amounted to over two million, the Milwaukee office paying over 1,600

IN THE MILWAUKEE POST OFFICE
A corner in the mailing division at 6 o'clock, showing two of the four electric cancelling machines

rural carriers, in addition to 600 employes directly under Mr. Owen. It is not surprising that the Milwaukee post office has been highly commended in the reports.

Previous to 1892 Mr. Owen served four years as secretary in the Post Office Department, and then went into the coal business, in which, paradoxical as it may seem, he accumulated much information as to the advantages of the card index system. He has made good use of this knowledge. David's heart is in his work, and even while talking with me, he kept close watch to see that some letters he had written went off just two minutes past twelve. I did not miss the next train and as I whirled off westward I felt that life has its compensations, for had I not enjoyed a visit to one of the finest post offices in the country and had a delightful chat with a good friend?

CARRIERS' DESKS IN THE MILWAUKEE POST OFFICE

The LIVING LINCOLN
CENTENARY TRIBUTES

A HERO OF HEROES

THIS letter was written by a daughter in Washington to her mother in Massachusetts during the Civil war.

My dear Mother: In your last letter you ask me to tell you more personal things of those about me and especially of our President, whom you call a "Hero of Heroes." You feel that I am "almost too young to realize that my experiences will become part of our National History." What a wise woman you are! When I begin to talk of President Lincoln I never know where to stop, and only yesterday one of my friends said that I always idealized him. Honestly, I feared that my letters were too personal but I see now that my interest in my "soldier boys" has, in a measure, made me forget the social life here. If you could see our President when he puts his arm about my husband and calls him "his good boy George," you would love him as I do. When he calls me, as he often does, "a brave little girl," I sometimes wonder why. At first I was inclined to resent the title, feeling my importance as the mother of a bouncing boy, but I am grateful for it now and am proud of his fatherly interest. No one can understand or fully appreciate him until they have seen him at home with little children, or among the sick soldiers. He is grand, unselfish, loving and deep; he is a man who really thinks and does not think he thinks. You will forgive me for saying so little of our "Chief," when I tell you that every hour of daylight is crowded full. As soon as baby is washed, dressed and fed I send him out with his devoted nurse and then I hurry down to the hospital, which, as you know, is just around the corner; there I remain assisting our head surgeon until he commands me to quit, saying it is time for lunch. Then I slip off my big white apron and cap and hurry home to bathe and dress. I am much favored in being a volunteer nurse with Dr. C., for he chances to be a warm friend of my kind brother-in-law and I am not subjected as yet to tiresome rules and regulations.

Do not think for one moment that I am as brave as I appear. I can tie arteries, wash wounds, and do anything to relieve suffering, because *you* have taught me "never to think of self when others need care." For the first ten days I could neither eat or sleep, but I know it was physical weakness and now I have conquered and can assist in some very trying cases. The surgeon pays me numerous compliments for my "splendid nerve," but he does not see me at home.

Now for our dear President; later on I will send you the best picture he has yet had taken; I loaned it to our friend, General ———, to have a copy made for his wife, as she, poor thing, is eating her heart out with worry in her Western home. President Lincoln has been called lank, awkward, ill-dressed and generally countrified; do not believe it. I have never seen him without clean linen and well-kept hands. I have sometimes seen his necktie a little askew after he has been hard at work, but that is not peculiar to him. We can recall a certain D. D., a friend of yours, whose necktie knot was usually under the left ear. President Lincoln is unusually tall and like most very tall men he stoops a little; he is very thin, but his face is *wonderful* and sometimes reminds me of a rugged mountain with the sunlight resting on it. Even Secretary Stanton smiled when I said the President was such a lovable, handsome-homely man, no one could fail to honor him if they knew him.

Most people are afraid of Secretary Stanton and he does not seem to be much loved at the Department, but I have liked him ever since he said that he considered Mr. Lincoln one of the grandest characters which this country has ever produced. Now, when I hear rumors of his opposing the President, I feel quite sure that such stories are false, or an honest difference of opinion. Those deep-set eyes of the President can easily be made tearful, and at other times are sparkling with humor. I have noticed the handsome-homely expression when he forgets his cares—his caressing a little child or comforting some forlorn soldier. I wish that I might have his picture as he looked when he first took our little boy in his arms. He insisted that we must bring him to the White House, and of course we obeyed, and when he took the child from his father, he hugged and kissed him tenderly. Turning to one of the gentlemen near, he exclaimed: "Here is the boy for Leutze; he has been anxious to get a Saxon, fair-haired child for the foreground of his 'Westward the Star of Empire Wends its Way,' and here is his subject, born in Minnesota, the North Star State; nothing could be better." Soon after he arranged a meeting for us with the artist and you know the result, but this is a Lincoln letter and I must keep to my text. Sometimes Sunday services are held in the House of Representatives and seats are reserved for the President's family. Mrs. Lincoln is rather conspicuous, being overdressed, while the President is simple, thoughtful and evidently prayerful. When he said that one of his favorite poems was "*Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?*" I hunted it up and have learned it for his sake.

Most people here feel that Mrs. Lincoln is no way her husband's equal, but he is most polite and kind to her. One quiet evening at the White House I enjoyed very much listening to the conversation of my elders concerning Army movements; the only lady present beside myself was Mrs. ———, wife of a Cabinet minister; she is very lovely and loyal, and soon all were engaged in a spirited discussion concerning some abusive articles which had recently been published concerning President Lincoln. Some one suggested that the editors should be imprisoned for treason and at last I ventured to say: "Dear Mr. Lincoln, why do you permit them to malign you so?"

"Child," he replied, with a droll smile, "if you will take care of my Republican friends I will look after my Democratic enemies."

Going home, one of our party, a West Point officer, said: "Did you ever meet anyone so absolutely wanting in bitterness or malice?"

"Never," was the reply; "he has the simple faith of a child and a heart of pure gold."

You see, dear, when you ask me to write of our beloved great Chief, I never know where to stop. I am teaching Boy to say a little prayer for our President every night and his lisping tongue will not keep it from the Great Father, I feel sure.

You say that you sometimes fear that my head may be turned by all the attention that I am receiving. Never fear; the sorrow and pain I witness daily in the hospital; the responsibility of baby and the grand examples before me would drive any nonsense out of my head, even if I were not your daughter.

Then, too, there is the ever-present sense of danger for those we love. Although I am boarding with a Union family, treason is in the air, and we are now surrounded by enemies of the Union; this I am made to feel daily. When my husband comes in from camp to the War Department, he usually does so after dark and returns before daylight, as he is advised to do, with large sums of money to take out. Once in a few weeks he comes in for Sunday, and we have a day of rejoicing after attending the morning services and communion. Last week, after nearly all the household were asleep, I heard his step on the stairs and went to meet him. After a good hug for baby, he said: "Come down to the door, dear, some one wants to see you; we must go back as soon as we have reported at the Department." I went down and could only discover in the darkness a figure seated on horseback with a military cape over the uniform; I was presented to General Lander of Massachusetts, although I could not see his face in the fitful glow of a street lamp. I appreciated his warm handgrasp, however, and his kind words—"Don't worry about your husband, we are very cautious and well armed," and they rode away over the old cobblestone pavement while I went upstairs, knowing that each journey in or out was one of danger.

The next day the "Military Telegraph" told me that both officers returned safely on the towpath of the canal and were only shot at twice. Every time I fasten my husband's sash on and help him to adjust his belt, I fear that it may be the last time, but never by word or look do I let him know this.

There is nothing like work and I am never idle. With barrels, thanks to you and the other loyal women, to unpack; with bandages, lint, deodorants, lotions and nourishment to think of for our boys in blue, beside the care of our precious baby and certain social duties which are imperative, do you wonder that I sometimes neglect to put the personal quality into my letters which the friends at home enjoy so much? Henceforth I will try to do better. Meantime I am now and always

Your affectionate daughter,
Kate Tannatt Woods.

* * *

In his freedom from passion and bitterness; in his acute sense of justice; in his courageous faith in the right and his inextinguishable hatred of wrong; in warm and heartfelt sympathy and mercy; in his coolness of judgment; in his unquestionable rectitude of intention—in a word, in his ability to lift himself for his country's sake above all mere partisanship, in all the marked traits of his character combined, he has no parallel since Washington, and while our republic endures, he will live with him in the grateful hearts of his grateful countrymen.—*Schuyler Colfax.*

There is in the crown of England no diamond whose lustre will not pale before the name of Abraham Lincoln.—*Robert Ingersoll.*

* * *

AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

By MRS. N. M. SIMONDS

It was after Mr. Lincoln had been elected President the first time and before his inauguration. At that time I was a teacher in the North Market Street Mission, of which the late John V. Farwell was superintendent and the late Dwight L. Moody was the evangelistic worker. My class was known as the Bridewell class, because it had so many rough boys out of the Bridewell.

I suppose it was through Mr. Farwell that Mr. Lincoln came to attend the Sunday school one time. Of course, it was very exciting for the boys to have the coming President visit them. Mr. Lincoln took much interest in the lesson and the method of instructing the boys, and he admired the enthusiasm with which they sang "Hold the Fort" and "Throw Out the Life Line." After this Mr. Lincoln addressed the boys. I remember his serious face. One could not but be impressed with the fact that Lincoln at that time felt the gravity of the situation. There were yet no signs of war on the horizon, but there was a deep undercurrent that everyone could feel. Mr. Lincoln's voice was rather low, but it was very distinct. He appealed to the manhood of the boys and emphasized the great honor it was to become citizens of the United States. They were receiving their preparation for citizenship, he said, by being obedient to their teachers, giving them careful attention and following their precepts.

I have heard it stated that Mr. Lincoln was not a believer in the sense that some understand it. You would have thought, however, to have heard him, that he was a Christian man. He certainly presented to the boys broad Christian principles, and I felt that at heart, at least, he was a Christian in all that that signifies.

* * *

I could wish that fitting words would offer themselves to me to add to the multitude of tributes to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. —*O. W. Holmes.*

Now all men begin to see that the plain people, who at last came to love him and to lean upon his wisdom and trust him absolutely, were altogether right, and that in deed and purpose he was earnestly devoted to the welfare of the whole country and all of its inhabitants.—*R. B. Hayes.*

* * *

SAYINGS OF LINCOLN

This nation cannot live on injustice.

Teach hope to all—despair to none.

If I can learn God's will, I will do it.

Let us have faith that right makes might.

Important principles may and must be inflexible.

Let the people know the truth, and the country is safe.

When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of both law and

Gospel, that church will I join with all my heart and soul.

I trust I shall be willing to do my duty, though it costs my life.

You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right.

With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed.

No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.

The man and the dollar, but, in case of conflict, the man before the dollar.

When I hear a man preach, I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees.

Intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind.

The Lord prefers common-looking people. That is why He made so many of them.

If danger ever reaches us, it must spring up amongst us. It cannot come from abroad.

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go.

One poor man, colored though he be, with God on his side, is stronger against us than the hosts of the rebellion.

The probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause that we deem to be just.

A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the struggle through which the nation had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of Nations. His fame will grow brighter as time passes and his great work is better understood.—*U. S. Grant.*

* * *

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us
face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he: he knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a
tower,
Our children shall behold his fame;
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first
American.

—*Lowell, "Commemoration Ode."*

ATLANTIS

LOST continent deep sunken in the sea!
Once fairest realm of all the circled globe,
Beauty thou worest like a regal robe;
Knowledge and truth and wisdom dwelt with thee;
Grandeur was thine and glorious liberty;
Pure as the asphodels that strewed thy clods
Thy children lived and died as saints and gods,
A radiant race of blest humanity.
Glories of sunset realer art than thine! . . .
Nay, still thou livest in the poet's dream:
Cities like roses clamber from thy dust,
And still thy mountain tops at morning shine;
Lo, Europe and America but seem:
Thou only art immortal and august!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

CANDLE CITY, TURNING POINT OF THE GREAT ALASKA DOG RACE

FIRST ALL-ALASKA SWEEPSTAKES

By ALBERT FINK

AMONG the many sports enjoyed by the people of Alaska during what is termed by the uninitiated as "the long and tedious winter," not least is that of breeding, raising, training and racing Alaskan dogs.

This sport, which has been carried on in a meager and desultory manner over various sections of the district for a great many years past, was first developed into something like a regular industry last winter in Nome upon the organization of the Nome Kennel Club.

The Nome Kennel Club was organized February 5, 1908, by a number of dog fanciers in Nome for the purpose of developing the breeding of superior dogs by instituting and maintaining at regular intervals such classes of races as would tend to induce the greatest care in the future selection and breeding of Alaskan trail dogs.

To this end the directors of the Kennel Club were vested with the sole management of the affairs of the organization. After the most careful consideration of the question in all its phases, they decided that the main event of each year should be a race from Nome to Candle Creek and return, a total distance of some four hundred and forty miles, to be called the All-Alaska Sweepstakes.

The route was chosen because it necessitated traveling over all kinds of different trails; along the coast, up and down rivers, across mountain ranges, over broad sweeps of tundra, and through stretches of timber, from ocean to ocean, and return, it being the purpose, as has been said, to develop, if possible, the fastest all-around dogs capable of overcoming all kinds of conditions as they arise.

The distance was made four hundred and forty miles in order to force the drivers to nurse their dogs, and to prevent the natural cruelty that would result from racing a shorter distance, where it might be attempted to press the dogs through in one continuous drive without rest. To further insure against any cruelty or over-taxation of the strength and endurance of the dogs, a very salutary rule was adopted, that each driver must return to the starting point with every dog he started out with and none others, so that the driver of each team was forced to take the utmost care of each dog in order to comply with the rule.

The merchants, miners and professional men of the city were solicited, and a purse of twenty-five hundred dollars was raised for the first prize; four hundred dollars for the second, and two hundred for the third, besides a handsome silver cup costing over three hundred

By courtesy of the Nome Nugget

dollars, which was to go to the winner, but to be twice won by the same person before it ceased to be the property of the Kennel Club

The success of the undertaking was past all reasonable expectation. The public entered into the spirit of the great race with the same enthusiasm that English-speaking people have always shown for horse racing. Colonel "Russ" Downing, a prominent citizen of Candle Creek, and an old race horse man from Lexington, Kentucky, remarked: "Thank God, Alaska is going now to show some class. I have always wanted to get out of the country, but am now satisfied to stay the rest of my life." Mr. Downing and Mr. Herron of Candle, entered a team in the big race.

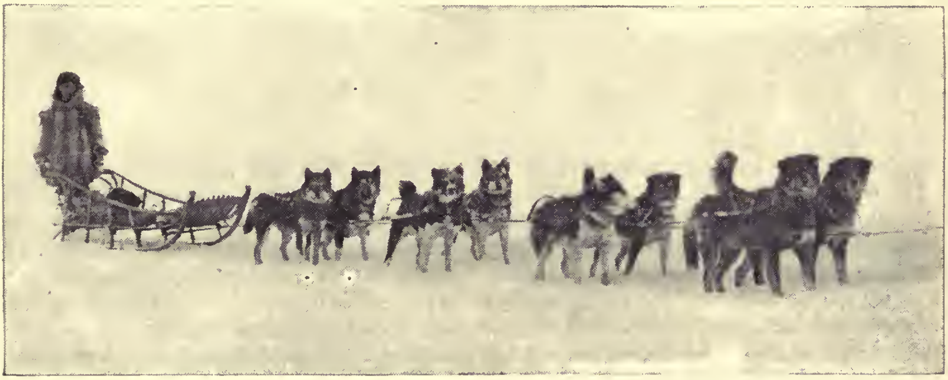
No sooner was the cup and purse of twenty-five hundred dollars offered than every dog fancier on the Seward Peninsula thought and talked "dog" to the exclusion of every other topic. No mangey malamute cur passed up or down the street but what he was carefully scrutinized and judged, by the knowing ones, as to possible speed and endurance. The price of dogs went steadily up, until $500 was offered and refused for one dog.

Very soon it became known what teams would probably enter the race, and wherever one of the prospective racing teams stopped for a moment on the streets of Nome, crowds would congregate to examine the dogs and form their own conclusions as to their possible chances of success.

No gold strike has ever absorbed the attention of the people of Seward Peninsula to the exclusion of all other topics as did the great race.

The time of the race was fixed for April 1, regardless of weather conditions, as this was the season of the year best calculated to be free from storms and furnish the fastest trails.

Books were made on the race and liberal odds given on each of the entries. As the time drew near for the race to start the betting became furious. It is estimated that no less than one hundred thousand dollars changed hands on the result of the race.



FINK'S TEAM, WINNER OF THE ALL-ALASKA SWEEPSTAKES

No racing center of the world on its Derby day ever witnessed such general enthusiasm and excitement as that seen in Nome on the first of April, when the race started. Probably ninety-five per cent. of the entire population, men, women and children, turned out in gala costumes, wearing the colors of

BERGER'S TEAM, SECOND IN THE ALL-ALASKA SWEEPSTAKES

their favorite in the race, and lining the streets of Nome for block after block along the route selected for the race.

Each team was started by Dr. Ed. E. Hill, the official starter, who stood on a decorated stand with two buglers who gave the "saddle call" ten minutes before the start, and the "post call" five minutes later. At the "post call" the starting team would drive to the post, receive its credentials from the judges, and, at the signal given by the starter, leave on its long journey across the peninsula and back.

There were ten teams in the race, starting two hours apart, the first one leaving at ten o'clock on the morning of the first of April, and the last leaving at four o'clock on the following morning, and notwithstanding the intense cold (the temperature was about ten degrees below zero) there was no appreciable diminution in the crowd of spectators, from the time the first team left at ten o'clock in the morning to the departure of the last teams.

Mr. A. E. Boyd, of the Alaska Telephone & Telegraph Company, had arranged a most excellent telephone service for the race, installing some thirteen telephone stations between Nome and Candle, from which each team was reported as it passed, thus enabling the public at Nome to practically watch the entire race from its start to its finish.

Nothing was more curious or interesting than the inevitable display of human nature in the saloons where the big betting was going on during the running of the race. As a bulletin would come in announcing the arrival of a given team at a given point, there

ATKINSON'S TEAM, THIRD IN THE ALL-ALASKA SWEEPSTAKES

FINK AND SMITH RETURNING FROM POLAR BEAR HUNT IN THE ARTIC Distance traveled 1,000 miles

Copyright, 1906, F. H. Nowell, Nome, Alaska

would be the usual expression of joy upon the faces of all that team's backers, while if the team happened to be a few minutes overdue at a particular place, consternation would show in place of joy, and, intsead of praises of the owner and driver, one would soon begin to hear muttered and prolonged curses. It seemed as if the public neither wished nor expected any team to stop a moment at any place during the entire run.

About forty miles from Nome one of the severest blizzards of the season was encountered, the temperature dropping to twenty below zero, with the wind blowing from the north at a velocity of about fifty miles an hour. So violent was the storm, that, of the ten racing teams, six were forced into Brown's roadhouse and held there for nearly twenty hours. Of the remaining four, three got beyond Brown's roadhouse. Of these three, one lost a dog by freezing to death in the storm; another was lost, going as far as Bluff without discovering his whereabouts, and the third was forced to remain at Topkok.

After having been delayed some twenty

hours at Bluff, and when the storm had somewhat abated, three of the teams pulled out together, with three others following shortly after, and then the race again began in grim earnest to Candle and return.

The three teams which started last had secured an enormous advantage over those which started earlier, by reason of having caught them in the storm, and it was the effort of each driver to pull away from his competitors, who had gained on him, while the team starting last had only to hold on in order to win the race.

From Candle back to Nome the race was even more furious and exciting than on the trip up. Could dogs and men possibly last without sleep and rest? Could the terrific speed at which they were coming be maintained? Was it possible that human and canine endurance could maintain such a pace? These were the questions which every one was asking of his neighbor.

Through the long nights and days, the crowds never left the bulletin boards. The entire population seemed to be perfectly willing to do without food and sleep until the race was finally determined. As was remarked by an old racer from the States: "The two-minute sensation of a Tennessee or Kentucky Derby was prolonged for five solid days."

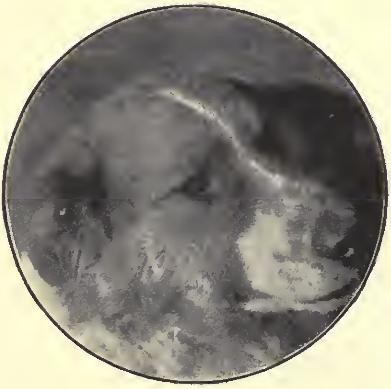
The official time made by the winning team was four days, twenty-three hours, fifteen minutes and twelve seconds; that of the team running second was five days, seven minutes and fifty-two seconds; while that of the third team was five days, three hours, seventeen minutes and fifty-seven seconds, and these teams were delayed twenty, twenty-two and twenty-four hours respectively by the storm. The average time made by the winning teams during the time they actually traveled, deducting all rests and stoppages, was about eight miles an hour, while on the return trip, Mr. Berger's team, after having already gone 400 miles, made from Solomon to Safety, a distance of fourteen miles, in the almost incredible time of an hour and thirty-two minutes, or better than nine miles an hour.

As the winning teams returned to Nome at between two and four o'clock in the morning, large crowds met them at the entrance to the town, rendering it almost impossible for the drivers to force their tired dogs through the press.

The dogs returned in apparently better condition than the drivers, and it is of interest to note that of the three winning teams not a single dog was in any wise injured by the race. After two day's rest they were hitched up and driven, and seemed to be as fresh and in as good condition, if not better, than when they started on their 450-mile contest.

The officers of the Nome Kennel Club are now preparing for a much larger event next season. They expect to offer a purse of $10,000 to the winner, $2,500 for a second prize, and $1,000 for the third. They report that $5,000 of this sum has already been subscribed and that they feel confident of being able to secure the balance.

It is expected that many visiting teams from different sections of Alaska will be present in Nome next winter to compete for these large purses, and that the interest and excitement shown this year will be entirely overshadowed by that which will be exhibited then.



MY BROTHER

By NORMAN SUMNER FRENCH

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This poem comes from as true a heart as ever made a friendship. Mr. French is over seventy years of age, and lives the happy, contented life of a farmer in North Dakota. Perhaps the reader will discern in "My Brother" a note of sadness, but if you knew the man personally, you would feel the great abundance of joy with which his kindly nature views successful ambition, but still emphasizing what he holds as true happiness.

IN the cabin our Father built, Brother,
  Our toddling feet were side by side;
But since we passed its door, Brother;
  They have parted far and wide.
On the heights of wealth and fame, Brother,
  You have found a lofty place,
While happily dreaming of things unseen,
  I have not made a start in the race.

The grass where the lark built her nest, Brother,
  Thy mowers have made into hay;
But the bird's sweet song is mine, Brother,
  And it rings in my heart today.
Of the wood on the mountain's crest, Brother,
  Thy choppers have left not a bough;
But the anthem the dark pines sang, Brother,
  Was for me and I am hearing it now.

You have chained the thunder down, Brother,
  To swiftly carry your word;
To me 'tis our Maker's voice, Brother,
  In the roar of the tempest heard.
You have called the sunlight in, Brother,
  To paint you a picture fair;
But the shadows are best for me, Brother,
  And the kiss of the dew-scented air.

Thy ships are on every sea, Brother,
  While mine in the clouds are sailing;
Thine come at a mortal's call, Brother,
  Mine alone to my spirit's hailing.
Thy friends all walk the earth, Brother,
  While mine are in their graves,
Or the air, the sky, or the shining stars,
  And deep in the dark coral caves.

Thy farms are very broad, my Brother,
  But mine still larger seem;
Thy bounds are walls and fences high,
  My bounds are the sunlight's gleam.
Thy houses are very high, Brother,
  Yet mine still loftier are;
Your roofs are beneath the floating clouds,
  While mine reach from star to star.

Thy gates are of iron and steel, Brother,
  While mine are of pearl and gold;
Thine guard the treasures of earth, Brother,
  Mine the joys of eternity hold.
This great world unto thee, my Brother,
  All its wealth and greatness has given;
And there is nought that is left to me now
  But my faith in the glories of Heaven.

Just Between Ourselves

NOTHING is quite so fascinating as to watch something grow, whether it is a flower springing from a tiny seed or a great printing plant evolving from a typewriter and an "idea." There are but few stockholders in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, but we mean to tell our readers every year of the splendid progress we have made, for they are after all the real stockholders whom we serve.

It seems but a very short time ago that a third-story office at 83 Newbury Street, Boston, witnessed the planting of the NATIONAL "idea"; it was felt that there was a place for such a publication, growing out of the thoughts and purposes incident to the Spanish-American War, for then it was that Americans began to spell "National" with a big "N"—of recent years the whole word goes in italics.

How well I remember that if only one letter in the morning's mail contained a little blue paper and a subscription, we rejoiced because then we could send out a few more circulars and invite more subscribers—that was the way we grew: adding one subscriber after another. It seemed so important that each new subscriber should be promptly attended to that many a night we waited late to see that every letter and order was cared for before closing the little office; we talked late of dreams and plans which have since become realities. In those days I could carry most of the mail in my arms in one visit to the Back Bay Post Office, and had strength and room enough left for more, but very soon the mail matter increased so that a horse and cart were required to handle it.

Moving to 91 Bedford Street, we made the first step in the building up of a progressive plant, the nucleus of which was a composing room, wherein a few fonts of type and some furniture bought at auction did strenuous service. What a delight it was to make up our own pages; to run the type artistically around the cuts; to see that all advertisement were "keyed" correctly

NATIONAL MAGAZINE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PLANT
You will notice that the old apple tree in the corner is well thriving

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY

WHERE THE ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT HOLDS FORTH

—though I venture none was pitched at higher anticipations than our own. True, it was a period of occasional hard knocks, but the joy of accomplishing things was ever present, and in those early years kindly and appreciative letters from subscribers meant much to us. "Ik Marvel's" greeting received one day was like a benediction, and when President McKinley's subscription arrived there was a veritable dance of glee.

There were many jolly evening meetings at 91 Bedford Street, at which a tank of coffee and sandwiches from Wyman's were brought in to quench our hunger and thirst while we talked over plans for the future. Drawings, stories and articles had to be considered as to worth, and many of the contributors and artists who then began work with the National have since won distinction, but I doubt if they will ever forget those days, when there was nothing in art or literature too great to discuss in the historic shades of old Church Green.

* * *

With the growth of the magazine came the inauguration of the "Washington Department," the first instalment containing an authorized interview with President William McKinley. Then Peter MacQueen's letters on the Spanish-American war—written from Cuba and the Philippines—introduced "timely articles" in the American periodical. In fact, many of the successful features of the modern magazine were incubated and first tested in a small way in the upbuilding of the National by the enthusiastic members of the staff.

When we sought to purchase two presses of Mr. John Hewitt, the president of the Miehle Company, he said "No." Astonished, we waited to hear the explanation.

"I'll sell you five. You boys are going to grow, and I will send you four presses at once."

"But—" gasped the chorus.

"There's no 'but' about it; you're going to succeed, and will need four presses."

So we secured the great Miehle presses which were to exhibit the processes of magazine-making at the Buffalo Exposition. Later they were placed on the floor of the National Magazine plant. Can you fancy anything more fascinating to us than the first view of those great Miehle presses putting out thousands of magazines daily in our own estab-

NO, THIS IS NOT STATUARY HALL—IT IS A SECTION OF THE EDITORIAL ROOMS WHERE REIGNS HIGH-BROWED THOUGHT—OCCASIONALLY

lishment? Troubles?—of course there were troubles; but there were also great pleasures; the days were all too short. To say we were tired—that was treason. Meetings stretching into the "small hours" of the night were held under the rafters of 41 West First Street, and within those whitewashed walls each day another step was taken toward the carrying out of a great idea—the building up of a *national* magazine.

Each piece of new furniture, each new machine, each new subscriber and advertiser helped to make the magazine office more like a real dwelling-place. Traveling as I did far and wide, still my heart and thoughts were ever with the office, and I was continually planning ways to obtain that "something else" that always seemed to be needed. The pictures painted by hope and ambition in the old days began to crystalize into solid facts.

* * *

Then came the dark days of the fire—we can talk over that time calmly enough now, but only those who have gone through the experience know what it is to start up again amid the wreck and ruin of a conflagration. We did not wait long for the Phoenix to rise from its ashes. Subscribers began sending in subscriptions for five, ten, fifteen years in advance—long life to them—all the friends helped. The dark cloud quickly lifted, and we moved into our present cheery quarters, well ventilated, with eighty-five windows on every side and over twenty thousand feet of floor space. At first it seemed as if everybody had room for a garden plot around his desk, and we revelled in the abundant air and light after our cramped temporary office in the city under the shadow of the Old South Church.

Little by little we had to crowd together again, until we could hardly pass between the desks. Presses, folders and other machines were added to work merrily away in unison with the Miehles that reminded us of the happy days at the Buffalo Exposition, when thousands of new subscribers enlisted who are still on our books. Can you wonder that each piece of machinery in the office, every desk, every bit of statuary or ornamentation, every card-cabinet has its own distinct history, its especial place in the great composite home of the magazine? In the same way the workers have grown up and developed—some have gone, but whether working with the NATIONAL or elsewhere, each one has sweet remembrance of days with the NATIONAL. While the incessant traveling incident to the upbuilding of our circulation has compelled me to make a home of the Pullman car and the hotel for weeks at a time, I was consoled for this enforced roving when, in almost every town, state and territory I found loyal friends of the NATIONAL. That the magazine is dear to the hearts of our people has been abundantly demonstrated at all the great expositions, in our days of triumph, as well as in the dark days of disaster. Many of our subscribers were obtained at Buffalo, St. Louis and Jamestown, in that direct, personal way which generally secures a life-subscriber, irrespective of the competitive merits of the magazine.

Can you imagine the pleasure derived from looking over the old subscription cards dating back for five, six, seven, even ten years—bearing addresses of subscribers who have been with us year after year, who have always sent in their orders with a cheery word? This is why we love our work and feel so grateful to our subscribers. This is why we count every sacrifice made for the upbuilding of a magazine a keen and rare privilege, and today our institution is developing into what it was originally intended to become—a magazine national in scope and circulation.

ENTRANCE TO THE SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT. THE ROPES AND POSTS DID SERVICE AT TWO INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITIONS

Soon after we were installed in our new office came the great "Heart Throbs" contest, when every mail brought its pile of letters, enclosing selections in prose and verse that were the favorites of tens of thousands of people: a contest that educated the editor as nothing else in the making of a magazine could have done. Aside from the sentiment expressed by the selections, the letters themselves were very definite declarations of the heart pulsations of the American people. The book has sold rapidly; edition after edition, numbering many thousands of copies each, has been printed, and "Heart Throbs" is daily carrying cheer into thousands of households and bringing to its publishers inspiration for renewed effort in magazine building. The publication of other books followed, a solid demand having been created for each one before it was even printed. So, quite unexpectedly, in the development of our printing plant came the growth of a large and substantial book department, built up in connection with the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

The inauguration of the series of articles—"The Story of a Great Nation"—is but the consummation of ideas formulated when I first visited Washington, seeking to make the acquaintance of legislators; to make friends for the NATIONAL; to study great national movements and American history through the lives of the men who were actually doing the work for the people. The idea in the department, "Affairs at Washington," has always been to bring the reader face to face with the process of government—to give flashlights of great personages and great events in national life in colloquial and epistolary form. In this work the warm friendship and kindly consideration of presidents, cabinet ministers, judges, senators, representatives, governors and all who are interested in promoting the great national spirit has partaken of the same personal regard as the friendly encouragement that came to me when the little "blue paper" was found in the mails in early days.

A glance at the files of the NATIONAL covering the past ten years, has been called a "veritable moving-picture history of this country." The reason why we have had to increase our quarters one-third in the last year is outlined in the letters of old subscribers, who are telling their friends and acquaintances that there may be many other magazines—coming and going—but there is only one "National"—that's here. With the largest press-room in New England working under trade union conditions, we feel that the great work has only begun. If the development of the magazine has surpassed the most sanguine dreams of the brothers with "a typewriter and an idea, and a single pair of cuffs on duty for the brother working outside" years ago, what may not the future hold for the NATIONAL?

In all these years there has never been an idle moment for our presses; while waiting for magazine forms to run, we have printed all sorts of other matter—invitation cards, wedding announcements, catalogs, legal briefs, periodicals, everything, in fact, that is printed in a first-class printing establishment.

WHERE THE SUBSCRIBERS ARE REGISTERED

Whereas one or two letters were brought by the letter-carrier years ago, the NATIONAL daily mail matter now fills bushel baskets.

The few copies of the magazines that were carried to the Back Bay Post Office by the editor in old times, have increased in volume to carloads. The story of all this achievement is not related in any boastful spirit—far from it—it is simply a plain statement of what has been accomplished—told to those who ought to know about it and to those who made it all possible.

FOUR IN A ROW
The Monotype keyboards clatter in chorus

In former years the tapping of the typewriter and the rattle and clang of the printing machinery mingled together in the hum of multiplied industry. Now the typewriters sing their chorus alone, upstairs; the heavy bass of the machinery accompaniment, heard faintly through the floor from the story below, completes the harmony of the magazine-making symphony. The old American eagle of exposition days is still with us, though somewhat demoralized by moving about from one great "World's Fair" to another. You will be pleased to learn that the old apple-tree in the corner lot beneath the tower still blooms every spring, brings forth fruit in the autumn and is always a delight to us, though some of us now view it from the windows of the third story office floor, where are also the Derby desks, the exquisite forms and faces of the office statuary, the tiny palms that decorated the office of our early days, now grown to stately proportions. With plenty of sunlight on every side and abounding health and cheeriness, do you wonder that the enthusiasm of the NATIONAL staff grows as the work increases and the magazine develops?

* * *

It has been a great satisfaction during the past year to receive in our new office visits from subscribers residing in far-off states and territories—Colorado and Pennsylvania were represented in one day—and many from the far West, who told us that their trip to Boston would be incomplete without a visit to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE plant. Our home is the one easy place to find in Boston—if you get on the right street car. The courteous conductors always call "NATIONAL MAGAZINE" when they reach the corner of Dorchester and Crescent Avenues, and usher you out with all the nonchalant grace of a motor chauffeur.

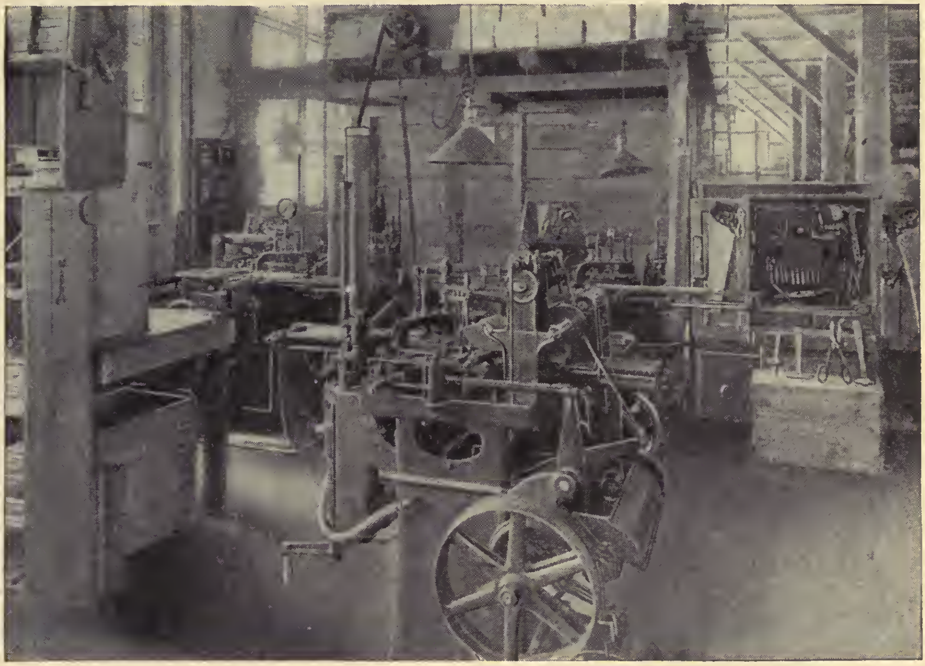
As this is just among ourselves, it may be well to record that the NATIONAL is altogether one of the jolliest, most cheerfully-geared institutions on the census roll, and yet intensely human all through.

To talk about the NATIONAL has become a fixed habit; but the genial foreman cries: "Enough!—we're not printing a dictionary, and we want room for other interesting stuff." He refers to the pictures. So we all hold our breath as the camera goes into action, for the main purpose of modern magazine writers is to get out fitting words with which to surround the pictures—"to flank 'em for fair," says the proofreader, pondering over another caption.

* * *

We want to grow and to expand; we want more business, more equipment, more subscribers, more advertisers; there is a place for us at the very top, and that place we are going to have.

A few loyal subscribers, with the investor's instinct, have asked if they cannot have a permanent part in this growing prosperity. To every one of these we would say: You can share in the remaining stock at par—we have no hesitancy in offering it as a substantial six per cent. dividend-paying investment. If you believe you will like to join in our future growth, write personally to Joe Mitchell Chapple.



THE TYPEMAKING MACHINES OF MONOTYPE MAKE. THEY TURN THE PAPER SPOOLS INTO INDIVIDUAL LETTERS AND STOW 'EM AWAY SNUG AND TIGHT ON GALLEYS

Without bond or mortgage, an established business earning six per cent. dividends for five years past with an authorized capital of $250,000 and only $178,000 issued—the remaining $72,000 will be allotted to our subscribers at $100 per share. This is all preferred six per cent. stock, and a more substantial investment cannot be named. As to the future — and increased value — we need not indulge in any prophecies; the record of ten years tells the story. We desire to place this stock among those who already know us, and have a personal interest in the NATIONAL and its work. No more than five shares will be allotted to any one person, and we would much prefer to have them distributed in all the various states and territories. As soon as the 720 shares are taken, all additional money received will be returned. The stock will be delivered as soon

To JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE 1909
National Magazine
I will take .... shares of Chapple Publishing Company stock.
Enclosed find $............in payment.

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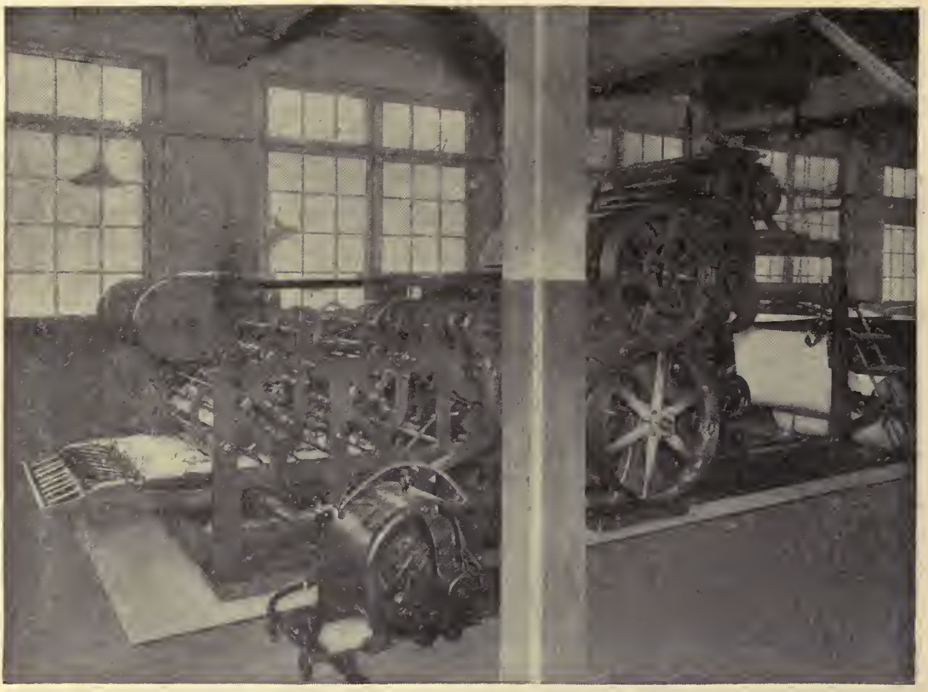
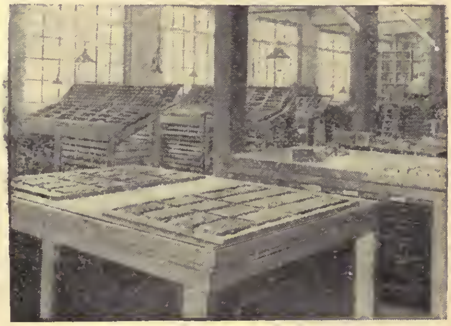


THE BIG ROTARY PRESS WHICH PRINTS 256,000 MAGAZINE PAGES PER HOUR

as payments are made. If you can think of a more promising, substantial investment, six per cent. preferred, don't take this.

Lately we have added two more Miehle presses, and the Monotype equipment has been trebled in three years—but these "great events" have of late years become a habit. The installation of old "Goliath," the great rotary Cottrell press, fitted with famous shifting tympans, was one of the big events that marked the first of the year 1909. This immense press prints a 64-page magazine form at one revolution, and folds and opens it almost as quickly as the eye can follow the process—every time the watch ticks a form is completely printed.

All this machinery: the sturdy Miehles, the rubber-tipped fingers of the Dexter folders, the uncanny accuracy of the Cross feeders perched high on the presses, the marvels of the Monotype machines—all seem to combine the dexterity of human hands, the comprehension of human intellect. I have stood for hours watching these wonderful achievements of modern printing from the curved stereotype plates of the great power presses to the work of the old-fashioned book room, where hand composition is still needed to give the final artistic finger touches, reaching about to "thin space" a line and keep the "quad box full."



A GLANCE AT THE BOOK ROOM

On the imposing stones lie the book forms, sedate and dignified, waiting for presses

Every piece of machinery is run by individual Holtzer-Cabot motors, for which the gas engines, "Jack and Jill" of the Bruce, Meriam & Abbott type, generate electricity with day and night long whirr, always keeping a watchful eye on the monthly gas bill.

In summing up a general meed of appreciation to our patrons and subscribers,

NINE IN A ROW—THE MIEHLE PRESSES SING IN CHORUS. HERE FLOW THE SHEETS UNDER THE SWIFT-RUNNING CYLINDERS OF THE TWO-REVOLUTION PRESSES

we must place high on the roll of honor these well-known firms whose interest in the NATIONAL has meant so much in achieving results.

Shaw-Walker Filing System, Shaw-Walker Co.
"Dey" Time Clock, Dey Time Register Co.
Derby Desks, Derby Desk Co.
Statuary, Boston Sculpture Co.
Type-setting and Type-casting Machines, Lanston Monotype Machine Co.
Type Cases, Hamilton Manufacturing Co.
Type, American Type Founders Co.
Scales, Fairbanks Scale Co.
Time Stamps, Automatic Time Register Co.
Typewriters: Fox, Oliver, Remington, Smith-Premier, Underwood and Williams.
"Print-amount" and Mechanical Account, E. E. Angel.
Engravings, Massachusetts Engraving Co., Suffolk Engraving Co., Franklin Engraving Co.
Rotary Neostyle, Neostyle Co.
Tools, Simmons Hardware Co.
Presses, Miehle Printing Press and Manufacturing Co., Golding & Co., R. Hoe & Co.
Electrical Fittings, Seth W. Fuller & Co.
Gas Engines, Bruce-Meriam-Abbott Co.
Cross Feeders, Cross Paper Feeder Co.
Dexter Folders, Dexter Folder Co.
Inks, Sigmund-Ullman Co.
Rollers, Wild & Stevens.
Wire-stitchers, J. L. Morrison Co.
Glue, American Glue Co.
Paper Cutter, Sheridan Cutter Co.
Electrotypes, George C. Scott & Sons.
Bookcases, Lundstrom Co.
Cabinets, Vilas-Diven Co., Globe-Wernicke Co.
Metal, A. B. Packard Estate.
Wallace Addressing Machine, Wallace & Co.
Motors and Generators, Holtzer-Cabot Electric Co.
Paper, Nashua Paper Co., A. Storrs & Bement Co., Carter, Rice & Co.

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

THOSE reformers who rail at the corporations little realize that this creature of the law is a proper evolution from individual and partnership ownership, and in its present developments is the only known vehicle whereby great numbers of people may collectively own and control vast properties, and may conveniently and successfully divide the ownership and centralize the management of great business concerns. It is the only instrumentality by which the small capital of many individuals may be engaged with profit in enterprises too large to be undertaken by individuals.

It is a fact that almost half of the wealth of the United States is owned by corporations and that the securities of corporations are owned by a great many people. In this diffusion of ownership lies the safety of the Republic. It follows then that the securities of the corporations are of great concern to the American people, and in this series of articles it is intended that more light shall be shed upon the subject.

ON THE INTER-URBAN RAILWAY BETWEEN CEDAR RAPIDS AND IOWA CITY

It is a well-known fact that many corporations—especially public-utility managers—have brought about violent feelings of hatred against the corporation, and it would appear that there are yet many wrongs which should be righted. Over-capitalization, excessive bond issues, incompetence and arrogance have fastened upon the people in many cities conditions which the present generation must encounter every time the people pay a gas, electric light or water bill, or when they ride on the street cars; but this condition is not general.

In studying public-utility conditions in the Middle West, it is possible to find both extremes—corruption and incompetence at the helm. It is possible to discover a history of franchise grabbing, stock jobbing and general arrogance; and on the other hand the most progressive and honorable public-utility managers in the country may be found in that section.

It is not the discontent of politicians that should lead an honest investigator to arrive at rational conclusions, as everybody knows the path that leads men to political goals does not in every instance lead the nation to industrial security. It is the manufacturer, the banker, the successful merchant and leading professional men whose opinions should count regarding successful or unsuccessful corporations' affairs. The politician wants an issue, the conservative business man asks fair and honorable treatment.

The city of Cedar Rapids, Ia., has probably experienced more contests with public-utility companies than has any city of its size in the country. Thousands of dollars have been expended by the city in litigations that have produced no real benefit. After a period of four years' agitation and legal entanglements, the city acquired the water works. A little history will suffice:

The water-works plant was built in 1875 by leading citizens, a franchise for twenty-five years having been given the company by the municipality. When the franchise period was about to terminate, the municipal ownership enthusiasts began to agitate the question, and succeeded in getting the Common Council to compel the company to sell by passing a rate ordinance which was practically a confiscatory proceeding. Naturally,

INTER-URBAN CARS—CEDAR RAPIDS AND IOWA CITY

litigation of an expensive character followed, and during the four years ending in April, 1903, the question was constantly a football for every politician to take a kick at. An agreement was reached in 1903, and the city came into possession of the plant, agreeing to pay $473,000 for the property. By the terms of the agreement the city contracted to pay $23,000 cash, $35,000 in 1904, and $25,000 and interest annually on the balance due.

But the interesting part of the whole thing is that the city never undertook to furnish water to the people at the rate it sought to impose upon the private company; on the other hand, the rates charged are practically the same as those charged by the water company during the life of the franchise, and in addition the citizens are paying greatly increased taxes in order to meet these water-works obligations. .

The city of Burlington, Iowa, adopted a wiser policy in water-works matters. The water-works company of that city was organized about twenty-five years ago by a private company, and the bonds and interest were guaranteed by the city. A five-mill tax was levied each year to pay interest and all in excess went to retire $2,000 worth of bonds each year, and to improve the property. Five years ago, when the franchise period expired, the city was not in position to take advantage of its privilege to purchase the plant, and it entered into a contract with the Citizens Water Company to jointly conduct the property. The Citizens Water Company was a newly-organized corporation, and in this corporation the city took stock for the $40,000 it had paid for retiring bonds during the twenty-year franchise period. The dividends on this stock are being used each year to acquire new stock, and the city's interest at the present time amounts to about $60,000. The city has two directors in the corporation, and the private stockholders three.

The plant is in the highest state of efficiency. There is no friction between the city and the private owners, and the citizens take considerable pride in the corporation. The capital stock consists of $330,000, of which $150,000 is common, drawing 6 per cent. interest, and $180,000 preferred, drawing 5 per cent. All earnings in excess of these charges are put into improvements. It is an ideal plan for a water-works proposition and is well worth investigation by representatives of other cities.

In electric lighting matters, the cities I have recently visited are well abreast of the times, both in the efficiency of the local lighting plants and a thorough knowledge on the part of the people of those elements that constitute cost in supplying the commodity. Ordinarily people are willing to pay for what they get, but it requires a period of education to have them understand that in the electric lighting business there is a readiness to serve charge which every patron must expect to pay. The customer has ordered the service placed at his disposal and whether he uses much or little, that readiness to serve investment on the part of the corporation is ever present. This cost includes a charge for interest and depreciation on the plant, insurance, taxes, office rent, other fixed expenses and transformer losses. The principle of this charge runs through every line of business. The city or town willingly and justly pays for fire-hydrants not used during the year. The lawyer asks and gets a retainer for standing ready to serve, and the landlord charges rent for his house as long as the tenant keeps it out of his possession.

Many people unacquainted with the conditions surrounding the electrical business are under the impression, and some even argue, that the manufacture of electricity is not different from any other ordinary business. Even a slight investigation will prove the absurdity of such an argument. .

The furnishing of electricity differs from the furnishing of gas, on account of the fact that gas can be manufactured at a uniform rate for twenty-four hours each day. Such excess as is not used can be economically stored until such time as it is required by the consumer. In this respect it is similar to the ordinary water-works system, where pumping capacity, instead of being sufficient to furnish the maximum supply of water at any one time, is only of average capacity, and water is stored in reservoirs to be drawn upon by the customer.

The electric company must at all times be in readiness to supply the maximum made upon the system. Electricity must at all times be available, and it cannot be economically stored. The company must make the investment necessary to supply every customer's demand at the same time, and approximately eighty per cent. of the customers are demanding service simultaneously. It is therefore easy to understand why a differential system of rates is used by practically every electric lighting company. The company must be reimbursed for its fixed charge, and it stands to reason that a customer who uses his service for several hours a day is entitled to a lower rate. As an illustration we will select two customers: one uses ten lamps ten hours a day and the other uses one hundred lamps one hour a day. In the first case, the investment costs are spread over ten hours, and in the other the entire investment charges must be put into one hour. It will be noticed that the current consumed in each case is identical, while the company's investment in capacity in one case is only one-tenth as much as in the other. Hence, to charge each customer the same rate would be unjustly discriminating in favor of the man with the one hundred lamp investment.

The original Cedar Rapids, Iowa, electric lighting plant was built in 1884 by local investors. During its early history it experienced the same visitations as did all other lighting companies, and there were no dividends paid to the stockholders. In 1892 a steam-heating plant was added to the lighting system. It proved to be a great convenience to the people, but not a source of much profit to the corporation.

In 1894 the company put all its rates on a non-discriminating basis, each customer's rate being determined by the installation, location and number of hours he used the service. The people were slow to accept the revised schedule and much discussion arose regarding the merit of the new system. As the business was comparatively new in those days, and the Cedar Rapids Company among the first to adopt an equitable system of charging, it required several months to educate the people. The plan soon became popular, however, and there has been no difficulty over rates in the city since that time.

In 1899 a change in the personnel of the stockholders took place. This change occurred in consequence of a desire on the part of certain local investors to sell the property to outsiders, which was not acceptable to all the stockholders.

In 1904 the company used its resources and credit to construct an interurban railroad from Cedar Rapids to Iowa City, and shortly after the corporate name was changed to the Cedar Rapids & Iowa City Railway & Light Company, and considerable new capital put into the corporation. The distance between Cedar Rapids and Iowa City is twenty-eight miles, and one of the best interurban systems in the West was constructed.

This new road was built on steam railway lines as far as possible. The company acquired and owns 100 feet of right-of-way, and in building the road no departure was made from good steam railroad practice in the grades and curves. All bridges were built according to steam railroad standard, and the line is equipped so that it can handle freight in any quantity as well as perform the services of an interurban passenger railway.

The company operates forty double truck electric cars between Cedar Rapids and Iowa City daily. Special accommodations are arranged for passengers traveling with baggage, and the line is proving to be a great convenience to traveling men, who are passing between the main line system of the Rock Island and Iowa City and the various trunk lines of the state converging at Cedar Rapids. This line is unique in that it does not parallel any steam road, but serves an independent territory of its own.

It would probably be difficult to estimate the enormous increase in value to all real estate tributary to the line between Cedar Rapids and Iowa City. Those farmers who looked with some suspicion upon the innovation when the first survey was made have been greatly benefitted by the accommodations given by the road as well as having the value of their farms greatly enhanced.

When the Inter-State Commerce law was amended in 1906, a provision was inserted which gave the commission the power to establish through rates, provided no other satisfactory through rate existed. The fact that the Cedar Rapids and Iowa City Railway was so located that it served an independent territory of its own made it possible to obtain relief through the commission. This relief did not come, however, until a legal battle lasting two years was ended. The result is that the intermediate patrons of the line are served on the same basis as are Cedar Rapids and Iowa City merchants, and as a consequence there has been a large increase in the freight business of the road during the past year.

The company will extend its lines as fast as business will warrant. With the co-operation of other Cedar Rapids capitalists the corporation is planning the development of whatever water power the Cedar River affords in the vicinity of Cedar Rapids. This move will be of great benefit to the business interests of Cedar Rapids and will undoubtedly attract additional manufacturers to the city.

There are few public utilities that maintain a better relationship with their patrons than does the Cedar Rapids & Iowa City Railway & Light Company. The corporation is managed by men of sound judgment, who realize that the confidence of the people is one of the most valuable assets. There is no complaint regarding service or rates, and the most amicable friendliness prevails. The men at the helm are all local citizens, the business being under the personal supervision of William G. Dows, Isaac B. Smith and W. J. Greene.

The city of Cedar Rapids is now (January, 1909) in litigation with the Gas Company regarding rates, an ordinance having been passed by the Common Council December 21st, 1906, which fixed the maximum price that may be charged thereafter at ninety cents a thousand cubic feet, the existing rate being $1.15 net.

The Iowa laws give municipalities of the state the right to fix prices, and it was in the exercise of this privilege that the city of Cedar Rapids sought to compel the Gas Company to sell its product at ninety cents. Whether the proceeding was undertaken in good faith or whether the project was the vehicle by which certain politicians endeavored to obtain a distinction matters little; at any rate it fell upon the Gas Company to show that such a rate would, in a measure, be a confiscation of the property. The politician and the rival business interests, however, consider this phase of the question but little, and the only protection to the corporation lies in the courts where the matter rests at the present time. An analysis of the case cannot fail to be of interest.

In 1871 the city of Cedar Rapids granted to certain individuals the privilege of supplying its inhabitants with gas, a company known as the Cedar Rapids Gas Light Company having been organized. The present owners of the capital stock acquired their holdings in the first few years of the company, and at a time when the property was being run at considerable loss. Through the personal efforts of Mr. A. T. Averill, who owns a majority of the stock, the plant was put into first-class condition and run on a business basis, and as a consequence during late years it has paid a fair rate of interest on the money invested.

The original capitalization was placed at $150,000 and has never been increased. There has been no frenzied finance in the company, no watered stock and no unnecessary bond issues. The property became the pride of Mr. Averill, who in its early history donned overalls and worked as a common laborer around the plant. Through his energy and application the Cedar Rapids Gas Light Company has become a model among the gas plants of the country.

The corporation always displayed a spirit of liberality toward the public. The price permitted to be charged under the original grant was five dollars per thousand feet, but the price was voluntarily and materially reduced at once, and other voluntary reductions were made from time to time until the present price of $1.15 was reached. In 1896 the original grant was extended for twenty years and a rate of $1.80 with twenty cents discount for prompt payment was fixed. The company, notwithstanding the fixed contract rate, has given its patrons much lower rates ever since.

There is no complaint regarding the quality of the service, the candle-power and the B. T. U. having always been satisfactorily maintained, and therefore the only question at issue is the rate. For the purpose of determining what a reasonable return on the investment might be, a very careful inventory of the company's property was made by well-known gas men of many years' experience. It was agreed by those experts that the property has a valuation of substantially $550,000. During the year of 1906 the company received for gas $95,290.94, for coke $16,399.23 and for tar $988.35, a total of $112,678.52. Its expenses for manufacturing, distribution, interest and taxes, office expenses and $13,000 charged off for depreciation were $94,597.87, leaving a surplus to the stockholders of $18,080.65.

If the ninety-cent rate was in effect in 1906, the earnings on the gas manufactured would have been $82,085.88. Against this would be charged the cost of manufacturing $72,699.07, interest on bonds $3,750.00 and interest on $9,000 debt $540, a total of $76,989.07, leaving a balance of $5,109.19, an insufficient amount to begin to take care of depreciation, to say nothing about interest on the money invested.

These are facts which appear in the court records, and should be carefully considered by the Cedar Rapids people; they also form an interesting subject for study by users of gas in general.

An important feature of the ordinance which was passed by the council in 1906 is its omission to provide an inducement for prompt payment.

In practically all gas companies a discount of ten to fifteen cents per thousand feet is allowed if the patron pays his bill before the tenth of the month. This insures prompt payment and avoids an enormous expense for collection. If the Cedar Rapids ordinance is sustained by the courts, it will compel the company to submit to an expense of at least seven cents per thousand cubic feet to make collections each month.

The Cedar Rapids plant is in first-class shape, and the company is most progressive. It supplies the city of Marion with gas, the product being conveyed to that city by pipe lines. Its owners are prominent in many business enterprises, and have always been in the front ranks of every progressive movement in Cedar Rapids. To an outsider who takes no interest in the matter except the question of justice, it would seem that the city's demand is not unreasonable.

No one who studies the history of this agitation for ninety-cent gas in Cedar Rapids will ever be convinced that its advocates were governed other than by political motives. No attempt was ever made by any city official previous to the passage of the ordinance to discover what price the company might charge and still make a reasonable profit. A better example of blind legislation would be difficult to find. But the politician wanted office, and "Vote for me and ninety-cent gas" became the battle cry. When the chapter is ended and the politicians have an opportunity to gaze upon the results of their work, they will see a big bill of expense which must be charged up to tuition.

It should be understood that public-utility companies generally build ahead of the city. They spend large sums of money in extending their mains and wires to outlying districts as soon as they are platted. When the real estate man surveys a tract of land, the gas man is ready to extend the mains. This entails large investments and it is ofttimes several years before any adequate returns follow the expenditure. There is not a public-utility company in the state of Iowa that has made its stockholders any large profits, but these corporations have assisted materially in giving several cities the healthful distinction which they enjoy. They should be encouraged rather than hampered.

NO AGITATION AT BURLINGTON, IOWA

There are few cities of the smaller class that maintain a more harmonious relationship with their public-utility companies than does the city of Burlington, Iowa. This condition is not the result of chance, but the consequence of a broad spirit which has been manifested by the people ever since the first franchise was granted, and this liberality is noticeable in every subsequent franchise given to a public-utility company. As a token of appreciation for this liberal spirit on the part of the people, the corporations have always kept pace with modern improvements and have introduced every new invention as soon as its merits are recognized.

In the early days of public-utility companies the franchises granted by the city of Burlington were most liberal. They were exclusive for a number of years and nearly all are perpetual. This condition has made the securities very attractive to investors, and as a result the public-utility companies have never had any difficulty in selling their bonds at the highest prices. When such a liberal spirit is manifested by a municipality and the public-utility companies are managed by men who understand that the confidence of the people is an asset worth striving for, the securities of such corporations are the safest kind of investment; but when the municipality is engaged in a constant war with a public-utility company the investor should think twice before he purchases the bonds of such a corporation.

It can be truthfully stated that few public-utility companies in the United States have experienced a more harmonious relationship with the municipality than have the various properties which were merged into the People's Gas & Electric Company of Burlington, Iowa, seven years ago and since that date. It has been a history absolutely devoid of those unpleasant incidents that generally creep into the life of every corporation of a quasi-public nature. I made a very thorough investigation of the sentiment among the leading business men and bankers of Burlington, and there was but one reply to my question: "The company treats us right." I found that the management realizes not only its duty to the stockholders, but that great broad duty to the public, which it tries so faithfully to serve. There is no one in the employ of the People's Gas & Electric Company who ever talks to the patrons about "vested rights" or "franchise privileges." The company asks only what is right, and as the majority of people want to be fair, the corporation is not hampered with the many petty annoyances that characterize the history of most public-utility companies.

The street railway history of Burlington dates back to 1873, when a franchise was given the Burlington Street Railway Company. This franchise, and others subsequently given to different corporations, were drawn by men of much competency. They were granted for thirty years and the terms of nearly all were that they should "be operated according to the most improved methods now or hereafter known."

In 1892 the properties were acquired by a syndicate composed largely of the Walsh brothers. The new company operated under the old franchises, but as the various grants terminated at different dates, new franchises were voted upon early in 1902 and new twenty-five-year franchises were given the electric railway, gas and electric light companies and steam-heating plants. It is under the new franchises the company is now operating, although all rights acquired under the old grants are preserved.

COL. GEO. HIGBEE
President of People's Gas and Electric Company, Burlington, Iowa

In 1892 the company put in an electric lighting plant and rebuilt the steam-heating system. In 1895 a gas plant was added to the properties, which has been in successful operation ever since, and the street railway properties were also purchased by the syndicate.

The street railway properties consist of 17 miles of track and 50 cars. Many improvements have been made during recent years and the system is now in first-class condition. All the tracks have been relaid with heavy rail and the power house has been rebuilt and greatly enlarged. The most modern appliances have recently been put into this power station.

The company gives free concerts at Crapo Park twice each week during the summer, and has made the trip to that beautiful pleasure resort very pleasant and attractive.

It is no undeserved credit to the management of the People's Gas and Electric Company to state that its system of public-utility company is in the highest state of efficiency and that its treatment of the patrons is intended to be fair and honorable at all times. There is no unnecessary identity with the politicians; the company seeking only to please the people, believing this to be the safest method to win confidence and respect.

Colonel George H. Higbee is president of the corporation. Colonel Higbee is also president of the Murray Iron Works, the Burlington Savings Bank, West Burlington Savings Bank, and also interested in many other enterprises. E. C. Walsh is vice-president and C. H. Walsh is secretary.

The Burlington Gas Light Company is perhaps one of the oldest public-utility companies in Iowa and it stands among the highest in popularity and in pleasant relationship with the public. The company was given its original franchise and this grant is perpetual. It cannot, however, transfer its property to any other company without the consent of the city.

In 1885 the Gas Light Company became a part of the United Gas and Improvement Company syndicate. In 1889 Mr. E. D. Clary was placed in charge and has been in active management of the property ever since. The company has made three voluntary reductions in rates during the past few years, and its relationship with its patrons and with the municipality is most harmonious.

The system consists of fifty miles of main, and about 4,000 customers are being served.

The management is alive to those necessities that constitute success, and every effort is being made to give the public first-class service at reasonable rates.

CONDITIONS AT QUINCY, ILL.

The history of the public-utility companies of Quincy, Illinois, shows that wisdom has not always been a prominent feature in the offices of the corporations. Competing companies have been organized when the promoters knew, if they knew anything, that it would be a physical impossibility for them to succeed, and in due course of time they went to their natural goal—into obscurity. While companies have pretended to give the city bonds to secure the performance of certain features of their contracts, these bonds, when the end came, were either uncollectible or purposely disregarded by the city government, and it is such loose methods as these which give the "reformers" opportunity to prejudice the people against all corporations. The corporations are prone to complain that the city does not properly regard the obligation of a contract between the municipality and a public-utility company, but it would not be difficult to find instances wherein the corporations have not taken any too seriously their contracts with the city, an illustration of which could be furnished at Quincy, Illinois.

GAS PLANT, QUINCY, ILLINOIS

It is not difficult to find a cause for much of the hostility toward the corporations on the part of many representative citizens of certain municipalities; they have seen their representatives in the council hoodwinked by promoters and irresponsible franchise grabbers, and it is not strange that they look with suspicion upon corporations in general and all concerned in them. And yet this apparent unfriendliness often results in grievous injustice to honorable companies.

Human nature does not change essentially from age to age; the present may be predicated from the past and the future from both, if you have the gift of seeing into the millstone. In discussions regarding the public-utility companies, the hot fit is inevitably followed by the cold fit and this often confounds the average citizen, but it serves to maintain a true equilibrium in human affairs. The manager of a great corporation has often seen the people advocate the most improbable public-utility measures and he has seen them oppose obvious and necessary changes; many managers have been led to believe that it is impossible to please, and have ended by hating the people and totally disregarding their wishes in every particular. Whatever may have been the condition in Quincy in former days, anyone familiar with the bulky machinery of the municipality and of its relationship with the public-utility companies, cannot fail to discover upon the slightest investigation that the Quincy corporations are under the control of capable and liberal-minded men. True, it is not local capital that controls the policy of all the Quincy corporations, but the municipality is not at any loss as a consequence.

I was particularly interested in the lighting conditions of Quincy—the gas and electric matters. The gas history dates back to February 12, 1853, when certain local citizens were granted a charter by the state legislature. This grant was of a perpetual nature and was exclusive for a period of twenty-five years. Certain important features regarding the right to execute mortgages and deeds of trust were omitted in the original legislative grant, but this was corrected in 1867 and all conveyances and mortgages executed by the corporation between 1853 and 1867 were, by an act of the legislature, declared valid, and conditions for future bond issues set forth.

In the early days of gas manufacture and distribution, the methods employed were of a primitive nature, and in some of the older buildings in Quincy, the effect of a lack of knowledge on the part of the company when in its infancy is occasionally encountered. This leads to a supposition on the part of certain householders that the gas furnished was not up to the standard in quality, but when it is shown that adjoining buildings are being served satisfactorily, it becomes apparent that inefficient service is traceable to poor piping. This condition is being remedied by the present company as fast as possible, and it will not be long before no citizen will have just cause for complaint. That the present owners of the property are desirous to give satisfactory service and at reasonable rates, becomes apparent when it is shown that since they have acquired the plant they have greatly increased the holder capacity and practically rebuilt the works. The rate is a dollar per thousand cubic feet for both fuel and illuminating gas, which is as low as in cities of its class and considerably lower than in many municipalities of similar size. The property consists of 56 miles of mains and over 5,000 customers are served.

In electric lighting matters, the present plant is owned and controlled by the same interests that operate the gas works, consolidation having taken place in 1886. The original lighting company was granted a franchise in 1882, the grantee being the Quincy Brush Electric Light & Power Co.

The franchise was of a broad character and conveyed only rights which the city reserved to extend to other similar corporations that might thereafter be organized for the purpose of furnishing the city light by means of electricity. Other companies were subsequently given franchises and their history is of no particular credit to the promoters. There was not that "long-felt want" which is necessary to the success in ventures of this nature, and like many similar promotion schemes in other cities, they had their day and eventually passed into history.

The present system is highly efficient, and the rates are reasonable. There is some agitation in favor of compelling the company to put the wires underground in certain districts, a feature of the franchise giving the city privilege to make this demand. I was unable to find any sentiment among the representative manufacturers, bankers and business men in favor of this proposition at the present time, it being the belief of many conservative citizens that the immense amount of money which the company had voluntarily expended during the past five years for necessary improvements was sufficient evidence that the corporation desired to give the most efficient service regardless of cost, and that no unnecessary burdens should be imposed until some returns had been received from the large amounts of money already expended.

I desire to pay this tribute to the representative manufacturers, bankers and business men of Quincy. They are proud of their public-utility corporations and the efficient manner in which they are being conducted. They do not favor any agitation which will make a corporation the football for politicians to kick every time an election takes place, and they want the public-utility companies to be sufficiently secure that their bond issues will become safe investments in any financial market.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER PLANT
Quincy Illinois

The Quincy Gas, Electric & Heating Company is a corporation, the principal stock of which is held in Detroit. The local management is in the hands of H. O. Channon, who has had charge of the properties for the past four years. Mr. Channon enjoys the confidence of the citizens of Quincy, and having spent practically a lifetime in the gas and electric business, he is eminently fitted for the position.

WINNING DISTINCTION IN BANKING

By JENKIN A. MARKHAM

IT is interesting to know that the oldest bank in Iowa, in fact, one of the oldest in the United States, is in a very flourishing condition at Burlington. This bank is what is known as the National State Bank of Iowa, and was originally established in 1842. At that date F. J. C. Peasley began a banking and exchange business on Front Street, and a few years later F. W. Brooks came into the firm, changing the name to F. J. C. Peasley & Co.

Mr. Peasley died in the early fifties, and a new firm was formed consisting of F. W. Brooks and W. F. Coolbaugh. The firm name was changed to Coolbaugh & Brooks. The bank became a tower of financial strength throughout the entire West. In 1858 Coolbaugh & Brooks were merged into the State Bank of Iowa, and incorporated under the laws of the state.

JOHN T. REMEY
President National State Bank of Burlington, Iowa

In 1862 Mr. Coolbaugh went to Chicago and soon became famous in the financial world. In 1865 the bank was reorganized under the National Bank Act into the National State Bank.

It is a product of many years of financial energy and conservative banking. It has passed through several panics unscathed and never have the people lost the slightest degree of confidence in its integrity. Its doors have never been closed since 1842 during banking hours, and today it stands as a pinnacle of integrity and honor throughout the West.

Its first vault was considered a castle of safety against fire fiends and robbers of pioneer days, and every modern improvement has been added until today it is regarded as one of the safest institutions in the country.

Mr. John T. Remey came to the bank nearly forty years ago, having been previously connected with the Union National Bank of Chicago. With the exception of the first year of his identity with the institution he has been president of the bank, and has safely guided its course through the many financial vicissitudes that have arisen.

The bank's total assets exceed one and one-half million dollars, and its present officers are: John T. Remey, President; J. W. Brooks, Vice-President and Cashier; M. C. Stelle, C. E. Brooks and George W. Roth, Assistant Cashiers.

* * *

There are few cities of its class in the United States that show more healthful and satisfactory gains in bank clearings during the year of 1908 than does the city of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The total clearings for 1907 were $35,549,889.75, and in 1908 this amount had increased to $41,120,741.95. In view of the fact that most cities of its class show a depreciation, the Cedar Rapids record is certainly significant and speaks volumes for the progressive spirit of the people. The bank deposits increased in 1908 over 1907 nearly $2,000,000.

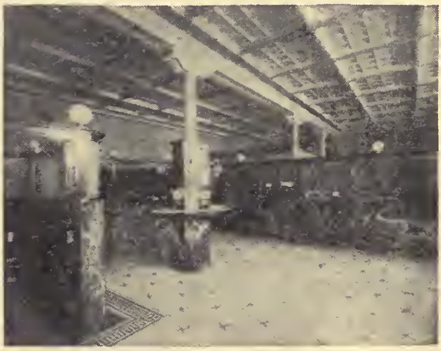
The principal bank in Cedar Rapids is the Merchants National, with a capital of $200,000 and a surplus of the same amount. Its loans are $3,000,000 and deposits $4,500,000. Its total assets are over $5,000,000. This bank was established in 1881 by R. D. Stephens of Marion, Iowa. In 1889 the deposits were $250,000; in ten years they had increased to $4,500,000.

The Merchants National Bank is the second largest bank in Iowa, and is one of the most popular and conservative banking institutes in the state. Its officers are: John T. Hamilton, President; P. C. Frick, Vice-President; James E. Hamilton, Vice-President; John S. Broeksonio, Cashier, and Edwin H. Furrow, Assistant Cashier.

One of the most flourishing financial institutes in Cedar Rapids, in fact, in Iowa, is the Cedar Rapids National Bank. This bank was organized in 1897, A. T. Averill and George B. Douglas being the active stockholders in completing the organization. Five of the original officers and directors are still connected with the bank: A. T. Averill, G. F. Van Vechten, George B. Douglas, J. M. Ristine and Ralph Van Vechten. The Cedar Rapids National Bank has a capital of $100,000 and surplus undivided profits (January 28) of $192,093.58, circulating notes of $100,000 and deposits, $3,789,454.02. This bank has always possessed that necessary requisite to every financial institute—the confidence of its depositors. The reputation for probity of character and success in business of the men who have been at the head of the bank for over twenty-two years gives the people a degree of confidence that clearly indicates wherein lies its strength. No portion of the surplus and undivided profits has ever been paid in; every cent has been earned, and in addition the bank has paid regular dividends to its stockholders. The officers are: A. T. Averill, President; G. F. Van Vechten, Vice-President; Ralph Van Vechten, Vice-President; Kent C. Ferman, Cashier; Louis Visha, Assistant Cashier; Martin Newcomer, Assistant Cashier, and A. R. Smouse, Auditor.

INTERIOR NATIONAL STATE BANK
Of Burlington, the oldest bank in Iowa, established 1842

Another prominent banking institution of that city is the Cedar Rapids Savings Bank. The bank has a capital of $100,000 and a surplus of $100,000; its loans are $1,770,000; deposits, $1,950,000. This institution was established in 1883, and is probably one of the most conservative savings-banks, in the state of Iowa. Its directors are composed of prominent citizens in whom the people have the utmost confidence. The officers are: John T. Hamilton, President; Charles B. Soutter, Vice-President; Robert Palmer, Vice-President; J. M. Dinwiddie, Cashier; W. J. Elliott, Assistant Cashier, and James Sadowsky, Jr., Assistant Cashier.



INTERIOR MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The Security Savings Bank of Cedar Rapids is another prominent financial institution of that city. It has a capital of $150,000 and a surplus of $100,000. This bank was organized in 1889. Its deposits are now $1,570,000, and its future success is assured. Its management is most conservative and enjoys the confidence of the people. The Security Building is one of the handsomest bank buildings in Iowa. Its officers are: G. F. Van Vechten, President; E. M. Scott, Vice-President; J. R. Amidon, Vice-President, and Frank Filip, Cashier.

The commercial prestige of the west side of Cedar Rapids made it imperative that banking facilities be provided for that side of the river. Accordingly, on March 27, 1900, a few progressive business men organized the People's Savings Bank, which opened for business June 1st. The bank was organized with a capital stock of $50,000, which is now supplemented with a surplus of $25,000, all earned, and an undivided profit account of about $5,000. It was organized principally for the convenience of the residents and business men of the west side, but during its existence its prestige has increased until it has business in all parts of the city, county and state, and from many parts of the

United States and foreign countries. The deposits have now reached nearly $700,000. The bank expects to build a strictly modern bank room in the near future to provide better facilities for handling its continually increasing business. The officers and directors of the bank are all men of means and they are all prominent in business and financial circles and insure a safe and prudent management. During the last five years the active management has been left to a great extent to the cashier, who has demonstrated his ability and built up the business from a very modest start to a figure totaling three-quarters of a million dollars. The present officers are: President, H. E. Witwer; Vice-President, F. H. Shaver; Second Vice-President, William King, and Cashier, John Burianek. Mr. Burianek, who has active charge of the bank, while still a young man, has had twenty-three years of banking experience, having started at the age of fourteen as messenger in one of the National banks of the city, and is well and favorably known to the bankers of the United States, being a familiar figure at the convention of the American Bankers' Association and the Iowa State Bankers' Association.

CEDAR RAPIDS SAVINGS BANK BUILDING

No city in the West enjoys a more complete commercial relationship with its surrounding territory than does Cedar Rapids, Iowa. This territory contains the most able and most liberal buying population in the world. The agricultural wealth of Iowa and other Western states exceeds the most enthusiastic dreams of the former days. The fertile prairies are producing corn, small grains, cattle, dairy products, and other farm produce in astonishing quantities, and the standard of living has been improved to such a degree that great universities, splendid common schools, high grade public utilities, such as water-works equipment, public lighting facilities, excellent country roads and city streets, beautiful and extensive public buildings and institutions, are the order of the day.

The result of this advance in civilization is that such cities as Cedar Rapids are marked by a commercial activity that is only limited by their ability to produce and sell the goods which are called for by a well-to-do population in a territory of almost unlimited extent.

I am indebted to Mr. George T. Hedges for much information regarding the rapid strides Cedar Rapids has made during recent years as a city of beautiful homes. Mr. Hedges accompanied me through the residence portion of the city, and I do not think there is a city of 35,000 inhabitants in the country that possesses more modern or finer residences than does the little Iowa municipality. The type of architecture is perhaps not as varied as may be found in some other cities, but the character of the vast majority of Cedar Rapids homes denote thrift and contentment, and a degree of wealth that speaks volumes for the people.

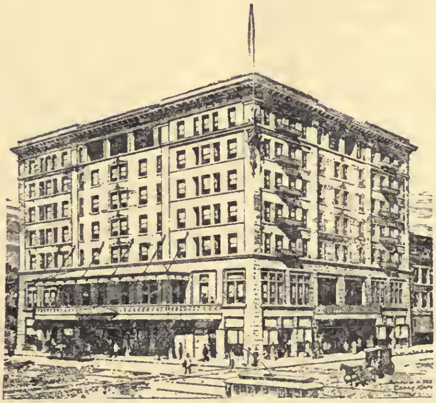
Mr. Hedges is the senior member of the real estate firm of George T. Hedges & Company, a firm which does a general real estate business, but especially makes a business of developing new additions to the city. Some additions which they have been successful in developing and selling are The Bever Park Place, Westfield Addition, Ingleside Addition, Wellington Place and Bever Park Second and Third Additions.

This firm has, also, had the selling of lots in Daniel's Park Addition, which is an addition consisting of acre tracts on which are most beautiful trees.

To Malcolm V. Bolton, secretary of the Grand Avenue Land Company, I am indebted for details regarding their beautiful new addition to Cedar Rapids, which has been named Ridgewood. This property is owned by several wealthy citizens, who decided to develop it into one of the finest subdivisions for home sites in the country. One of the best landscape architects in the United States was engaged to design the plans, and the result of his labors is very gratifying to the owners of the property, and the object of much interest to the public. No better tract could have been selected for the display of a landscape architect's talent, the topography of the land lending material assistance in the display of rustic residential beauty. The new subdivision is one of the attractive features of the town, adding greatly to its development as a residential city. It is, also, a matter in which the citizens take much pride, it being one of the city's show places. This park has been quickly developed entirely as a private enterprise, and has required the expenditure of a large amount of money.

Cedar Rapids can boast of one of the finest hotels in the Middle West. The Hotel Montrose of that city is certainly up to date in every respect, and is one of the most modern hotels in Iowa. It was opened in 1906, and leased to Montrose & McHugh, who have succeeded in making the hotel a very popular resort for the traveling public. It is absolutely fire-proof, and contains all modern conveniences. The hotel is run on American and European plans at popular prices.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK
Of Cedar Rapids, Iowa



HOTEL MONTROSE, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

LET'S TALK IT OVER

MOTHER'S DAY

REMEMBER it is on the second Sunday in May that we are to do honor to our mothers by wearing white flowers, emblematic of the purest love mortal can bestow. In that loveliest of months, one day is to be dedicated to sweet, loving, tender, sacred memories of her whose love is an expression of absolute unselfishness. This new anniversary of the twentieth century will appeal to the great heart of the American people, for, in the words of Leigh Mitchell Hodges, "we have left for the last—which shall yet be first—the highest of all days—"Mother's Day."

* * *

This new holiday was proposed and advocated with wonderful success by Miss Anna Jarvis of 2031 N. 12th Street, Philadelphia. The Philadelphia papers generously advocated and encouraged the movement. Los Angeles was carried by storm; over 35,000 white carnations were given away on the Saturday preceding the Sabbath set for the observance. The wife of the warden of the Nebraska state penitentiary gave to each prisoner a white carnation in memory of his mother; in that state an official proclamation urged a general observance of the day, and the movement was equally popular in Iowa. In New York people of every class reverently wore the white flowers.

* * *

GROWTH OF THE FOUNTAIN PEN

THAT the fountain pen is fast growing in general favor is evident in its increasing production in this and other countries. The L. E. Waterman Company, who for the past quarter century has supplied the markets with its well-known make, is largely responsible for the perfection of this most convenient of modern writing instruments. The business of this company is now one of the leading industries of the United States, with an enormous distribution throughout the entire world. One must travel in the most remote corners of the country not to be confronted with this firm's well-known agency signs, or when reading the current news and monthly magazines not to be overtaken by the interesting, educational advertising sent out from headquarters, at the well-known "Pen Corner," in New York.

Their large gold pen factory is located in New York City and extensive rubber factories at Seymour, Conn. Thousands of dollars' worth of gold bullion is purchased from the United States Assay Office, in the course of a year, to be converted into pen points. The rubber used is purchased from the forests of Peru, the grade used being the Beni-Bolivian Para. Hundreds of tons are made into fountain pens every year.

Iridium, the hardest known metal, is imported from Russia, where it is mined in the Ural Mountains. It generally costs about $1,500 a pound, and is used on the points of the gold pens to preserve them.

The Waterman factories produce, in a single year, fountain pens to a value of over two and a half million dollars.

The company's business in Canada has increased to such an extent in recent years, that it became necessary for this American firm to construct an extensive plant in that country.

The large, new factory at St. Lambert, ten miles from Montreal, was officially opened on February 12, on which day the L. E. Waterman Company announced its quarter-centennial anniversary of the business, patents having been first taken out on February 12, 1884.

The new Canadian plant is of concrete construction, contains 31,000 square feet of floor space, and is fitted throughout with modern machinery of a special type.

On the opening day of the Canadian factory, about 5,000 guests were invited to inspect the plant, and heartily joined in welcoming this new industry within the borders of Canada.

It is learned that the plant will soon be taxed to its capacity in fulfilling the demands of the Dominion.

* * *

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WOOD

THE man who is not inspired with lofty thoughts when beholding our beautiful woodlands is surely to be pitied. A natural forest, undisturbed by the hand of man, such as those primeval homes of lofty oak, elm, ash, hickory, maple, beech, walnut and the numerous varieties of softer woods—pines, firs, bass, poplar—graceful, magnificent, awe-inspiring, are, alas, except in remote parts, unknown but to the pioneers of our country.

What have we now in place of the "forest primeval"? Semi-barren fields and hillsides, which are a menace to the continued prosperity of our nation, for we know from statistics furnished by the Government Forestry Bureau, that within the short period of twenty-five years, at the present rate of consumption, our forests will be exhausted, except in such measure as replanting may take place. These new forests would be a mere makeshift, for the government has not means available to offer any but slight encouragement to forestry. It is indeed sad to contemplate our loss from a picturesque standpoint, while our delightful climate cannot but undergo serious changes.

Wood has held an important place in the mechanical arts, but it has been necessary to find substitutes in metal, stone, brick, concrete and fibrous pulp board, and the last named has for some years been applied to numerous uses, but not largely as a substitute for common lumber. A new variety known as corrugated fibre-board is now being applied to a great variety of uses, for which it is far superior to wood or metal. Its advantages for the manufacture of boxes, utilized for the transportation of all kinds of commodities, are recognized by many leading shippers, by whom it is pronounced the best possible material for medium-sized freight or express boxes, having a maximum of strength and rigidity with a minimum of weight. It is safe to say that ten per cent. more package freight could be taken over the railroads if goods were enclosed in corrugated fibre boxes, thus avoiding much annoyance of freight congestion, car-shortage, etc. On account of its non-conducting qualities, corrugated fibre-board is very valuable as a building material for refrigerators of all kinds.

The Hinde & Dauch Paper Company have invented and developed machinery for the production of corrugated fibre-board and its manufacture into packages. At great expense they have built mills and factories in various parts of the country, and are maintaining sales offices in all the larger cities. This is a movement of more than average interest. The immense increase of building activities, the almost incalculable demands for crates, boxes, cartons and other wooden packing contrivances, the increased cost and decreasing supply of choice lumber, and alarming losses in material and value by fire, make the production of a strong substitute—made from new and hitherto waste material—a matter of great interest to the people.

* * *

MAKING "GOOD TIMES"

WHENEVER the subject of hard times and pity for the unemployed is suggested in conversation, I feel like championing the manufacturer and his employes who are making staple, reliable products; and I have more than once made a point in my argument of the product of The William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Massachusetts.

They have always made the very best grades of underwear, but it was not until a few years ago that the company began a systematic advertising campaign. When they told the public that Carter's underwear was distinctive and always perfectly satisfactory to the wearer, it meant an immense increase to their business.

Since the story of The William Carter Co. appeared in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for June, 1908, there seems to have been a responsive echo, judging by the amazing number of orders that have come to the factory. On a recent visit, the work-rooms seemed busier than ever, and judging by the immense supply of unfinished goods that were being manufactured, and by the new building which is nearly complete for the accommodation of a box-making department, there is certainly no evidence of hard times or lack of employment in their vicinity.

* * *

TAFT ON FOREIGN MISSIONS

A LARGE number of Washington visitors at the inauguration, who were denied the privilege of hearing President Taft's inauguration address by reason of the fact that it was held indoors because of the raging blizzard outside, contented themselves with listening to the new Taft records on the Victor. President Taft only a short while before had given to the Victor Company two new addresses, one on Foreign Missions, another on the Army and Navy, and as the latter subject was a prominent part of his inaugural address the listeners felt they were "among those present." Who knows but that the inaugural address of the future will be prepared in advance on records and given out for release on the hour of the ceremony, as is done with the newspapers. In this way millions of people could hear the inaugural address by the president without the expense and inconvenience of a trip to Washington.

* * *

SAFETY IN SWIMMING

WHEN you realize that the White Star Line Steamship "Republic," after being rammed by the "Florida," would have gone down immediately with all on board, if it had not been for her air-tight compartments, you will realize the tremendous floating power of air. The little five-ounce swimming collar, advertised by the Metropolitan Air Goods Co. contains enough air to keep the head of a person weighing 200 pounds above water. Walk along the beach at Coney Island, and you will see a large majority of those in bathing floundering about in water up to their knees. With a swimming collar around the neck, these same flounderers would be swimmers; for, when one knows that the head cannot get under water, one has the confidence to strike out and kick, and in a short time that means swimming.

When you are boating or canoeing, think of the satisfaction you have in knowing that the cushion you are sitting on will, in case of emergency, keep you on top of water until help arrives. Air cushions are not only life preservers, but the most luxurious cushions made; in fact, they are to the boat and canoe or around camp what the air tire is to bicycles and automobiles. They are light and compact, and as they are non-absorbent, the drying-out process is done away with.

The "Utility" cushion that the Metropolitan Company advertises is one of the most popular cushions made. Instead of using a hot sweater for a pad when making portages, use a "Utility," and you will find that there will be no cutting strain from the paddies. As a cushion for the canoe or boat or about camp, it has no equal.

The Metropolitan Air Goods Company were the first to put durable and satisfactory air cushions on the market, and will gladly send you interesting literature relating to their goods. If you want to cut out fret and worry when bathing, and want something that will contribute a lot towards the success and pleasure of outdoor life, write them.

* * *

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART

SOMEONE has observed that success nowadays applies to groups. No business can succeed of itself. If the farmers raise big crops, then the country merchant has good trade. If the industries of a town are making healthy growth, then the banks will prosper.

This rule also applies to individual achievements. The author can seldom illustrate his own books. Art is a life-work that commands high prices. The advertiser must employ the artist to aptly illustrate his goods; the author or publisher is always on the watch for illustrators.

Of the various institutions teaching art by correspondence, The School of Applied Art of Battle Creek, Michigan, is one of the most prominent and best known. This institution offers to those who wish to enter into the commercial world, or better their existing conditions, the opportunity to take up by

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

The more substantial dishes appease your hunger, the lighter ones add variety, but there is still lacking that final, inexpressible touch of satisfaction if Nabisco Sugar Wafers are omitted from the menu. They harmonize perfectly with any dessert or beverage.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NABISCO
NABISCO

NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY

home study, nearly every branch of Art Study. Edward S. Pilsworth, the President and Art Director of the institution, has based his success on the idea of *learning* by *doing*. It is seldom genius that makes artists; more often it is good common sense backed up by perseverance. Boys and girls from the country make excellent artists because their conceptions and expressions of taste are natural.

The School of Applied Art guarantees, under bond, financial returns to all students pursuing any one of their main courses within sixty days after graduation.

A postal addressed to the School of Applied Art, Battle Creek, mentioning the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, will gain further information.

* * *

A SURPRISED PARTY

BY B. H. COLLINS

A FUNNY little incident happened the other day.

I walked up to a hotel cigar stand, not a thousand miles from Broad and Chestnut in Philadelphia, with a lingering taste of a satisfying breakfast.

I had that comfortable feeling that lacked just one finishing touch—a good smoke.

The young lady had evidently arrived late. The "boss" was not yet down and she was getting very busy, trying to make a three-quarters-of-an-hour showing in five minutes.

Now, I knew that I was in the "town" that has the reputation for good 5c cigars: so I glanced over the scores of boxes at the 5c end of the counter, in the hopes that something might strike my fancy.

I saw many brands that were more or less good. But a certain little cigar quickly caught my attention and I took just one to try.

I passed over the counter the unit in value of a Philadelphia smoke—5c.

I strolled into the lobby, opened my mail and glanced at the morning head lines, by which time my cigar was a pleasant memory.

I am a pretty good judge of Havana. I happened to remember the name—SANTA GLORIA—and in walking out to the street passed through to the cigar stand again and threw down a quarter.

Very much to my surprise, the "boss," who by that time had arrived, handed me out ten of the delicious little fellows.

The young lady noticed me as her former customer and apologized by saying: "I beg your pardon, but you have still one more coming to you. SANTA GLORIAS sell '2 for 5,' but I didn't know it. I only began working here day before yesterday."

Now, when anybody can fool me on a 5c cigar, they have pretty nearly dug a Panama Canal through my better judgment.

If, in any place in the world, the quality of a 5c cigar is defined, it is in Philadelphia—and I have been around some.

I swear that the young lady's pretty face had nothing to do with it. I was simply fooled in the quality of that cigar.

After smoking my first SANTA GLORIA, which cost me 5c, I cheerfully went back to buy a quarter's worth, and fully expected to pay 5c straight. That's the way I became acquainted with SANTA GLORIA.

Not every smoker has the same experience.

The same favorable circumstances are not always presented for an unprejudiced trial.

The smoker's mind is not always at perfect rest and wholly receptive. But I believe that SANTA GLORIA will make a hit with any smoker, even though he should "just happen" to run up against it.

If I should attempt to describe the delights of SANTA GLORIA, the result would be about as feeble as my description of the Grand Canon of a golden sunset, but Jenkinson tells the material facts in his advertisement in this magazine.

All I can do is simply suggest that you turn over to the advertisement and see for yourself.

Jenkinson states the case pretty clearly.

* * *

TWENTIETH CENTURY ART

FOR hundreds of years there has been a demand for oil paintings, but the art of the black and white illustrator is peculiarly a modern growth. When on a recent Western trip, I stopped off at Kalamazoo to see what Walter S. Wood is doing in the Acme School of Drawing to meet the great demand for cartoonists and illustrators of all kinds. That the training received in this school has proved profitable to students is evidenced by the rapid growth of the institution, which has necessitated larger quarters.

At the Acme School of Drawing, instructors trained in Europe and America combine the artistic ideals of the Old Country with the force and vitality of the New. First-class training at this school may be secured by correspondence as well as by personal attendance.

Mother's Day in Merrie May

ASK any friend, North, South, East or West, "When shall I visit you?" The reply is almost sure to be, "Come in the May-time, when the orchard is in blossom and flowers bloom." In the "Merrie Month" even the city cousin, passing along the paved canyon, has visions of plumed branches of purple and white lilac, nodding in gay resplendence, or dreams of rich, young summer, in her maidenhood, and longs to keep her ever in virgin beauty.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
O'er every lawn and tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea.

In May-time there is harmony with love and life. The heart, attuned to the melody of Nature, softens with tender thought and fancy, and the lovelight gleams. The horses and cattle share in the rejuvenescence of old Mother Earth and put on their new coats; the birds sing with lusty gaiety, rendering in flute-like notes a magnificent overture to Nature's great symphony of the seasons, that tells the story of birth, death and resurrection.

* * *

In the older countries the courageous trees that have put forth early leaves furnish green boughs to decorate the doorposts of each house on May Day, when the Queen of May is crowned with her flowery garland. What more fitting month could have been chosen for the crowning of the Queen of Home; thousands of hearts all over the country rejoice that the tenth of May has been set apart as Mother's Day.

On Mother's day, turning from a desk laden with missives from the ends of the earth, and the memoranda of a thousand business cares, in thought the man becomes a boy again; once more, bare-footed, clad in Kentucky jeans, sunburned, full of lusty life, deep in the boylore of prairie, river and forest—he exults over little things and is strangely depressed by trifling mishaps; he is full of vague ambitions and keen apprehensions of failure, as is the wont of youth when it first feels that there is something beyond happy, careless childhood.

Again he dwells in a humble, little home in a small village, where there is scant display and less luxury, but lots of love and companionship and—what all children crave—a limitless, untiring sympathy. There are thronging memories of father's genial, hopeful ways; the brothers and sisters come to mind, but—and father thinks so too—the queen of that little home-kingdom sits highest in honor and affection, in every memory of infancy, or manhood—mother the real queen of May and every month.

Are the children ailing? She has a host of simple remedies, that are all surpassed in healing power by her soft, low voice; the hand that sweeps over the fevered brow is a sovereign remedy in itself. In the sad, discouraged mood that comes from exaggerated childish shame or disappointment, mother is always hopeful; inspiring courage and imparting to the little people her own cheerful philosophy of life and her own unfaltering faith in the all-Father.

Ah, if the man could be a boy again and sit with mother in the twilight, how she would understand him and his aspirations! No words would be required in that twilight hour; with music and books they would again commune with the great souls of the past, by the dingy gleam of the old parlor lamp, a more effulgent radiance than the garish electric glow.

Alas! It may never be; the old home is gone; never more will mother's gentle hand, on this side of the River of Time, "brush from my forehead the furrows of care," by those myriad subtle caresses that forever bind the child to the mother-heart.

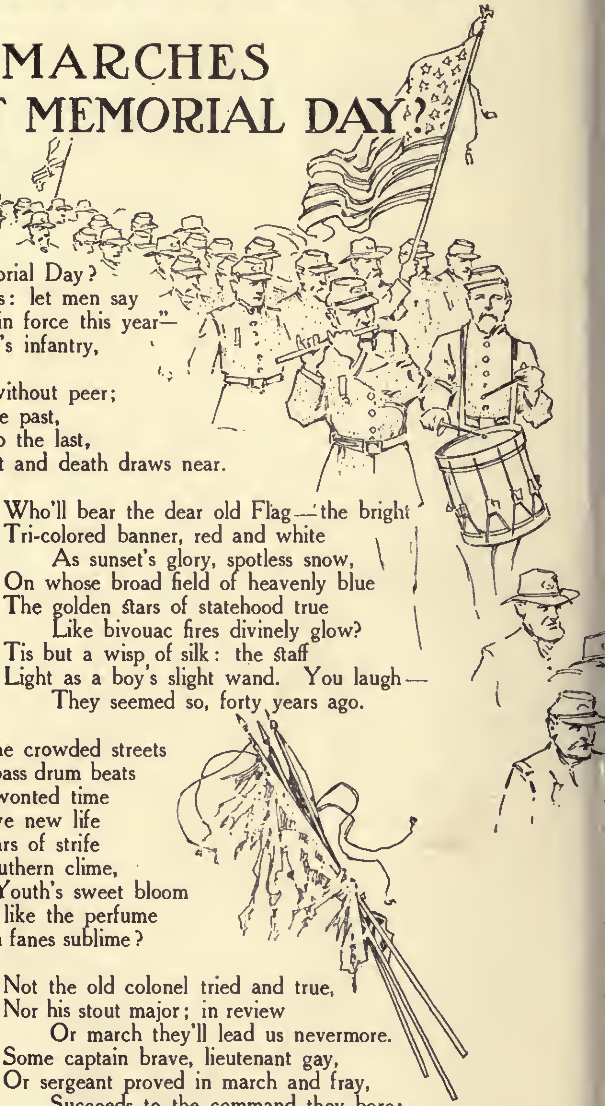
Among all ages, races and creeds—men, women and children; white, yellow, red or black; free and unfree; Christian and pagan; civilized and savage; moral and vicious—every human heart responds in some degree when the chords of memory vibrating, call up thoughts of the purest, strongest of human emotions—a mother's love. Men and nations may differ as to the fitness of many holidays now observed, but all will reverently wear a white flower on the second Sunday of May in honor of the sanctity of maternity, and in loving recognition or in memory of "the best mother in the world—your own."

* * *

On May 10, thousands will wear the white carnation, make visits, offer gifts, write neglected letters, do other little acts of kindness in remembrance of "Our Mothers." Will each subscriber of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE co-operate in sending to the editor accounts of the methods and incidents of Mother's Day celebration in his own locality. Help to gather the blossoms of human tenderness then in full bloom, and weave them into a garland of unfading memories emphasizing the great and growing unity of the human race expressed in mothers' love.

J M. C

WHO MARCHES NEXT MEMORIAL DAY?

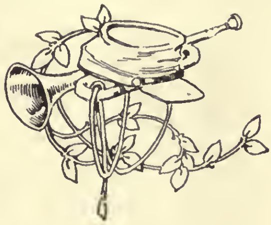


Who marches next Memorial Day?
Speak up, brave comrades: let men say
"The Post turns out in force this year"—
Grant's veterans, Sherman's infantry,
Sheridan's tireless cavalry,
Farragut's sea-dogs without peer;
Tireless and fearless in the past,
Bear yourselves proudly to the last,
Though years fly fast and death draws near.

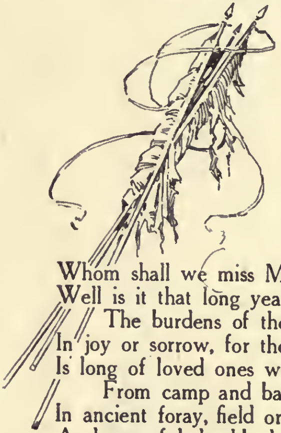
Who'll bear the dear old Flag—the bright
Tri-colored banner, red and white
As sunset's glory, spotless snow,
On whose broad field of heavenly blue
The golden stars of statehood true
Like bivouac fires divinely glow?
'Tis but a wisp of silk: the staff
Light as a boy's slight wand. You laugh—
They seemed so, forty years ago.

Who'll lead us through the crowded streets
While cornet's blare and bass drum beats
Help us to keep unwonted time
To martial strains that give new life
To memories of those years of strife
And trial in yon Southern clime,
Wherein we poured out Youth's sweet bloom
And Manhood's strength, like the perfume
That censers waste in fanes sublime?

Not the old colonel tried and true,
Nor his stout major; in review
Or march they'll lead us nevermore.
Some captain brave, lieutenant gay,
Or sergeant proved in march and fray,
Succeeds to the command they bore:
When, waking from the spell of peace,
In memories proud we felt surcease
Of pain and donned the blue once more.

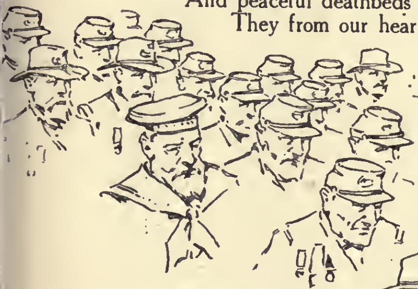


In memories of brave deeds and men;
Of losses blending joy and pain;
Of gallant lives given to death
Loyally, cheerily as rain
Falls on the white-hot lava plain
To perish in its seething breath.
In charity, to those grief-worn
Watching in vain for their return
Of whom "Unknown" the record saith.



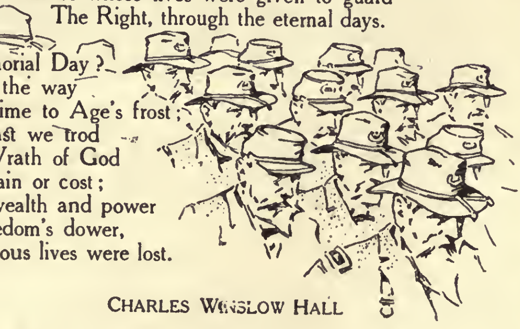
Whom shall we greet Memorial Day?
Old friends, and old foes too, for they
Fought as befits men of our race,
Against all odds and sturdily;
No braver men on earth there be
Than those who met us face to face,
Until at Appomattox Ford
Grant scorned to take Lee's stainless sword.
God send them all His gifts and grace.

Whom shall we miss Memorial Day?
Well is it that long years allay
The burdens of the laboring heart
In joy or sorrow, for the list
Is long of loved ones we have missed
From camp and banquet, field and mart:
In ancient foray, field or fray,
And peaceful deathbeds passed away,
They from our hearts were torn apart.

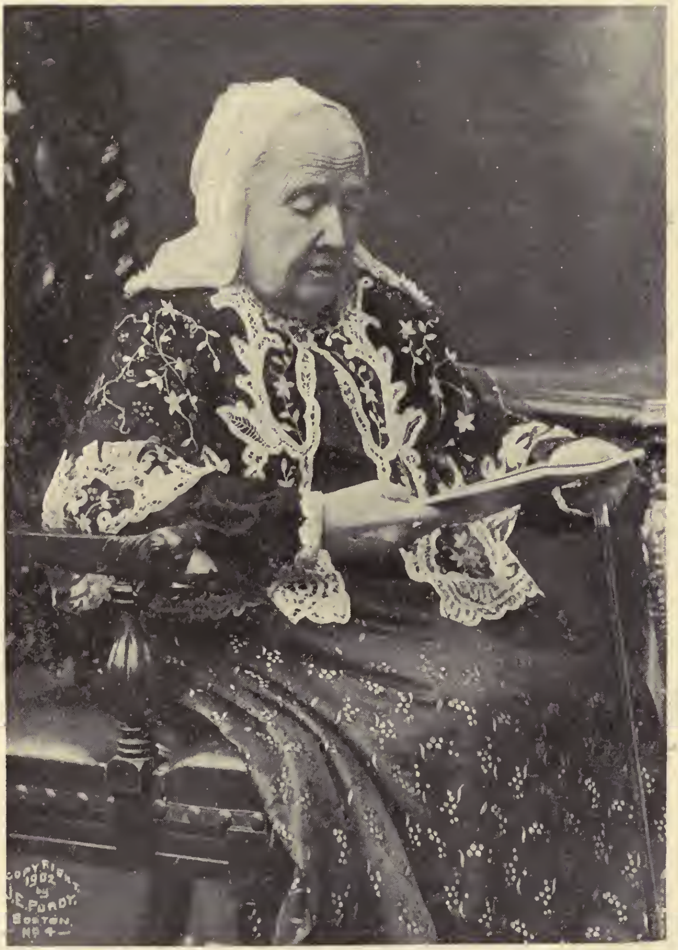


God give them peace Memorial Day,
Whereas His Blessed Islands lay
In golden light or purple haze,
Where deathless flowers and healing balm
For tired eyes, and holy calm
Await the brave whose fadeless bays
Crowning immortal brows reward
Heroes whose lives were given to guard
The Right, through the eternal days.

What shall we say Memorial Day?
That we tread fearlessly the way
From Manhood's prime to Age's frost;
As in the grand, grim past we trod
The wine-press of the Wrath of God
Regardless of the pain or cost;
That still we prize o'er wealth and power
Our fatherland, and Freedom's dower,
For which such precious lives were lost.



CHARLES WINSLOW HALL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Julia Ward Howe.

(See page 218)

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX MAY, 1909 NUMBER TWO

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ASSUREDLY it is a Taft administration. There is no doubt at Washington that there has been a change at the White House, so far as the personal equation is concerned. The rigorous Rooseveltian policies are still recalled, but a genial gleam of sunlight somewhat softens the shadow of the "big stick." There were a few lonesome, unsettled days at the White House, until the new order of things was fairly established. Now two colored butlers stand on duty beside the glass doors, supplanting the stalwart brass-buttoned policemen, who stood guard when Mrs. Roosevelt presided at the White House. The army and navy officers, holding civilian positions, have received instructions to wear uniform, whether in the office or the field, and similar minor changes are apparent in and around Executive Avenue.

There has been some official shifting, and while few were actually decapitated, there were many changes, and new faces appearing here and there indicate that there is "a new hand at the wheel." The pressure of work for the first month was incessant, and recalled the early days of the McKinley administration, when the office rush began.

President Taft does not dispose of visitors as rapidly as his predecessor. There is a deliberation about his greetings that suggests the cautious lawyer, who likes to talk over matters with his clients, and subject everything to judicial scrutiny.

* * *

Visitors are numerous; some people have crossed the threshold of the executive office who have not been inside its doors for seven years. The President works regardless as ever of the progress of the hands on the face of the clock, and insists on maintaining his old-time legal habits and having all official business given precedence; those who come to "pay respects" must wait until the day's work is done. It is again in vogue for visitors to come under the guidance of a senator or congressman. Many of these little parties may be observed waiting for two or three hours in the ante-room chatting, yawning and observing, until official business has been dispatched. These personally-conducted parties then pass through the doorkeeper's room, taking just a peep into the room where highly distinguished personages await amid the array of hats and coats lying on chairs and sofas in this official anteroom. The sliding doors between the cabinet room and the president's office are open at these receptions, and visitors pass entirely around the cabinet table in single file to greet the President, who stands at the head of the cabinet table as if just arising from some important conference. The host is as much at ease on these occasions as though receiving in his home parlor a few neighbors who have "dropped in" for a chat.

* * *

A distinguished foreigner, who was present at one of these receptions, characterized it as a most suggestive glimpse of American life, with its varied types of Americans from every section of the country. One young bride, after the usual greeting, shyly said: "We are on our honeymoon."

To the amusement of the friends who accompanied her, the President replied:

"I hope you will have a great many happy 'moons.'"

It is marvelous how the President can maintain acquaintance with so many thousand people and day after day recall the faces of people from towns and cities thousands of miles apart. Nearly every caller seems to bring to mind some incident which the Chief Executive can remember, and fixes in his memory some word from the presidential lips to be repeated to the family at home, and then handed down to the third and fourth generations. With all his geniality, there is often a dash of sarcasm in the Taft utterances, which adds much piquancy to them.

One senator was in charge of an elderly lady, who on meeting the President remarked:

"I knew the Senator very well when he practiced law in our town."

"He probably knew more real law then than now," was the President's jovial response.

Whether the visitor is a lady of past eighty years, who comes to assure the President that he has a place in her prayers; or whether it is a young girl in her teens, with long braid dangling down her back, a yearning for souvenirs in her heart, and a wide-eyed undisguised interest in the Chief Executive; or whether it is some coterie of office-seekers who come, like the Greeks, "bearing gifts," every phase of American life is met with equal ease by President Taft as he comes into close touch with his admirers in these reception days, giving each a hearty handshake and a greeting in that mellifluous voice that rings in a major key.

AT THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION, SEATTLE
Looking across the end of the Cascades toward the Foreign Exhibit Palace on the right

One day the women visitors at the White House had a treat in a "peep" into the executive dining-room. They had opportunity to observe presidential methods of arranging the luncheon table; instead of the old-fashioned cloth there were many little doilies at the round table—the ladies will know just how important this fashion has become in domestic economy. The Steinway piano that adorns the East Room was discovered to be much more than a mere ornament when Mrs. Taft was heard playing upon it. The new mistress of the White House is a fine pianist and an ardent lover of music, and mistress of the science of home-making, whether it chanced to be in Cincinnati, or in the Philippines, or en route, or in the White House, where she visited President Hayes and family as a girl.

* * *

THERE were lively scenes during the opening days of the special session of the Sixty-first Congress. The introduction of the Payne tariff bill presented a peculiar phase of legislation for consideration. The sharp lines of party sectionalism and partisanship were somewhat obliterated. Every congressman is alive to the interests of his district, despite the decree of party platform.

The attempt to defeat Uncle Joe Cannon as speaker was a failure; a strong, picturesque character in Washington life, he has always had the loyal and unflinching support of those who really know him. Uncle Joe represents the old-time political fellowship that has its virtues. His ideas on modern organization and legislation are very generally appreciated. It means something to manage a deliberative body of 389 members on a bill having 712 separate schedules, and with people all over the country clamoring for prompt action and decision. There are over fifty members of Congress who respond to the name of William and a "Bill" club has been organized with a new presidential distinction in store for President Taft. There is now also talk of a "Joe" club with the Speaker as the business head. The tariff and census bills are the two important measures on the calendar for the session.

UPPER SECTION OF GARDENS AT THE PALACE OF AGRICULTURE, SEATTLE EXPOSITION

As Uncle Joe passes from the Speaker's Room to the Cabinet officers, or pays a call on the President, he has the inevitable cigar with him, and now and then he slips off into the corridor for a whiff, when the rules prohibit smoking in the rooms. When I saw him last, he was calling on the secretary of the treasury, to pay his respects; they both hail from Illinois, but had never met before. As he looked about for "a light," Uncle Joe said to the new secretary:

"Mr. MacVeagh, you must make a requisition for matches. No desk looks sociable nowadays without a little brimstone on it."

A SPLENDID compliment was paid to Mr. Ormsby McHarg when the Senate of the United States confirmed his appointment as assistant secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor the day that it was made by President Taft. Mr. McHarg is no stranger to official life, and will be quite at home in the work assigned to him in Washington.

Mr. McHarg long ago adopted Alexander Hamilton as his political patron saint. He says that he is in doubt as to which of two things he is the prouder—his Scotch ancestry, which includes Claverhouse, or his political belief, founded upon the principles enunciated by Hamilton.

ORMSBY McHARG
Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor

A native of North Dakota, he has the rugged experience of pioneer and frontier life. Years ago, as a boy watching the furrows of the breaking plough, he dreamed dreams of a great legal career. Of sturdy Scotch descent, it was not necessary to predict the realization of those aspirations. In the rough and tumble of legal life in North Dakota politics form an important part, and Mr. McHarg was already versed in such lore when he came to Washington to extend his legal studies. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan and School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy of George Washington University at the Capital, and was for four years an instructor in the post graduate branches of law in the last-named institution, paying particular attention to the legal and economic features of railroads and other quasi-public corporations. He conducted some of the most intricate cases in the land fraud prosecutions connected with the Southwest and Northwest.

The practice of law in Seattle widened his experience, and he returned to Washington well fitted to take up the contest cases for Mr. Hitchcock, prior to the nomination of President Taft at Chicago. Mr. McHarg was especially complimented by the opposition on the thorough way in which the contest cases were prepared. An active and enthusiastic member of the Taft forces during the campaign, he won many laurels, and was noted as a fine type of the politician of the new school, dealing with facts and figures rather than with fads and fancies.

Mr. McHarg had just arranged to enter into the practice of law in New York when the call came for him to take up the office of assistant secretary of commerce and labor. Though farthest from his purpose to continue in federal work, he has always been ready to listen to the counsels of his friends, and it has been felt that the Taft administration would be incomplete without having Ormsby McHarg in some way identified with it.

The administration of this important office, under his charge, will more than justify the expectations of those who have placed their confidence in this brilliant lawyer. A stalwart man, with iron-gray hair, wearing glasses, and having that positive and precise mode of speech which suggests that he has a fast hold of the cord that will lead those who depend upon him through the labyrinthine mazes of legal lore and official precedent, Mr. McHarg is recognized in Washington and throughout the country as one of the "coming men" of our time and as a fine type of the progressive American lawyer.

ALWAYS gallant and attentive to the ladies, Uncle Joe Cannon believes that the President of the United States should be inaugurated on the day when the Queen of May is crowned. If he has his way, there will be no more standing on snow banks two feet high to see the parade pass; the troops will have no more opportunity to snowball on inauguration day, nor will the doctors ever again reap a rich harvest of "Inauguration" sore throats, pneumonia and sundry other diseases arising from wet feet, liberal applications of slush, blizzard and biting wind.

Four years hence, tons of paper, printed with inaugural news, will be mailed from Washington on the day succeeding the inaugural ceremonies; thousands of souvenir postal cards—unless the fashion has changed—will be sent out; the writing rooms at the hotels will be thronged on and after the eventful day, and everyone will think of home folks just as at former inaugurations; the spirit of jollification will be abroad in the Capital as of yore, and some symbol will be as popular as "Teddy Bear" and "Bill 'Possum"; there may even be another jaunty little goat on the line of parade, to call up smiles on the face of yet another president as he thinks of recent Masonic "raising" ceremonies, but the dictum of the whole nation, in regard to having March 4th continued as the date of presidential inaugurations, is "never again."

It is now considered certain that Congress will change the inaugural date. Uncle Joe persistently declared it should be the first of May, though others favored the third Wednesday in April. The Speaker recalled weather conditions at the inauguration of 1872, when over 500 people caught severe colds; he spoke touchingly of the soaking, chilling rain that damped the Harrison enthusiasts, and of the icy-cold gale that froze the very marrow of the witnesses of Cleveland's second inauguration.

Though four thousand persons survived the inclemency of the "Taft Fourth," and retained sufficient energy to go to the White House and grasp the hand of the President, allowance must be made for all those at home who were imbibing bowls of hot gruel, taking hot foot-baths, plastering themselves with mustard poultices or applying sundry other remedies for severe colds. In fine inauguration weather probably twice four thousand distinguished public men, from all parts of the United States would stand in line to greet the President at the White House, and, if possible, touch his hand.

Should the throng increase in this ratio, Washingtonians say that stringent measures will be needed to prevent the entire furniture of the White House from being carried off as souvenirs by the indefatigable sightseers. It is stated that in the early days of March even the great Steinway piano was threatened, and that the furniture in the East Room had to be covered to guard the gilding and cushions from being snipped to pieces and carried off as mementoes of a great occasion.

Learned Washingtonians are trying to decide what this yearning for souvenirs, which Americans have in a marked degree, means; it has not yet been determined whether it indicates a shortness of memory that needs some visible object to recall scenes and incidents, or whether it betokens extreme faithfulness, which leads the possessor to prize even the poorest object, if it has been associated with a favorite celebrity.

* * *

IT is certainly going to be an automobile administration. Instead of an imposing presidential coach and four, President Taft has a four-wheeled modern auto always at hand, and it is said that Mrs. Taft is to have a machine for her own use. The ordinary "honk, honk" will not be heard from the presidential motor cars; it is understood that they are to have a distinctive note of their own, more in keeping with the presidential dignity.

* * *

SOUBRIQUETS and their origin are often interesting. There is often a confusion of Smiths and Browns and divers other common names, which leads to the bestowal of distinguishing appellations for the same reason that individual names were first given.

No less a person than "Sunset" Cox of New York christened Secretary Wilson "Tama Jim." This was done in order to distinguish Mr. Wilson of Tama County from another man of the same name hailing from the same state, who served as United States Senator.

When James Wilson, the present secretary of agriculture, gave up his seat in Congress in order to allow a bill to pass, restoring the title of general to U. S. Grant, who was dying at Mount McGregor, he won for himself the everlasting gratitude of the nation. This was in 1885, and in the Forty-eighth Congress, when the House was Democratic; "Tama Jim" then held his seat provisionally, it being contested by Benjamin Frederick, a Democrat. A contested election has the right of way in Congress, and when the Wilson-Frederick contest was seized upon to prevent the passage of the Grant bill, the opposing party resorted to filibustering in order to save the situation.

It was at this crisis, when any delay in the passage of the bill would mean that the death of the hero would supervene and render its passage unnecessary, that "Tama Jim" gained the Speaker's recognition, and asked:

"Can it be possible that a contested election case is to be the boulder on which consideration of so palpable an act of justice may split? If this is the case, as it unquestionably appears to be, the obstacle is easily removed. Mr. Speaker, I hereby resign my seat in this House to my contestant, Mr. Frederick."

The anti-Grant men were stupefied, for such an act of self-sacrifice was entirely unexpected, but the generous thought of Mr. Wilson made it possible for the nation to confer on one of its greatest generals, even on his death-bed, the last honor and distinction that he desired, and that it was in their power to bestow on him.

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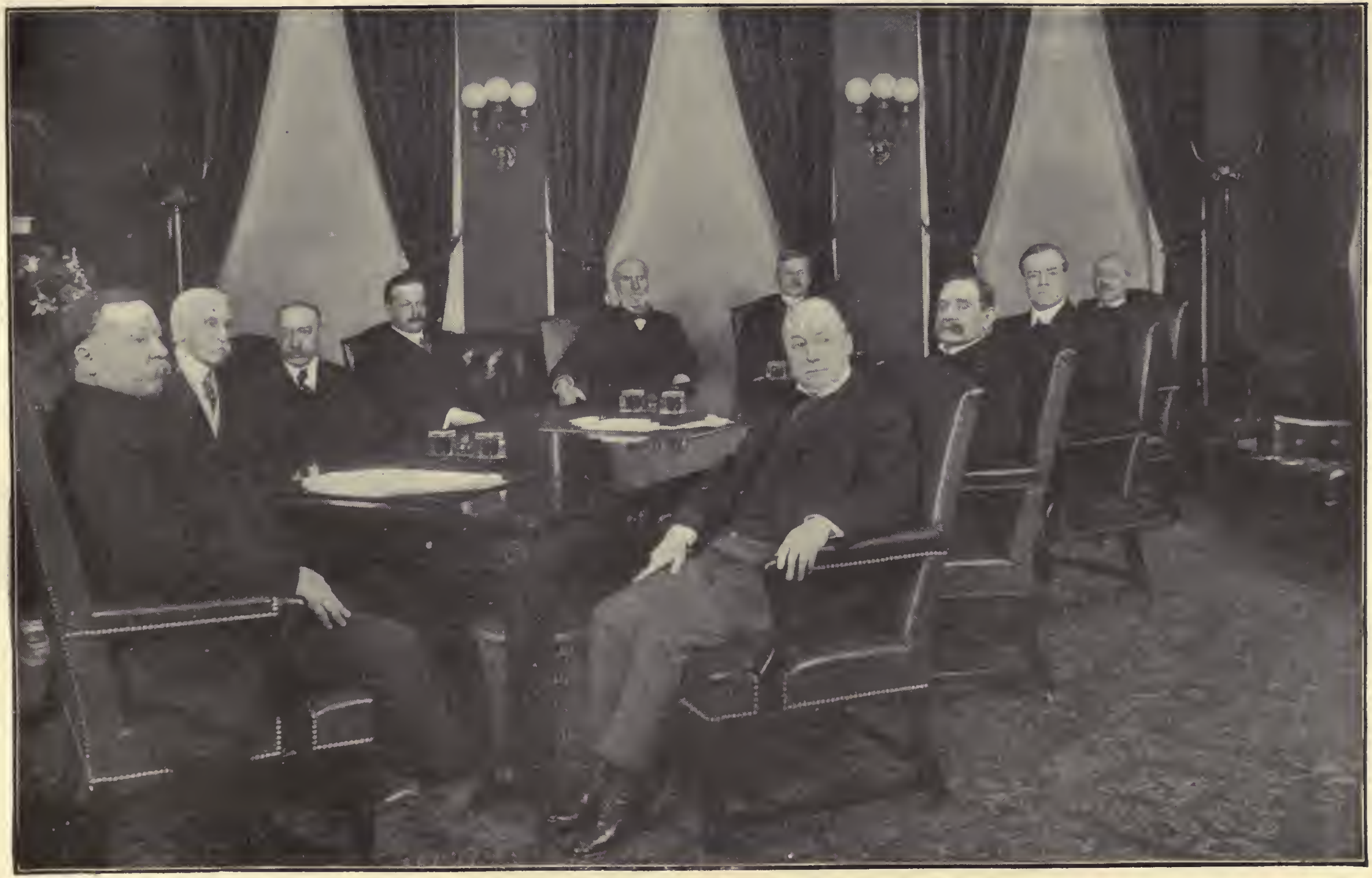
PRESIDENT TAFT AND GOVERNOR HUGHES OF NEW YORK ON THE REVIEWING STAND REVIEWING THE SEVENTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK ON MARCH 5TH

The regiment arrived many hours late, owing to the storm



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THE NEW CABINET

Reading from left: President Taft, Mac Veagh, Wickersham, Meyer, Wilson, Nagel, Knox. Dickinson, Hitchcock and Ballinger

THE first official act of President Taft was to send the nominations of his cabinet to the Senate for confirmation, while the first official act of his cabinet, it was facetiously remarked, was nailing new name plates on their chairs, for Theodore Roosevelt and the members of the retiring cabinet each paid the government for his chair and took it home to keep as the souvenir of a strenuous administration.

The Taft cabinet is marked by the executive ability of its members. This seems to have been the prime consideration in President Taft's selection, which is in consonance with modern management of large business affairs; in this age of organization it has been proved that executive ability is more needful even than knowledge of technique in mastering propositions of national and international magnitude.

* * *

AT the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the American Forestry Association, held at the New Willard, the opening address by Secretary Wilson covered the subject in a comprehensive way, his conclusion being that only by having each state handle this matter for itself could intelligent and effective action be secured.

Papers on forest fires and other kindred subjects awaken new interest. "The Result of Deforestation," by Dr. Bailey Willis, of the United States Geological Survey; an interesting address by Mr. Ramsdell on forests and inland waterways, and a discussion by prominent men from all parts of the country on the establishment of schools dealing with information on forestry were the chief features of a very interesting convention. These meetings at Washington during the winter do much to further the progress of concerted action.

A large number of lumbermen were present from all parts of the country at the Forestry Congress, and were interested in the academic discussion of the great problem. It was suggested that it would be well for the lumbermen to take up the question of conservation and solve it by replanting the denuded forest lands, they being the persons vitally interested in these tracts of land. Connected with forest conservation is the preservation of the wild animal life and game birds of these wooded tracts.

Lumbermen insist that one thing which has retarded the reforesting movement is heavy taxation, which in a few years eats up the value of unproductive land. Exemption from taxation for a term of years of all deforested land which is replanted would, undoubtedly, stimulate the reforesting movement among lumbermen, and save the government the enormous salary list for the work done by a regiment of clerks, which the individual interest of each owner would look after much more effectively. It looks as though it might be worth while to exempt the tree crop from taxation, placing it on the same basis as other crops, and stimulating initiative as government supervision could never do.

On the fourth of March Secretary Wilson completed a valuable service of twelve years in the cabinet. If he continues to hold his seat until November 30, he will have made the longest record of any member of the cabinet. Albert Gallatin, secretary of the treasury appointed by Jefferson, served for nearly thirteen years, and would be Secretary Wilson's only rival in length of cabinet service. The Agricultural Department has advanced by leaps and bounds under the charge of Mr. Wilson. From a few roll-top desks and scattering, underpaid clerks and scientists, this department has become a prominent and forceful influence, and the work accomplished is attracting the attention of the whole world. The growth of this department has had something to do with the splendid development of the agrarian wealth of the country in the last decade. In the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the farmers will receive $10,000,000 for a single crop of tobacco in one year—a fact which gives some idea of the importance of soil products in developing national wealth. In aiding farmers to improve their farm methods and giving them technical knowledge of how to make it pay better, the vocation of farming is regaining the attractiveness of early days.

* * *

MONTH by month interest increases in the work of the Red Cross Society. One of the most popular society girls in Washington is devoting all her time to the work—in fact, it is the life work of Miss Mabel T. Boardman, sister of Mrs. W. Murray Crane. Miss Helen Gould holds a position in New York similar to that occupied by Miss Boardman in Washington.

Mrs. Wickersham.
PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING.

Mrs. Ballinger
PHOTO BY HARRIS AND EWING.

Mrs. MacVeagh.

Mrs. Dickinson
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Mrs. Taft
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Mrs. Nagel
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Miss Flora Wilson.
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Mrs. Knox.
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Mrs. Von L. Meyer
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THE LADIES OF THE NEW CABINET

The reorganization of the Red Cross Society has been effected on a practical and business-like basis, and the way in which Miss Boardman handles the work is commanding much admiration. On her roll-top desk is a typewriter and at her elbow a telephone, and she keeps in touch with all the calls for help, no matter whether they come from the sufferers from some great disaster in Lake Superior, in San Francisco or in Sicily. Supplies and nurses are rushed from one place to another as need arises, and the work involved in the disbursement of $4,000,000 is handled as minutely and exactly as are the funds of any big corporation.

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THE WORLD CONSERVATION CONFERENCE TO BE HELD AT THE HAGUE NEXT FALL

This group was taken on south portico of the White House, February 19th

Standing — Hon. Henri S. Beland, Member of Parliament, Canada; R. E. Young of Canada, Land Expert, Secretary; Robert Bacon; Gifford Pinchot; Ex-Secretary Garfield; Senator Cullom, Chairman Senate Committee on Foreign Relations; Thomas R. Shipp, Secretary National Conservation Commission; Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State. Sitting—Hon. Clifford Sifton, Ex-Minister of Interior, Canada; Hon. Sidney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, Canada; Hon. Romulo Escobar, Minister of Agriculture, Mexico; Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt; Hon. Carlos Sellerier, Minister of Mines, Mexico; Hon. Miguel A. DeQuevedo, President Mexican Forestry Commission; Ambassador Bryce.

At the present time Miss Boardman is at work on an endowment of from half a million to a million dollars to put the society on a sound financial basis, not subject to fluctuations as it would be by individual gifts from time to time. Mrs. Russell Sage has already given $25,000 for the work.

During the Christmas rush over 25,000,000 Red Cross stamps were ordered; these brought in a tidy sum, which is to be used for tuberculosis work. Proceeds from the sale of stamps in various localities will be utilized in the places where the stamps were sold.

An active part in the inauguration ceremonies was assigned to the Red Cross. President Taft is president of the American Red Cross, and takes a lively and active interest in the organization. The District, the New York State, Pennsylvania and Maryland branches all provided nurses and relief corps men for duty on inauguration day at the Red Cross relief stations, at the inaugural ball and for the entire week at the Union Railroad station, this work being done in co-operation with the committee of the district on public comfort for the inauguration. Miss Boardman had charge of the details, with which she is thoroughly familiar,

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MISS MABEL BOARDMAN, HEAD OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON having been connected with the society during the period in which it has handled the work arising from eighteen great international disasters.

The organization now contains 15,000 members, paying $1 a year, while the Japanese membership includes 1,400,000, paying $1.50 per year each. There are about 400 nurses on the rolls at the present time, and a movement is on foot to organize an affiliation with the federation of trained nurses, numbering 20,000, all thoroughly efficient, with a view to having provision for any emergency. The nurses have shown their patriotic interest in the Red Cross work by charging only $10 for work which ordinarily would be paid for at the rate of $25 per week. If the interest in the movement grows as it has done in the past few months, not only the desired number of nurses will be enrolled, but the society will include at least 100,000 members

J. E. STONE
Who has charge of the door of the Executive office, succeeding Captain Loeffler

* * *

MANY faces that have been seen in former times in the War Department are in evidence among the new officials. Mr. J. E. Stone, formerly of the White House, is now in charge of the door of the executive office, succeeding the veteran Captain Loeffler, who has officiated under eight presidents and has seen over fifty years of federal service. None of the new officials are more at home in their work than Mr. Fred W. Carpenter, secretary to the President, who "keeps the even tenor of his way" as quietly and calmly as though the President were merely planning an extra trip around the globe, instead of entering on a four-years' term of national responsibility.

So far as official routine is concerned, administrations come and go with scarcely a ripple on the surface. With no more appearance of anxiety than he might display in buying a ticket for the Twentieth Century Limited, Frank H. Hitchcock was installed as postmaster general, and now occupies the office adjoining that in which he served so well as first assistant postmaster general. He comes to the Taft cabinet thoroughly equipped for the position which he is to occupy.

In the Navy Department, George von L. Meyer has caught the threads of work with vigor and thoroughness. Having acquired an understanding of what the navy means in an international sense during his career as ambassador abroad, he is peculiarly fitted to carry on the naval work in a world-wide field.

Giving attention to the minutest detail, as though taking up a new and important case, Attorney General Wickersham entered his new office and looked over the documents; he was the first member of the Taft cabinet to take the oath of office. That firm-set jaw indicates determination and the ability to handle the great task that was set before him when he was chosen by President Taft for this portfolio.

The tall Texan, Mr. Charles Nagel, who hails from St. Louis, entered the Department of Commerce and Labor and at once proceeded to meet all the bureau chiefs and get acquainted. The department will doubtless feel the impulsion of his splendid executive ability, high ideals, and aggressive and uncompromising determination to render to the public good honest service.

His long term of public service has equipped Secretary Knox to handle his responsibilities as Premier of the new cabinet; he seemed thoroughly familiar with the workings of the State Department and appeared to know where Elihu Root and Robert

Bacon left off; he was soon immersed in work behind his big, flat-topped desk.

During his career as commissioner of the general land office, Secretary Ballinger became somewhat familiar with the arduous work of the Interior Department and appeared quite at home with his bureau chiefs; he also seemed to know just where the last notation made by his predecessor might be found, and what should be the next step in carrying on the work of this important department. A personal survey of conditions in Alaska will afford him data of vast importance.

No indication of a change of administration was visible in Secretary Wilson's office; everything was jogging along in the good, serene way that characterizes the Farmer-Secretary, who will soon have seen the longest service of any member of a presidential cabinet in the history of the nation.

The impulse to speak of President Taft as secretary of war was felt even on the day of his inauguration as President of the United States, and Secretary Dickinson will probably be often hailed as "Secretary Taft" in these early days; it is felt that he will ably meet the demands engendered by the reorganization of the department, which has placed it on a basis that requires pronounced executive ability as well as technical knowledge of the manoeuvers, munitions and armaments of warfare. His visit to the Panama Canal zone will put him in touch with the details of the digging of the Big Ditch.

The stately old Treasury Building, clean and fresh from its sand bath, is a worthy home for the important department which is now under the administration of Franklin MacVeagh, who was the last member of the new cabinet to be sworn in. A business man and lawyer, a fine executive officer, he promises to make a good record. As a representative of the great Middle West, a man thoroughly familiar with all the requirements of modern monetary conditions, it is believed that vexatious problems will be thoroughly mastered under his guiding hand.

* * *

ON the last day of the Sixtieth Congress, numbers of people from every state and territory waited to see their own particular congressman. The little acts of courtesy meted out to such visitors often foretell the fate of an aspirant for future congressional honors. On that day every doorkeeper seemed suddenly to become imbued with the spirit of his native place, and there was a happy blending of state and national patriotism, a sort of afterglow of the excitement and gaiety of inauguration day.

In the Speaker's room a beautiful silver service—containing every article in silverware that mortal man could need—was displayed in a handsome chest, a presentation to Honorable James E. Watson, the Republican "whip," who is retiring from congressional service. He was receiving the hearty congratulations of his friends when some wag placed upon the open chest a card reading, "Take one," and, needless to say, the passing visitors were not slow to accept the invitation.

SENATOR CHARLES J. HUGHES, JR.
Denver, Colorado

On the Senate side a handsome silver service was presented to Honorable Charles W. Fairbanks, who has made an illustrious record as vice-president. Few men have filled this position with more dignity and influence, and it is admitted by all that the tall and stately representative of the Hoosier State has indeed earned what he desires—rest from public duties. Close friend and

Photo by National Press Association

YALE CLASS OF '78

confidant of President McKinley, and a man always ready for the most exacting official work, Mr. Fairbanks retires with the love, respect and admiration not only of his colleagues in the Senate, but of the country at large. He purchased the ink-well that he used when vice-president as a souvenir of his four years of arduous work. In a niche of the Senate chamber has been placed a life-sized marble bust of ex-Vice-President Fairbanks modeled by Franklin Simmons, the distinguished American sculptor.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THE MEN WHO ARE BUILDING THE PANAMA CANAL—THE PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION FOR 1909

From left to right: Jackson Smith, Commissary; J. B. Bishop, Secretary; Colonel Gorgas, Commissioner of Sanitation; Mr. Rousseau, Civil Engineer; Colonel Goethals, Chairman of Commission; Major Gaillard, in charge of dry excavations; Joseph Blackburn, Civil Administration; Major Sibert, Locks and Dams.

* * *

THE twelve new senators who took the oath of office on Inauguration Day—not forgetting Elihu Root, who was greeted with thunders of applause from the galleries, as he marched down the aisle on the arm of Senator Depew—as well as Vice-President Sherman, are very busy in these early days getting accustomed to their new duties. By this time the vice-president no longer fails to find his way about the Capitol, as he did on inauguration day when he opened the wrong door; a page came to the rescue and showed him where to find the vice-presidential room.

* * *

AMONG the trio of Republican Congressmen elected from North Carolina last autumn, John Motley Morehead enjoys the rare distinction of having been entered in the political race against his expressed wishes, nominated while he was absent from the state and elected by a good majority in a Democratic district.

When he was first approached with the request to become a candidate for Congress, he very flatly declined the honor, insisting that his woolen milling business demanded his attention and energy, and that he could not spare the time for political candidacy and service. He was absent in New York when he was notified by telegraph of his nomination. His acceptance was brief and characteristic of the man. He wired: "Express to Convention my appreciation of honor conferred. Will undertake the race . . . . . I believe a conservative and business administration will be demanded and the Republican party can await the result with confidence."

Educated in the public schools of Charlotte and the Bingham Military School, North Carolina, Representative Morehead graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1886; then took a business college course in Baltimore, Maryland, beginning his career as receiving teller of the Commercial National Bank, Charlotte, North Carolina; later he managed the big Phifer farm in Cabarrus County, North Carolina, inherited from his mother's father. He afterwards became vice-president of the Leaksville Woolen Mills at Spray, North Carolina.

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN M. MOREHEAD
Spray, North Carolina

Mr. Morehead is a business man and never sought public applause or public office, but such was the demand to see him that he was almost compelled to take the stump. His utterances were a surprise to many; short, terse business speeches, filled with intelligent argument and earnest thought, were in marked contrast to the common idea of political speeches, and the old campaigners agreed that Mr. Morehead's success is a significant instance of the breaking up of old parties and passing of ancient feuds.

* * *

YES, she received the souvenir postal card. When Mr. Taft was passing through South Carolina, on his way to Charleston to sail for Panama, a little girl handed him from the rear of the train a bouquet of violets. She had fastened a card to the stems on which was written her name—Josephine Bass.

"Is this your name?" asked the President-elect.

"Yeth," lisped the child.

"Your violets are very sweet, Josephine, and I would like to do something for you; tell me what you would like."

The little girl hung her head and put her finger in her mouth reflectively; then, with a bright smile, she said:

"I would like you to send me a souvenir postal when you get to the Canal."

The postal card was duly mailed, and it is doubtful if the little recipient had any more pleasure in the transaction than was felt by the President-elect when he directed the illustrated bit of pasteboard to "Miss Josephine Bass," his little admirer in South Carolina, and knew that her wish would be gratified.

* * *

WHEN he returned from a trip to Panama, Representative William Richardson expressed his appreciation of the splendid work being done there, though he says he went to the isthmus with a well-defined conviction against the construction of the lock-canal. He said:

"I honored, loved and was very intimate with Senator Morgan, the 'grand old man' of Alabama, to whom the world gives credit for the Isthmian Canal"; and many of Mr. Richardson's ideas as to the canal, previous to his visit, can be traced to that source. Since visiting the Zone and looking at the work and workers there, Mr. Richardson has become an earnest advocate for pushing on the work, and certainly pays a handsome tribute to the men who have undertaken this Herculean task.

"The canal will be finished in 1915"; this statement, made by Colonel Goethals, was again repeated to President Taft, when on his recent trip to the isthmus. He said he could not speak too highly of the discipline of the force, which is as perfect as that of any army. There are 30,000 men working on the canal and scarcely any sickness is prevalent there, "because all cause of disease has been carefully removed."

Mr. Richardson further said that three great and vital problems, a failure of either one of which would imperil the successful completion of the canal, had been solved and solved successfully in the great work in the Panama Zone. The first was that the Government after mature deliberation, supported by able and wise engineers, had adopted the lock and dam canal. This is absolutely settled and ought to be so accepted. Of course, if the sea level canal had been adopted, the chances are that a great complaint would have been heard that the lock and dam plan ought to have been preferred.

The second problem — sanitation — was solved by establishing a splendid and well-nigh perfect sanitary system in the canal zone. Disease and death, more than any other cause, impeded the work of the French and brought failure. Dr. Gorgas justly deserves the thanks of our country for his wonderful work along this line. The death-rate of Panama Zone now compares favorably with any of the great cities of the states.

The third problem successfully solved is the housing and feeding of the large army of employes on the zone. Without such organization and discipline, the work could not go on. "Colonel Goethals," says Mr. Richardson, "and his associates have instituted methods of government with the employes that bring out their greatest efficiency in work. The laborers are content with their treatment and their wages."

Mr. Richardson concluded his most interesting résumé of the work: "It occurs to me that it is now a matter of national pride and patriotism for us all to uphold and stand by the men in charge of the canal, and if we do, we will have a canal through which the largest sea-going vessels can and will pass in 1915. Of course we all hate to see the work cost so much more than at first calculated, but American pluck and pride is behind the project and now it is bound to go through."

* * *

WHILE Senator Platt stood reverently listening to the chaplain's invocation, he was handed the dispatch announcing the election of his successor. The senator from New York has been a strong figure in national history, and has proved himself a stoic and philosopher. Reading the telegram, he said quietly:

"I have had my day. Its turbulences and its trials have left their mark, to be sure, but now that I am old enough to quit, I realize that one younger than I should take my place. Mr. Root will make a great senator. He is well qualified; he has the strength, the learning, the experience in governmental affairs to represent adequately the great Empire State."

Senator Platt has had very fair health; he says that he eats and sleeps well, though for years past he has suffered from attacks of neuritis which have impeded his walking. He has been prominent in public life during a great era of national history, wherein the nation has advanced by leaps and bounds, and the expansion of material wealth and national supremacy has been phenomenal. In a quiet talk at the Arlington, the ex-senator was heard to say with an animated, happy expression: "Ah, it has been a life worth living."

* * *

SPOKEN in a breath, here is a sentiment from J. P. Morgan: "Any man who is a bear on the future of this country will go broke." It is said that this statement was handed to Mr. Morgan by his father, who considered it a maxim which might be made the foundation of a successful career.

Perhaps it is Mr. Morgan's unfailing optimism, despite panics and reverses, that has made and kept him the wizard financier of "The Giant City." Like his father, he evidently believes that while it is a good thing to get one's own affairs in order, it is never, never a good thing to discount the future of his country. There may be dark and cloudy days, when uncertainty weeds out the over-confident, but great enterprises will go on, as the virile life of the nation arises stronger than ever from each strain.

SIGNAL courtesies were paid Honorable Henry M. Teller, the retiring senator from Colorado, by the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, previous to his departure for his home in Central City, the distinguished body of Masons holding a reception in honor of the veteran Senator at its headquarters at the temple in Washington. The halls and stairways of the building were handsomely decorated, and an orchestra furnished delightful music. The affair was not confined to the Masonic fraternity, but hundreds of men and women, prominent in social circles, and many congressmen, attended the function. A floral tribute from the Colorado consistory testified to the esteem entertained for their Grand Inspector General by the Masons of high degree of his adopted state.

SENATOR T. E. BURTON OF OHIO

* * *

IT is not generally known that the ways and means committee began work on the new tariff bill more than a year before the last election. Work was done in a scientific manner; information was collected from all departments as to the status of each article named. The amount of imports; the amount owing duty; the cost of production, and all other details were so carefully looked up that the work moved more rapidly than ever before on a tariff measure. Immense volumes of information and data have been collected, and the book-recording hearings, consisting of nearly seven thousand pages, were sent to the executive office at the White House as a memorandum of the progress of the work.

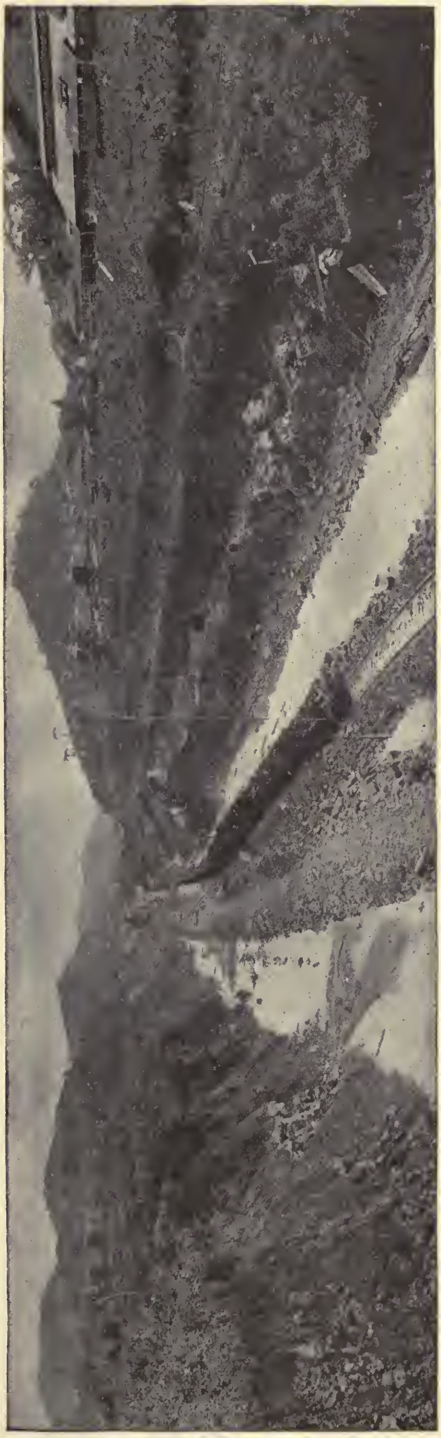
* * *

EARLY in the session, there is always a brief period of informal gaiety in social life at Washington. At that time calls are made because people want to see each other and really become acquainted; the visits partake of the heartiness of old-fashioned hospitality without the stiffness of society functions. When once the formal season begins, there is a rigid adherence to precedent and form.

An innovation at the White House was a reception given to the diplomatic corps before Congress convened, and while in nowise a state occasion, it had something of executive dignity, though it had all the cordial hospitality for which the White House is noted. New members had an opportunity to become acquainted with the presidential mansion before those more formal occasions, when guests wear "company manners" and feel obliged to roll off a foreign phrase now and then. Festivity has always been a feature of Washington life, since the days of the brilliant Madison administration, when Dolly Madison understood just how to smooth out diplomatic ruffles by the magic of a good dinner—old South-side Madeira, a charming hostess and pleasant company.

* * *

VERY suggestive is the story of the New Jersey man who felt that he had at last invented a process for manufacturing eggs. He experimented until he discovered the component parts of a natural egg—the milk, fibrin, phosphorus and all the rest—and hastened to secure them. Then he announced to the druggist whom he patronized for his chemicals that all he needed now to insure success was cold weather, when eggs would sell for fifty and sixty cents a dozen. December saw the looked-for period arrive, and the inventor's new copper kettle was set over the flame of the kitchen gas range; the mixture was placed in it and the scientist proceeded to operate with a blow-pipe. The fibrin, the phosphorus and the rest of the chemicals stood it as long as they could and then ex-



ONE OF THE RECENT VIEWS OF CULEBRA CUT IN THE PANAMA CANAL

pressed their feelings in a mighty explosion—the neighbors sought their cellars, while the glass in windows and doors fell in splinters.

Discussing his failure with the druggist and other friends, among them Congressman Gardner of New Jersey, the puzzled alchemist said for the tenth time:

''Perhaps I forgot to include some essential in my formula."

''Yes," said Mr. Gardner, dryly, ''you did forget something."

''And do you know what it was?" eagerly queried the experimenter.

''I certainly do," said the Congressman.

''Tell me, tell me what it is and fortune will be assured to us both."

''A hen, just a common, ordinary hen," replied the Congressman from Egg Harbor, unfeelingly.

* * *

IN one of those moments after the day's work on the "house floor" was over, I heard a story in one of the committee rooms under the terrace—"the cave of the gods." The narrator told how Ben Franklin was the compiler of a prayer book which has recently been found. Published in 1773, it is bound in handsome morocco leather and has a richly tooled border. It is an abridgment of the form of prayers used in the church of England. Franklin worked on the book while in that country, confining his attention chiefly to the catechism and the prose version of the psalms. In a letter concerning the prayer book, he says:

"The catechism I abridged by keeping only two questions: 'What is your duty to your neighbor?' and 'What is your duty toward God?' The psalms I abridged by leaving out repetitions and imprecations, which seemed not to suit the good Christian doctrine of doing good to our enemies."

Franklin goes on to report that the book was "never much noticed"; notwithstanding the neglect of former generations, when the American revision of the prayer book was made, after the Revolution, it was observed by students that some of Franklin's abridgments were utilized.

Just then the janitor outside was heard wrestling with a four-foot desk, trying to get it through a three and three-quarter door; sounds very like imprecations were wafted to us through the open air. One congressman peeped out and said:

"You had better study the abridgments in the Ben Franklin prayer book!"

"Abridgments! I'd like to find more words and a short way of saying what I feel," said the mover man, nursing a pinched finger.

* * *

WEARING a fur-lined overcoat, Governor Johnson entered the White House to pay his respects to President Roosevelt, and invite him to accept the presidential chair of the University of Minnesota; bystanders remarked that "the most likely candidate for the Democratic nomination for 1912 has just passed."

There was a genial greeting between the two men, and they soon fell into conversation, in the course of which Governor Johnson insisted that he never could exactly understand what President Roosevelt meant by the resounding syllables of "conservation of the resources of the nation." He said:

"I take it to mean that we will cease to waste, and it is for the engineers of the country to point out how this may be done, rather than for the congressmen."

The Governor also said that he would urge the establishing of a State bureau to supervise the work of conservation, such economy being primarily a matter of state rather than federal consideration.

The Governor has the manner of a country editor and is evidently in close touch and sympathy with the people. The son of a washerwoman, he has made marvelous use of his opportunities and has won the plaudits which the American people are always ready to bestow upon a self-made man.

* * *

AS I sat in the sleeping car the other day, I was chatting with a man who had such an unusually good vocabulary that in every sentence he uttered he used some word that is rarely heard. His fluency and gift of varied language interested me, and bethought me he certainly had a rare line of samples in words. Making bold to inquire how he happened to use so many terms in conversation that I had never heard of before, and how it was he seemed to be so very up-to-date in that particular, he divulged his secret without any hesitation—asking if I was from Missouri.

"Every day I get hold of one new word, and then all day I make a point of introducing it into every possible sentence until it is firmly fixed in my memory, and then it has become a substantial addition to my vocabulary."

He expatiated at some length—in elegant language of course—on the merits and simplicity of this method of acquiring new words. George, the porter, was lingering near, earnestly brushing the same seat about fifteen times over. Finally his feelings overcame him and he broke forth as follows:

"Well, sah, I be'n a long time porter on dis yer Pullman, an' I tried all kinds o' words all my life to get dese Yankees to pay der quarta' for good service. I used to try 't'ank you' and 'much oblige', but it didn't work. Now I'm a-goin to look up somethin' new, sah. So I tried 'gracia, merci dam,' and de cuss done slap me, sah."

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BOSTON MS

CONGRESSMAN GARDNER
Of Massachusetts

The master of the English tongue admitted he had sometimes found in traveling that people became suspicious at his unusual flow of language, and that in the far West he had several times been taken for a learned Boston gentleman and frequently for a "confidence man"; so it appeared that even this advantage had its drawback.

EMBASSIES and LEGATIONS

referred to in the
"Bureau of American
Republics," by Director
John Barrett, in the
"Story of a Great Nation"

The Story of a Great Nation

THE NATION'S GREAT LIBRARY

By HERBERT PUTNAM

Librarian of Congress

THE activities of the federal government, of which these articles treat, are conventionally classified as legislative, executive and judicial; but within the executive there is a sub-classification necessary to distinguish those activities which are purely administrative or regulative from those which are scientific. The main field of the scientific bureaus of the government is the laboratory.

Photo by Bachrach

HERBERT PUTNAM

But not only the laboratory, for in so far as it depends upon the study of nature, it requires also the museum, and in so far as it depends upon the recorded observations, it depends greatly upon the library. The museum furnishes to it an accumulation of objects indicative of the products of nature. The library furnishes not only the *record* of man's study of nature and its processes, but also the record and expression of man himself. Both museum and library are necessary to government scientific work. A library, however, is in addition necessary to all the other work of the government.

These needs are practically recognized by our government in the National Museum and the National Library. There is, indeed, no institution bearing by law precisely this title, but there is an institution which performs the function, although still carrying the title under which it was established—Library of Congress. When the library moved from the Capitol twelve years ago, it ceased to be a library merely legislative; it now undertakes all the functions undertaken by any of the national libraries abroad, together with many others that other national libraries do not find practicable. It is, for instance, a *library of record;* as such, seeking to secure and preserve the fullest possible evidence of the literary activities of the United States. Its ability to do this is superior to that of any other library, from the fact that for over one-half a century it has received, without cost,

DR. A. R. SPOFFORD
Late Chief Assistant Librarian, Library of Congress

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, WASHINGTON

copies, not merely of books, but of other articles (maps, prints, etc.) deposited to perfect copyright; and since 1870, it has been itself the office of copyright for this country. It is not indeed, as many people assume, thereby assured a copy of every book *currently published*, because the requirement extends only to books copyrighted within the United States, and many books currently issued are not entered for copyright here, even if published here, while, of course, there remains outside a great mass of publications currently issued in other countries.

The Library of Congress includes the Law Library for our highest judicial tribunal —the Supreme Court of the United States.

It recognizes still its duty to serve Congress in the freest, promptest and most ample way in connection with subjects under discussion there, as well as to serve individual members in their particular and individual investigations. It renders this service not merely by the answers to particular questions and the issue of particular books, but by compiling lists indicating the best authorities upon subjects under discussion in, or likely to be dealt with, by Congress.

To the executive departments of the government it renders a constant service, which has also had to become a varied one in proportion as the United States has become a "world power" and the Federal administration has included the administration of distant and alien peoples and involved novel and complicated international relations.

Each scientific bureau of the government maintains a special collection of books necessary as laboratory tools for its scientific experts. These collections are so considerable that their aggregate (a million and one-half volumes) equals that of the printed books and pamphlets in the Library of Congress itself. But no such collection completely suffices for the investigations undertaken, and from every such laboratory there has to be incessant recourse to the great general collection which is in the Library of Congress. Upon the ampler funds of this library also the scientific bureaus must depend for the acquisition of monumental and fundamental works, whose cost puts them beyond the means of the bureaus themselves.

If, however, one were to attempt to visualize all that should be embraced within our term "national library," one should include besides the Library of Congress—the great central library—this score and one-half bureau libraries; an entire system.

Since, however, I am to describe particularly the Library of Congress, I shall use the term "national library" in its narrower sense as applied particularly to it. Now, being national and not merely federal or governmental, the service of the library does not end with the service to the government. It extends to the community at large, but with stipulations and limitations, which are kept quite distinct.

It is not a library for the more general reader, except as, subject to the convenience of the investigator, such a reader is permitted to use its material upon the premises. Even less is it a library for the education or cultivation of the young. The service to the general reader and to the young through the issue of instructive or recreative books in the domain of general literature is left to libraries of a different sort—the academic libraries and the municipal reference and lending libraries. Only when it comes to the student somewhat more mature is the National Library concerned. Nor is it primarily to aid one pursuing studies merely for his own personal instruction or cultivation. It is a library of research; but research calculated to advance the boundaries of knowledge, and thus to benefit the community as a whole, not merely to satisfy the interest or pleasure of an individual.

* * *

To the aid of research of the former class, however, it bends its resources vigorously and without cavil. It of course welcomes the investigator to the direct use of its collections, providing for him not merely conveniences unexcelled in any other library, but a freedom of access unparalleled in any other research library. The investigators who take advantage of its opportunities are numerous, including especially members of the faculties of various institutions of learning in this country and abroad, who utilize their vacation periods for a tour of investigation to Washington. But the library does not stop with these. Any book in its collections required for serious research may be borrowed by an investigator at a distance. There are certain stipulations: the book must not be one which it is the duty of the local library to supply; it must be a book which can at the moment be spared from Washington; the application must be made through the local library—the loan is in form made to that library, and the expense of transportation is borne by the borrower; but the essential thing is accomplished—the investigator gets his book, and perhaps it may be a book without which his conclusions would be impossible, or his investigations absolutely blocked. Under this policy the library is sending volumes all over the United States, from Maine to California, from Minnesota to Texas.

The disposition to aid is one thing, the ability may be a far other one. Were the National Library today in its collections and equipment merely the Library of Congress of twenty years ago, the most amiable disposition might accomplish little; for then the collections, while quite considerable, were undigested and were the result in part merely of copyright, in part of sporadic purchases from meager funds, which never exceeded $10,000 per year; in no case were they the result of systematic purchase. They formed also, not a library in the modern organic sense of that term, but rather an undigested mass—a mass whose contents were recorded in a slip catalogue, but this imperfect, and only under authors.

Today the collections comprise nearly two and one-half million items—one and one-half million printed books and pamphlets, and nearly one million other articles (manuscripts, maps, prints and music)—by all means the largest collection on the Western hemisphere and perhaps the third largest in the world. They are increasing at the rate of about 70,000 books and pamphlets and 50,000 other articles yearly. The resources for their increase include still copyright; international exchange (of official publications with foreign governments); miscellaneous accessions through various other government departments and bureaus and with other institutions, including the results of exchange by the Smithsonian Institution with other academies and institutions; and $108,000 a year towards the actual purchase of material. With these resources it may not compete with private collectors whose purses know no bottom, nor with certain endowed institutions (like the Lenox and the Carter Brown) able to concentrate large funds within special areas; nor to catch up with institutions like the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale, whose collections represent the accumulations of centuries and include material that will never again come into the market—but it can and will develop here collections that will advance the opportunities for American investigators

MAIN READING ROOM IN LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

in every branch of science which has a literature, whether its literature be book, map, print, music, or in the case of American history (for I am using science in the larger sense) manuscript originals. Manuscripts already in institutions the Library cannot hope to acquire; but where it cannot get the document in its original form, it may get the substance of it in a reproduction, and in the case of manuscripts abroad relating to American history, it is doing so in transcript, and where necessary, in facsimile. It is pursuing the same course with music, where the only existing score is not published or not procurable commercially, but exists only in manuscript, and under special restriction against commercial exploitation. Permission to reproduce such is obtainable by the library as representing the United States government and a scientific purpose, where it would be refused to an individual, or possibly to an ordinary institution; and would certainly be refused for any commercial purpose.

In general it is thus the substance rather than the form which the Library of Congress is at present emphasizing in the development of its collections; and, in selecting for present emphasis one field or department of literature rather than another, it considers the resulting advantage to American scholarship in general. It avoids for instance, for the present, large expenditures in departments already well represented in other American libraries, and feels on the other hand justification in a considerable expenditure within a special field, from the fact that this field is one within which other American libraries have as yet done little. It regards itself in every way as complementing them rather than paralleling them, and it certainly does not propose to substitute itself for them.

* * *

This present choice of specialties does not mean that it does not propose ultimately to become a library of general scope or that its own field is less than *all* literature. It means merely that in its present purchases it is considering the convenience of the present generation. In the case, therefore, of a department of literature in which there may be serious investigation of importance for which the resources of other American libraries are defective, it does not hesitate to make an effort in this field, even though it be one outside of the course of its routine development and far outside the needs of Congress, or the immediate needs of the government generally. An example of this policy was its acquisition of the great Judin collection (some 80,000 volumes) of Russian material—an acquisition which, although in major part a gift, ranked as a purchase.

Apart from a few such collections, the special strength of the library at present is in Americana, society publications, other serial publications, official documents, history, law, and political and social science; but the library includes four departments of a size and significance unparalleled in any other American library. These are manuscripts, maps, music and prints.

The manuscript collections (which include great masses of material,—the papers of the Continental Congress, and of Washington, Madison, Jefferson, etc., transferred from the State Department, together with various other collections, the result of gift as well as of purchase) are now indispensable to the student of American history in search of sources. The total number of pieces in the collections cannot be stated with precision, but may be guessed from the fact that a single small group includes some 25,000 pieces.

The map collection is one of the largest in the world, exceeding 100,000 maps in sheet form, together with an extraordinary collection of atlases.

The collection of music exceeds one-half million pieces of music in sheet form, together with thousands of volumes of bound scores as well as general literature. The development of this collection under expert advice during the past six years has made one of the famous collections of the world. It includes, for instance, over 1,000 scores of modern operas, and, by recent acquisition, over 12,000 opera texts. Its aim, like that of the other collections, is to aid serious research. It has sought, therefore, always the full orchestral scores of any orchestral composition rather than a piano or other merely popular arrangement.

The collection of prints, numbering over 200,000 items, although in bulk composed largely of the cheaper forms of reproduction, such as lithographs, photographs, etc., includes thousands of pieces representing the more exquisite processes of engraving and etching. Most of these latter have come by gift, and others represent loans.

* * *

Now, the opportunity to make its collections serviceable may take various forms; the simplest form is of course the direct issue of a book, print or map to the reader coming to consult it. But in the case of a collection so nearly comprehensive in scope, there is another service of high importance that can be rendered without the issue of a book. This consists of bibliographies—that is to say, lists of existing material on a given subject—compiled from an examination of the collections. Such lists in varying degrees of fulness and accuracy are of course compiled by most libraries, but their fulness depends upon the completeness (approximate completeness—an absolutely complete collection does not exist) of their collections; and their accuracy depends upon the scholarship and bibliographic knowledge of the men who undertake them, for the work requires experts. This library, with the collections, and including a bibliographical apparatus upon which no pain or expense is spared, has also the experts. And it is issuing lists which, while quite full, are even more serviceable in being "select"—that is to say, discriminating. These lists, distributed without charge to other libraries and institutions as well as to Congress, help to save them the expense of undertaking such work independently. They may be had by individuals at the nominal cost (five to fifteen cents each) of paper and press work.

Such lists anticipate inquiry and deal with it in a general way. The library is, however, hospitable to particular inquiry, and is glad, within its abilities, to deal with this in a particular way. Such inquiries come to it as to other libraries in the direct appeal of resident readers and investigators, but they come to it also as they are not apt to to other libraries, by letter, from all over the country and from other lands. This is natural from the fact of its prominence and the advertisement of its resources, which has been constant in connection with the splendor of its building, but also because it is the national library maintained at the general expense, with therefore an assumed duty to the entire country. From ten to fifteen thousand letters a year bring to it requests for information, in the main, of course, for bibliographic information; that is to say, information as to the authorities upon a given subject; but many also are addressed to it, in the first instance, because the writers are ignorant of the proper source of information or are shy of addressing it directly. Both classes of inquiry the library tries to answer, but it is only the former as to which, of course, it feels a particular duty as a library. And as to this it has necessarily to draw a line; it can indicate sources of information, but it cannot undertake to do the actual research. Even with these limitations, however, its possession of great collections and a corps (in a sense a "faculty") of experts enables it to render a service of moment, the dimension and significance of which are enlarging very rapidly.

It is thus in bibliographical matters becoming a sort of bureau of information; but back of all this service as a bureau of information, it is rendering a national service of a different sort—a service of interest to libraries. For it is a central cataloguing bureau. It has become so from a combination of opportunities which is unique: it is the largest collection on this hemisphere; it is increasing more rapidly than any other library; it gets immediately upon publication and without cost the current publications that are entered under the copyright law; it is buying largely; it has a large force of cataloguers whose work is accepted as authoritative even by libraries punctilious as to their own catalogue; it has a printing office of its own within the building efficient in reducing to print the products of its cataloguing work, and it has a duty to the entire country. A book received by it is catalogued for its own uses. To multiply copies of the catalogue cards produced is a merely mechanical matter. It does multiply them beyond its own needs: first, to supply certain libraries (about a score and a half besides the governmental libraries) with a complete exhibit of its own resources, in a depository set of the cards furnished without charge; and second, to supply at cost a copy or copies of any cards desired by other libraries or by individuals to save themselves the expense of the most costly part of the process involved—that is to say, the work of the expert cataloguer and the work of the compositor. For four cents, a library can buy five copies of such cards—enough, that is to say, to provide for the "author entry" and the "subject entries" in the case of the average book. The cost of producing such a card independently might be forty or fifty cents. The libraries now subscribing to cards exceed 1,000 in number, and the saving to them as against doing the work independently would probably exceed $100,000 a year; this in the cards that they are now currently purchasing, but the dimension of the work is increasing steadily. It differs from any other such system of centralization that has been attempted on a large scale, in the fact that it involves no obligation to purchase the entire series of cards issued, but leaves free to the subscriber to select as he chooses. In this way, it interests the town or village library and the great municipal and research libraries.

Most accounts of the Library begin with

the building. In this statement I have purposely refrained from doing so, because, after all, the library proper, the organism itself, is the thing, and the building is merely the shell or habitation. Nevertheless, as this new building (completed in 1897) in itself not merely emphasized and promoted, but rendered possible the development of the library from a Library of Congress to a National Library—the building in this case signifies to a degree paralleled by few others. Particular description of it is no longer necessary, for it has been widely exploited. In relation however to its service, with which these statements deal, the points that may be recalled are that it is not merely a sumptuous building, striking as an architectural monument, but a spacious one—in fact, the largest library building in the world, covering nearly three and one-half acres of land and including over eight acres of floor space. Also, that in its arrangement it is a convenient building, well adapted to the uses to which it is being put; and that it has now equipment and apparatus especially competent to meet numerous and specialized needs. For its collections, the building will of course never be finally adequate; no library building is, and already a book stack is in process of erection in one of the interior court yards which will add 900,000 volumes to its shelving capacity, already nearly 2,000,000. But for readers (of whom it can accommodate 1,000 at a time) and for administration, its capacity will be ample for an indefinite time to come.

In comparing it, therefore, with the national libraries of other countries, while we have to admit that its collections offer and can offer far less of distinction, we can emphatically claim for them utility, and a provision for rendering them serviceable in divers ways far superior to that of any library abroad.

To one interested in administration its organization is very suggestive, for this is elaborate, including, besides the divisions concerned with general administration, the purchasing and receiving division (technically called the order division); classification and cataloguing division; the various reading rooms, including the periodical reading room and the reading room for the blind; and the various special divisions devoted to documents, law, manuscripts, maps, music, prints, and the Smithsonian Deposit (society publications). There is an amply equipped printing office with five linotype machines, and a bindery,—these two both branches of the government printing office, having a personnel of over ninety employes — and there is the Copyright Office. The work of this latter has an important and varied interest; but as it is a work distinct from the ordinary service and function of the library as a library, it is not treated here. The routine of the office is administered under the Register of Copyrights, who is appointed by the Librarian, and the office is under the general supervision of the Librarian, but as a rule matters come up to the latter only on appeal. The connection with the office important to the library consists in the privilege of the library to draw on the deposits under the copyright law for material for its collections, a privilege resulting in important accessions not merely of books, but of maps, music, and prints.

The total number of employes in the library proper is now about 235, in the copyright office, 70; in the bindery and printing office, 90, and in the force (under the Superintendent of the Building and Grounds) which takes care of the building and grounds, 127; an aggregate of over 500 persons having some relation to the care or administration.

The total annual expenditure on account of the library now exceeds three-quarters of a million dollars, but this includes $202,000 which is an allotment for printing and binding (that is—leave to have such work done at the government printing office or the library branch), from twenty-five to forty thousand for furniture and $108,000 for the increase of the collections (both of these permanent improvements) and about $100,000 for the copyright office and the card section, which is offset by fees covered into the treasury. A considerable portion of the remainder (apart from the cost of maintaining the building and grounds, which is necessarily considerable owing to their size and the nicety of the attention which they demand) is chargeable to the work of cataloguing accumulated material brought over from the Capitol, which constitutes an arrears; so that the total sum expended for what would be called administration proper (including maintenance of the reading rooms and the service to readers) would be but a mere fraction of the total.

WORK OF THE WEATHER BUREAU

By WILLIS L. MOORE, LL.D., D.Sc.

Chief of United States Weather Bureau

XX—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

THERE is, perhaps, no branch of the government service better known to the public than the Weather Bureau. This is doubtless due to the character of the work, which has always been both popular in its nature and practical in its application to everyday needs. An advantage also lies in the fact that the weather is too intimately connected with every phase of human activity not to be of perennial interest.

In its investigations the Bureau finds it necessary to compass the past, present and future. Its collected records furnish the history of past weather conditions for all portions of the country, and form the basis for definite climatic statements regarding any particular region. Its daily observations serve current agricultural and commercial needs, answer the query of the traveler, and satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the average citizen. Its forecasts and warnings speak with considerable assurance of tomorrow's weather, and often, but in more general terms, of the probable conditions for several days in advance; and the hope is not altogether unfounded that rational methods may yet be employed whereby the outlook will be extended several weeks ahead.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

WILLIS L. MOORE

Provisions for the national support of this service were first made in 1870, at which time Congress outlined the duties and assigned their performance to the Signal Service. Twenty years later the meteorological work was transferred to the Weather Bureau, where it has since remained. In the act of transfer the duties are thus summarized:

"The chief of the Weather Bureau shall have charge of forecasting the weather; the issue of storm warnings; the display of weather and flood signals for the benefit of agriculture, commerce and navigation; the gauging and reporting of rivers; the maintenance and operation of seacoast telegraph lines and the collection and transmission of marine intelligence for the benefit of commerce and navigation; the reporting of temperature and rainfall conditions for the cotton interests; the display of frost and cold wave signals; the distribution of meteorological information in the interest of agriculture and commerce, and the taking of such meteorological observations as may be necessary to establish and record the climatic conditions of the United States, or as are essential for the proper execution of the foregoing duties."

In the years following, these duties have been enlarged rather than decreased. The carrying out of such a program requires ample funds and properly trained men. The present annual appropriation for expenses is somewhat more than a million and a half dollars, and a regular corps of more than fifteen hundred men is employed.

Appointments to the Bureau are made through competitive examination. The Bureau itself holds subsequent examinations, all advancement being made on a basis of relative merit. Among the grades are: observers, section directors, forecasters, chiefs of divisions and professors. There are also the chief of the Bureau and the assistant chief, and, at the central office at Washington, a large clerical force engaged in various duties. Outside of these are the cotton region observers, corn and wheat region observers, river observers, special rainfall observers and storm warning display men, receiving small salaries, and four thousand co-operative observers who make observations of temperature, rainfall, etc., and receive the publications of the Bureau in lieu of other compensation. These special and co-operative observers increase the total to more than six thousand.

Nearly two hundred regular weather bureau stations are maintained in the United States. They are to be found in all parts of the country, although their distribution is largely determined by the importance of the interests to be served; that is, practically every large city has one and they are necessarily more numerous along the seacoast and the Great Lakes than elsewhere.

These stations are fully equipped with meteorological instruments for obtaining continuous weather records. They also act as collectors and distributors of weather data of all kinds, serving local interests and the country at large through the issue of maps, bulletins, and other weather reports, and by furnishing weather information to the newspapers. Twice daily they telegraph detailed weather data to the central office at Washington and to other stations, for use in the preparation of the weather maps and bulletins and in forecasting.

In addition to these the central office at Washington receives telegraphic reports morning and evening from stations in Canada and Mexico. Daily cable reports are also received from points in Europe, Asia and elsewhere throughout the northern hemisphere, these, of course, being much fewer in number. During the hurricane season observations are also telegraphed from stations along the South American coast and in the West Indies, so that no tropical storm can form in those regions without being detected.

These observations are charted on weather maps, and lines of pressure and temperature are drawn. As these lines are completed, those of pressure in particular are found to have marked off distinct areas, each of which has its characteristic weather features. Where the pressure is high, clear and cool weather is the usual accompaniment; where it is low, warm weather, cloudiness and rain are the rule; and if very low, high winds or gales usually prevail. These areas have certain more or less definite movements across the country, and each carries with it its own kind of weather. The forecaster now attempts to determine in what direction and how far these areas will move in a given time, and to what extent their existing features will be modified during that period. His forecasts are based on the assumptions thus made, and are successful to the degree in which he has accurately estimated the atmospheric forces at work.

Other weather bureau stations receive similar telegraphic reports, but generally less complete in number than at Washington. In the forecast service for the United States the country is divided into nine districts, with centers at Boston, New York, Washington, Louisville, New Orleans, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, and Portland (Oregon). Local forecasts are also made at many of the other regular weather bureau stations throughout the country.

The climatological work of the Bureau consists in the collection and publication of miscellaneous meteorological data in permanent form. The records thus procured are much used by travelers, health seekers, real estate firms, civil engineers, railroad companies, and many others. Each state has its climatological center, to which the small co-operative stations already mentioned send their observations. These records are then compiled, charted, and discussed, and the results published in weekly, monthly and annual reports. The reports for the entire United States are similarly treated at the central office, and issued in monthly, annual and special publications. Of the central office reports, the "Monthly Weather Review" and the "Annual Report of the Chief of the

Bureau" are the most important of the regular publications, while the "Climatology of the United States" is a fine example of the more valuable special compilations.

Considering the magnitude of the interests involved, the River and Flood Service ranks next to the forecast work. It is, in fact, a branch of forecast work, and that, too, of a kind admitting of more exactness than will, perhaps, ever be possible in temperature and rainfall predictions. A notable instance in proof of this occurred during a severe flood in the Mississippi River some years ago, when the highest stage at New Orleans was accurately forecast within a fraction of a foot, as well as within a few hours of its occurrence. This service now covers practically all of the navigable streams of the United States, and not only provides for daily reports of the river readings at important points, but undertakes to predict low water stages and flood stages as well.

The marine service of the Bureau is engaged in the work of obtaining meteorological reports from the great water surfaces of the globe. It furnishes suitable reporting forms to all vessels that it can reach, and these make regular entries during the voyage, noting the latitude, longitude and time with each observation. On reaching a port, the captain hands the record to the United States Consul or other proper representative of this country, who forwards it to the Bureau. These reports are compiled and charted as received. All of the meteorological data published in the pilot charts of the Hydrographic Office, United States Navy, are furnished by the Weather Bureau.

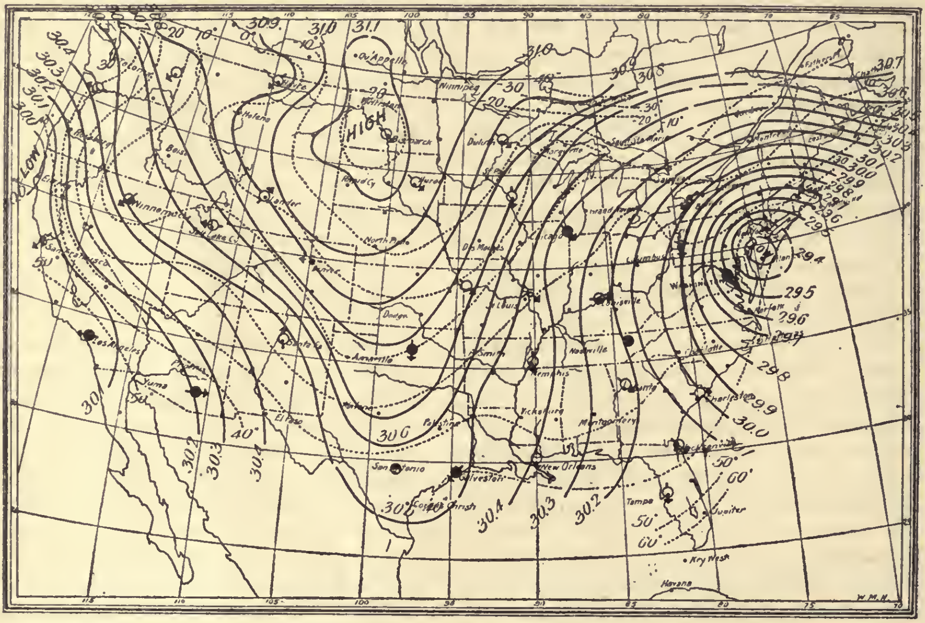
The cotton region and the corn and wheat region services have already been referred to. These are under the supervision of selected centers in the sections devoted to the production of these great staples. During the period of growth, daily reports of temperature and rainfall are obtained from stations well distributed throughout the corn, wheat and cotton raising states, and are published for the benefit of individuals, firms and commercial organizations interested in such information. In addition to this, the entire country is represented in the reports contained in the National Weekly Weather Bulletin, which is issued at Washington from April to October, the period of general crop growth in the United States. A snow and ice bulletin is published during the winter months, showing on its chart the area covered by snow at the end of each week, and in its table giving the thickness of ice in lakes and streams.

New work already begun in the Western states deserves special mention. The great irrigation projects in the semi-arid regions call for more rainfall and snowfall data than have heretofore been obtained. To meet this need, the Bureau has planned the establishment of a large number of stations in the high mountain regions—the true source of the water supply that is to fill the great artificial reservoirs—for the purpose of determining the actual rainfall and snowfall received in these remote and often almost inaccessible districts. The problem of evaporation in semi-arid portions of the West also awaits solution. The formation of the so-called Salton Sea in Southern California affords a most favorable opportunity for evaporation studies, and plans have already been made to carry out these investigations there. In both lines of work valuable results are looked for.

In the Instrument Division the Bureau has its own mechanical experts, whose ingenuity has thus far met all demands for meteorological apparatus. Thermometers, barometers, sunshine recorders, instruments for cloud observations, evaporation measures, apparatus in compact bulk for securing records in kite and balloon flights, and self-recording instruments for wind, rain and snow, have been constructed in new or special forms from time to time, as the nature of the particular investigations has required.

While, as already stated, the practical and popular work of the Bureau receives first consideration, the more abstruse problems of the atmosphere are not being neglected. The establishment of a special research observatory at Mount Weather, Virginia, by the Weather Bureau, has given marked impetus to higher phases of meteorological study in this country, and the researches now being conducted are already yielding valuable results. The investigation of conditions in the upper air by means of kites and balloons carrying meteorological instruments has disclosed many facts of importance in connection with the general atmospheric circulation that could not have been predicted from observations made at the same time at the surface of the earth, and the knowledge thus gained has, on a number of occasions, been applied with success to the forecasting of weather conditions on the Atlantic Coast. Studies are also being made at the observatory of the terrestrial magnetism, the intensity and amount of solar radiation, and other subtle influences at work in the earth and sun, whose more or less intimate relation to weather phenomena has for a number of years been believed in, or at least suspected, by the leading meteorologists of the world.

The active life of the writer has been identified with the Weather Bureau, which he entered in a subordinate capacity thirty-two years ago. He has been the official head of the Bureau for the past fourteen years, and is a firm believer in the Bureau as a factor in the development of the country. The research observatory at Mount Weather, in particular, is a project dear to his heart, and he is devoting his best effort to making it an ideal institution of its character.



AN EXPLANATION OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER MAPS

The data on the United States Weather Maps are from observations taken at the stations represented thereon at eight A. M., seventy-fifth meridian time. The maps are issued daily at 105 weather bureau stations. They are in printed form at twenty-five of the large stations and by duplicating process at eighty other stations. The map herewith shows four of the current elements of the weather, *viz.*: state of weather, direction of wind, barometric pressure and the temperature. The continuous or solid lines, called isobars, are drawn through points having the same barometric or atmospheric pressure, a line being drawn for each one-tenth of an inch in the height of the barometer, at sea-level. The dotted lines, called isotherms, are for temperature of the air, in the shade, and are drawn through points having the same temperature, a line being drawn for each ten degrees of temperature. The state of the weather is indicated by the symbols, *i. e.*, open center, clear; half black, partly cloudy; black, cloudy; R, rain; S, snow. The direction of the wind is indicated by the arrow, which flies with the wind. The word "Low" indicates the center of a general storm or disturbance, and is placed at the center of the areas of low barometric pressure, and the centers of the areas of high pressure are indicated by the word "HIGH." The former are accompanied by unsettled and stormy weather, while the latter are attended by fair and clear weather. These "lows" and "highs" move across the country from west to east with considerable regularity. By noting the rate of movement and the accompanying weather conditions of the "lows" and the "highs," the weather and the temperature at a given point to the eastward can be forecast with a fair degree of accuracy. In connection with the maps, as issued by the Weather Bureau, are tabular data, giving details of maximum and minimum temperatures and twenty-four-hour temperature changes, current and maximum wind velocities in miles per hour, and the amounts, if any, of precipitation in the past twenty-four hours. There is also text matter briefly discussing the special meteorological features as shown by the isobars, isotherms and the symbols.—*J. W. Smith, New England Forecaster.*

STORY OF THE PAPER-MAIL BAG

By A. L. LAWSHE

Third Assistant Postmaster General

XXI—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

UNDER the Third Assistant Postmaster General are grouped those phases of the postal service which relate, with particular reference to the revenues, to the internal business of the post offices, such as the manufacture, issue and sale of stamps, stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, postal cards; the redemption of stamped stock from postmasters; the registry system; the money order system; the classification of the mails, including rates of postage and the franking privilege; the fiscal system, covering the deposit and control of the revenues; the payments by warrant of accounts settled by the Auditor, and the keeping of the accounts involved; relating to revenues, expenditures and appropriations.

Few people have an adequate conception of the volume of the postal business annually transacted, or of its marvelous increase, which is here given by decades:

YEAR	NUMBER OF OFFICES	REVENUES	EXPENDITURES
1790	75	$ 37,935	$ 32,140
1800	903	280,804	213,934
1810	2,300	551,684	495,969
1820	4,500	1,111,927	1,160,926
1830	8,450	1,850,583	1,932,708
1840	13,468	4,543,522	4,718,236
1850	18,417	5,499,984	5,212,953
1860	28,498	8,518,067	19,170,610
1870	28,492	19,772,221	23,998,837
1880	42,989	33,315,479	36,542,804
1890	62,401	60,882,098	66,259,548
1900	76,688	102,354,579	107,740,267

The postal receipts for 1908 were $191,478, 663, with expenditures of $208,351,886. The postal business more than doubled itself during the past ten years.

There has been a decrease in the number of post offices since 1900 on account of the increase in rural delivery, which, during less than fifteen years, has grown from a few experimental routes, involving an expenditure of less than $10,000 in one year, to 39,143 routes, involving an expenditure last year of $34,355,209.

The deficit of the last fiscal year of $16,910,278.99 is the largest in the history of the Post Office Department. The increase in the revenues of the fiscal year 1907 over those of the fiscal year 1906 was $15,652,222.62, or 9.32 per cent., while the fiscal year 1908 showed an increase in receipts over 1907 of only $7,893,657.84, or 4.29 per cent. The increases authorized by the Congress in the rate of pay to rural carriers, post office clerks, railway mail clerks, etc., for the fiscal year 1908 over the fiscal year 1907 amounted to $9,891,321.92. Without these increases in salaries the deficit would have been but $326,925.60 more than the previous year. If the usual percentage of increase in receipts had been maintained, the revenue in 1908 would have exceeded that in 1907 by $17,110,122.51. This sum, added to the total revenue of 1907, would have amounted to $200,695,128.08, which represents the revenue the department would probably have secured but for the intervening financial depression. With these receipts there would have been a deficit of $7,656,758.07, but without the increases in salaries named below, there would have been a surplus of receipts over expenditures of $2,234,563.85.

The efficiency of the postal service is not to be gauged by the size of the deficiency, or rather by its smallness. The Post Office Department is the only branch of the government which *earns* any appreciable part of its expenditures. In this respect it is least indigent of all of the executive departments. Were the department credited at postage value with all of the service it renders free to other branches of the government, it would have a snug balance to its credit each year, even though it were charged with reasonable rental for postoffice quarters, including equipment, in government buildings under the control of the Treasury Department.

A recent writer in a prominent periodical, devoted to manufacturing and shipping interests, states that "a dozen eggs can be shipped from Chicago to Baltimore, a thousand miles, for less than the United States charges for carrying a single letter," and that "a leading railroad, such as the Chesapeake and Ohio, must haul a ton of coal more than three miles to earn one cent," and that "these interesting facts throw a flood of light, when rightly considered, upon the transportation interests of the country. People who hold up the working of the Post Office Department as an illustration of government efficiency as against individual work," says this shipping journal, "should contrast the difference between carrying a dozen eggs a thousand miles for less than two cents, while a single letter carried any distance, whether it be one mile or a thousand, must pay two cents."

GENERAL ABRAHAM LAWSHE
Third Assistant Postmaster General

The illustration or contrast drawn by this periodical is neither fair nor logical.

Suppose the company transporting the eggs at two cents per dozen were required to deliver each particular egg to widely divergent points, for instance, to the extremes where domestic postage rates apply, like Fairbanks, Alaska; Manila, Philippine Islands; New Orleans, Louisiana; Augusta, Maine; San Francisco, California; Key West, Florida; Winnipeg, Manitoba, etc., what would be the rate on each egg, or each dozen of eggs?

Suppose the ton of coal were required to be delivered in separate lumps weighing but one ounce each, to widely divergent points within our postal territory, each lump being carried an average of 687 miles, as is the case with merchandise carried in the mails, what would be the price per ounce or ton?

Mail matter is not handled like coal or eggs. It is not the bulk weight and long haul of mail matter which are costly. It is the delivery to addresses at widely divergent points of the small number of individually addressed pieces to one destination which costs. In the majority of instances each piece would soon be separated from the pieces which formed the original bulk, although other pieces from other sources might be assembled therewith and arrive at the same destination. This method of treatment—this assembling and reassembling, transferring, and re-transferirng—involves a multiplicity of handling which is entirely absent with respect to the ton of coal or the dozen of eggs. The vast volume of free business the post office is required to do contributes very considerably to all elements of cost.

The report covering the special weighings of the mails for the six months from July 1 to December 31, 1907, furnishes statistics upon which to base calculations approximately accurate as to the revenue which would have accrued to the Post Office Department for the fiscal year 1908 if postage at the usual rates had been paid on all matter carried free.

In the table which follows, the volume of second-class matter, newspapers and periodicals, delivered free in the county of publication is considered at the statutory rate of one cent per pound, and the departmental penalty matter and congressional franked matter is rated as sealed or first-class matter, which it ordinarily is, at the average rate per pound derived from first-class matter of $0.8753.

CLASS OF MATTER	ESTIMATED WEIGHT	ESTIMATED POSTAGE
Second-class matter.....	$53,156,094	$ 531,560.94
Franked matter	4,555,634	3,987,546.44
Penalty matter, not including postal service..	18,644,010	16,362,131.95
Total	76,355,738	$20,881,239.33

The Post Office Department, in addition to the foregoing, carried for itself and for the postal service 24,683,924 pounds of mail matter usually first class, having a postal value when so rated of $21,662,808.68.

Based on the estimated cost of handling and transporting second-class mail matter of eight and two-thirds cents per pound, the Post Office Department during the year 1908 gave to the people, through the publishers of newspapers and periodicals entered as second-class matter, approximately $57,000,000 in uncompensated service, this amount being the cost of handling and transporting 746,567,161 pounds of second-class matter over and above the direct revenue derived therefrom.

Photo by National Press Association

LARGEST FLAG IN THE UNITED STATES
It hangs in the court of the post office at Washington

The chief revenues of the Post Office Department are derived from sales of stamps, stamped envelopes, postal cards, and so forth.

Uncle Sam's postage stamps are manufactured by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington; the stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers are made under departmental supervision, under contract, by a private corporation whose factory is located at Dayton, Ohio, while his postal cards are made under similar conditions at Rumford, Maine. From these points distribution is made to post offices throughout the country upon requisition of postmasters duly approved by the Department.

Postage-stamped paper issued during the year aggregated $176,974,190.24, an increase of $3,967,713.97 over 1907. The total number of pieces of stamped paper was 9,772,059,664, an increase of 440,140,609; books of stamps, 18,213,310, an increase of 526,510. That the issue of postage stamps will cross the ten-billion mark during the fiscal year 1909 is confidently anticipated.

The total profit on the stamp books issued in 1908 over the stamp value amounted to $131,181.54.

The issue of stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers of all varieties during 1908 was 1,266,002,559. Of these 843,116,084, or 66.59 per cent., were what are known as "special-request" envelopes, bearing printed return cards, and 422,886,475 envelopes and wrappers, or 33.41 per cent., were unprinted.

The gross selling value of stamped envelopes and wrappers issued was $25,416,344.54, and the postage value was $23,743,563.68, leaving $1,672,780.86 to defray cost of manufacture and distribution. The contract cost of manufacture was $1,058,197.95, leaving $614,582.91 to defray the cost of distribution. There were issued last year 809,426,750 one and two cent postal cards, having a postage value of $8,276,727.

The constant increase in the postal money order transactions bespeaks the continued and growing favor in which the system is held by the public. During the fiscal year 1908 there were 64,864,570 domestic money orders issued, amounting to $498,699,637.49, or $19,049,294.85 more than in the previous year. For the issue of these domestic money orders there were exacted fees amounting to $3,949,001.88, an increase in this item of $143,642.47 over 1907.

International money orders to the number of 3,711,640, amounting to $88,972,388.31, were issued, representing an increase of $4,891,677.25 in amount over 1907. There were received in fees for the issue of these orders $754,884.69, or $27,644.36 more than in 1907.

In conducting its large money order business with foreign countries, the United States

LAWRENCE Public Library

Photo by National Press Association

RETURNING DIVISION OF THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE AT WASHINGTON

is constantly the debtor in considerable sums to most of the countries of Europe, and also to Japan and Newfoundland, while the British colonies as well as Canada, Cuba, the Philippine Islands, the Canal Zone and the Central and South American states are generally debtors to this country. Payment of balances due on money-order account are in the main made by means of bills of exchange drawn on financial centers such as London, Paris, Berlin, New York, etc.

In liquidating its indebtedness to foreign countries the Department purchased exchange from banking houses in New York City, New York, during the year amounting to $73,312,143.55. This exchange was usually bought at advantageous rates with the result that $324,244.03 was gained thereby.

The amount of domestic money orders paid and repaid last year was $494,971,500.

The amount of domestic and international money orders issued, paid and repaid amounted to over a thousand million dollars and the total losses to the Department in handling this vast volume of business was but $18,088.

The volume of the postal business—collections and disbursements—amounted in round figures to $420,000,000, and the total losses amounted to but $37,056. Is there any other business enterprise in the country which can show as good a record for efficiency and fidelity?

During the fiscal year 1908 there were transmitted through the mails 40,151,797 pieces of registered mail matter, domestic and foreign, paid and free. The fees on the paid matter at eight cents per piece amounted to $2,889,912. The money and money values sent in the registered mails by the Post Office and Treasury Departments alone amounted to $2,340,975,045.

The results of the special weighings of the mail under authority of the Congress, for the period from July 1, 1907, to December 31, 1907, in all post offices and railway cars, tabulation of which was but recently completed, show the average hauls of mail matter to be: first-class matter 507 miles; second-class matter 610 miles; third-class matter 672 miles, and fourth-class matter 687 miles.

The average haul of daily newspapers is

291 miles; of weekly and other newspapers 558 miles; of magazines 1,049 miles, and of miscellaneous periodicals 1,128 miles.

Most of our weekly newspapers are situated in the smaller centers and circulate very largely within the county in which located. As the average haul of free county mailings was seven miles, the country weekly greatly reduces the average weekly newspaper haul.

Daily newspapers furnish a little over forty per cent. of the second-class mail. Weekly and other newspapers furnish a little over fifteen per cent. The periodicals, including the monthly magazines, scientific, educational, religious, trade and other journals, furnish the remaining forty-five per cent. of the whole.

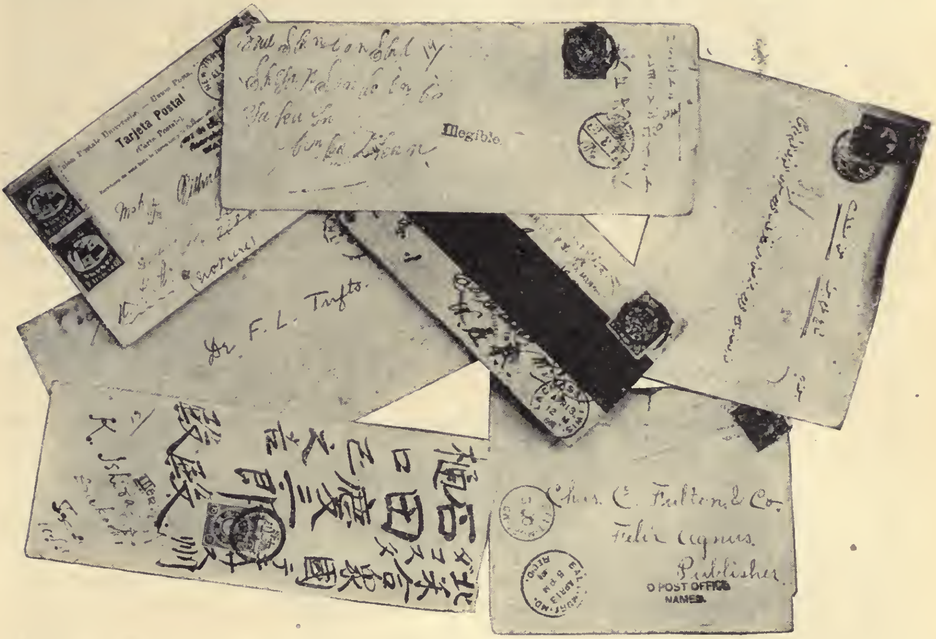


Photo by National Press Association

A FEW OF THE LETTERS THAT FIND THEIR WAY INTO THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE

The one addressed to "Felix Agnus, Publisher," was intended for General Felix Agnus, of the Baltimore American. A story could be written about each of the letters in this picture

The same compilation of statistics separates mail matter and the revenue derived therefrom into the following proportions, compared with the total weight of mail carried and the total revenue derived therefrom:

FIRST-CLASS (WRITTEN AND SEALED) MAIL MATTER:	
Per cent. of weight	12.81
Per cent. of revenue	75.74
SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER (NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS):	
Per cent. of weight	63.91
Per cent. of revenue	5.19
THIRD-CLASS MAIL MATTER (OTHER PRINTED MATTER):	
Per cent of weight	14.61
Per cent. of revenue	14.63
FOURTH-CLASS MAIL MATTER (MERCHANDISE):	
Per cent. of weight	4.79
Per cent. of revenue	4.44
CONGRESSIONAL FRANKED MATTER (MATTER SENT FREE OF POSTAGE BY SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES):	
Per cent. of weight	.37
No revenue.	

Our postal service is neither slow, costly nor inefficient when the real work it does is taken into consideration. A private corporation, paying smaller salaries under more exacting conditions, might do the work cheaper, but it would not do it so well. The private corporation would extend and expend its energies in directions which would bring certain profits.

Under private management postage rates would be revised to change the conditions revealed in the foregoing statement, but the revision would be in the interest of the corporation, not in the interest of the people.

Under government supervision our mail service goes everywhere in the wide world where there is a written language, regardless of whether there is a profit or a loss involved, and therein lies its efficiency and real value.

THE AMERICAN CONSUL: HIS WORK

By WINSLOW HALL

XXII—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

IN the following concrete views of American consular officers at work, it has been found impossible to confine them strictly to the matter submitted by each in answer to the requests of the NATIONAL. Most of the answers deal chiefly with the personal history of the incumbent, which is interesting, and of general statements of the duties of a consul, which have already been fully set forth in the previous article. Our correspondents will, therefore, not feel slighted if some very complete and carefully prepared statements are considerably condensed in publication.

The Azores, a group of islands lying to the northwest of the Straits of Gibraltar, have long been an important center of maritime rendezvous, and somewhat of naval and political importance. The group, which covers over 600 sea miles from northwest to southeast, includes five large islands—St. Michael's, Terceira, San Jorge, Fayal and Flores—and several smaller islets, which, previous to the time of the voyage of Columbus, were the Western limit of practical navigation. Beyond the sunset horizon, as seen from the peaks of the most westerly islet, were watery regions unknown or dimly limned in ancient fable and superstition. The Hesperides still existed in the dreams of classical enthusiasts, and a mirage of lands in the West was reported over the wine-cup by more than one awed and yet exultant fisherman or peasant.

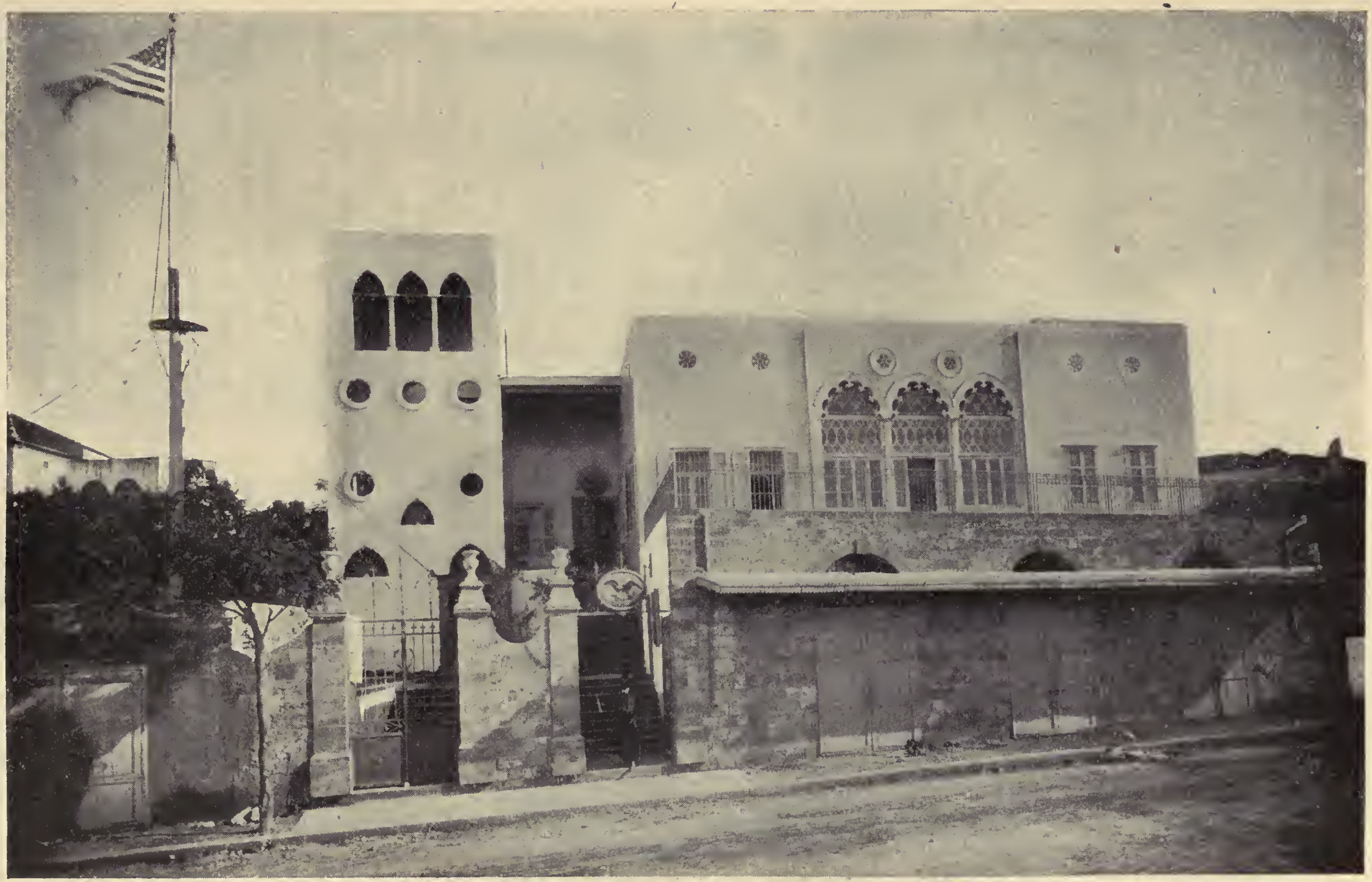
Irving's wonderful tale of "The Adelantado of the Seven Cities" will suggest to many readers a pleasant variant of this ancient Portuguese tradition; but to most mariners dreadful, indeed, was the fate that awaited the bark, storm-driven and doomed into the Western ocean, gloomy with heavy fogs and even Stygian darkness; peopled by obscene harpies, monstrous water-dragons and legions of lost mariners and evil spirits of the sea, here swept by infernal storms, and there cursed with utter calm and decay. Into such a sea, many of the sailors of Columbus deemed that he sailed to his death when he left behind him the last peak of the Azores, melting away into the golden haze of the seas that they had sailed and loved.

And since their day the Azores have been the first land-fall for vessels sailing eastward from the America they discovered, and the last European port of call for ships bound westward to the New World. A rendezvous from the great whale fishery which once swept the surrounding waters and visited the islands for orders and supplies, and for naval squadrons and cruisers of every nation; and a health and pleasure resort, which, with every year, attracts an increasing number of tourists.

Mr. John Franklin Jewell, born in 1874, an Illinoisian bachelor in the prime of life, a graduate of Michigan University, class of 1896, admitted to the bar of Michigan and Illinois, member of the American Society of International Law, and appointed Consul at Martinique (French), West Indies, June 9, 1902, was appointed Consul at St. Michael's, Azores, June 22, 1906, having his own office at Ponta Delgada, and consular agents or Vice-Consuls at Terceira, San Jorge, Fayal and Flores.

"Here," he says, "perhaps arise as many diversified complications of the question of citizenship as in any other foreign country. There is no treaty between the United States and Portugal defining the status of former Portuguese subjects, who have become naturalized American citizens; yet many of these citizens return to the Azores and require the services of the American Consul to enable them to establish their nationality while there and when about to depart to the country of their adoption. There are about 3,000 persons at all times in this district claiming American citizenship, and their present status involves questions of fact and law often difficult to determine, as the facts vary in almost every case.

"Those holding Department of State



THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AT BEIRUT, SYRIA

passports must have them visé by the Consul, and it becomes necessary for him to issue 'emergency passports' to those who might suffer hardship or serious inconvenience if obliged to await the arrival of a passport from Washington. Of the eleven American consular districts which are allowed to issue 'emergency passports,' there are few which require a greater number than the Azores. Before visiting this district, a Department of State passport should be obtained, as it is the most effective document in establishing nationality and will often save embarrassment and great inconvenience. * * *

Photo by Harris & Ewing

G. BIE RAVNDAL
American Consul General at Beirut, Syria

"Ponta Delgada, the capital of St. Michael's, and seat of the consulate, is a coaling, repairing and provisioning station, as well as an important port of refuge, having an excellent artificial harbor. Much of the Mediterranean traffic and of the commerce that passes through the Suez Canal make this their last port of call when bound to the United States and other American ports.

"The Consul, besides reporting regularly to Washington the sanitary condition of the port and surrounding country, as a protection to the health of our seaports, must also issue to all vessels clearing for the United States a 'bill of health,' describing the sanitary condition of the port, the vessel, crew, passengers and cargo. His aid in the enforcement of the United States immigration laws at this point is just now an important factor."

The Azores are justly celebrated for their mild climate, beautiful scenery and wealth of flower and bird life. The sportsman, fisherman, botanist, naturalist and photographer find here a great variety of amusement and study. The islands have been held by some to be a part of the mountain ranges of that lost "Atlantis" which Solon learned of the Egyptian priests was destroyed by volcano and earthquake and the engulfing sea in one night and day. There is little in the line of prehistoric remains to attract the antiquarian, but the traveler who seeks beautiful islets lying amid summer seas, will come into his own if he visits the Azores, where hundreds and thousands of Americans have already experienced the official courtesy and zeal of Consul Jewell.

* * *

Singularly like the Azores in their situation as regards the adjoining continent are the Bermudas, or ancient "Sommers Islands," the "still-vexed Bermoothes" of Shakespeare's "Tempest." Lying about 600 miles east by north from Cape Hatteras, the little group is underlain with a white granular limestone which reappears in sands and highways of too brilliant white under the rays of an almost tropical summer sun, and in strong contrast to the reddish superficial soil, which contrasts most effectively with the trees, water, skies, flowers, and structures of this charming archipelago.

The Honorable Maxwell Greene, United States Consul for the past ten years in Bermuda, spent many years in Chile, where he might have remained until now, had he not on one of his visits home met the lady who is now his wife. She preferred to live in North America, where the ancestors of both had lived for many generations. The Greenes have numbered many distinguished soldiers and sailors, but his earlier ancestors were Quakers and saw the Revolution sweep away their carefully built up business.

Mr. Greene, in his official life in Bermuda,

A HOSPITAL AT BEIRUT, SYRIA

has had duties to perform of the most varying character. He has letters from all parts of America acknowledging with hearty thanks his kindness to distressed countrymen, above and beyond what his duties as Consul require. America, like other maritime nations, is generous to its shipwrecked sailors, but sometimes a wrecked ship has meant a captain's wife in distress and, in one instance, at least, some children as well, whose little all had gone down 200 miles from Bermuda. Rescued by a British "tramp," they landed at St. George's absolutely destitute. This case, and liberal contributions received in aid of it from his countrymen, inspired Mr. Greene to inaugurate a fund, which he now keeps ready for such emergencies, making such additions to it from time to time as the goodwill of American visitors enables him to do.

There are, however, American citizens who require "consular assistance" in quite another way, and Mr. Greene has been called in to settle disputes as to wages, explain misunderstandings at stores, and hire residences, all of which he does with the greatest goodwill. He has even received letters from British tradesmen who, apparently in ignorance that Bermuda is an integral part of the Dominions of King Edward VII, write to the "British Consul, Bermuda." These letters are often sent to Mr. Greene as the head of the consular department here, and he replies to them with great courtesy, not forgetting to correct their faulty geography at the same time, for Mr. Greene loves a little bit of pleasantry.

There are also exacting Americans who murmur in effect: "If our Consul can't find us a reasonable laundress, give us a good time generally, and introduce us at Admiralty House and Government House, what on earth is the use of him?" These, however, are few and far between, and the yearly increasing number of Americans that visit Bermuda entertain the pleasantest memories of their genial representative.

The Consular Building, over which the Stars and Stripes bravely floats, consists of two large rooms, built on the ample lines of most old Colonial buildings and retaining something of old-world dignity in their atmosphere, which loses nothing by the courteous manner of the United States Consul.

Here, again, is the Stars and Stripes as well as fine portraits of the President, General Washington, and Admiral Dewey; solid old-fashioned furniture, including a great bookcase containing many volumes of colonial and maritime law. Mr. Greene's office overlooks the busy wharf where the boats that are Bermuda's main link with the outside world lie, to take in and discharge cargo and passengers. It is very accessible and cool, and of a grateful dimness in the hot days, such as comforts the Consul's visitors, stumbling up the wide steps, half-blinded by the glare outside.

Many and interesting are the stories of Mr. Greene's ten years' experiences, but the most interesting, he says, were the visits of Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) and Admiral Sampson of the United States Navy. The latter took place when Sir John Fisher, now First Lord of the Admiralty, was in Bermuda, and his enthusiastic admiration for the gallant American sailor conveyed itself to the English garrison and navy here at the time. Admiral Sampson received a land-salute of twenty-one guns from the fort—an unprecedented honor. He was feted all over the island; balls were given in his honor; an enormous reception was held at which over a thousand people were introduced to him; in fact, the gaiety was so unceasing and widely participated in, as to quite justify the English Admiral's concluding remark: "Now that Sampson's going, we shall all go—to bed."

Mr. Greene, as might be expected, takes an active part in the social events in Bermuda. He is more often host than guest, and the graceful hospitalities of his house are dispensed by Mrs. Greene, whose interest in everything relating to her official home has made her as popular as her husband with both visitors and residents.

Mr. Greene has a high ideal of the standard required of the official representatives of his country, conscientiously follows it himself and is intensely patriotic. His pretty house is celebrated for the fervor of its Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday celebrations. And it is owing in a great degree to the good feeling existing between the United States representative and the people of Bermuda, that on these dates the English and American flags float side by side all over the islands.

Among the products of Bermuda shipped to the United States garden truck largely figures, and a specialty is made of the growth of the bulbs of the beautiful Easter lily, so largely in demand throughout the United States.

Consul General Charles Denby took over charge at Shanghai, China, in 1907, having previously spent much of his earlier life as a business man and diplomat at Peking and Tientsin. His father, Colonel Charles Denby, was envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Peking for over thirteen years, and the son, after graduating at Princeton College, joined his father's legation as second secretary in 1885; became Secretary of Legation in 1893, and during 1894 and again in 1895, was temporarily head of the American Legation as *charge d'affaires*. Resigning in 1897, he joined the firm of Arnhold, Karberg & Company, Tientsin, of which he was a partner until 1905. He was appointed Secretary of the Provisional Government of Tientsin in 1900, after its capture by the allied armies, and acted until the Chinese government was restored to power. During this period he organized four successful industrial companies in Northern China, and in the cause of Chinese education was one of the directors of Peking University, one of the greatest missionary colleges in China. From 1897 until 1905, when he returned to the United States, he was the foreign adviser to Viceroy Yuan Shih-Kai of the province of Chihli, the most intelligent and progressive of Chinese rulers.

He was chief clerk of the Department of State at Washington from 1905 to 1907, when he was appointed Consul General at Shanghai, a post regarded as the most profitable and socially desirable in the Empire.

On his arrival, Mr. Denby found the affairs of the office in disorder, and was obliged to exercise the greatest tact and energy to remedy the mistakes and neglect of his predecessors. Ever mindful of his responsibilities as the representative of the United States government at the commercial capital and center of foreign interests in China, he occupied an attractive villa in the residential part of the city, which, unlike his foreign fellow-consuls, he must pay for out of his own salary. Here, when off duty, he receives from day to day the prominent men of affairs, high Chinese officials, foreign consular officers, naval and army officers and many transient visitors from other lands. Mr. Denby is an ideal host, and his control of the Chinese and other languages and keen insight into the trend of thought of the Oriental mind give him great influence with the people most directly affected by his official and social intercourse.

His immediate sphere of official activity, Shanghai, chief commercial and financial metropolis of China, for natives and foreigners alike, really comprises three distinct municipalities: the native city of about 400,000 Chinese, under entirely Chinese jurisdiction, with which the foreigner has little to do; the French concession, administered by a local elective council, controlled by the veto power of the French Consul General; and the Anglo-American, or International settlement, an amalgamation of the early British and American concessions, administered by a local, elective council, under the control of the consular body of Shanghai. This third division—the Shanghai of history, trade, diplomacy and fiction—has a foreign population of about 15,000 and a Chinese populace of something like 500,000, the population of all three divisions aggregating about a million souls. The foreign trade in 1905 aggregated $250,000,000, of which the United States took one-seventh of the exports, and furnished one-fifth of the imports, which business it is the chief end of this consulate to increase in volume and variety. But the peculiar and complex municipal authority of the consular body of Shanghai, the extra-territorial judicial duties devolving upon the incumbent, and the semi-diplomatic character of functions thrust upon him by the needs of a consular district of from 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 people,

1571 Luzern - Kapellbrücke und Wasserturm

HISTORIC OLD WOODEN BRIDGE AND WATER TOWER AT LUCERNE make the burdens of this post greater and more peculiar than in almost any country or section.

Under the treaty of Nanking, August 29, 1842, British, American and French concessions were established within the walled city of Shanghai, but in 1863, at the suggestion of the American Consul General, the British and American concessions were merged in "The Foreign Community North of the Yang King Pang," which became the residential and business section of all foreign consular and business representatives except those of the French nation. Great Britain, Japan, the United States and Germany furnish the bulk of the population in the order named. The Municipal Council of nine members has hitherto consisted of seven English, one American and one German councillor. The Consul General is never a member, but with the other Consuls and Consuls General of the Consular Body of Shanghai, summons the meeting of the ratepayers, controls the action of the Council when necessary, and stands between the municipality and the Chinese authorities, much as the Senate acts in relation to the House of Representatives.

AMERICAN CONSULAR GUARD
Beirut, Syria

Three Consuls, usually English, German and American, constitute the Court of Consuls, the only court in which suits can be brought against the Municipal Council. The mixed court, in which civil and criminal cases are brought between or against natives, is, in the former case, tried by a Chinese magistrate. Where foreigners are interested, some subordinate representative of the Consul General sits with the Chinese magistrate as assessor, but the Consul General is often called in to solve knotty questions, or to expedite the "law's delay," which, in China, is peculiarly dilatory and exasperating.

Until the establishment of the United States court in China in 1906, the Consul General was the only judicial officer in his consular district where American citizens were involved. He has been relieved of much labor, but must still try all civil causes involving $500 or less, and all criminal complaints where the punishment cannot exceed $100 fine, or sixty days' imprisonment, or both. It may be imagined that with many American vessels in port, and constant accessions of loose fish from the Philippines and other Pacific islands, the average police court is often more sparsely filled than its consular contemporary in Shanghai. Inquests on deceased Americans are another semi-judicial function that cannot always be avoided, and often requires extended and complicated researches and correspondence.

Land registration of lots held on long-term leases from the Chinese owners requires a title-deed in triplicate, one each for the lessor and lessee, and a third to be filed with the Consul General. Speculation in real estate has been profitable, and the transfers have aggregated several million of taels.

Each transfer means a new deed, issued, sent to the Chinese authorities for their sanction, notification to the municipal office, and a remeasurement of the lot, which, as there are hundreds of creeks and canals, is always changing a little, resulting in constant disputes and much correspondence.

The registration of American trade-marks as some protection against the wholesale piracy of American inventions and publications which has hitherto obtained, has afforded considerable protection and entailed much additional labor on Consular officers.

During 1907, one hundred and twenty Chinese, or Section Seventy-one, certificates were issued by Consul General Denby to Chinese students and merchants wishing to visit the United States. The possession of such certificates is the only "open door" into the dominions of Uncle Sam, and they are issued only after the most thorough and searching investigation. The eagerness of many Chinese to enter the United States is only exceeded by their perseverance and the subtlety and resource which they exhibit in attempting to secure a certificate.

Of the 1,800 or more American residents in the Shanghai settlement and district, probably 1,500 filled out registration papers during the year 1908. This is not obligatory, but the department has furnished blanks and record books, and encourages the registration of citizens of the United States, as distinct from Filipinos and Hawaiian Mongolians who are quasi-American citizens.

The protection of some 500 Americans engaged in the work of the missions in Shanghai and its contiguous zone of influence, often living alone among the natives and never in large groups, is a constant source of care and more or less apprehension. In peaceful days this means little more than the arbitration of land disputes and similar services, but one can never tell when some local quarrel or excitement may become a riot, diverted from the original cause to the destruction of mission property and the expulsion of the hated foreigner. Minor losses can usually be settled with the local officials, but frequently the case is referred by the Consul General to the legations at Peking, to be settled with the Chinese Foreign Office.

The unique positions of the Western nations in China, each possessing a more or less clearly defined "sphere of influence," and each pursuing its long-entertained "Eastern policy" with more or less vigor, makes it necessary for the Consul General to study and report upon the local and national political situation in his district and keep the legations and home offices informed of any new developments.

The Shanghai Consulate is expected to keep in view the conservation of the navigation of the Huangpu River, the regular payment by the Chinese government of the Boxer indemnity instalments, and the transmission to the Department of State of the acknowledgment of the bank of such payment and the hoped-for reform of China's obsolete monetary system, and measures of weight and capacity.

The Empire of China, like all other parts of the world, is responding to the general spirit of progress and new needs and desires which, once felt by a people, must be satisfied. Whether there will be an increase of general and peaceful activity and diplomacy, or the conservatism of centuries will yield only after internal convulsions or foreign wars, only future years will determine.

Certainly, so far as the United States is concerned, China need fear neither force nor guile, and will find her consulates ever imbued with a desire to act justly and as becomes the representatives of the great republic.

At Hong Kong, the business and financial centre of South China, Consul General Amos P. Wilder, appointed from Wisconsin and a graduate of Yale, brings to his important duties a thorough command of the Chinese tongue and newspaper training. His duties, in most respects, parallel those of Consul General Denby at Shanghai, but the commerce of Hong Kong vies with that of London, or Liverpool, and over 10,000 American invoices passed through the Consulates in 1907, adding at least $25,000 in fees to the United States Treasury. His Vice and Deputy Consul General is Stuart J. Fuller, a graduate of the consular course of Wisconsin University.

Jacob E. Conner, American consul at Saigon, French Cochin-China, thus writes:

"Life in the Oriental tropics might be regarded by a lazy man as affording an unbroken round of pleasure. Here in Saigon, for instance, the climate being thoroughly tropical, at less than ten degrees from the equator, is sufficient excuse for working as little as possible, and a man doesn't need to apologize for being as lazy as he likes. Here, too, the bread fruit hangs on the trees in the streets, the bananas are growing in his back yard, a new bunch getting ripe every week, mangoes, mangosteens, lychees, pomeloes, durians, loong gans, carambolas, pineapples, oranges, etc., are in the market and can be gathered off the trees out in the country. If he doesn't care to exert himself to gather them, he can send his 'boy' or his coolie, or buy all he wants for a few cents. Meanwhile he lies on his back under the punkah, which another coolie swings to and fro all day long for the consideration of ten or fifteen cents, while the fragrance of the frangipanni or the ylang-ylang is wafted through the bamboo window shades, and he gazes to his heart's content upon the nodding lotus blossoms.

"But he recalls that he must go down town. 'Boy,' he shouts, and his valet appears. 'Catch me pousse-pousse. Allez!' The boy vanishes, but soon returns and says, 'Have got.' What the French call 'pousse-pousse,' the natives call 'tse-kas,' and everybody else calls it a rickshaw. And the rickshaws of Saigon would be a luxury if they were not so cheap. They have pneumatic tires, which you don't find in Japan, nor all along the China coast, though they do say that Shanghai, which is supposed to take the lead in everything, is beginning to introduce them. The Saigonnais coolies do not pull on the ends of the shafts as the Japanese do, but hitch on as far back as possible, next to the vehicle. Aside from the sight and odor of perspiration this method has its advantages, for the coolie is within convenient reach of your foot if you wish to give directions in that way.

"The rickshaw has its advantages over the street car. It takes you right to the spot where you are going, and you don't have to get off at the corner and walk a block. Walking is intolerable in Saigon. It has its advantages over the carriage, for you have no unruly horses to look out for. Your horse picks his own way carefully through a crowded street and can help you find your destination if you can speak his language. It has its advantages over the automobile, for it costs only twelve and a half cents an hour, while the auto usually costs as much as you can stand.

"Every white man in Saigon must have a 'boy,' sometimes two or three. This is essential to his social standing—almost to his self-respect. And a 'boy'—the French never say garcon here—is really a necessity, when it comes to taking care of a clean, white suit or two for every day in the week, and keeping the moth and the mould from consuming the heavier clothes you wore in colder regions. Besides, he saves so many extra steps in the capacity of messenger, a great desideratum in this thick, muggy climate, where your clothes stick tight to you and your breath comes short upon very slight exertion. Besides the boy, if you run your own establishment, you have a coolie and a cook, and as many helpers as you are willing to be bothered with.

"The American colony in Saigon consists of the American consul. If there is any satisfaction in being the solitary representative of the mighty Yankee nation in a city of 200,000 (counting Cholon), he has it all. It would be wrong, however, to wholly neglect his 'boy,' the faithful Cheng, who takes a genuine delight in hoisting the Stars and Stripes over the consulate, his coolie, the man of all work, and that most indispensable part of the household, the cook—all three of whom are Chinese. He loses half the pleasure of life in Saigon by being too poor to have an auto, for the roads are French roads, that is to say, perfect.

"Besides the American colony in Saigon, there are about a dozen English and Scotch, thirty Germans, a sprinkling of Swiss, Austrians, Dutch and others, six thousand French, including the army, and a heterogeneous mixture of Annamites, Chinese, Cambodians, Malays, Hindus, Chettys and half-castes of every conceivable variety. In numbers the Annamites are far in the lead with 32,000, for they are the natives here, and the Chinese follow with about half that number. The white, yellow, black and brown races touch elbows here in this human menagerie —a 'white' city in an Oriental setting, the 'Paris of the Orient.' This it is in spite of the fact that the 'whites' are but a handful.

"The country is far from being overpopulated. One pictures an Oriental community usually as swarming with people, but it is not so here. And why—the country is exceedingly fertile and can nourish many times the number it now supports? Ah, but the plague, the terrible bubonic plague, and the still more terrible Asiatic cholera, to say nothing of smallpox and various other epidemics—these are the agencies that explain it all. As you ride about the country it seems to be one great cemetery, for, Chinese fashion, the graves of ancestors are everywhere in evidence about the dwellings of the living. There is a thousand-acre graveyard—it looks to be a thousand acres—between Saigon and Cholon, which the French call Le Plain de Tombeau. Enough people have been interred there to fill all these plains, apparently, and the beginning thereof no one knows. But plague and cholera have lost their terrors in large measure, since the white man came in with his improved sanitation. Some evils he has brought, no doubt, but certain it is that life is more secure and health more precious since he assumed authority. As intimated above, the country has suffered terribly from the bubonic plague, cholera and smallpox."

It should be added to this picture of city life that Cochin-China is not a large country, having an area of about 23,000 square miles, being chiefly a plain or broad valley of moderate elevation watered by the Mekong River and bordered by wooded hill-country. Large game abounds in some sections, including the elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, leopard, deer and wild boar. The peacock, pheasant, partridge, jungle fowl, woodcock, snipe and many varieties of smaller birds abound. The principal crop is rice. Gamboge, so largely used by artists, etc., is exported.

THE POOR

THE poor are the rich. Lo, august
Out of their poverty
'Tis the roses of love for a crust
They give to you and me!

They find the grail where'er they go;
Their eyes throughout the years
Sweet chalices of pity flow
Brotherly with quick warm tears.

Uncrowned monarchs and kings of self,
'Tis their's to strive and wait
With only gracious deeds for pelf,
And toil for robes of state.

They die not. Salt of all the lands,
Forever on the cross,
The treasure in their empty hands
Makes all earth's gain seem loss!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

The Adventures of Floyd Ireson

BY H·C·GAUSS

(CONCLUDED)

CHAPTER XV

IT was the approach of the date of Ireson's probable homecoming that steeled Betty's determination to make her bargain in London, that hurried her through the delights of sightseeing, and that sent her homeward, long before her London acquaintances would have willingly released her.

It is one of the facts in evolution that mankind eternally craves the other thing, and, by inclusion, womankind, also. The fortunate possessor of healthful poverty envies the monied invalid, who would, he says, give all his comforts and things of ease for the robust health of the laborer. The puny dilettante of the pen longs for the stature and muscle that would permit him to labor at the forge, and the six-foot blacksmith thirsts to compose his brawny fingers about the writer's stylus. The scion of an honorable name has an itching for the secret things of the underworld, and the disgracefully born struggles painfully and with a seething heart to emerge into a condition of honor and the world's consideration.

In this swinging of the pendulum, Betty of doubtful birth, whose upbringing and early associations apparently marked her for what is called the life of shame, desired nothing so much as smugly respectable consideration.

She desired the position of reputable matronhood, guarded and protected by the aegis of a lawful marriage. Bohemian life, though her birthright, was as abhorrent and distasteful to her as the paths of respectability apparently are to many who are to respectability's manor born. She would pluck up drowned honor, even by the locks, and she desired to be in the new world, respectably housed and placed at such time as her lord and master might return, and add the weight of their lawfully married condition to the sum of respectability that Betty coveted.

And in the ordinary course of things there was a sufficient time before the return of the seafarer for the plan to be set in successful operation.

The voyage to Calcutta was a long, an arduous and a perilous one. The vessels were small and slow, and the conditions called for a fortitude that can hardly be exaggerated. It is true that the reign of the "bucko" mate had hardly set in, at least in Salem-owned vessels. There was a certain comradeship fore and aft, because officers and crew were generally "townies," neighbors, in many cases old playmates. The voyage partook of that mutual nature that is sometimes seen still on the smaller coasters from Maine and the provinces.

The vessels were often undermanned and underprovisioned. Sometimes for an entire voyage homeward there were short rations. But the officers shared in the shortness; it was perhaps the fact, and understood, that the merchant had risked his all in such outfitting as had been afforded, and frequently the crew had a personal interest in the voyage in the way of "ventures."

At least, there was personal interest and gratitude to be anticipated, perhaps in the way of a gratuity of money or goods, or in the way of an advancement in employment as the merchant added ships to his list, or was able to speak a good word to others.

But with all this, the story of an East Indian voyage was simply that of a plucky endurance of month after month of nightmare-like hardships. They had small, cramped, illy-ventilated quarters and an excess of salt provisions with the attendant agony of constipation and scurvy. Rheumatism, toothache, or a dozen other acute ills, which must be borne, with few means for relief, besides the perils of the sea dared in heavily loaded, poorly equipped vessels, made sea-going formidable, even before the disappearance of the element of companionship and friendliness on the heels of which came that official tyranny and abuse which turned sailing vessels into floating hells and effectually stopped the ambitions of Yankee boys for going to sea.

But Floyd Ireson was no weakling, and, indeed, was not aware that the ills he suffered were other than inevitable to seagoing. With the marvelous adaptability of the human animal, he made himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and did his duty handsomely and as an able seaman, and at last looked with wonder on the strange land to which his freight was bound.

And that land had a bitter welcome for those Argonauts who essayed its golden stores, and a variety of strange sicknesses to plague them. Floyd Ireson went ashore to wonder at the sights and sounds of the bazaars and came back stricken with an illness. They put him ashore in the English hospital at Calcutta, left such moneys as were demanded for his care, and when the vessel left, it was a reasonably sure saying that Floyd Ireson would never see Salem again.

Floyd's recovery, though a matter of a long time, was so unusual as almost to be regarded as an affront by the medical officers of the hospital and as a reflection on the proud record of mortality held by the particular disease that had attacked him. But Floyd pertinaciously declined to make one in the growing colony of foreign dead in Calcutta, and after convalescence was rewarded for his struggle by being made a trusted employe of the hospital and the supervisor of certain irresponsible native help.

Being handy and willing, he made himself extremely valuable and was made very comfortable. The smell of the East got into his nostrils and held him, and though at times a Yankee face would bring him a whiff of the cool east wind of Massachusetts Bay, and he would resolve to go home next vessel, still he loitered, and the memory of his wife became deadened in time into something like a conscience-plaguing memory and a dream, and without strength to pull him from the entanglement of comfort and association that he had allowed to grow up around him.

CHAPTER XVI

Meanwhile Betty had been setting her affairs in order handsomely, and had prepared the part to be played by her husband on his return from the sea.

Arriving in Boston imposingly gowned and met with much deference, she was installed in a fair brick house with due service and appurtenances. The wife of an English merchant-adventurer, now en voyage in the East with his own vessels, and who was eventually to set up his establishment in the province, she proved herself a most capable consort and matrimonial partner.

On the plea of seeking information which would be of value to her absent lord, she sought the presence of merchants and their confidential advisers at her home, entertained them comfortably, but not obtrusively, and in time, by degrees, and with that slow growth in confidence which is a warrant of permanence, became a factor in the social life of Boston.

Is it too much of a strain to ask belief for this which requires so much of tact, so much of diplomacy on the part of a young woman who, within a very few years, had been a barelegged, romping hoyden about the rocks of Marblehead?

Why, the sudden accession of men to wealth and position has demanded no less spectacular changes from hundreds of women under conditions even more trying, and the demand has been met, and in many instances with equally spectacular success. The setting enhances the jewel and hides many a flaw, and silk and satin have a magically refining influence as compared with plain cotton.

With a stout adherence to the original fiction, and carefully coached and advised by Blaze and the factor resident, Betty day by day strengthened her position, and by careful stages arrived at a point where certain invoices of commodities, privately sent her by her husband, the merchant adventurer, were privately offered by her in the confidence of little tete-a-tete entertainments which had come to be relished by even the more staid of the merchandising folks of the Boston water front. Certainly a remarkable adventurer, that merchant husband, with a rare capacity for getting desirable goods at excellent advantage.

And this process rapidly disposed of the balance of the three years or more in which Floyd Ireson was to have returned from the Indies, and Betty had her plan laid by which he was to come into his proper place in the great proposition. It included a course of training for Floyd of which even Betty had her doubts, while Blaze was outspoken against it.

Perhaps Blaze, who had a decided penchant for his companion-agent, had an interested motive in this, and esteemed himself an ultimate matrimonial successor, with Ireson out of the way, and he argued the wisdom of having Ireson reshipped before he could discover his wife's whereabouts and occupation. But Betty had no mind to have the top and crown of her plan demolished in any such way, and a trusty and well-instructed man was domiciled in Salem to await the homecoming and to take the wayfarer in charge.

The messenger was on the wharf as the vessel hauled into the dock, and her crew, bag on shoulder, tumbled over the side almost before the lines had been made fast. He scrutinized each sailor as he passed, but none answered the description of Ireson. When the sailors lined up in the office of the merchant who owned the vessel for a final accounting, the messenger stood discreetly in the rear, but no Floyd Ireson stepped up to affix his scrawled mark to the roll.

After the last had gone, he inquired of the merchant about the man. Floyd Ireson, it appeared, had been left in Calcutta sick with fever and was probably dead. Here was the entry in the log, and here the papers of the proper official attesting the circumstances under which the sailor had been left behind. Floyd Ireson's balance, his pay less certain charges which reduced it much, was ready for the claim of his heirs or assigns. "Would the gentleman—?"

But no, the gentleman was only inquiring, had no interest, the name had simply been mentioned to him, and so backed out of the merchant's office.

Betty sat amid the ruins of her plans, and her sorrow was real and her tears many. Yet there are many material considerations that soften the pangs of a loss by death. We conceal them, and will not admit to them, but to how many is such a loss a simplification of problems, a lessening of burdens, an opening to greater freedom, a non-admittable sense of relief, even in the first hours.

And even in her first sorrow, Betty was forced to admit that Floyd's homecoming presented difficulties that would have taxed her skill, perhaps to the point of failure, and that he would have left very much to be desired in filling the part of the merchant adventurer. And Blaze, though he proffered sympathy, palpably regarded Ireson's death as a genial dispensation, and proceeded with some cheerfulness to concert with Betty for the reception of the news of the death of the merchant adventurer.

The next mail-bearing packet brought a letter for Betty from a very distant port, in which, set out with official particularity, came the tidings of the death of Edward Honeas, husband and loving consort of the Honorable Betty Landsborough, and enclosing the last will and testament of the deceased merchant adventurer, bequeathing, in terms of respect and admiration, the entire estate in which he stood possessed and seized to his consort. With this came also a list and invoice of property from the said Edward Honeas' agent and correspondent in that far distant port, all of which skilful forgery may be taken as a further testimonial to the talents of that remarkable man, Captain Blaze.

These several documents having received the seal of probate, constituted the letters patent upon which Betty, secure in her position, lived and moved in the business circles of Boston, continuing, with the aid of correspondents established by her husband during his life, a very neat and quiet business in sundry commodities, a business which added materially to the remittances which the factor resident in Boston was able to make to that eminent personage, his London patron.

CHAPTER XVII

For very nearly a decade, bringing Ireson and Betty into the steadier course of those thirties in which men and women are said to come to years of discretion, the parted couple drifted on in this wise.

Floyd, with his impulses toward home growing less frequent, arranged life to suit him, and enjoyed a measure of consideration which he was sceptical about winning at home.

Although he had entered willingly into Betty's plans, he was more than a little doubtful, when her magnetic influence was removed, of his ability to attain and maintain the heights to which she urged him on. He often comforted and excused himself with the thought that she would get on better without him, that the stain on the name of Floyd Ireson was better borne here where no one reproached him with it, where he found official favor, and where life, in spite of the heat, was really so comfortable.

The non-strenuous standards of the "niggers" with whom he largely associated suited him, and the color, and especially in regard to good-looking representatives of the gentler sex, had ceased to find disfavor in his sight.

But Floyd had still something to do on the other side of the world, and the fates were preparing a fillip for his sluggish-grown home inclinations.

Although there was at that time no organized effort to put down piracy, the English navy, at such times as it had no other work on hand, and outrages became especially bold, kept from rusting by expeditions against the semi-organized bands of freebooters, and would sometimes carry the warfare into those refitting and resting places maintained by the pirates in out of the way corners of the world.

After one such an expedition, an English frigate returned to Calcutta with a number of dilapidated corsairs who were put into hospital to be cured for hanging. Ireson, armed with a truculent pistol and cutlass, was put in charge of the ward in which the pirates were confined, and it happened in a natural way enough that there were calls at times for "Ireson."

At such times one of the patients, who was not so out of repair but that he might reasonably expect to die his predestined death at the end of a rope, would grin as at the memory of some bygone prank, and would try to get a good look at the steward without subjecting himself to a full-face scrutiny.

As the pirates convalesced they were ironed with ball and chain, and as this particular pirate was the first about, Ireson, with some sympathy, was at pains to help him with the weight of his fetters as he moved from place to place.

"What might be your name, matey?" said the pirate one day, as Ireson was making him comfortable in the corner of the ward.

Ireson was a little nettled at the familiarity, and answered shortly, "Floyd Ireson."

"Not of Marblehead, surely?" said the pirate. Ireson jumped like a spurred horse. The story, then, had traveled to this far off place, and might be about, who knew how soon. His stomach turned with the sickness of it, and he responded roughly, "T' hell wi' ye," and would have left him.

But the pirate gripped Ireson's white coat.

"No, no, matey, I means no harm. Ye see, I think I done ye a bad turn onst, an' I'm minded t' do ye right afore I goes off. You bring a writer here, matey, an' I'll tell ye what."

And this is the statement that the Hindoo clerk fetched by Ireson set down, not as I give it here, but in a native idiomatic rendering of the pirate's idioms. Of intent and purpose that which was set down amid the Hindoo's plaintive protestations that he knew no such English as the seafaring man would have him write, was as follows:—

I, Edward Roach, mariner, being, as I believe, about to die (not as I deserves it, matey, but, ye see, bein' there—), do hereby make oath that I, being sailing master under one Captain Blaze (You mind Blaze? Ah, he was a rum 'un. Ef I had his noddle!), did, upon his command, proclaim and make oath that one, Floyd Ireson (that was you, matey, tho' I didn't know you then, no more'n Adam), did, with malice and intent, run down and sink a certain fishing vessel, so that the crew, saving myself, were brought to death. (You wusn't there that night, Ireson, wuz ye? It wuz like a play t' see them ole weemun begin ter bristle up an' swear.) And which I, Edward Roach, as aforesaid, do now declare was wholly false, and was procured by said Blaze for the purpose of having said Ireson beaten, abused, and driven from said town. (So help me God, an' that's the truth, matey, an' I wouldn't a done it ef I'd a known ye like I do now, Blaze or no Blaze.)

This being duly signed and sealed, Ireson put it away with his belongings, and at the appointed time parted with Roach, who was on his way to the gallows, with entire good will and a full pardon, and bade his sometime betrayer cheerfully to make a good end.

And having parted with his charges to death and the hangman respectively, Ireson returned to the routine of hospital work, only to find that it palled, and that his mind was full of unwonted visions of New England, and slowly stirring to thoughts of vengeance against the presumably living instigator of the plot which had made him a ten years' exile.

CHAPTER XVIII

In response to this reawakened longing for home, Ireson not long after left Calcutta. Steward and sailor, he worked his way home, and in time stood upon Salem's streets again.

With much gravity of demeanor he called upon the boarding mistress and demanded of her his wife. In reply he was regaled with a chapter devoted to the misdeeds of Mistress Ireson. Her entertainment of male company was a theme for which the woman had nothing but the most virtuously indignant of characterizations, as became a householder and churchgoer. Mrs. Ireson, she said, proved far other than she had taken her to be, and her conduct had been such that she had been compelled to order her from the house. For her present whereabouts the boarding house keeper was a decent woman and had no time to bother with cattle.

Ireson marked the woman's gabble with serious consideration, and made up his mind that she was either traducing his wife, or had had a hand in her ruin. In either case he felt himself justified in the summary course he took with his wife's former employer.

Catching her under the chin with one hand in such a manner as to shut off the scream that was already rising to her lips, he deftly swung her over his partly bent knee, pulled up her skirts, and administered a half a dozen slaps with a hand hardened almost to horn with much pulling of ropes.

That Ireson had forgotten the Caucasian fashion of female correction with a straight knock down blow, was, I fear, a token of his enslavement to the enervating habits of the effete east, but the novelty of the treatment, which made the landlady's well cushioned rocking chair anything but a haven of rest for the ensuing week, so benumbed and terrified the woman that Ireson left the house without an alarm being given. The sounds of infant castigation in various directions promised Ireson, as he reached the street, that until the good lady should recover from her surprise and give tongue, no one would suspect of anything out of the usual course and way.

Seeking to elude pursuit in the side streets and alleys, Ireson made a detour, and came to the office of the merchant in whose employ he had first sailed, and which was at some distance further down the street. There was so small an amount due him from his old wages, after all the charges had been figured out, that the merchant, without much demur, was willing to pay it for a quittance of the account. Of his wife they could tell him nothing. Some one remembered that a man, supposed to be from Boston, had made inquiries for him, and it was agreed that it was likely that she might be in that direction. It was more than broadly hinted, however, that she would be found, if found at all, under some one else's protection.

Ireson, making another detour to reach the upper portion of the town, was in considerable real trouble. He reproached himself with neglect and cruelty, with folly in having lingered in Calcutta, and with downright rascality in having left his wife without tidings. But, as he reflected on her mysterious leaving of her boarding place, and especially of her not having made sure of the sum of money due him as wages, it began to look as if another interest had come into her life, and virtuous indignation came to comfort him, and reasons to multiply why he should wreak retribution for his own shortcomings on another head.

Somewhat cheered and refreshed with the prospect of appearing before his wife in the role of an avenger rather than that of a culprit, he exchanged moneys of various coinages he had about him into quite a comfortable roll of pound notes, and, the stage for Boston having gone, he hired him a chaise and drove to the capital in style.

He arrived in Boston along toward the edge of the evening, and having delivered the horse at the place agreed upon, made his way to the waterside resorts. Here he began to make inquiries, and also fell in with certain drinks which he felt it obligatory to take in the furtherance of his search. He also met old messmates, real or pretended, and, the sense of virtuous indignation still strong upon him, got gloriously and independently drunk.

But in that stage which precedes alcoholic collapse, and when the mind loses its dominion over the foolish tongue, Ireson made much talk of and threats against Captain Blaze, naming him openly and with much objurgation, and even offered to show the end to which he proposed the captain should come.

And as it happened, in his wanderings he fell upon a place where it was not considered well that anything should come of harm to the person who bore that name. The crew of the Water Witch listened in some surprise to the bold mouthing of a name which was little more than whispered thereabouts, and someone proposed a stab with a knife and a drop into the dock.

But the sailing master of the Water Witch negatived the proposition, and taking care that Ireson should not leave the place, they so plied him with liquor that he became as drunk as the veriest boy, was relieved of his valuables and then wherried out and parbuckled aboard an Indiaman. With the morning tide she dropped down the harbor, and Floyd Ireson was once more bound Calcuttaward.

CHAPTER XIX

When Betty Landsborough was at the height of her reputation, there was no more comfortable house in all Boston.

And they lived comfortably, even the most straitlaced of the Puritans, with many creature comforts in the other days than those of their fastings, while the Church of England contingent, the official circle, lived very comfortably all of the time.

Surrounded by those excellencies of workmanship in the way of household furnishings that we have come to crave and to imitate as best we may, they ate bountifully from the natural preserves of a new country, and drank sound wines and pure liquors. If one was grim and saturnine, it was the fault of his constitution, and not for lack of means to growing round and rubicund.

In the disputes that were already growing toward the American Revolution, we read the wide distinction between the provincial society of Boston and that contingent formed by the more recent importations from England, the governor's circle, the customs house officials and the various agents and whatnots that came in their train.

On the other side were the merchants and landholders of the original settlers, already restive and panting for that freedom of trade which was a very great causative force for the Revolution when it finally came.

There was formal intercourse between the two social bodies and exchange of visits, but Betty Landsborough's was one of the few houses in the town where intercourse between the parties was without restraint and where the men, at least, met on common ground.

For Betty was not disposed to encourage the visits of the womenkind overmuch. One or two assemblies she managed in the course of the year to which wives and daughters were invited, but bad bachelors said that one of the chief comforts of Mistress Betty's was that one was not bothered with a train of misses and mistresses to be danced attendance.

Her house was better fitted for attention to the wants of the inner man than for the other observances of social life. There were immense kitchens and pantries, and a wine cellar almost big enough for an entire vintage. There was a dining room general and dining rooms individual, and the choice of a noisy company, of a sole and lonely meal, or of a tete-a-tete consultation over the best dressed food in Boston and wines that London itself might equal, but not excel.

That Betty's house was a scandal among the ladies of the Puritan and provincial faction is not a wonder, and many a staid father and merchant who enjoyed the hospitality of the house did so without mentioning the fact at home. And when a father, coming, full-stomached and content, from one of the lesser dining-rooms, met a son, a little flushed, emerging from the general refectory, there was, perhaps, a more cordial understanding effected than the family manners of the times would have otherwise brought about.

With the open support and adherence of the official element, and the secret approval of the male side of the provincial powers, Betty laughed her feminine detractors to scorn, and held a high head among them when they were brought to the decorous entertainments which Betty provided for mixed company.

But all this outlay meant the necessity for a corresponding income, and Betty's life was perforce a busy one. In one little dining room which was especially Betty's own, there was a secretary and writing materials. After dinner with this, that or the other of good and responsible merchants, Betty would draw forth certain invoices, always under the fiction of receipt from correspondents of her deceased husband, and shrewd bargains would be driven, and ackowledgments taken which disposed of the cargoes of the Water Witch as rapidly as goods could be secured or it was safe to land them.

So well did Betty succeed in her saleswomanship that Blaze's duties in this direction became a sinecure, and he was able to give his attention to business at other ports, only visiting Boston to superintend the landing of goods there destined.

Thus Blaze on his visits to Boston would embark on the Water Witch, and sailing out into the bay a sufficient distance, would receive from an incoming ship those goods which it was thought best not to land through regular channels. These were landed after dark at one of several points and stored until Betty had arranged for their disposition. Then they would be hauled overland to Boston under the names of some commonplace articles of trade and delivered to the purchasers who would redeem the acknowledgments made to Betty by depositing coin or domestic goods with the factor resident.

There was ample profit on all sides to guarantee the secrecy of the transactions, while care was taken not to overload the market, and it was quite a satisfactory round of business, with especially satisfactory remittances to the great personage in London who congratulated himself much on the success of his Boston agency.

Her importance, and her growing sense of power and independence, filled full Betty's ambition, and though she had many offers to change her widowhood into another matrimonial state, she uniformly declined to share her eminence with another consort.

Blaze, who had his part in the prosperity, was the most persistent of her suitors, and when, having made his fortune, he was ready to return to England he made a desperate attempt to have Betty join her earnings to his, and to settle down to a life of landed ease.

But she had no mind to it, and expressing her comradeship and good will, gave him a hearty shake of the hand with his dismissal, and bade him try for a younger and less independent mate.

With his departure, she made up her mind that she would have no further jointure in the work in Boston, and offered to assume the part hitherto taken by Blaze in Massachusetts Bay. During the latter's incumbency, she had at times donned masculine garb, and joined him in little recreative expeditions on the Water Witch. She decidedly preferred the freedom of masculine dress and manners, and kept up a good deal of practice in the role.

With more than a usual sense of power and sway, she stepped into Blaze's commandership, which she had often longed to assume, and no new Captain Blaze came to Boston, but on landing nights a figure in male garb stole quietly from Betty Landsborough's house, and made its way by unfrequented alleys to the wharf where the boat of the Water Witch lay.

CHAPTER XX

When Floyd Ireson awoke to the familiar ripple of water along the side of the vessel, his estate was far less important than that to which he had been accustomed as a competent steward, or a passed master of sea-craft. A miserable, drunken, shanghaied sailor, he could only expect kicks and blows at his first complaint and to be an object of suspicion and distrust. He found this readily when he dizzily worked his way aft to lay his complaint before the captain. He was promptly kicked forward again with an adjuration to turn to or get his head knocked off.

Raging and sore, he stumbled about the decks, and devoted Blaze to vengeance, and distilled from his misery an implacable hate that put much more craft and cunning into his brain than had ever been there before.

He was still in sight of Boston, for the vessel lay windbound in Nantasket roads, and Ireson furtively shook his fist toward the city and wished only that Blaze might remain until he could return.

And his return came more quickly than he expected. The master, impatient of the delay, took the first favoring wind, but it was too light and the vessel drifted with the tide current on a mud bank, and there stuck fast.

They brought a lighter down from the harbor and removed part of the cargo. At full tide she floated, and under easy sail went on down the bay, with the lighter alongside while the cargo was being re-stowed.

Finally the lines were cast off, and the vessel forged ahead. All hands were called to make sail and a mate ran to the captain to announce that the crew was one man short.

Ireson had been forward when the lines were cast off and had cast off the bow line himself. The rope had caught in the fore-chains. Ireson got over the side to clear it. He was out of sight and reach, and when the rope splashed in the water, it concealed the splash made by Ireson when he went overboard. The lighter was highsided, and the longshoremen did not see the man who was being drawn away from the vessel. As the rope reached the lighter, Ireson let go and swam to the massive rudder and clung there.

There were shouts from the vessel, and Ireson, looking over his shoulder, saw the captain run to the taffrail with a musket in his hand. The men on the lighter were yehoing, getting up the big lug sail, and paid no attention to the alarm. Ireson, however, would have been in full view of the captain and a fair mark for a bullet, but at the moment, the big rudder swung about, giving him as good a defence from a musket ball as the side of an ironclad would have been.

The craft were quickly slipping apart, and the captain, seeing no head in the water for a mark, shook his fist and turned away. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been easy to recapture Ireson, as the vessel would have simply hove to, lowered a boat and dragged him back on board. But the captain had had enough of delays, and would not spare even so much time as to get a boat clear. He swore he would stop for nothing less than a rock, and crowded sail to make up for time lost.

It was a long, tedious sail up the harbor for Ireson, swaying to and fro with the movement of the rudder, but he clung to the battens of the timber and divested himself of most of his clothing, so that when the lighter wandered by the point of an island, he slipped off and swam to shore.

There were fishermen on the island as there have been for generations, and they cared very little about the right or wrong of harboring runaway sailors. They gave Ireson rough clothes and food, and finding him an expert around the fish flakes and a good cook, made him shore partner of a bachelor mess, and he set to work cooking their food and turning the drying fish for his keep and a small share in the net proceeds.

Among the supplies furnished was a practically unlimited quantity of rum, which, the fishermen were inclined to think, was cheaper and went farther than bread. Ireson found himself during his lonely days on the island absorbing more and more of the fluid until he kept himself in a state which the fishermen described as "about half corned all the time."

Rapid deterioration and degradation followed, with monomania, which took the form of a desire to "do for" Captain Blaze.

It was not difficult to hear of Blaze or of Betty Landsborough, for the latter was a customer for the best and finest of the catch of the bay, and all the fishermen knew of her and of her liberality. They took a deep interest in her affairs, and there was a standing subject of dispute as to whether Captain Blaze came any more to Boston. Some maintained that he had gone back to England, but others had it authoritatively that he had at last gone to live with Betty Landsborough, and that for the sake of her reputation she was keeping him quiet during the day, but that he went out at night. This side of the question received affirmation from a fisherman who, having been kept in town late in the evening, had seen Blaze come down the wharf and get into the boat belonging to the Water Witch.

CHAPTER XXI

This constant chatter about his wife and her relations with Blaze kept Ireson's irritation above the level of the rum he poured into himself constantly.

He fitted a fish-splitting knife with a sheath, and one night, after whetting it to a razor keenness, put the weapon into the bosom of his shirt, and getting into a boat, pulled off up town.

After some prowling and loitering about, he knocked at the rear door of the Landsborough house.

"Tell your missus, if you kindly will, young 'ooman, a message for Cap'n Blaze," he said, "an emportant message, you might say, f'r Cap'en Blaze."

As it happened, there was no company in the house on the evening, and Betty was alone in her private room, looking over the papers in her secretary. It was not unusual for her to have rough sailor messengers come to the house, and she ordered that the man should be shown up.

Ireson, not wholly sure what he was going to do, shambled after the servant, a most disreputable looking figure. He had purposely abstained from more than a portion of his usual allowance of liquor, and was in the ugly, uncertain mood of the dipsomaniac. He had in mind to have it out with Blaze, though uncertain how to begin or what his real grievance was, a frame of mind that might lead him in any direction or to any lengths.

As Ireson stumped into the room, Betty, without looking up, said in her business voice, "Well, my man, what is it?"

Ireson, who was in any mood, was struck humorously by the importance of the tone, and instead of answering, chuckled. He had expected perhaps, to see Betty, but as the second and creature of Blaze, and the masterful tone and manner amused him. "Oh, Lor," he said and chuckled.

Betty swung sharply in her chair and looked the man straight in the face.

"What—My God, Flood Ireson!"

"Yes, Betty, it's me, turned up like a bad shillin'. Lor, quite the leddy. 'What es et, me man?' ses she."

"Well, you're a nice looking wretch," said Betty, viewing him with a good deal of disgust. "Taken to drinking, eh? Well, I suppose you want money. How much? Oh, Flood, why wasn't you a man and come back to me?"

"Now no hard words, Betty, no hard words," said Ireson, shaking his head in a maudlin fashion. "I comes here t' wish ye well, an' see ef yer bein' used right. I don' s'pose ye'd want ter go along weth a poor sailor agen, live hard an' work hard. I donno's I blame ye. No, Betty, I don' blame ye.

"Ye'r lookin' well, Betty, gittin' kinder stout, ain't ye? You orter have some money put by now, outer Blaze, an' I guess you better git all ye can t'gether, fer me an' him hez got a reckernin' t' settle. You know what he done ter me, Betty, my gal, an' one on us has got ter go.

"Gee, this es a mighty fine place, Betty, an' mighty fine clothes y' got, an' everythin' accordin'. You was a fine lookin' girl, Betty, an' a mighty fine figger uv a 'ooman you are, but I 'vise ye t' git another man, fer et'll be onhealthy fer Blaze ef me an' him comes t'-gether."

Here Ireson stopped, for Betty had gone off into a peal of somewhat hysterical laughter. "What a fool you are, Flood," she cried. "Why, I'm Captain Blaze, or all the Captain Blaze there is now. The Captain Blaze you mean has gone back to England. I never lived with him, not I. If you had only a come back I'd made a man of you, as good a man as there is in this province. Sit down, there may be a man in you yet, if you can only let rum alone.

"Ye see, Flood, I wanted to make a fortune for you and me. Honest, now, I meant to treat you right. I made 'em take me on in the trade. I'm an honest woman, an' I've always been one. I've made my own money, and I've a plenty of it. I'm sorry I spoke sharp to ye, and if you'll do right you shall have comfort for the rest of your life, so help me."

"Betty, my dear," said Floyd, reproachfully, "I do hate to call a female a liar, but you have come out most amazin' strong. D' you mean t' say 'at it's you ez keeps these here longshore rakehellions in pay as runs cargoes, an' gets hones' seamen shoved drunk aboard vessels, an' gets 'em kicked about like dogs? No, no, Betty, not fer me, Betty."

And his humor changing with a drunkard's suddenness, he raised his voice. "Where is he, the bully, where is he, the liar; show me Cap'n Blaze, an' I'll cut 'is 'eart out."

Betty jumped up with her eyes ablaze, and gave a savage pull at a silken tassel that hung near her desk. There was a slamming of doors below stairs, and the running of feet down the hall. Ireson paid no attention, he was beating on the communicating doors and calling for Captain Blaze. As he raged about the room one of the doors opened, and two men entered. Betty nodded, and they jumped at Ireson's back. There was a moment's struggle, and the knife in its sheath clanked on the floor.

Betty held the door open, and the men raced the struggling Ireson out and down the stairs. Somebody unseen opened a side door, and Ireson was half tossed, half kicked into the soft grass of an open field that lay next the house, while the stalwart ejectors stood on the step and reminded him that if he wanted any more he might wait a moment till they got their wind.

CHAPTER XXII

For weeks the guard about the Landsborough house was doubled, and inquiries were made all along the water front for Ireson or his whereabouts.

The man had dropped from sight, and the lack of news made Betty even the more cautious. When she went out at night, either in the character of Captain Blaze or in her own person, two stout fellows accompanied her, and she was in as considerable a state of alarm as her stout nerves and heart would allow.

And she had need of caution, for Ireson had become a dangerous maniac, and with all a maniac's cunning.

Before he left Boston he had tried to interest the customs authorities in the disclosures he could make, and had been kicked out as a drunken rascal for his pains. With a heart full of fury, he left Boston and walked to Marblehead. He lay about the wharves and the streets until he was taken up as a vagrant and sent to Salem jail.

When he had served the time, he came back, and having in some sort made good a title to tolerated vagrancy, he was allowed to remain, dirty, ragged, as often drunk as possible, the sort of a half-crazed nuisance who is allowed to run at large only because he has not yet committed the inevitable overt act.

At intervals he would work, and then would break off and go to a headland overlooking the bay and watch the vessels. Again and again he saw the Water Witch hover in the offing, watched her as she approached the land in the twilight, her unloading and her departure. He would creep as close on the beach as he dared, but none but sailors came ashore. Whether Blaze himself should come, or Betty in the guise of Blaze, he cared little, his knife was for either or both whenever occasion offered. And he dug the beach grass with impatience, or buried his hands among the pebbles, as neither came ashore.

Shivering and cursing, he would lie behind a sheltering boulder and wrestle with the mad desire to spring up and throw himself indiscriminately among the dark forms passing to and fro, and cut and slash blindly to the end. Finally, one by one, the sailors would enter their boats and pull away, and Ireson would bury his head among the stones, and howl like a beast at his delayed vengeance.

But as the weeks went by and she heard nothing from Ireson, Betty became less cautious. When she stayed aboard the schooner the work went less briskly, and she fretted at the delays. She began to resume the habit of going ashore at other landing points, but some intangible dread had kept her from going ashore with the men at Marblehead.

The old inn had been untenanted since Moll Landsborough's death, and had been used as a place of storage. There came a question on the non-delivery of a certain parcel of goods, and Betty determined to go ashore and look for it herself in the old house, of which she kept the key.

Ireson was at his watching place, and with the glee of a savage saw that the commander was coming ashore. In the dark he could not distinguish from their not dissimilar bulk whether it would be Blaze or Betty. Betty came ashore, walked up to the inn, unlocked the door with some trouble and entered.

Ireson, creeping up on the sheltered side, heard the click of flint and steel. The door was ajar. He pushed it open and flung himself on the figure stooping by the fireplace.

The impact rolled both into the ashes. Ireson had grasped for the neck, and hissed with satisfaction as he felt soft flesh squeeze away from under his grip. But there was a thud of something against his ribs, the black cavern of the fireplace lighted, even to the top of the chimney, and Ireson's body rose in a gulp and the breath came from his body in a great gasp, as Betty's pistol fairly blew him from his hold.

Scrambling backward on her hands and knees, Betty gave scream on scream. The inn quickly filled with men with knives and pistols, and some one brought a lantern. Betty, still kneeling, pointed to the fireplace, where, his face in the soft ashes, and his blood puddling in the hollows, Floyd Ireson lay dying, in little, convulsive efforts to regain the breath that had been blown from his body by the charge of the heavily loaded weapon.

They brought a boat's sail and a stone from the beach, and lapped and wrapped the two inanimate things in one covering. Three men staggered with it to the beach, and a boat was pulled off into the bay.

The Water Witch got up sail and followed, and when the boat was picked up the men were splashing and bailing, cleansing off dark stains on the bottom and gunwale.

CHAPTER XXIII

The sudden and regretted departure of Mistress Betty Landsborough from Boston would have been a topic of more comment, but there were other topics of interest in those days which were beginning to stir men's souls, and there were others of the official circle in Boston who were slipping away as canny foreseers of difficult days to come.

The factor resident, who was very grave in those days, and evidently disturbed, disposed of the holdings and belongings of Mistress Landsborough, and had nothing to offer as to the whereabouts of the departed lady.

Then came the time when the English fat was in the fire on this side, and the factor himself sailed away, and all except the memory of men and things under provincial dominion disappeared in the building of the new commonwealth.

After one of the battles in the war which followed, and when the Continentals had been left masters of the field, an American soldier, who was replenishing his slim appurtenances from those of the well-supplied British, cried out to his companions as of a wonder.

Running up, they found him gazing at a British subaltern, the breast of whose coat had been torn away by a sabre cut, or a fragment of shell. Hard-featured, worn, seamed, with whitened hair showing under the wig all awry, there was little in the face, still distorted with the battle scowl, to corroborate the testimony given by the disordered coat.

Some one brought a coarse army blanket and covered the face and breast, and others ran for spades.

It was a Marblehead man who lifted the body that they might wrap the blanket about it that was to be its shroud, and he said, in his broad accents: "Ef she hadn't a died years agone, I'd say this here was Moll Lansburra."

THE END

WHENCE AND WHERE?

The wild wet wind from the bleak northeast
  Drives the storm clouds over the sky;
It lashes the sea to foaming yeast,
  And sweeps raging and surging by.
It beats the window and blurs the pane
  With its tears of stormy grief;
It wrenches the willow boughs in vain,
  For they bear neither blossom nor leaf.
It shakes the heavy old oaken door
  As if angry with bolt and bar,
And I hear high o'er the sullen roar
  Its trumpet blast sounding afar.

Its weird and wordless anthem strain
  Wakes the echoes in my heart;
Chords that lay silent in rust and stain
  Into faint vibrations start.
Pale Memory twirls the faded leaves
  Of days that were long since past;
Her sorrowful eyes the dead perceive,
  That rise at the wind's loud blast.

They people the dim and dusky aisles
  Of the Temple of the Soul;
They march in soundless ghostly files,
  While the joy-bells now make toll.
O the glimmer of smiles, so sweet, so sad,
  That were lost in the grave's eclipse;
The echo of voices, once fresh and glad,
  Now as silent as Death's own lips!

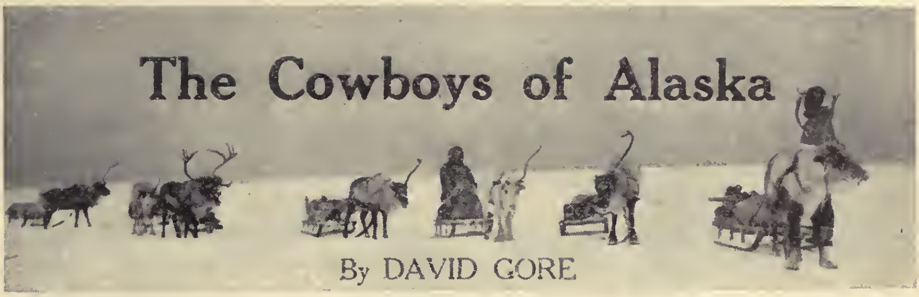
Pale pictures gleam on the temple wall
  Of brown hills swept and bare;
I hear in the wind the brook's low brawl,
  And the sough of the autumn air.
I can see the "mighty harp of pines,"
  Swept by the wind's strong arms;
The spirit relief and utterance finds
  In solemn and sweeping psalms.

I can hear the rain in its midnight march
  O'er a brown and raftered roof,
And the dreams woven under night's black arch
  Float their radiant warp and woof;
And my heart is troubled and reaches out
  Through vast and limitless space,
For answer to question, assurance for doubt,
  O Life, where is thy place?

Like the wind thou comest, I know not whence,
  Thou goest, I know not where;
You gather up sorrow and woe intense,
  And the burden have to bear.
You beat blind walls and cry vainly for rest,
  And strain at Mystery's door;
But it will not unclose at your behest;
  You must wander—forevermore?

Sing, pray, laugh, or sob—what avails it all?
  No answering voice can you hear;
In the awful echoless space where you call,
  You discern no listening ear.
Ah! who can tell me if One there be
  That the untamed wind commands,
And close holds its might, as also me,
  In the hollow of His Hands?

—S. E. O.



The Cowboys of Alaska

By DAVID GORE

THE problem of caring for the native races of the United States and of promoting their advancement upon a civilized basis still remains unsolved. The ceaseless grind of civilization, and the bondage of commerce overwhelms the aboriginal mind, hardened in the rut in which they were created, and the laws of nature which bind them to their parent stock by such strong ties that they can rarely be broken.

In this article we are with the Eskimos of Arctic Alaska. Although closely resembling the Indians of the States they are of a different stock. Inhabiting the very rim of the continent of America, until a decade and a half ago they were the most primitive of men, living in the most unsanitary and uninviting habitations on the face of the earth, frozen in from the rest of the world by a perpetual barrier of ice and snow. No race was ever more isolated, or more curious in their primeval simplicity. But by a touch of civilization, they fell, and with such downward momentum that they languished on the verge of extinction until the Government came to their relief with a system of industrial training, and the establishment of reindeer herds, which has now placed them upon a high standard of civilization. And surely no tribe under the American flag has a better right to the patient and conscientious care of the Government.

NORA NEWARLOOK
Wife of one of the deermen and a society belle at Cape Prince of Wales

The American whaling fleet cruising to northern waters pursuing the whale and the walrus to their remotest haunts in the ice-bound seas, and taking with them their ingenious bomb guns, repeating rifles and other scientific weapons of destruction, naturally cut off the supply of food from the Eskimo who inhabited the northwest coast of Alaska, stretching far beyond the Arctic circle. Those whale ships were also traders and while waiting for the ice pack to break up they reconnoitered along the coast of Bering Sea, trading rifles, ammunition and other modern weapons of destruction to the natives of Alaska.

With this introduction of the white man's firearms, the Eskimos laid aside their primitive weapons, arming them-

A HERDER AND HIS WIFE WITH THEIR SLED DEER

selves with modern rifles, using smokeless powder. And by their cunning sagacity as hunters they not only found their food supply to be diminishing but their clothing as well. Denied by nature the supports of agriculture, and by instinct born in them and fostered by their isolated environment, hunting and fishing were their only means of subsistence.

Living in the frozen rim of the inhabited earth they waged a hard struggle for existence. They gathered fewer furs; ptarmigan and wild caribou became less numerous; the walrus and seal were disappearing from their wonted haunts. And it could readily be noted that by this contact with civilization, changes of the most rapid and striking character were needed, or their ultimate destruction was certain. With no hope for the future their fate was sealed, and nothing would be left of the American Eskimo but a retrogressive fragment of bygone ages.

Schools and Missions were established along the Alaskan coast as far north as Point Barrow. But with a half-filled stomach, the children of the snow were not in a receptive state to absorb the instructive training, and like seed falling upon barren soil the gems of enlightenment bore but little fruit. Mathematics did not agree with their nature. The elements of rhetoric did not supply them with food and clothing.

In the first place, the Eskimo has a stomach of enormous capacity. The excessive cold stimulates their carnivorous appetites, and large quantities of flesh are eaten to keep heat in their bodies. Next in consideration was what relief could be sent, or what animal was most useful and best adapted to the needs of those Arctic highlanders.

Similar countries were cited: Lapland most like Alaska, and Northeastern Siberia, which is contiguous to Alaska, and whose inhabitants are most wholly dependent upon reindeer for food, clothing and transportation.

The abundant growth of reindeer moss in Northwest Alaska attracted the attention of Captain M. A. Healy, of the United States Revenue Cutter "Bear," who had seen large herds of tame reindeer browsing upon similar food on the plains of Siberia, which lies across the Bering Straits from Alaska.

This being brought to the attention of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who was general agent of education for Alaska, he called attention to the destitution of the Eskimos of Arctic Alaska in his report to the Government dated November 12, 1890, with the recommendation that reindeer be introduced into Alaska for their relief. No action was at first taken by

ESKIMO GRAVE NEAR CAPE PRINCE OF WALES

Congress. An appeal was then made to the general public through the newspapers. And the response was $2,146. With this fund the initial experiment of bringing reindeer to Alaska was begun.

Moved by this action, the Government soon realized that it had to choose between feeding 8,000 natives or seeing them gradually disappear from the face of the earth. And in 1893, Congress appropriated the sum of $6,000 to continue the purchase of reindeer from the natives of Siberia, and their transfer to Alaska. Congress continued annually with even larger appropriations and the importation of reindeer continued until 1902, when the Russian Government put such restrictions upon the exportation of reindeer from Siberia that the importation to Alaska ceased, the United States Government having purchased and transferred to Alaska 1,280 live reindeer.

Lapps were brought from Lapland to instruct the Eskimos in the arts of herding, harnessing, driving, etc., which was part of the plan of this industrial movement. The Eskimos are great imitators, naturally inventive, and with the aid of trained collie dogs to round up the herds, they soon demonstrated beyond a doubt that they were capable of taking care of the reindeer business when given a little tutelage while making the transition from hunters and fishermen to that of herders and teamsters.

At the different settlements the young, ambitious Eskimos are given a chance to learn the reindeer business, and the young native boys are not long in grasping the opportunity when it is presented. Throwing the rawhide lasso with the accuracy of a Western cowboy, and vying with each other in keen rivalry to become deer-men, they saw the dawn of a new-born hope which was analogous to their native environment.

A corps of apprentices are in training for a term of four years. During this enlistment the apprentices are supported by either the Government, the independent herders, or the Missions, just according to who he is employed by. At the end of the first year of his apprenticeship he receives as payment six reindeer (four females and two males); at the end of the second year of his apprenticeship he receives eight reindeer (five females and three males); at the end of the third year of his apprenticeship he receives ten reindeer (six females and four males), and at the end of the fourth year of his apprenticeship he receives ten reindeer (six females and four males). Thus at the end of his contract of apprenticeship, he receives fifty-four reindeer plus the increase. This forms to him the nucleus of a herd whose value in Alaska is at least $2,000. He is also in a country where there is an abundant supply of reindeer moss, which is as free as the air he breathes. The only effort is a little care and attention to his deer. And he is placed upon a basis of prosperity where he need no longer fear the dearth of food.

He has now graduated and becomes a herder, and he assumes entire charge of his herd upon which he may place his individual brand, and consider them his private property, subject to the rules and regulations which govern the reindeer service. The herder must now in turn train and support apprentices according to the regulations of the service. He thus becomes an additional factor in the extension of the enterprise by passing its benefits on to others and by being of social assistance to his fellow man. With the approval of the local superintendent an apprentice may kill his male deer and sell the meat for food and the skin for clothing, but under no circumstances is an apprentice or herder allowed to kill his female deer. He may sell his female deer to the Government, or with the written approval of the local superintendent he may sell them to another native inhabitant of Alaska. The native purchasing the reindeer then becomes subject to the rules which govern the reindeer service, thus giving the herds the greatest maximum of increase. The natives are also prohibited from selling their female deer to white men in order to insure the industry remaining in the hands of the natives for whose benefit it was started.

A GOVERNMENT APPRENTICE

The scheme is akin to a social movement. The natives now have a means of production, which, if handled with judicious care, will not only be the conquest of starvation, but the influence of a ready-made civilization. It has enlightened the aboriginal mind to higher motives than free food and pauperism. And they have recognized that from this time they will be dominated by the life of civilization and they have surrendered to the superiority of the white race, and by taking a short cut, have passed the artificial barriers, and assimilated a well-rounded standard of American civilization.

The experimental era soon passed and the adventure proved not only to be beneficial to the Eskimo, but of great benefit to the white population of Northwestern Alaska, and a valuable industry to the development of the territory. Tentatively speaking, Alaska, with its enormous extent of territory, could support 8,000,000 head of reindeer. The undulating tundras of our northern possession are covered with a verdant carpet of lichen, or reindeer moss, which the reindeer prefers to any other food, even when the snow gets deep. The reindeer use their sharp hoofs and burrow down until they reach their food where they browse until satisfied.

The natives have proved to be very efficient and careful herders. The deer are gregarious and are easily taken care of. Sometimes a wild caribou wanders into the herd, and although they are specifically identical with the reindeer, they have not been domesticated, and owing to their wild, unsettled state, they are immediately shot. In the long dark nights of Arctic winter the wolves prowl very near to the deer. But the wily native with that crafty sagacity so peculiar to his race, is always on vigilance. To him are known the habits and traits of those lurking foes, and when they are most likely to make a sally upon his herd. With his rifle slung across his back he is always on the alert, and signs of the minutest detail tell him at a glance the species of animal that has passed. In the daytime every track or print upon the snow is subject to his sharp scrutiny. And at night at every sound that resembles the yelp of a wolf, his step is checked and he suddenly stands motionless, as if all his faculites were concentrated into his sense of hearing, and not until the gray of the morn appears does the watchful native abandon his duteous task and his herd is in perfect safety.

THE FAWNING SEASON
Note the newly-dropped fawn lying upon the snow, to the left, in the foreground

In 1897–98, several whale ships with 400 sailors were ice-bound and frozen in the ice-pack near Point Barrow. They were in great danger of perishing by scurvy and starvation. A Government relief expedition in charge of Lieutenant Jarvis was sent overland to relieve the famishing sailors. The success of the expedition depended upon being able to procure reindeer from the natives, and when Lieutenant Jarvis explained to them what the reindeer were wanted for, that he was not there to force them to give up their property, but assured them of ample remuneration from the Government, the natives, after a solemn conference, said they were sorry for the white men at Point Barrow, and were glad to be able to help them. Not only did they relinquish their deer to a representative of the Government, but they assisted in driving them 700 miles through the icy fastness to Point Barrow, where 246 deer were killed for the relief of the famishing sailors. This was a remarkable sacrifice for a people to make who were just emerging from a barbarous state, and who were embracing but the first rudiments of civilization. But the incident passed unnoticed. The rush to Klondyke, and the country on the verge of the Spanish War, drew the public attention from that valuable service.

And on various occasions the Eskimos have demonstrated their ability to successfully transport with reindeer teams freight and passengers between mining camps; and mails, under contract to the United States Government, are often carried by reindeer teams, the route from Kotzebue to Point Barrow being the most northerly mail in the world.

There are now 25,000 reindeer in Alaska. The Eskimo herders and apprentices own forty-three per cent.; the United States Government, twenty-three per cent.; mission stations, twenty-one per cent.; Lapp instructors, thirteen per cent. And a gross increase of thirty-five per cent. each year and a net increase of twenty-five per cent. indicates that there will soon be a sufficient number of reindeer in Northern Alaska to furnish a permanent means of support to the native population of that region. The approximate value of an adult deer in Alaska is forty to sixty dollars, so it will readily be seen that a substantial income from the reindeer industry will make them independent far beyond their ordinary means prior to the coming of the reindeer. The first apprentices have now become important men in their respective neighborhoods, owning independent herds of fifty to 300 reindeer. Most of the deer-men have abandoned the unsanitary and primitive igloo, and built neat cottages where they live in good financial circumstances.

A HERDER'S WIFE

Their pastoral duties still lead them through a hard life, yet, notwithstanding their continual struggle with nature in her fiercest whims, we find a race, robust, muscular, and active. And in spite of their inhospitable surroundings and the dull murky solitude of the polar regions, they have a cheerful temperament, as if those outlandish outposts of mankind were a counterpoise upon nature in her severity.

The summer skins of the reindeer are an admirable defence against the cold. A suit made from the skin of the reindeer is ample for the herders who often have to bivouac in the snow when caught in the Arctic blizzards. The scolding blasts of the tempests sweep in constant succession over the Arctic plains, making travel impossible. Some of the skins are beautifully spotted with various shades of delicate brown and are highly prized by the natives, especially the women, who, women-like, know the language of dress, the graduations of color, and care first for the perfection of their adornment. The less attractive skins are used for sleeping bags, shelter tents, and other purposes.

With the influx of Argonauts to Northern Alaska in 1900, as a result of the widespread discovery of gold at Nome, it was predicted that the native races would have to flee polewards to postpone their speedy annihilation. But the northern march of civilization only created a demand for the wares and curios which the natives had to vend, and a market for the hundreds of carcasses of frozen reindeer meat which they now annually sell. The flesh of the reindeer is very palatable; it has not got the wild flavor of venison, and is of more hygienic value to the Eskimo than the blubber fat of the whale and walrus, which they lived upon in primitive days. When the contents of the stomach of the deer are cooked with a little blood of the animal, it is considered by the natives to be an Arctic delicacy. In March, 1907, part of the Prince of Wales herd were driven to Nome, where 100 of the surplus males were killed and sold to the butchers and miners at twenty-five cents to thirty cents per pound, the dressed carcasses weighing 150 pounds to 200 pounds.

It will readily be observed that a great change has been affected in the habits of these maritime tribes. The introduction of reindeer has not only placed them upon a safer basis for their supply of food and clothing, but they now receive a revenue hitherto impossible.

With the coming of the reindeer came Government industrial schools, giving these sons of the north an opportunity to show their aptitude for handicraft. They have had few opportunities to develop their intellectual qualities. Anthropologists have discovered that the hand leads the mind, so that the seat of intelligence is best reached through manual training. And it is to be regretted that their talents for drawing and painting have never been developed. In the land of the long night they portray their vivid imaginations with remarkable skill. Sitting in the dim glare of a flickering seal oil lamp, they revel in the art of pictography. Their carving and sculpture of animals upon bone and ivory exhibit a fine sense of proportion, and their drawings of hunting scenes in the ice world present an effect of splendid distance.

The older inhabitants who are not directly employed in the reindeer industry still pursue their maritime pursuits, wandering out to the broken rim of the ice pack where they cruise in the dark lanes of the sea, watching for the whale, the walrus or the seal. Although fast becoming extinct, the harvest of the sea still yields a little for the support of the Eskimo. Along the Arctic coast of Alaska one everywhere sees the signs of former habitations—the ruins of deserted villages, grim skulls and bones bleaching silently in the weather. The bodies were laid upon the ground fully dressed and barely hidden by a low structure of beachwood to protect it from the carnivorous animals. For at all seasons of the year the ground is frozen solid, as if the unfertile earth refused to receive these inhabitants of the North in her embrace.

Over this vast and untamed frozen waste where Nature has reached the zenith of her severity, one now meets these hyperborean nomads accompanying their herds of reindeer, striding joyously over the frozen snow, inhaling deep the tingling atmosphere of frosty air.

A REINDEER HERD

And when the springtime comes, and the sun's warm rays rob the snow-beleaguered waste of its cold repulsiveness, and the south winds drive the ice floes into the Polar Sea, the cowboys of Alaska gather in their settlements and discuss how their reindeer pulled through the winter just as earnestly and as wisely as the American stockmen confer about their herds of cattle on the plains of the Middle West.

This uplifting has had a tendency to transform the Eskimos of Alaska from a race of improvident mortals into clean, thrifty, energetic American citizens, living in a wilderness of perpetual snow, without charm or delicacy, but content that their future happiness will be the possession of many reindeer.

SHAUGNESSY CHANGED HIS MIND

By VINGIE E. ROE

THE breast of Mr. Shaugnessy swelled with indignation. His small sharp eyes gleamed.

"Git out av me offis," he thundered. "Did ye think that a daughter av the Shaugnessys wud be afther marryin' wid an O'Heagan? Think over thot, Mr. O'Heagan. 'Tis the likes av the paymasther she'll be aimin 'at an' nothin' else. No lazy, fiddle-playin', dancin' O'Heagan for Nora Shaugnessy. Ye've done nothin' but laughin' mistakes since ye wus borrun—'tis a pity for the mother thot bore yez."

Mr. Shaugnessy waved a dismissing hand, turning an exaggeratedly attentive ear to the telegraph instrument on the unpainted table by the window.

"Git on to yer various amours, Mr. O'Heagan, an' think no more av Nora. 'Tis a mis-al-li-ance," he added loftily, "and I have the weight av an important e-vent on me mind. The flyer is comin' up wid the prisidint av the road aboard her, and I have me ordhers to sthop her here for the full av fifteen minutes for the passin' av an exthry from Skytop above. The profession sh'u'd not be boddered wid disturbin' influence. Good-day, Mr. O'Heagan!"

Mr. Shaugnessy always spoke of the work of taking the daily message at his lost little station in the mountains as "the profession." The tiny pine building bore in his eyes all the dignity of the universal system and himself the stamp of important infallibility. In fact, the vast importance of his position among the occupants of the five houses that comprised the station was a matter of such magnitude that he was exceedingly nifty, ruling public opinion with a rod of iron and holding himself in strict line of precedence at the top.

Nora, his oldest daughter, was the apple of his eye. And good cause she had to be, for there was nothing prettier in the mountains or out of them than her sunny gray eyes, her brown hair and her rose-leaf cheeks.

Terrance O'Heagan thought so. Now he leaned easily against the railing which separated Mr. Shaugnessy from the common world, and regarded the little man with a twinkle in his merry eyes.

"Shaugnessy," he said deliberately, "yez are only a blunderin' old brass-tapper, and ye're as full av mistakes as a dog is av fleas. Oi don't railly need yer consent, havin' got Nora's—but Oi thought it 'ud tickle thot overweenin' vanity av yours. Know yersilf for an old peacock thot's a joke for the community wid his vanity and his airs, and me for yer son-in-law thot is to be. Good-day, Shaugnessy."

Terrance, having delivered this astounding and daring truth, turned to go out. But he had not reckoned clearly about Mr. Shaugnessy. There was a scramble behind the rail, a flying leap, a streak in the air, and a vision of bristling jaw whiskers and fiery eyes landed all over the big frame of Terrance with the spirit of Old Ireland itself. It was a vivid and swift action while it lasted. At its end, Terrance picked up Mr. Shaugnessy by the neck of his shirt and the slack of his trousers and set him gently over the railing, where the little instrument was ticking unheeded. Mr. Shaugnessy was trembling and there was a dazed look in his eyes that half hid their anger. Terrance pursued his first intention of going out. Outside the dingy little structure, he paused a moment while filling his pipe and cast a humorous eye around at the sorry group of houses huddled together as if in fear of the solitude of the wilderness of mountains. Just beyond the track with its one little flange of side-track, there dipped into nether space the yawning maw of Hell Mouth Canyon. Across on its other lip, the rails gleamed in the sun where the railroad came crawling back in its four-mile loop.

"King av this domain, is he? The ould peacock!" thought young Terrance whimsically, and tipping his hat over his flaming curls, he walked away.

Within the station outraged supremacy sat on the floor in the person of Mr. Shaugnessy and comprehended the extent of the indignity. Tears of helpless rage squeezed out of the small eyes. The apple in his scrawny throat worked spasmodically. He, Mr. Shaugnessy, station-master and undisputed autocrat of Hell Mouth Point, thrashed by an O'Heagan! And worse, called "a blundering old brass-tapper"—he who had never made a mistake in the five years of his service! It was gall and wormwood. The vanity of the little man was wounded beyond compare. The taunt was more bitter than Terrance's huge fists. One thing—there had been no spectators to his disgrace, neither Reagan of the bridge gang nor Hennesy, the track man.

"The Saints be praised for thot!" muttered Mr. Shaugnessy piously, as he rose painfully. His head was whirling with emotions that would hardly be controlled. Helpless rage made him see red and Terrance's good-natured face danced before him. Never since he could remember had he been so utterly upset. The affront was too much for him.

"Oi'll pay yez up for this, Terrance O'Heagan, an' don't yez forgit it!" he muttered over and over as he went out to set the signal for the flyer.

Abstractedly, mechanically, he set it, his hands doing the work without mental volition as they had done it every day for years when the fast train thundered through like a cyclone on the down trip, toiling majestically on the up.

"Oi'll pay yez up, me bucko, so help me, Saint Pathrick!"

Down the track he saw Terrance's blue-shirted form walking in peaceful meditation. Mr. Shaugnessy shook a trembling fist in its direction. The rumble of the fast train was roaring up the gorge. Two huge engines puffed and hurried, making fine time, with the president on board. Handon, the regular engineer, leaned from his window, read his accustomed signal of "right of way" to Skytop, put on a little more speed and thundered through the station.

It was only when the train was two-thirds by that Shaugnessy woke as from a dream. *It was not stopping!* He flashed an unbelieving look at the signal, then froze in his tracks. In his anger and excitement he had mechanically, unconsciously, set it as he had been accustomed to—a clear track! And the special out of Skytop! Screaming like a madman, waving his arms, Shaugnessy ran after the flyer. Already the last coach was past the station, and in a moment it was disappearing up the track. Handon, seeing all clear at the tiny station, had turned his eagle eyes ahead, so he did not see Shaugnessy.

As the last car swung out of sight around the shoulder of the mountain, poor Shaugnessy threw up his arms to heaven, letting out a yell of despair that would have roused the entire station had not all the men been out at work on the line. At that moment, up the track, Terrance O'Heagan stood off the rail, looking in astonishment after the vanishing train.

"The ould fool!" he said aloud. "He's let the flyer through!"

But in a second a graver thought sobered him.

"'Tis you're raysponsible, Terrance O'Heagan," he added, "wid your upsettin' av the little man's dignity. 'Twill cost lives at the bottom o' Hell Mouth and break Shaugnessy's heart. 'Tis a tough scramble, but here goes."

The young Irishman settled his old hat on his head, spat on his hands, and catching the rocky lip of the gorge dropped down. There was just one thing to do—cross Hell Mouth, down one side and up the other, which no man did so long as there were four miles of track to be walked instead.

Down, down, down, from rock to rock and ledge to ledge, went Terrance, hurrying mightily, that he might be on hand when the flyer came crawling back along the loop.

The loose stones rattled beneath his feet, and small precipices yawned here and there. As Terrance worked down, toiling with his young strength, a sound above caught his ear. High above him, scrambling in panic haste, falling, leaping, sliding, there came the little form of the station-master, and if Terrance could have seen the pitiful despair of his ugly old face, his good-natured heart would have been wrung. Shaugnessy was trying to save the train he had imperilled with his first blunder. At the bottom, Terrance looked up again. The work was just commenced. The climb of Hell Mouth Canyon was a feat to speak of with respect. Terrance set himself to the face of the cliff and started. Inch by inch, he crawled up the breast of the crevassed rock. Clinging into rifts, drawing his body over bulging stone, toiling with all his strength, it was a task for youth. When he could look down, he marvelled at the rate at which the older man was fighting his way up. Terrance could hear the breath whistling in his throat. It was a cruel task. But a dull roar from the cliffs above drew young Terrance from idle thoughts. The train was coming! Only a last shelf intervened between him and the top, but it was the steepest of the lot, the rim of the canyon. At it he went, digging into the climb with the energy bred of danger and catastrophe. Inch by inch, he went up it, the heart bursting in his breast with sickening fear as the roar increased.

As he crawled over the edge, the flyer turned the last loop. Terrance tore off his shirt and waved it frantically. There was an angry shriek from the whistle, an order to get off the track, but when he disobeyed, Handon pressed a lever, and the heavy train slowed down and stopped with a hiss and a protest.

An explanation was needed, and Terrance's quick Irish mind picked out and arranged with lightning-like swiftness a neat row of lies to save poor old Shaugnessy.

"'Tis a close shave ye've had, Handon," he gasped, "a special's out av Skytop—message came as ye thundered by—somethin' wrong wid the ould telegraph instrumint—was wor-rukin' slow, and poor ould Shaugnessy crossed Hell Mouth to head yez off. Yes, sor, savin' yer prisence," said Terrance, turning at an exclamation from a huge man in patent leathers and diamonds, who had hurried from a private coach, "yes, sor, I was wor-rukin' on this side, whin I sees him climbin' and near done out wid the lift av it—'tis a cruel climb—and whin the roar av yer comin' reached him, he cried to me to make it on, as I was near the top. But for Shaugnessy—yes, sor, station-master at Hell Mouth Point, and masther hand wid the ordhers—ye'd be well on yer way to meet the special at big trestle. An' he's lyin' down there now among the rocks, fair done out wid the grill av the gorge. No, sor, ye're kind wid wantin' to go down to him, but it 'ud be settin' yez best to get back to the station as quick as ye can, for the train'll be along presently. Oi'll look afther Shaugnessy. 'Tis only tuckered a bit he'll be."

And just below the protecting ledge of the last shelf, crouched against the rock in shivering abasement, listening to the words of the O'Heagan, clung Mr. Shaugnessy, the proud, the overbearing, the infallible!

With some hurried words of admiration and thankfulness, the president climbed back into his coach, Handon reversed the engines, and with a grumble, the flyer put back around the loop. As it disappeared, a drawn face, long of upper lip, small of eye, whose expression was a mixture of humiliation and relief, set in its fringe of whisker, reared itself tremblingly above the rim of the gulch, and looked at Mr. O'Heagan.

"Terrance, yez can hov her," cried Mr. Shaugnessy breathlessly, from the level of the bank.

And Terrance, setting his hat at its accustomed angle on his head, returned to his habitual levity.

"Oi always intinded to, Shaugnessy," he said.

LET HER SLIDE

Let the howlers howl, and the growlers growl, and the
prowlers prowl, and the gee-gaws go it;
Behind the night there is plenty of light, and things
are all right and—I know it.

From the book "Heart Throbs."

"BLUB"

By WILL GAGE CAREY

IT was the press agent who told us this story, so we concluded that it was true—*perhaps*. Later, while in Puerto Rico, we learned that the incident was true even to the smallest details; that for once, at least, he had not drawn upon the vagaries of his creative and rather impetuous imagination: in consideration of which somewhat isolated caprice on his part, I present the narrative, nearly as possible, in his own words.

"The Pereyo family of acrobats? I should say I *do* know them. I traveled advance for them all over Europe; I know every one of them, from the father—Fernandez—down to little six-year-old Anton. I never let an opportunity go by of witnessing their act, whenever I had a chance, for they did some stunts in the air I have never yet seen equalled! As a 'thriller,' their act had everything else on the card backed clear off the boards.

"There were seven in the Pereyo family, and 'Blub'—for poor little 'Blub' didn't count!

"Never before, until 'Blub's' time, had there been a Pereyo who didn't take to the high trapeze as naturally as a duck to water; but *he* just couldn't take to it! 'Born *weak*,' they said of him; finally they gave up trying to make anything of him. Only once had he ever appeared before the public: it was the disgrace—the first—to the Pereyo family!

"A little, timid, shrinking figure he was then, perched high above the glaring footlights on a swinging trapeze: while little Anton, fully a year younger than he, swung in daring unconcern from another trapeze, even higher! At last the little tortured soul could stand it no longer. Pale in the agony of his fright, he burst out crying and sobbing as though his heart would break—and Fernandez, pale now, too, but only from chagrin and the mortification of it all, quickly ascended a long rope, hand over hand, and brought the pitiful, trembling form down; a few minutes later this boy, this disgrace to the Pereyo family, swooned away in the dressing-room.

"Never again was he allowed to go up; but he had earned his name: it was 'Blub,' ever after. '*Born weak!*'

"Often I used to see him in the wings, quiet and sad, gazing aloft in a sort of awe at his brother Anton—little Anton, whom every one petted and made much of—going through his act up there with little concern, bright-eyed and daring, as though he dearly loved it.

"'Blub,' I used to say to him sometimes, 'why is it *you* can't do that?'

"Then he would turn his great, dark eyes upon me, and shudder as though frightened at the mere thought of it.

"'*Madre de Jesu!*' he would gasp, and creep away to the dressing-room; but he would be right there in the same place again in the wings the next time little Anton would be going through his act. I can't say that his father and brothers were cruel to him intentionally; but they just sort of ignored him. Poor little, lonely 'Blub'! If one of the family ever *did* have a kindly word for him, it made him happy for days!

"I remember the oldest brother, Emanuel, bringing back to the hotel one day a little present for 'Blub'; only a tawdry trinket, but it meant a day of rapture for the outcast. That night, long before the show, I heard a clear, sweet voice floating down from the dressing-room. I went closer to listen: it was 'Blub' singing!

"For a moment I stood entranced. It was a Spanish song—a song of the streets, and the words were hardly what you might call respectable; but the rich, young voice of the singer thrilled me through and through. It came from the heart, if ever a song did—from a heart that had been darkened with sorrow, but into which a tiny gleam of golden sunshine at last had reached. Presently Fernandez and the others ascended the stairs to dress for the performance. The song ceased. That night I saw the little singer again in the wings; he was paler than usual, even, and in his eyes, as he looked aloft at his brothers leaping through the air high above him, was the same sad gleam of silent horror and trepidation.

"Many months went by ere I heard again the youthful, vibrant voice of the singer. Little did I realize that when next I should hear his sentient song, it would be on the shore of a land far distant, with a setting most tragic: amidst a scene of terror—a scene of frightful, unreasoning panic, of a multitude crazed with fear!

* * * * *

"Our tour of the Continent was ended.

"We were booked to appear in New York in January, but sailing as we did from Lisbon, and touching at Puerto Rico, we decided to stop over and play the larger cities of the isle, before proceeding on to the States.

"Our engagement at San Juan was successful, but not particularly eventful. From there we went to Humacoa; here our stay was eventful in the extreme!

"All the week we played to crowded houses. The Pereyo family was the sensation of the hour. The populace fairly fought its way into the high, vaulted, cathedral-like theatre, to witness the thrilling aerial act of the daring acrobats. Upon little Anton was showered the caresses and attentions of the eager, demonstrative throngs; none ever heeded the frail, solemn-eyed boy who stood each night in the wings, and who followed reverently, and with pride and awe, every movement of his wonderful brothers, who had *not* been 'born weak.'

"It was the Saturday matinee.

"The house was packed and jammed, a greater portion of the vast audience being women and children.

"The Pereyo act had just finished. The multitude sat silent and still, as though spellbound.

"At that instant a dreadful clamor arose in the upper balconies! A narrow tongue of lurid flame darted out from beneath the stage, and on all sides arose the cry of 'Fire! Fire!'. The great audience arose *en masse!* With fervent prayers and shrieks and groans, the women grabbed up their children and in frantic haste started for the exits! Together with Fernandez and several others who had not lost their heads completely, I rushed out upon the stage; our entreaties to the panic-stricken throng were scarcely heard across the footlights! In vain we strove to assure them that there was no immediate danger; that if they would retire in some semblance of order, there would be ample time for all to be saved. They gave no heed; they were raving, stark mad with fear!

"Already the exits were jammed and congested; still those behind pressed and struggled forward, trampling those about them, in the one common mania to escape from the building.

"The fire itself was insignificant, and was soon under control; it was the crowd now that was not controllable, and bent, seemingly, upon its own destruction. It was horrible to think of all those little, helpless children who would be trampled in that wild senseless stampede, and we impotent and powerless to stem the frantic tide of crazed humanity.

"Suddenly, above all the din and cries of anguish and despair, there arose a calm, sweet voice in a burst of song! From high over head it came floating down, stirring words and a martial air—the song of all songs to have reached that impressionable throng:

"'La tierra de Borinquen,
Un majico primor;
Y un cielo siempre litimo,
Le sirve de valor!'

"'*Borinquen!*' It means to the Puerto Ricon what 'Dixieland' means to the South! You know what a Southern audience does when the orchestra plays 'Dixie': just intensify that a hundredfold, and you have the effect upon a Puerto Ricon audience when they hear their beloved 'Borinquen!'

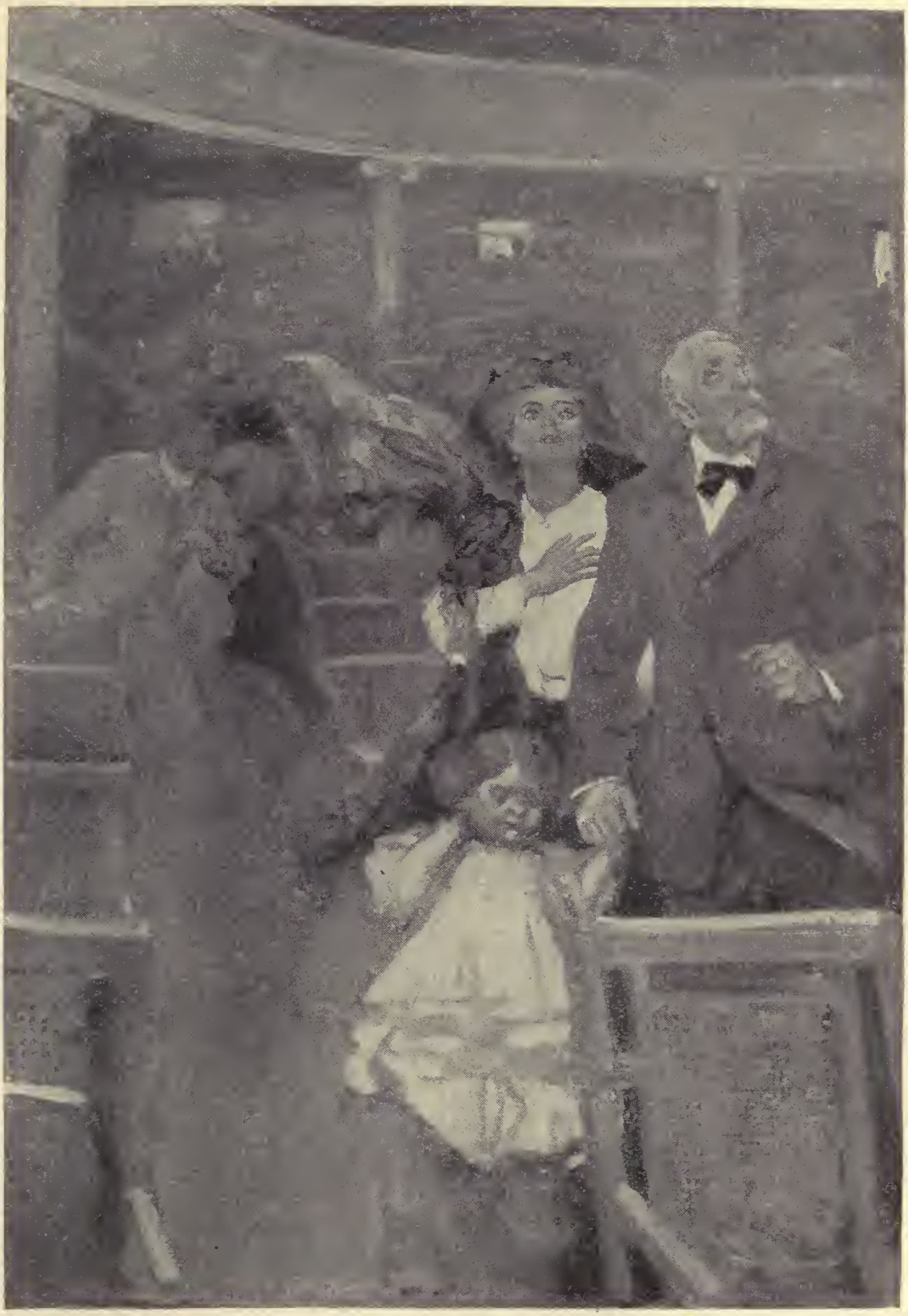
"The terrified, fear-stricken people stopped in their headlong rush; surely there could be no such danger as they imagined, with that calm, sweet voice ringing out a pleading to them from above:

"'Le sirve de valor!'

"Through the smoke that filled the theatre I could barely make out the form of little 'Blub,' high, high overhead. A part of the trapeze accoutrements used by the Pereyos extended out over the orchestra pit, and it was far out upon this slender scaffolding that 'Blub' had climbed through the stifling smoke, willing to sacrifice his own life to save the little children engulfed below him!

"A strange sight it was to see him there—'Blub,' the only *coward* of the Pereyos, sitting there on a slender frame of steel, seventy feet above the pit, singing out in fervent entreaty:

"'Le sirve de valor!'



"*Through the smoke that filled the theatre . . . the form of little 'Blub', high, high overhead.*"

"Singing of *courage* and *valor*, and, moreover, quieting that mighty assembly, saving the women and children from being crushed, trampled to pitiless death, while we—the strong men—cowered helplessly upon the stage!

"Gradually the throng was making its way out to safety; the panic was over; order reigned where the shadow of death had hung a moment before, over wild chaos and pandemonium.

"Still the little singer kept his post, though the voice was becoming weaker; fainter, fainter came the words:

"'La tierra de Borinquen,
Un—ma—jico—pri—mor—'

"The song ceased. Overcome by the stifling smoke, the little singer slipped gently from the bar. Down through the smoke-filled air I saw the frail form dropping swiftly—down—*down*—and I turned away and covered my face with my hands.

"Why didn't someone go up and save little 'Blub'? There was a reason why; he had cut the rope, the only means of reaching the perilous position he had chosen, so that he could not be molested until he had saved the little children—until he had given his own sorrowing little life to save them!

"And not a soul in all that vast audience was lost that day; and little 'Blub'—well, he *found* new life that day, instead of losing the pitiful one he had possessed; for Fernandez and Emanuel had fought their way to a place beneath him with the net which was always stretched o'er the stage during the Pereyo act; and into this the boy had fallen unscathed and unharmed. And from that day 'Blub' had not the slightest fear of the high trapeze, but took his turn regularly with the others.

"And when he returned to sunny Spain, the land of his birth, the people of his native land were ne'er content with the Pereyo act alone, but cheered and cheered until little 'Blub' was ever forced to come out and do a stunt alone; but it was *not* upon the high trapeze: it was to come down to the footlights and sing a song—a song that had saved the lives of helpless little children in far-off Puerto Rico—a song which began:

"'La tierra de Borinquen,
Un majico primor:
Y un cielo siempre litimo,—
Le sirve—de valor!'"

THE PERMANENT

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THE stars of gold fade one by one;
Some cloud by evil freed
Or soon or late o'ertakes the sun,
But not the golden deed!

The mad blast spills the rose to death;
The tender white winged dove
Pierced by the arrow yields its breath,
But not the thought of love!

The lion winds grow hushed and mute;
Silence iron and drear
Makes food of every lyre and lute,
But not of words of cheer!

Yea, all things die and pass away
Even as wisdom saith;
Knowledge and beauty both decay—
But not the dream of faith!

THE STRIKE AT PUTNEY

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Anne of Green Gables"

THE church at Putney was one which gladdened the hearts of all the ministers in the presbytery whenever they thought about it. It was such a satisfactory church. While other churches here and there were continually giving trouble in one way or another, the Putneyites were never guilty of brewing up internal or presbyterial strife.

The Exeter church people were always quarreling among themselves and carrying their quarrels into the courts of the church. The very name of Exeter gave the members of the presbytery the cold creeps. But the Putney church people never quarreled.

Danbridge church was in a chronic state of ministerlessness. No minister ever stayed in Danbridge longer than he could help. The people were too critical, and they were also noted heresy hunters. Good ministers fought shy of Danbridge, and poor ones met with a chill welcome. The harassed presbytery, worn out with "supplying," were disposed to think that the millennium would come if ever the Danbridgians got a minister whom they liked.

At Putney they had had the same minister for fifteen years, and hoped to have him for fifteen years more. They looked with horror-stricken eyes on the Danbridge theological coquetries.

Bloom Valley church was over head and heels in debt, and had no visible prospect of ever getting out. The moderator said under his breath that they did overmuch praying and too little hoeing. He did not believe in faith without works. Tarrytown Road church kept its head above water, but had never a cent to spare for missions and the schemes of the church.

In bright and shining contradistinction to these, the Putney church had always paid its way and gave liberally to all departments of church work. If other springs of supply ran dry, the Putneyites enthusiastically got up a "tea" or a "social," and so raised the money. Naturally, the "heft" of the work fell on the women, but they did not mind—in very truth, they enjoyed it. The Putney women had the reputation of being "great church workers," and they plumed themselves on it not a little.

They were especially strong on societies. There was the Church Aid Society, the Girls' Flower Band and the Sewing Circle; there was a Mission Band and a Helping Hand among the children; and finally, there was the Women's Foreign Mission Auxiliary, out of which the whole trouble grew that convulsed the church at Putney for a brief time, and furnished a standing joke in presbyterial circles for years to come. To this day, ministers and elders tell the story of the Putney church strike with sparkling eyes and subdued chuckles. It never grows stale. But the Putney elders are an exception. They never laugh at it; they never refer to it. It is not in the unregenerate heart of man to make a jest of his own bitter defeat.

It was in June that the secretary of the Putney mission auxiliary wrote to a noted returned missionary, who was touring the country, asking her to give an address on mission work before their society. Mrs. Cottrell wrote back that her time was pretty well taken up and she found it hard to make further engagements; but she could not refuse the Putney people, who were so well and favorably known in mission circles for their perennial interest and liberality. So, although she could not come on the date requested, she would come on the next Sunday.

This suited the Putney auxiliary very well. On the Sunday referred to there was to be no evening service in the church. They therefore appointed the missionary meeting for that night, and made arrangements to hold it in the church itself, as the classroom was too small for the expected audience. Then the thunderbolt descended on the Women's Foreign Mission Auxiliary of Putney from a clear sky. The elders of the church rose up to a man and declared that no woman should occupy the pulpit. It was in direct contravention to the teachings of Saint Paul.

To make matters worse, Mr. Sinclair, the minister, declared himself on the elders' side. He said that he could not conscientiously give his consent to a woman occupying his pulpit, even when that woman was Mrs. Cottrell and her subject foreign missions.

The members of the auxiliary were aghast. They called a special meeting in the classroom, and discarding forms and ceremonies in their wrath, talked their indignation out.

Out of doors the world basked in June sunshine and preened itself in blossom. The birds sang and chirped in the lichened maples that cupped the little church in, and peace was over all the Putney valley. Inside the classroom, disgusted women buzzed like angry bees.

"What on earth are we to do?" sighed the secretary plaintively. Mary Kilburn was always plaintive. She sat on the steps of the platform, being too wrought up in her mind to sit in her chair at the desk, and her thin, faded little face was twisted with anxiety. "All the arrangements are made, and Mrs. Cottrell is coming on the tenth. How can we tell her that the men won't let her speak —in the pulpit, anyway? And there is no use trying to hold a meeting like that in this tiny room."

"There never was anything like this in the Putney church before," groaned Mrs. Elder Knox. "It was Andrew McKittrick put them up to it. I always said that man would make trouble here yet, ever since he moved over from Danbridge. I've talked and argued with Thomas until I'm hoarse, but he is as set as a rock."

"I don't see what business the men have to interfere with us, anyhow," said her daughter Louisa, who was sitting on one of the broad window-sills. "We don't meddle with them, I'm sure. As if Mrs. Cottrell would contaminate the pulpit!"

"One would think we were still in the dark ages," said Frances Spenslow sharply. Frances was the Putney schoolteacher. Her father was one of the recalcitrant elders, and Frances felt it bitterly—all the more that she had tried to argue with him, and had been sat upon as a "child who couldn't understand."

"I am more surprised at Mr. Sinclair than at the elders," said Mrs. Aldrich, fanning herself vigorously. "Elders are subject to queer spells periodically. They think they assert their authority that way. But Mr. Sinclair has never seemed narrow-minded."

"You can never tell what crotchet an old bachelor will take into his head," said Althea Craig bitingly.

The others nodded agreement.

"If he had a wife who could be our president, this would never have happened, I warrant you," said Mrs. King sagely.

"But what are we going to do, ladies?" asked Mrs. Robbins briskly. Mrs. Robbins was the president. She was a big, bustling woman with clear blue eyes and crisp incisive ways. Hitherto she had held her peace.

"They must talk themselves out before they can get down to business," she had reflected wisely. But she thought the time had now come to speak.

"You know," she went on, "we can talk and rage against the men all day if we like. They are not trying to prevent us. But that will do no good. Here's Mrs. Cottrell invited, and all the neighboring auxiliaries notified, and the men won't let us have the church. The point is, how are we going to get out of the scrape?"

A helpless silence descended upon the classroom. The eyes of every woman present turned to Myra Wilson. Everyone could talk; but when it came to action, they had a fashion of turning to Myra.

She had a reputation for cleverness and originality. She never talked much. So far today she had not said a word. She was sitting on the sill of the window across from Louisa Knox. She swung her hat on her knee, and loose, moist rings of dark hair curled around her brown, alert face. There was a sparkle in her gray eyes that boded ill to the men who were peacefully pursuing their avocations, rashly indifferent to what the women might be saying in the classroom.

"Have you any suggestion to make, Mrs. Wilson?" asked Mrs. Robbins, with a return to her official voice and manner. Myra put her long, slender index-finger to her chin.

"I think," she said decidedly, "that we must strike."

* * *

When Elder Knox went in to tea that evening, he glanced somewhat apprehensively at his wife. They had had an altercation before she went to the meeting, and he supposed she had talked herself into another rage while there. But Mrs. Knox was placid and smiling. She had made his favorite soda biscuits for him, and inquired amiably after his progress in hoeing turnips in the southeast meadow.

She made, however, no reference to the auxiliary meeting, and, when the biscuits and the maple syrup and two cups of matchless tea had nerved the elder up, his curiosity got the better of his prudence—for even elders are human, and curiosity knows no gender—and he asked what they had done.

"We poor men have been shaking in our shoes," he said facetiously.

"Were you?" Mrs. Knox's voice was calm and faintly amused. "Well, you didn't need to. We talked the matter over very quietly and came to the conclusion that the session knew best, and that women hadn't any right to interfere in church doings at all."

Louisa Knox turned away her head to hide a smile. The elder beamed. He was a peace-loving man and disliked "ructions" of any sort—domestic ones in particular. Since the decision of the session, Mrs. Knox had made his life a burden to him. He did not understand her sudden change of base, but he accepted it very thankfully.

"That's right, that's right," he said heartily. "I'm glad to hear you coming out so sensibly, Maria. I was afraid you'd work yourselves up at that meeting and let Myra Wilson or Althea Craig put you up to some foolishness or other. Well, I guess I'll jog down to the corner this evening, and order that barrel of pastry flour you want."

"Oh, you needn't," said Mrs. Knox indifferently. "We won't be wanting it now."

"Not wanting it? But I thought you said you had to have some to bake for the social week after next?"

"There isn't going to be any social."

"Not any social?" Elder Knox stared perplexedly at his wife. A month previously, the Putney church had been recarpeted, and they still owed fifty dollars for it. This, the women had declared, they would speedily pay off by a big ice-cream social in the hall. Mrs. Knox had been one of the foremost promoters of the enterprise.

"Not any social?" repeated the elder again. "Then how is the money for the carpet to be got? And why isn't there going to be a social?"

"The men can raise the money somehow, I suppose," said Mrs. Knox. "As for the social, why, of course if women aren't good enough to speak in church, they are not good enough to do its work, either. Louisa, dear, pass me the biscuits." Louisa passed the biscuits, then rose abruptly and left the table. Her father's face was too much for her.

"What confounded nonsense is this?" demanded the elder explosively.

Mrs. Knox opened her mellow brown eyes widely as if in amazement at his tone.

"I don't understand you," she said. "Our position is perfectly logical."

She had borrowed that phrase from Myra Wilson and it floored the elder. He got up, seized his hat, and strode from the room.

That night, in Jacob Wherrison's store at the corner, the Putney men talked over the new development. The social was certainly off—for a time, anyhow.

"Best let 'em alone, I say," said Wherrison. "They're mad at us now and doing this to pay us out. But they'll cool down later on, and we'll have the social all right."

"But if they don't," said Andrew McKittrick gloomily, "who is going to pay for that carpet?"

This was an unpleasant question. The others shirked it.

"I was always opposed to this action of the session," said Alec Craig. "It's behind the times, that's what it is."

"The session knew best," said Andrew sharply. "And the minister—you're not going to set up your opinion against his, are you, Craig?"

"Didn't know they taught such reverence for ministers in Danbridge," retorted Craig with a laugh.

"Best let 'em alone, as Wherrison says," said Abner Aldrich.

"Don't see what else we can do," said John Wilson, drily.

On Sunday morning the men were conscious of a bare, deserted appearance in the church. Mr. Sinclair perceived it himself. After some inward pondering, he concluded it was because there were no flowers anywhere. The table before the pulpit was bare. On the organ two vases held sorry, faded bouquets left over from the previous week. The floor was unswept. Dust lay thick on the pulpit Bible, the choir chairs and the pew-backs.

"This church looks disgraceful," said John Robbins in an angry undertone to his daughter Polly, who was president of the Flower Band. "What in the name of common sense is the good of you Flower Banders if you can't keep the place looking decent?"

"There is no Flower Band now, father," whispered Polly in return. "We're disbanded. Women haven't any business to meddle in church matters. You know the session said so."

It was well for Polly that she was too big to have her ears boxed. Even so, it might not have saved her had they been anywhere else than in church.

Meanwhile the men who were sitting in the choir—two tenors and three basses—were beginning to suspect that there was something amiss here, too. Where were the sopranos and altos? Myra Wilson and Althea Craig and several other members of the choir were sitting down in their pews with perfectly unconcerned faces. Myra was looking out of the window into the tangled sunlight and shadow of the great maples. Althea was reading her Bible. Presently Frances Spenslow came in. Frances was organist, but today, instead of walking up to the platform, she slipped demurely into her father's pew at one side of the pulpit. Eben Craig, who was the Putney singing-master and felt himself responsible for the choir, fidgetted uneasily. He tried to catch Frances' eye, but she was apparently absorbed in reading the mission report she had found in the rack, and Eben was finally forced to tiptoe down to the Spenslow pew and whisper: "Miss Spenslow, the minister is waiting for the doxology. Aren't you going to take the organ?"

Frances looked up calmly. Her clear, placid voice was audible not only to those in the nearby pews, but to the minister.

"No, Mr. Craig. You know if a woman isn't fit to speak in church, she can't be fit to sing in it either."

Eben Craig looked excessively foolish. He tiptoed gingerly back to his place. The minister, with an unusual flush on his thin, ascetic face, rose suddenly and gave out the opening hymn.

Nobody who heard the singing in Putney church that day ever forgot it. Untrained basses and tenors, unrelieved by a single female voice, are not inspiring.

There were no announcements of society meetings for the forthcoming week. On the way home from church that day, irate fathers and husbands scolded, argued or pleaded, according to their several dispositions. One and all met with the same calm statement that if a noble, self-sacrificing woman like Mrs. Cottrell were not good enough to speak in the Putney church, ordinary, everyday women could not be fit to take any part whatever in its work.

Sunday-school that afternoon was a harrowing failure. Out of all the corps of teachers, only one was a man, and he alone was at his post. In the Christian Endeavor meeting on Tuesday night, the feminine element sat dumb and unresponsive. The Putney women never did things by halves.

The men held out for two weeks. At the end of that time, the session met at the manse and talked the matter over with the harassed minister. Elder Knox said gloomily:

"It's this way. Nothing can move them women. I know, for I've tried. My authority has been set at naught in my own household. And I'm laughed at if I show my face in any of the other settlements."

The Sunday-school superintendent said that the Sunday-school was going to wrack and ruin and also the Christian Endeavor. The condition of the church for dust was something scandalous, and strangers were making a mockery of the singing. And the carpet had to be paid for. He supposed the women would have to have their own way.

The next Sunday evening after service, Mr. Sinclair arose hesitatingly. His face was flushed and Althea Craig always declared that he looked "just plain everyday cross."

He announced briefly that the session, after due deliberation, had concluded that Mrs. Cottrell might occupy the pulpit on the evening appointed for her address.

The women all over the church smiled. Frances Spenslow got up and went to the organ stool. The singing in the last hymn was good and hearty. Going down the steps after dismissal, Mrs. Elder Knox caught the secretary of the Church Aid by the arm.

"I guess," she whispered anxiously, "you'd better call a special meeting of the Aids at my house tomorrow afternoon. If we're to get that social over before haying begins, we've got to do some smart scurrying."

The strike in the Putney church was over.

SAM WALTER FOSS, "YANKEE POET"

By PETER MacQUEEN

WE have in our midst today a sturdy, cheerful Yankee man, who has imbibed from the good old fields of New England the common sense, the hardihood and the fructile philosophy of the old men who hewed the forests and founded empires after they had cut off the head of a fatuous king.

Sam Walter Foss, a native of New Hampshire and a citizen of the world, has written some rhyme and much permanent verse. His poetry could never have been characterized by Rudyard Kipling as "Erotic, Neurotic and Tommyrotic." There is not so far as I know a single love song in all of his work.

The Yankee poet, Foss, represents to my mind the progress that the Yankee people have made between Plymouth Rock and the Chicago Exposition. A good deal of his poetry dwells on the old hard-headed religion, whose outer crust has been chopped off by the attrition of modern philosophy and the public schools. The public school has not educated us yet; but it has put us in a position to be an educated nation in the future. Thus far it has given the children of the Republic lots and lots of new ideas but it has not yet given us as a nation what Matthew Arnold called "the saving quality of a high ideal." We have broken with the fathers; the old churches are deserted; Harvard is clamoring for optional prayers and compulsory football; we are on the way to a great culture, but we have not yet arrived.

SAM WALTER FOSS
Poet and Author

It is just this breach between the old and the new that Sam Walter Foss represents in his most recent poetry. Take for example the poem which delineates an old Yankee churchman as continually lecturing his boy on the virtuousness of virtue and the viciousness of vice. The old man talks to the son so much on this, his favorite topic, that the boy finally gets it turned around and thinks that his father is talking about "the viciousness of virtue and the virtuousness of vice." Finally the youth dies a villain's death, and his last words are:

"I have been victimized," he said;
"I die, to speak precise,
An unprotected victim of perpetual advice."

In the poem entitled, "Odium Theologicum," our poet shows very clearly the drift of the Yankee mind of today in its attitude towards theological controversies. Four men from the the four winds meet at a crossroads and argue about the horse. Each one has something good to say about the horse and they all go home loving their fellow-men But the next year the same men meet at the same crossroads and they argue about God. Nobody agrees. One says God is a spirit; another says he doesn't exist; and so they all go home hating their fellow-men. An idea that shows how foolish, to the men of today, are the old fights over religion. Growing out of this mellow dislike of the harshness of the past is Foss's quiet humor and satire. Having given up the old religious hypocrisy there still abides in many meagre souls a certain hypocritical alarm about the way things are going. "He Worried About It" is a poem of great strength in this regard. So many men are wobbly in their talk. They have no religion except that they hate the Catholics or fear the Jews. They talk about the great wars of Europe, the fearful volcanoes in Italy, the presidential election, the power and potency of the great magnates of the world, the solar system and the "milky way." "He Worried About It" is the sample of a man who talks and worries about the great events of the universe, but does not keep a proper amount of pork and beans on the table for his wife and children.

The sun's light will give out in ten million years more,
And he worried about it.
It will sure give out then if it doesn't before,
And he worried about it.

But:

His wife took in washing at fifty cents a day,
And he didn't worry about it.
His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to pay,
He didn't worry about it.

There are hundreds of men on the train, reading the yellow journals, and arguing about the revolution in Finland, who have just got a little corned beef and cold potatoes at home, no salt or mustard; but they are very anxious to get Gompers out of jail, or Teddy out of the President's chair, and not at all anxious about the hacking cough their wife gets over the wash tub. You can't fool Sam on those fellows.

Moreover, a great many men take their politics from their father; and as the saying is "hold their religion in their wife's name"; and do things generally because everybody else is doing them. That is the reason why the public school has not educated us as a nation, and why the universal franchise has caused well nigh universal political corruption. People do not know who they are voting for or what they are voting for. Somebody tells them that America is a great country (Columbus knew this), and that if they vote for a certain party or policy there will be a bill brought in which will give everybody everything. People believe this who have been trained in school, but who have not taken their school training and made it bone of their bone. Appropriate to this attitude of the public mind today is the poem, "The Calf Path." It is a veiled allusion to the way the streets of Boston were laid out. A calf went home one night and wandered all around Robin Hood's barn. Somebody went after the calf; other cattle followed, until there was a distinct path made. Houses were built along this path, then streets, then a metropolis. And a million people today walk three thousand miles instead of one thousand, because they are all following in the path of one calf who died three hundred years ago. If you could straighten that calf path for two hundred yards today you would add a million dollars to real estate values in Boston.

What I like best about Sam Walter is his doctrine of hopefulness. I trust he is not an optimist. We have had so much old granny philosophy under the word optimism that the word gives me *mal de mer* of the brain. Then many magazine poets are optimists. They can write fourteen eloquent lines on the marcel wave of a bleached blonde. They can write reams of nonsense on the frogs and toads in a spring puddle. But one strong line of Swinburne, or one brave healthy stanza of Sam Walter Foss would give them nervous prostration for six weeks. Now here lies the hopefulness of Foss. It is hopeful because it has common sense in it, and it it common sense because it is hopeful. In his book, "Songs of the Average Man," there is a ringing poem about "Large Eternal Fellows":

There are large eternal fellows making music hereabout,
And large eternal men are yet to be;
And long will be the long, long years before the breed runs out,
Strong as iron in the mountains, clean as saltness in the sea.

* * * * *

From the star-dust of wide spaces did the mighty worlds cohere,
And there's star-dust for a million years to be;
There are many things that happen in the long Platonic year;
There are new stars yet unmoulded which the coming years shall see.

The cosmic stuff for stars and men, the years shall not debase,
And greater stars than throng the sky shall newly loom in space
And greater men than yet have been shall yet redeem the race;
There are grand eternal fellows yet to be.

As a part of his hopefulness, Foss has naturally a kind word for other men and his introduction to his new book, "Songs of the Average Man," contains one or two stanzas that I think belong in the class of James Whitcomb Riley and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Let me mix with the short men and tall men
With brain men and brawn men be free;
And knowing forever that all men
Are good enough fellows like me.

"The House by the Road" is a good, kind, white hand stretched out to your neighbors, good, bad and indifferent; for after all: "Destiny grinds from her hopper some very good stuff in the lump." One verse in the "House by the Road" lingers in my mind like some of the big-souled stanzas that old blind Homer used to recite along the roadsides of early Greece:

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
  Where the race of men go by;
The men that are good and the men that are bad,
  As bad and as good as I.
I would not sit in the scorners' seat
  Nor hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
  And be a friend of man.

If the poet's function be to heighten and to brighten life, and as old John Milton has it, "to justify the ways of God to men," then certainly we ought to consider a man as endowed with no mean gift who can write so happily about the ups and downs of life, its ins and outs as our poet here in Yankeeland.

The poem on the "The Pessimist Firefly" is as good as a chapter from Mrs. Eddy's book on "Science and Health." Indeed, I should say it is as good as the whole book. This "Firefly" saw another of its kind, a pessimist, sitting on a weed and complaining that there was no sun nor any star in the sky, and concluding that the best thing to do was to sit down and die on the weed. "But," said the hopeful little insect, who was watching his gloomy neighbor, "all you've got to do is to spread your wings and you yourself will be a star." Now this is just the young, fresh, joyous spirit of America. And it is that spirit that our poets and thinkers and educators must consider if they are going to make this America of ours the most beautiful and bountful and cultured race that has ever touched the shoal and bank of time.

The problems of our country that make sword-cuts of care on the faces of the wise men and the strong men who are beginning to shape our destiny, have been shown by Professor Ferrero to be very much akin to those that greeted early Rome. Here is the assembling of the nations. Here is the wealth of furrowed field and forest height, of river beds that gleam with gold, and hills crowded with waiting metal. The land reverberates to the swift roll of wheels. the waters echo the throb of the engine; inventions spring from the fruitful life of the people, like roses from the juicy shoots of June. "But," asks the poet in a more serious vein than we have heard him use before, "tell us how about your men?" In the dialogue of the spirits there are some splendid strong lines and I cannot refrain from quoting a stanza of it here:

Said the spirit of all time to the spirit of today:
  Yes, harness all your rivers above the cataract's brink,
      But then unharness man;
To earth's reservoirs of fire let your giant shaftings sink,
  And scourge your drudging thunderbolts,
      But give men time to think.
Throw your bridles on the rivers, curb them at the cataract's brink,
      And then unharness man.

Said the spirit of all time: In this climax of the years,
      Make no machine of man.
For your harnessed rivers panting are as lyrics in my ears,
  And your jockeyed lightnings clattering
Are as music of the spheres.
But 'tis well that you remember in this climax of the years:
      Make no machine of man.

There is not only a strength in these repetitions, and a rhythm in the lines, but there is powerful common sense and prophetic warning.

I notice also in his poems about man a profound knowledge of the great scientists, who have revolutionized, in the last sixty years, our entire conception about the human race, its origin and probable destiny. Like Tennyson, Foss is thoroughly accurate in his scientific statements, but much more certain than Tennyson in his hopeful idea that the world is good and that it is growing very much better. Take the poem, "The Yeast of Evolution." He has spoken in a minor poem very beautifully of the new conception we have about man's coming here: "The Cosmos wrought for a billion years to make glad for a day."

Old Dr. McCosh of Princeton lectured us from seventy-five reams of printed matter, on his theory of how the soul originated in the primal brute. The poet gives us a very clear definition of the beginning of the soul in these lines:

The yeast of evolution grew within his aimless purpose
  And the hairy savage battled, clan with clan,
Till the strong armed brute grew conscious of a deeper life within him,
  And the soul of man grew conscious and revealed itself to man.

Yea, the yeast of evolution works as hitherto forever,
  We are yet in the morning of our day;
Down the ever widening pathway whose long vista ends in twilight,
  We shall come on new perfections, meet new music by the way.

There is no corrosive self-introspection in Sam Walter Foss. He calls us into a merry world, a world of work and fun and good nature; a big America too strong for the foolishness of prejudice, too great for the weakness of pride, too abounding in health for the disease of misanthropy. His characters are good, sturdy, Yankee fellows, some of them are right, and some of them are wrong, and all of them are good enough fellows. For all his quiet sarcasm, humor and satire, he tells me he has never received an anonymous letter or a letter of harsh criticism. He is one with his own good-natured rollicking characters who take straw rides and go to country fairs; who draw poster-painter pictures and consider them copies of Michelangelo; with fellows who shoot in their neighbors' woods and won't get out because they have the gun and their neighbors have only got the rights; with young men and women of our days who are above its sordid money grabbing tendencies and who really believe that "souls are more than merchandise and mills are less than men." These are a few of the qualities of this poet of "Yankeeland"; and though it is evident that by his life, ancestry and education in New England he has typical Yankee views of the world as it is today, yet, like most of our writers, he has brain enough to grasp and breadth enough to welcome into his sympathies the entire human race.

So I mix with these good enough fellows,
  For they stretch from the pole to the pole;
And the blacks, and the browns, and the yellows,
  Are all fairly white in the soul.
Let me live with these good men and bad men,
  Who are much the same fellows as I;
For I find they are glad men and sad men,
  But men it is good to get nigh.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART

By SAM WALTER FOSS

"TAKE yer head with yer," says ol' Uncle Joe,
  "Take yer head with yer an' heed it;
Take yer head with yer wherever ye go,
  Take yer head with yer, ye'll need it.

"Take yer heart with yer," says ol' Uncle Joe,
  "Take yer heart with yer and heed it;
Take yer heart with yer, wherever ye go,
  Take yer heart with yer, ye'll need it.

"Let yer head and yer heart talk over the thing,
  An' arger the case till they've tried it,
While you set in style like a judge or a king,
  An' w'en they've stopped jawin', decide it."

Books o' the Month

YEARS ago Charles William Burrows established a book business in Cleveland, which soon developed into one of the largest of its kind in the country. Twenty-three years ago he conceived the idea of producing an accurate history of the United States and its people, from the earliest records to the present time. In his mind's eye he saw the many generous 8 x 10 octavo volumes on the library shelves — he felt that no smaller size could do justice to the subject. Elroy McKendree Avery, a well-known author and scholar, collaborated with him in the work. The preliminary plans of this vast undertaking were gone over day after day. Now, after a lapse of almost twenty-three years, four volumes of the total sixteen planned have come from the press, the fifth volume is now at press and the sixth is in the printer's hands. In no single incident has there been the slightest deviation from an accuracy as minute as it is possible for human beings to attain. Half-forgotten nooks and corners of the earth, and vast masses of original documents and data used by former historians, have been explored to fortify and uphold evidence, or eliminate inaccuracies. Prominent writers, whose fame and reputation are established, have been presented with proof of their own errors, and have gracefully and even thankfully accepted the corrections of these indefatigable researchers.

CHARLES WILLIAM BURROWS

It has been ascertained when and where the Stars and Stripes were first displayed in battle. It was Fort Stanwix, where Rome, New York, now stands, which was decided upon as the place, and the correct date, though usually given as August 2, was ascertained to be August 3, 1777.

Each volume has been written and rewritten, as new information was gathered, at an expense of over $200,000, and with remote hope of making the work a pecuniary success.

As a fitting conclusion to this review, we print herewith the Dedication by Dr. Avery:

I dedicate these volumes to my friend
Charles William Burrows

Who, twenty years ago, asked me to join him in a work to which he evidently had been called more by a soldier's desire to serve his country than by a publisher's longing for pecuniary gain. From that day to this, an unselfish purpose has guided his unfaltering steps and made each surmounted obstacle a better point of view for a higher ideal. This is why this History appears in a garb richer than that of any that have gone before it. I should be happy if I could think that my work has been done as well as his.

ELROY M. AVERY.

Cleveland, August, 1904.

⁂

IN "Pipe Dreams" we have a book of poems by Maitland LeRoy Osborne that will appeal to all classes of readers. There is nothing high-flown about them, but they are written in the simple, easily-understood language of the heart. From the lumberjack in the far northwest, to the old farm home, nestling among the New England hills, a wide range of subjects shows the great versatility of our author. He has truly delineated for us the humor and the pathos of life. We can laugh at the bold pirate who met his match in a woman and was ruled thereafter by her, or we can almost weep over the pictures of the past that are no more. The poems of country life make us long to leave the city with all its noise and turmoil, and go back to nature for the peace and quiet that she alone can give. The children are not forgotten, either, and there is more than one poem that gives us pretty glimpses of child-life.

ELROY M. AVERY

MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE
Author of "Pipe Dreams"

Some of the poems have appeared before in magazines, and they will be a second time welcomed by their friends, who will be pleased to see the scattered leaves brought together into one book.

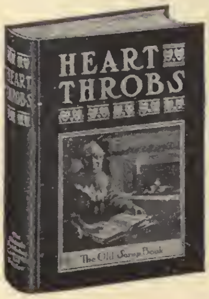
⁂

"THE Story of a Border City during the Civil War," by Galusha Anderson—388 pages, 8 mo., Little Brown & Co., Boston, 1908—deals with life and events in St. Louis during the years 1861–1868.

Written by an old resident of St. Louis, Missouri, a clergyman of kindly, liberal and generous, but determined character, this book portrays the very peculiar relations which the unionists and dis-unionists of the border city maintained towards each other during the first few months of the secession movement. It tells how the Lincoln Wide-Awakes drilled to march with gay capes and torches during the presidential campaign of 1860, and kept up their organization and secretly drilled with arms while Governor Jackson tried to plunge the state into secession and treason. The author tells how an apparently innocent art exhibition received cases containing statuary that was exhibited, and like cases full of muskets and equipments that were used in secret drills, awaiting the final struggle. It likewise tells how the Minutemen drilled and organized in the interests of Secession. He narrates how a convention was established by a disloyal executive and legislature at Jefferson City for the purpose of passing an ordinance of secession; how it was craftily induced to sit at St. Louis, where its members were so liberally entertained and cared for that they finally refused to carry out the treasonable program signed there. We learn in detail how Captain, later General Lyons, held the arsenal in spite of dilatory and treasonable superiors at Washington and active Southern conspirators at home, until, by a well-executed stratagem, he shipped most of the arms and ammunition to Alton, Illinois, to arm loyal men instead of Confederate partisans.

The final culmination of the period of secret preparation by both factions; the capture of Camp Jackson and the disarmament of its Confederate levies, and those events of the war in which the loyalty of the men of St. Louis bore so important and honorable a part, makes interesting reading and a valuable contribution to the history of the great Civil War. The fact that the author is the father of Elbridge R. Anderson, a member of the firm of Bartlett & Anderson, ranking high among the lawyers of New England, gives additional interest to the authorship of this very just, well-considered and eminently moderate narrative of a great crisis in western and national history.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON



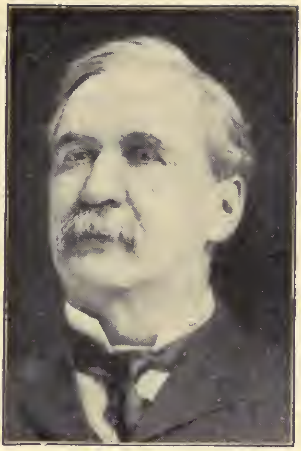
I Know that My Redeemer Lives

Behold the marvel of the leaves:
Once green, they blush with shame
When Autumn with her mystic torch
Sets all the woods aflame.
What miracle is in the seed
To carpet hill and glade?
Does Nature hold eternal life
In constant ambuscade?
The grain that slept three thousand years
With some Egyptian king
Has grown to feed another race
By miracle of Spring.
I may not fathom all, but O,
The joy and peace it gives
When blessed faith bids me to know
That my Redeemer lives.

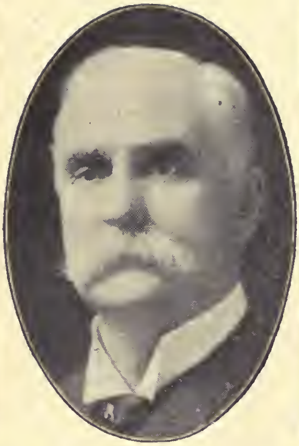
When Night falls on the ice-bound pole
The gates of Heaven seem near;
A searchlight out of glory spreads
Athwart the hemisphere.
Aurora at the gate of Morn
The drowsy watchman wakes:
The Night-star sentries disappear
While day, song-ushered, breaks.
Why spins the world e'en while she swings
In space none comprehends?
Does not infinity begin
Where calculation ends?
I may not fathom all, but O,
The joy and peace it gives
When blessed faith bids me to know
That my Redeemer lives.

The things that fall arise again
No matter where they lie:
The dew and rain, when Nature wills,
Get back into the sky.
All things that die spring up again
That doubting man may learn
The soul alone that never dies
Must to its God return:
Death and decay are but the touch
Of that Celestial hand
That leads you to Eternal Life;
Sometime you'll understand.
I may not fathom all, but O,
The joy and peace it gives
When blessed faith bids me to know
That my Redeemer lives.

—*Fred Emerson Brooks*



LATE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR
WARREN GARST, DES MOINES



LATE CONGRESSMAN
J. P. CONNER

GOVERNOR B. F. CARROLL
OF IOWA

THE DOCTORS' TRUST

Iowa: A Medical Slave State—A Story of Medico-Political Intrigue

By C. W. MILLER

ALTHOUGH it has been only fifteen years since Iowa was christened "A Medical Slave State" by the editor of *The Arena*, the domain of the Hawkeyes has been more or less under the domination of the organized medical fraternity from the days of its earliest settlement. Many years before the idea of a National Medical Monopoly had its birth, Iowa doctors had a compact and well-disciplined organization, actively engaged in political intrigue, all calculated to result in the passage of laws giving an organized clique ever-increasing rewards and immunities.

At the present time the medical Mafia is an important political factor in Iowa, and that its activity is mainly for selfish purposes is shown by the character of the legislation it advocates in the session at the time this article is written. Its lust for power and money is so plainly revealed that the veriest dullard should be able to discern it.

The political activity of the Medical Trust in Iowa, in the last few years, has been phenomenal. The organized doctors, actuated in the main by selfish purposes, have made and unmade state senators and representatives and congressmen, and their influence predominated in the last primary campaign for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, which caused national astonishment as to its result, because the minority "stand-pat" faction succeeded in nominating its candidate for governor. Instead of being an out and out victory for the "stand-patters," however, it was a victory, in truth, for the organized doctors, who for years have camped on the trail of the late candidate of the "progressive" wing of the party. His offense was that he, while a member of the Iowa legislature, had the temerity to cast the vote that made possible the lawful recognition of osteopaths.

Every legislature since the state was organized has had its full quota of medico-political members; and the present legislature, the Thirty-third General Assembly, is no exception. I do not believe a man should be barred from legislative service simply because he is a physician; but I am convinced that when a man seeks legislative office because of his profession or occupation, and his candidacy is backed by an organization of like profession or occupation which supports him for office to pull its chestnuts out of the fire, his candidacy becomes politically immoral, and tends to be a public menace. It should not be understood that all of the doctors who have served in Iowa legislatures have been there merely to serve selfish ends. Some of them have not. Some of them have been men who could, and did, rise above the selfish desires of the organized wing of their profession—and this is especially true of some of the doctors who are serving in the present General Assembly.

But it is true that in none of the thirty-three general assemblies has the medical clique, as a whole, paid any serious attention to matters of general legislative importance. By what appears to have been common consent little in this regard has been expected of it. Its members have been a clique aside and by themselves, claiming superiority of intellect and a special fitness to consider matters pertaining to "public health," and matters relating to that subject have been turned over to them as a matter of course. An examination of motives has been sadly lacking in the Iowa legislatures, and in others, I opine, and the doctors have been able to run matters with a high hand.

The Iowa State Board of Health, or at least that part of it which resolves itself into the Iowa State Board of Medical Examiners, is composed mainly of doctors who have been active in the "organization" and owe their positions to its endorsement. Being political rather than medical experts, they have apparently lost sight of the health concerns of the state in order that they may give their undivided attention to politics, and to the material interests of the state and county societies. Their zeal to serve these organizations seems to have subordinated entirely interest in the legitimate health concerns of the state. They have been more anxious to have physicians observe the rules and ethics laid down by the organization than to have them observe the ordinary amenities of society, or the laws of humanity or of the state.

The medical clique in preceding legislatures has conferred upon this board such extraordinary powers that, until two years ago, even the courts could not be appealed to by doctors deprived of their right to practice, and this rule is still in force as to laymen who may suffer the grossest indignities at the hands of these medical satraps without being permitted the opportunity for legal recourse or appeal of whatever kind. I maintain that a board which has power by star chamber proceeding or otherwise to destroy property, to deprive individuals of their liberty or their right to follow the pursuits upon which depend their livelihood, is un-American, unjust and politically and morally atrocious.

Iowa is a little more fortunate in this particular than it was a few years ago, because a method of appeal has been provided in some cases. The laws are not, however, what they should be, since in an action brought by the State Board of Medical Examiners, a doctor is considered to be guilty until he proves himself innocent, whereas the law considers a horse thief or a murderer innocent until he is proven guilty. I regard the small concession which has been wrenched from the medical monopolists in this particular as an opening wedge, however, and indicative of better things and different times.

Why honest physicians continue to submit to this autocratic dictation is difficult to explain except on the theory of fear, for the medical monopoly directs and controls a juggernaut whose crushing power has been frequently demonstrated when directed against those who have dared to place their professional honor and medical knowledge against the organized Medical Trust.

The condition that exists has not been built up in a day, a year, or even a generation. It is the cumulative growth of the endeavor of the political doctors during the half century since the Iowa State Medical Association was organized. An examination of the records since 1862 shows that there have never been less than three doctors in the Iowa legislature and often as many as ten. In the forty-seven years for which the records were examined, there have been no less than 188 doctors in the Iowa General Assemblies. In practically every legislature the proportion of doctor members to the total number of members has far exceeded the proportion of doctors in the state to the total voting population. The present General Assembly —the thirty-third—numbers among its members nine doctors, five in the Senate and four in the House. At the primaries at which the members of the present General Assembly were nominated, seventeen doctors offered themselves as candidates for nomination. Of these twelve were nominated, and seven were elected, two "hold overs" bringing the number up to nine. In the Twenty-ninth General Assembly there were six doctors; in the thirtieth and thirty-first there were seven, and in the thirty-second there were eight. In the twenty-eighth there were ten, and in the twenty-seventh there were eight. It was during the session of the Twenty-seventh General Assembly that the Honorable Warren Garst, defeated candidate for the Republican nomination for governor in 1908, cast the vote that gave a constitutional majority to a bill recognizing osteopaths, and thereby incurring the enmity of the organized doctors, which enmity kept him out of Congress, and prevented him last year from receiving the Republican nomination for governor which, in this state, is equivalent to an election.

To give an understanding of the efforts that have been made in recent years to influence state and legislative nominations, it is necessary to quote quite a lengthy letter written in 1901 by Dr. J. W. Kime, secretary of the Association of Iowa Physicians. The letter, sent out from Fort Dodge, is as follows:

> Fort Dodge, Iowa, May 24, 1901.
>
> *Dear Doctor* ————:
>
> Many questions of a political nature will come up during the campaign now opening in this state in which our profession are interested. The Iowa State Medical Society at Davenport last week adopted resolutions urging the members of the society to take a more active part in political matters in the state.
>
> In accordance with the purport of this resolution, I desire to call your attention to the importance of participating in your convention, which selects delegates to the State Convention at Cedar Rapids, and which will, in all probability, nominate the next governor of Iowa; and also in your County Convention, which will nominate your state senator and representative.
>
> It is very desirable that as many physicians as possible become delegates to the Cedar Rapids Convention, as there may be a time in that convention when much might be accomplished along the lines in which we are interested. A united effort should be made in each county to nominate our friends for membership in the Senate and House.
>
> Will you kindly call the attention of the doctors in your county to this matter, and assist in putting them at work as soon as possible?
>
> I wish you would send me the names of the physicians in your county who may be placed on the delegation to Cedar Rapids. Fraternally yours,
>
> J. W. Kime, Sec'y.
> Association of Iowa Physicians.

There is no talk of altruism or "public health" in this letter. It is a straight-out appeal to a class, to act as a class for class benefit. When they are producing talk for public consumption, the political doctors throw in a lot of buncombe about "public health," but this is only intended to pull the wool over the eyes of the unsuspecting populace. In their confidential talks, some of which I have records of, they unmask, throw aside their pretense and get down to brass tacks. Dr. Kime makes it plain that "a more active interest in political matters" is desirable because "there may be a time when much might be accomplished" thereby.

Following soon after the issuance of this letter, members of the Twenty-ninth General Assembly were nominated, and during its session more than a dozen bills were introduced, tending to increase the emoluments of the profession, to lessen competition and to create jobs and salaries for medico-political manipulators. One of the laws passed was an act to cripple the osteopath law which had been enacted at a previous session.

Through all the years of medical activity in politics the public has been utterly ignorant of the power of the Medical Trust, but the politicians have not been unmindful of the influence that a score or two of personally likable men, traveling about the county with the easy facility afforded by automobiles, are capable of wielding. So, as a rule, those interested in vote-getting have courted their favor, and herein may be discovered the reason why the doctors have been able to secure the enactment of almost any kind of special legislation they have desired. This legislation, almost without exception, has been of a character calculated to make it possible to exact an increasing measure of toll from beds of pain, and to force medical supervision on people who in a majority of cases do not want it, and in the main do not need it.

The influence that has been brought to bear on congressional elections in the recent past, and the effect produced upon the National House of Representatives is shown in at least one congressional district in Iowa. James P. Conner was congressman from the Tenth District and, so far as I know, represented the main body of his constituents in a satisfactory manner. However, he refused to go on record as favoring the major political scheme of the Medical Trust—the establishment of a National Department of Public Health, with a seat in the President's Cabinet—and refused to make a promise sought to be exacted from him by the Iowa legislative manipulators. In this way he gained the enmity of the political doctors of his district, who waged a warfare against him when he was a candidate for renomination that resulted in his defeat. The present congressman from that district, Honorable Frank P. Woods, owes his seat in Congress to the Medical Trust, and it will be interesting to watch his course in Congress, especially on bills that will be proposed by the Medical Trust through its National Legislative Committee. The following letter tells the whole story:

> Mount Ayr, Iowa, May 25, 1908.
>
> *Dear Doctor* ————:
>
> As Chairman of the Committee on National Legislation (note a field of political activity not heretofore touched upon) for the physicians of Iowa I am interested in the nomination of such men for Congress as will give the physicians of Iowa a square deal. I write you, therefore, at this time in behalf of Honorable Frank P. Woods for the office of congressman.
>
> I wish to call your attention to one thing, viz., that doctors have not had proper recognition in the past from your congressman, nor can we hope for anything from him in the future. I think the time has come, and has long passed, when the United States should have a doctor in the cabinet in charge of the National Health Department, a position to be created in the near future, I hope.
>
> As long as I can recollect the doings and conduct of your congressman, he has ignored all appeals for national recognition (class legislation?). I am strongly of the opinion that if Mr. Woods of your district were elected to Congress he would listen to the petitions of doctors and would act. Is it not our duty (to whom?) to send such men to Congress?
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> S. Bailey.

The remarks in parentheses are mine.

As in the case of the letter written by Dr. Kime there is no buncombe in Bailey's letter about the welfare of the dear people. It is an out and out appeal to class prejudice, but the letter brings up, and consequently into this story, the matter of a Department of Public Health with a seat in the President's Cabinet—the occupant thereof to be, of course, a doctor.

It is not my purpose to discuss this proposed department, with its attendant subdepartments and corps of officials to feed at the public expense trough, any further than to here give the planks from the national platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties. Planks, pledging both parties to the creation of this proposed new department, were drawn at the national headquarters of the trust on Dearborn Avenue, Chicago. Identical drafts were presented to the Committees on Resolutions of both parties, but by neither one was the draft, as presented, accepted. The Republican Committee emasculated it rather more than the Democratic Committee, its plank being as follows:

> "We commend the effort designed to secure greater efficiency in National Public Health agencies, and favor such legislation as will effect this purpose."

The Democratic platform declaration was:

> "We advocate the organization of all existing national public health agencies into a national bureau of public health with such powers over sanitary conditions connected with factories, mines, tenements, child labor and such other subjects as are properly within the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, and do not interfere with the power of the states controlling public health agencies."

These planks will be urged by the Medical Trust, at the next session of Congress, as reasons for the establishment of the desired national department.

* * *

Since the Iowa doctors took a hand in the nomination of a governor to their liking in 1901, and at least one congressman to their liking in 1908, as is shown by the letters quoted above (which letters came quite by accident into the profane hands of a layman) it is hardly to be supposed that their intrigue slighted the office of governor in the memorable primary election campaign of 1908, nor indeed, did it. In that campaign the then lieutenant governor, the Honorable Warren Garst, was defeated by the then auditor of state, the Honorable B. F. Carroll.

Garst was widely known, and extremely popular. He was a good mixer, a talented public speaker, and his long service in both branches of the legislature had given him a state-wide acquaintance, such as is enjoyed by but few other men.

All the odds seemed to be in Garst's favor, but yet, when the result of the balloting was announced, Carroll was some 25,000 votes in the lead.

To say that the result was a surprise is stating it mildly.

It was not one incapable of a logical explanation, however, as the following will show:

* * *

In the Twenty-seventh General Assembly, in which Mr. Garst was a member of the Senate, there was passed a law giving recognition to the School of Osteopaths, which law placed an average of three osteopathic doctors in each county of the state, as active and successful competitors of the medical doctors. Though the physicians had been as active as usual in their efforts toward electing doctors to the legislature, as was shown by their quota of eight doctor members, they appear to have been caught napping. An osteopath bill, introduced by Representative Frink and championed by some of the strongest members of both houses, gained unexpected favor before the medical contingent awoke to the danger. Having successfully run the gauntlet of all other legislative processes, assailed on every hand by the men of medicine, it was on March 20 finally placed upon its passage in the upper house. The bill received but twenty-five votes, or one less than a constitutional majority. But just before the vote was announced, Senator Garst emerged from the cloak-room and voted for the bill.

Garst saved the day for the Osteopaths, but when he became a candidate for the congressional nomination in his district a few years later, the vengeful doctors not only actively opposed him, but openly and arrogantly boasted of their part in the achievement when his defeat had been consummated. When he sought the office of governor the same factor stood in his way.

* * *

As to whether Governor Carroll appreciated the value of the doctors' organization as an aid to his ambition I leave my readers to judge from my recital of a little more history, part medical and part legislative.

At the annual meeting of the Iowa State Medical Association, held at Des Moines on May 21, 1908, Dr. Luther E. Stevens, chairman of the association's Committee on Public Health and Legislation, presented the report of his committee in which was included the following demand:

> "Revise the entire Board of Health Laws and other Laws which create or provide for the maintenance of various departments in the State Government that have to do directly or indirectly with public health and safety. In such revision there should be the co-ordination or amalgamation of such departments or commissions that shall be conducive both to economy and efficiency in service."

Those who know (and anybody may know by making the most meagre investigation) that no legislative demand was ever made by an Iowa organization of doctors that lacked a selfish motive, will readily see the purpose of this plan. The details of it were later contained in a bill prepared by the legislative committee of the association and exploited in the press as being a plan with which Governor Carroll was in full accord. Proposing the consolidation of eleven different departments under a bureau of "Health Control," what political power it would have given the doctors who, without doubt, had pre-arranged to take charge of it!

A few years ago a doctors' trust scheme of even these proportions might have been approved with little question, but not now. There is an awakening in the Hawkeye state. The people of the back counties are coming to know of the tremendous schemes of the medical monopoly, and when they fully realize, as they soon must, that they have in their midst a semi-secret organization that has waxed so fat of power as to be able to shape the destinies of the state, and compel obedience from officials high and low, they will rise in their might and crush it.

Iowa will not remain a medical slave state any longer than it takes her people to discover the extent of their bondage.

ST. THERESA CONVENT, NYSAMBA, UGANDA; BUILT BY FATHER VON DER KELLEN, 1902

ROOSEVELT'S HUNTING GROUNDS

By PETER MacQUEEN

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Special Correspondent of the *National Magazine* in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, in Manila and the Philippines in Aguinaldo's Insurrection and in South Africa during the Boer War

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This concludes the remarkable series of stories begun in our December (1908) *issue, written by Rev. Peter Mac Queen, who traveled over this country in Africa within the past year. These articles were the first, and altogether the most comprehensive yet published, concerning the Roosevelt Hunting Grounds.*

IN closing this brief account of my African experiences, it is with considerable diffidence that I attempt to treat of the great Uganda Protectorate, the real terminus of the Uganda Railway and the most valuable part of the British East African protectorates.

The Baganda, or people of Uganda proper, are the Japanese of America, and before Cameron, Stanley and others made them known to the world, far excelled the surrounding tribes in cleanliness, neatness and decency in attire, sanitary living and comfortable dwellings.

Their King Mutesa, descended from many warlike and cruel ancestors, ruled absolutely over the lives and properties of his subjects. The executions which attended the first audiences given to white men; the massacre of thousands of men and women to appease his "ancestral spirits"; and his fears of too powerful subordinates; and the murders of men and women for petty errors and offences, blackened the memory of a ruler who nevertheless did much for his people.

* * *

King Mutesa welcomed to his dominions all men who came to tell him of a purer faith and better things for himself and his people. He also set aside the burial rites of his kingly ancestors. Until his own burial, every dead king of Uganda had been swathed in bark cloth by his successor and borne by the Court Executioner and the Keeper of the Tombs of the Kings to Emerara in the County of Busiro where thirty-seven such tombs are still preserved.

The under jaw was removed and the

mutilated body placed on a wooden bier or bedstead in a conical structure whose thatched roof reached to the ground. Its door once closed was never again reopened.

Then the Court Executioner seized the Chief Cook, Chief of the King's Beer Pots and Chief Herdsman, with three women of corresponding rank, and slaying them, left the bodies before the king's tomb to be consumed by vultures. The king's jaw, cleansed and ornamented with cowrie shells, was placed in one of several new huts within an enclosure near the tomb, and the chief who built them became the life guardian of this relic of the dead ruler. Another chief and the king's wives were set to keep watch over the king's tomb, living in a hut nearby until all died.

Mutesa, in defiance of all the traditions of his race and line, ordered all the remains and jawbones of his dead ancestors to be collected and buried, and directed that he himself should be decently interred in a simple grave with a few of his best spears planted about it in the form of a palisade, over which his wives should keep guard during the rest of their lives. His body was not to be mutilated, nor was anyone to be slaughtered as formerly.

A large structure built over his grave forms the tomb of Mutesa, the floor of which is carpeted with fine grass, laid down evenly blade by blade. Visitors are frequently admitted and Mutesa's wives carefully replace every blade displaced by their feet. The shrines of his ancestors, some of which are centuries old, however ancient and dilapidated, are still watched over by devoted attendants.

* * *

These remains of a barbaric past contrast with brighter conditions existing in Uganda today, for when Mwanga succeeded to the throne, he brought with him many of the superstitions and vices of his father. These, with the religious dissensions arising from the labors of missionaries gave rise to civil wars and revolutions. The Protestant Episcopal Church Mission was represented by men of great devotion, energy, and to a certain extent national feeling. The Catholic

DR. COOK, OF THE C. M. S. MEDICAL MISSION, NAMIRAMBE WHO SEES FIFTY THOUSAND PATIENTS A YEAR

Fathers, largely of French or German descent, were equally enterprising and devoted in the attempt to implant the tenets of their faith; while Arab representatives of Mohammedan faith, full of fire and fanatical zeal, had also made a vast number of converts amongst the people of Uganda. As a result, the wars, in which Mwanga was by turns victorious and defeated, continued until the British Government took charge of the country and banished Mwanga to the Seychelles Islands, where, surrounded by his family, he lived until his decease in 1903.

The British Government then served notice on the several religious missions, that all attempts to carry religious feeling into politics would be followed by the suppression of missionary work in the Protectorate; and since that time teachers of the different faiths have worked side by side for the general benefit of the people of Uganda.

* * *

I have already spoken of the twenty-five-mile road which reaches from Entebbe to Kampala, the native capital of Uganda. This, in itself, is a fine example of perfect road-making, but another road from Kampala to Lake Albert Nyanza is a magnificent sample of what has been achieved by the government and people of Uganda. A rickshaw or automobile may traverse the whole distance, 200 miles, with much more ease than on the same length of road in any rural district of the United States. This has made possible the easy transportation of commodities between the different tribes composing the people of the Protectorate.

The natives of Uganda in co-operation with the Imperial Government have established a confederation of the Nile, Rudolf, Western and Central, Uganda and Kisumu provinces.

This territory is also divided into twenty counties, each presided over by a county chief, and is ruled by Kabaka (King) Daudi Chwa, now about thirteen years of age, under the guardianship of three regents. His income is 800 pounds sterling a year, and when of age (at eighteen years), he will have a salary of 1500 pounds. The Lukiko, or native Parliament, consists of three regents drawing 400 pounds each annually; twenty County Chiefs, paid 200 pounds each annually; sixty Notables, three from each county, selected by the King, subject to the veto of the Imperial Government; and six Persons of Importance, also selected by the King, subject to veto. The King's successor in case of death is to be chosen by vote of the Parliament, from among the heads of the royal family, with the consent of the Imperial Government.

* * *

The King of Uganda is called "His Highness," and entitled to a salute of only nine guns, in strong contrast to the state and honors of Mutesa, whose every act of importance was heralded by great military display, an extravagant burning of gunpowder, and very often by the sacrifice of many human lives. Polygamy has been largely done away with, and the practical selling of women as wives, almost universal amongst the tribes of Uganda, has been modified by an act of the Parliament to payment to the father, where the parties are willing to contract, of thirteen shillings and four pence sterling or about $3.37. This amount may be slightly exceeded by a chief or person of consequence. As a result, the choice of the parties, and especially of the women, is consulted largely nowadays, whereas formerly it was simply a matter of bargain and sale, to which the women were supposed to submit without question.

Uganda contains within its borders the very arcana of geographical mystery, those sources of the Nile, and Mountains of the Moon, of which Rameses questioned, Herodotus and Edrisi treated, and a very host of geographers and explorers made the life-dream of closet speculation, and travel-quest. Here Hamitic and Nilotic Ethiopians dwell, "together yet apart," and Norseman, Gaul, Iberian, German, Celt and Ishmaelite, Hindu and Punjabi, pure of blood, or blended by many generations of marriage or concubinage, present an endless variety of types of physique, intelligence, civilization, barbarism, religion and idolatry.

Here are provinces, where the hunter may find little to slay, amid almost continuous fields and a dense population; elsewhere the hugest elephants, many-horned rhinoceri, rarest antelopes, great chimpanzees and savage buffaloes, with man-eating lions, leopards, hyenas and jackals, offer all the delights and perils of the chase to the fearless sportsman.

Death lurks, too, in the treacherous shallows of many a lake, and the eddies of every river where the horrible kitinda, the man-eating crocodile, lies in sullen silence awaiting his prey; where the thick-set sluggish puff-adder lies amid sand and broken rock, slow to retreat, quick to strike and fatal beyond remedy; where even more deadly cobras dart from their lurking-places to implant the tiny twin punctures, which no leech may heal, as if the love of destruction and death impelled the lithe, flexible creature to its venomous attack. More insidious, but no less dangerous, the tsetse fly lurks wherever grateful leafage overhangs moist or watered territory, and its bite, not so painful as that of many other insect pests, is followed by fever, rheumatic pains, lassitude, meningitic spasms, coma and death. Much more painful is the bite of the little *miowa* midgets that hover and hum where the broken waters of Lake Victoria pour down into the fissure of the head of the Nile. So painful and virulent is the poison injected, that within forty-eight hours it results in large and very painful swellings; while the "rest houses" and native houses of Uganda are often infested by a tick, whose bite is followed by a violent and dangerous fever.

VICTORO AMBUBI, GOVERNOR OF BAVUMA ISLAND. AND FAMILY. CONVERTS TO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC FAITH

Icthyol and vaseline intimately mixed and rubbed over all exposed skin surface seemed, in my own case, to discourage all insects from attempting to draw blood at my expense. The odor was not especially entrancing, but I was saved much pain and danger, and when I bathed, the mixture was easily removed, leaving the skin soft and free from sunburn. I had one narrow escape from a serpent which struck at me near the head of the Nile, but happily missed, and when it failed, glided swiftly into its hole in the rocks. It seemed to be a cobra, but may have been of a less dangerous species.

Birds and butterflies; great parrots, resplendent in scarlet over gray and white; white-crested, metallic-sheened hornbills; plantain-eating birds, in royal blue, and others in violet and crimson, with bright yellow beaks; plump, fluffy quails; gorgeous flamingoes; snowy uncouth pelicans; the solemn-looking whale-nosed stork; and a host of smaller, many-hued thrushes and wood-peckers, give life and beauty to forest and shore. Enormous moths and butterflies of the most exquisite coloring, with numberless smaller specimens, many lovely in hue and of great scarcity in modern collections, attract the naturalist, and afford the entomologist a splendid field of operations.

But Uganda contains within her borders a great number of representative tribesmen. Ankole on its southwestern boundary is the home of the Bahima, a very peaceable people, not especially powerful, although their King, Kahaya, in 1904 measured six feet and six and one-half inches, and weighed 301 pounds. He was of the Muhima or dominant caste, which is taller than the Muiru or peasant class. Their women always go closely veiled, and even those Christianized keep up the custom. The bridegroom never sees the face of his intended until he has paid seven cows to her father, and takes his wife to her new home. They are a nation of herdsmen, and to the Muhima all food is prohibited except beef, veal, and milk and its products. Even mutton, goat's flesh, fowl, sweet potatoes, beans and most other vegetable food are tabooed. The dress of the men is not unlike the toga of antiquity.

The Banyoro (people of Unyoro) were in Stanley's time the warlike subjects of that Kabba Rega, who was the Napoleon of his limited sphere and fell before the victorious arms of England in 1899, and was banished to the Seychelles, where one of his sons is being educated to better things, while another rules Unyoro under British supervision. This people dress decently in bark, cloth or skin garments, and despise the naked Bari and other Nilotic savages. All children when growing are deprived of the six front teeth of the lower jaw, and even the King receives this tribal mutilation.

The Banyoro present their prospective fathers-in-law with a cow which if accepted is followed without any talk or explanation by the gift of four or five more, the selection of one of the girls and her departure for her new home. They are agriculturalists, make earthenware, baskets, canoes, iron knives, swords and spears, and dress skins and hides. They use the throwing and the stabbing spear and war club, and carry shields of wood and buffalo hide.

The people of Toro (Batoro) live east of the Ruwenzori range and south of Lake Albert Nyanza, in a very fertile and healthy country, which is, however, of volcanic origin, and subject to earthquakes. They are wiry, light-brown in color and strongly attached to the new order of things. Their "King," Kasangama, learned to speak English, owns a horse and a typewriter, and employs several Hindu artisans to teach his people carpentry. In Toro marriage is very leisurely consummated, the usual term of engagement being two years after the suitor has paid the usual dower (two cows) for the girl. During this time, the affianced pair are not allowed to meet at all, but if the man dies, his brother succeeds him if eligible.

The ancient burial rites of the Toro kings called for the sending "alive into the pit" of two of his wives, the youngest, and two men. The grave was covered, housed and watched by men only.

The Banubuddu, on the northwestern coast of the Victoria Nyanza, have been largely absorbed by intermarriage with the Baganda. They were formerly agriculturalists, but keen, bold and successful hunters. With their long Danish flintlock muskets, at close range few shots were wasted, and the reputation of a proven marksman, who had to shoot a second time, suffered, even when hunting the elephant.

* * *

Mukasa, the greatest deity of the Ba-Sese, or Sese Islanders, only a few years ago dominated the navigation of the Victoria. Her fanatical followers on rafts and in canoes bearing blazing torches, and hideously howling, so frightened the sailors who mocked at her power, that in 1879, as a French record states, lake navigation was closed for three months, until King Mutesa sent one hundred slaves, one hundred women, one hundred cows and one hundred goats to her temple. Kitinda, the god of Damba Island, received none but human sacrifices, which having been disabled were left on the beach to be devoured by a huge crocodile.

The Bakoki, people of Koki, live southwest of Buddu on the Kagera River. These people are good marksmen, especially with the bow, with which the boys will rarely miss a mark the size of a plum at thirty to forty yards. They smelt iron, and make their own hoes, hatchets, spears, knives, arrowheads, etc.

The would-be bridegroom pays the father of the girl by whom a feast is prepared. The husband with a few friends, all of whom must fast until the next day, bring home the bride who is also kept without food. The happy couple are given a live goat, and a thousand cowries, which are taken to the father-in-law. After this "pretty marriage" the bride sees no company for three months, except her husband's brothers and sisters, and these must always bring a present for the privilege. Theft was punished severely and sometimes with death, but to steal bananas for food was no crime.

The Basoga, of Busoga on the right bank of the Nile at Ripon Falls, were always friendly to Europeans, and today it is the custom for the local chief to visit the traveler and bring him supplies of food. The Ripon Falls lie between lofty hills, and for thirty miles below them, rapids and rocks break the Nile into a treacherous, dangerous torrent. It is infested with crocodiles, and although hundreds have been shot by vengeful hunters, it is still extremely dangerous to be capsized in this part of the Nile. A little village of fishermen's huts nestles just below the falls, whose denizens use the spear amid a tumult of water, which makes it necessary to talk by signs and motions. The sleeping sickness, smallpox and other diseases have greatly desolated Busoga, and its population probably does not now exceed 90,000 people.

FATHER SUPERIOR BUISROGGE OUR LADY'S MISSION, ANKOKONERA, UGANDA AND NATIVE SERVANTS

In Busoga, the man goes to some dance, generally given in honor of some departed Basoga, and having danced and feasted with his charmer, the happy pair elope and go to the bridegroom's home. This ends all ceremony, except that the brother of the bride visits them the next day, and is received by the brother or some other relative of the bridegroom, who makes him a present of a cow or whatever else he can afford to give. This the girl's brother keeps until he gets married, and pays it over to the brother of some other girl. Men already married carry away another wife in the same way, and with like etiquette and payment, and sometimes a married woman is carried off, but this breach of custom is generally condoned as "a mistake," and atoned for by the payment of a cow.

* * *

The Bakongo people inhabit the slopes of Mount Ruwenzori, and are of fine physique, peaceable and industrious, coming into the Uganda provinces to find work. They file their front teeth to a point, work in iron, and dress very lightly, live on simple food, and buy their wives in much the same way as the Batoro. Their section is good hunting ground, and the scenery is, of course, magnificent, although great clouds of mist sometimes veil the mountains for days.

The Baziba, a strong, hardy race, industrious and good-tempered, living in German East Africa, send thousands of young men to Entebbe and other parts of Uganda seeking employment. Their splendid physique, intelligent faces and peculiar dress of long fibre fringes, make them marked features of the rather cosmopolitan population of Uganda. They are probably the most moral people in the world. The birth of an illegitimate child seals the fate of both its parents, who are bound hand and foot and thrown into Lake Victoria, or buried alive in a quagmire. If the man escapes, his paramour is put to death.

The Basukuma, of Usukuma, at the south end of Lake Nyanza, also come into British territory for work and to trade. They are said to number 500,000, almost purely pastoral, and suffer much from an insufficient rainfall, both in loss of crops and cattle. The prospective bridegroom in this tribe must first give the girl's father a beautifully woven bead belt, which is really for the girl to wear, and then the dowry is fixed by her father and brothers. The first instalment of sixty sheep is paid and the man becomes the servant of the girl's father for two years in further payment. He builds a hut and his wife lives with him, after her husband has paid a sheep to the oldest woman in the village for good fortune to his house; another to the oldest man, "because of his gray hairs"; a third to the principal bridesmaid, who arranges the bridal chamber, and a fourth to the bride's eldest sister.

The Manyuema or Manyema, who occupy the eastern part of the Congo Free State, are largely found among the Uganda provinces. They scar the face in patches, but apply a dark pigment which lessens the effect of the scar. Both sexes wear the *viramba*, a belt of long grass tassels reaching from the waist to the knee, but are very apt to copy the Swahili women in dress and ornament.

They are a race of cannibals, who on the death of a relative, summon their blood kin in the next village by the beating of a drum. Four men come over with a bier on which the body is carried away to be roasted and eaten by affectionate relatives. Sometimes, but rarely, the remains are stewed instead of roasted. Of course all enemies slain in battle are eaten, as Stanley and others found when white men first forced a way through their country.

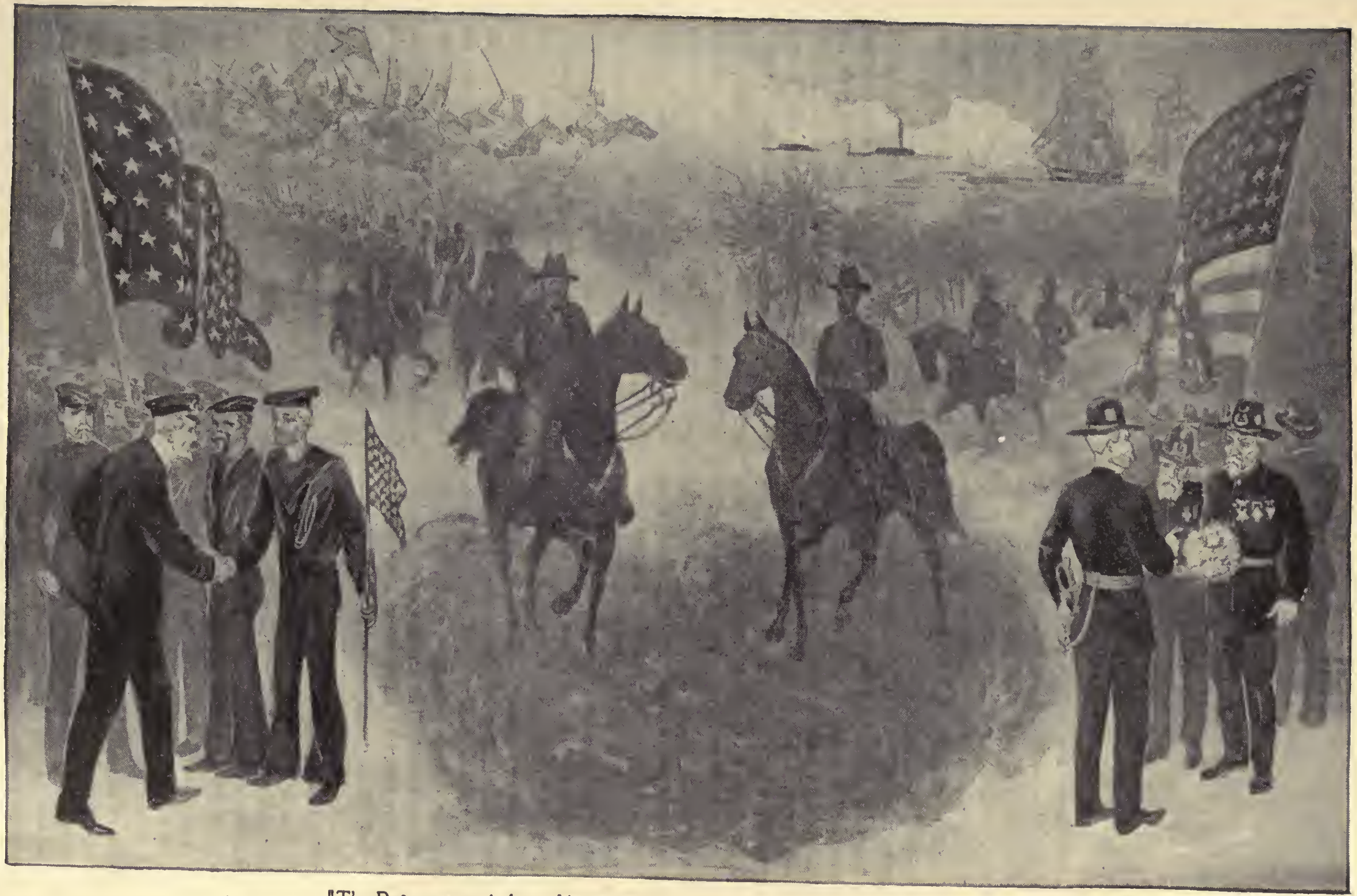
* * *

The Lendu have a few villages in Uganda territory, and many of them may be seen at times about Entebbe, where the Entebbe police and soldiers are largely composed of members of this tribe. In the country villages, the Lendu girls wear only a belt of heavy fringe reaching about half way to the knees. A loose cloth after marriage is often used to sling the baby in, and her husband often wears a single goatskin, but clothing and ornaments are being rapidly introduced.

Karamojo, north of Mount Elgon, is not as yet officially administered, and really is little known. The people are a tall, finely-formed race much resembling the Masai, and like them rely on the spear and shield. It abounds in large game. It is one of the few places where the elephant hunter may be quite certain of finding his noble quarry. They are fearless hunters, and it is said that one man has a record of five lions and sixty elephants, killed with the spear alone and unaided.

The men wear spiral necklets, armlets and bracelets, and the women earrings, but no garments whatever.

The Acholi, Bari and Latuka in the Nile provinces are naked Nilotic negroes, living largely on porridge made of millet or sorghum seed, and the game and fish captured. All have suffered much in the past from the raids of slave traders, and the Mahdist wars, but are now gradually acquiring some ideas of decent garb and modern civilization. In another generation they will become at least a semi-civilized people.



"The Post turns out in force this year—
Grant's veterans, Sherman's infantry,
Sheridan's tireless cavalry,
Farragut's sea-dogs without peer."

JULIA WARD HOWE

By MITCHELL MANNERING

ON the 27th of the coming May, the best-loved woman of America, the woman who has done most for literature and for life, in its social, religious and philanthropic phases; the woman who has been tendered more ovations and who has presided over more functions of a like nature tendered to others than any other woman living or whose name is recorded in the history of our country, will have attained the ninetieth anniversary of her birthday. It is scarcely necessary to name her here since any truthful and adequate sketch of herself and of her life work would bring to the mind of every reader of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE the unmistakable features of the only woman of whom so many and such splendid truths may be asserted. She is the woman to the tune of whose battle hymn a mighty army of soldiers went marching to final victory nearly half a century ago; the woman whose voice and pen have ever been employed in behalf of the friendless, unfortunate and downtrodden of every race, and in the advocacy of every just cause that has needed assistance; the woman whose home life has been as sweetly and quietly domestic as her public career has been splendid in its literary, patriotic and philanthropic achievements; the woman who is still a fine force in all the movements that make for the world's betterment, and who a few weeks ago presided over the Poe centenary meeting of the Boston Authors Club; the woman whom we all love and venerate—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

To the members of "the younger generation," and even to the men and women who have attained to middle age and who are cognizant of Mrs. Howe's still active participation in all the great movements of the present day, it is almost inconceivable that her life work could have been begun so long ago.

Although she has been a resident of Boston during most of her life, Mrs. Howe was born and reared in New York City. She began her life in one of the fine old houses that once stood near the Battery, Bowling Green, where she lived till after the death of her mother, who was married at sixteen and who died at the age of twenty-seven, at the birth of her last child. Following this sad event her father, Samuel Ward, a prominent New York banker, removed his family of six children, of whom Julia was the fourth, to a home in Bond Street. At the corner of that street and Broadway, later on, he built a new house which, it was said, was then considered the finest in that city.

In and about this splendidly furnished home was centered all the culture and advantages that a loving father could procure for his children. The child Julia, while still in short dresses, is said to have written "reams of poetry," studied Latin, German, French and Italian, became proficient in music, and by the reading of many books laid that broad and deep foundation of learning of which she has made such noble use during her long and significant life work.

Her charm of person and her brilliancy of intellect soon made her a great social favorite and she became, for two or three years, a reigning New York belle. At the height of her social popularity, and while on a visit to Boston, she was told much of the great work Dr. Samuel G. Howe was then doing for the unfortunate beings whose faculties were impaired, and especially for Laura Bridgman, the first deaf-mute who had ever been taught the use of language. On a red-letter day in the life of the charming Miss Julia, the poet Longfellow drove her in his buggy from Cambridge to the Perkins Institute at South Boston, where she met Dr. Howe, who was in charge of the place, and a friendship was begun which resulted in an engagement announced a year later and their marriage in the spring of 1843. Dr. Howe was twenty years her senior, but Love, who laughs at locksmiths, and under whose magical influence everything is made to come out just as those under the spell would have it to do, found small difficulty in adjusting a little difference of twenty years in the ages of lover and sweetheart.

At that time Dr. Howe had already "done things" and was famous as a philanthropist and a defender of the right against the wrong, the weak against the strong. He was able to tell a most interesting narrative

> "Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,"

for upon leaving college he had enlisted as a volunteer in the cause of Greek independence in the revolution of 1824, to which cause Lord Byron gave his life. After tasting all the vicissitudes of war, including imprisonment in a Prussian jail, Dr. Howe returned to America, where, with his tireless activity he began the noble work of educating the blind, starting the great philanthropy with the training of three little blind children at his own home. Later he founded and built up the first institution for the education and general betterment of the conditions of the blind in this country. The cares incident to a family of six children made it impossible for Mrs. Howe to participate in the professional labors of her husband, but in the spirit of his life she deeply sympathized. Her voice and pen were ever ready to assist every high and humane purpose, yet she found time to make her home a cherished social center for the best of the Boston society of that period. Among the very many social functions enjoyed at her home during those days were several "Booth parties" which she gave in honor of, and which were attended by, the eminent tragedian and the finest social and literary lights of the city.

During her many years of activity in various fields, Mrs. Howe has published more than a dozen volumes, including books of poems, travel, reminiscences, and views of life and men. She is still actively interested in all the vital interests of the times; the peace movement, woman's suffrage, which she has ever favored, and other issues of importance, while she still remains a moving spirit in the deliberations of many clubs, some of which she was instrumental in organizing many years ago as the pioneers of their kind.

Although Mrs. Howe's achievements in any one of a number of fields of activity have been sufficient to bring her worldwide fame, it is as the author of the inspired lines of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" that she is most intimately known to the peoples of her own and other lands. Naturally she has been asked a great many times to tell how she came to write the lines with which her name is linked, and often has she related the circumstances under which the poem was composed.

With poetic appropriateness "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was inspired and written at the Capital of the nation in whose life it was to play such an important part. It was in 1861, while Mrs. Howe, in company with Dr. Howe, Rev. James Freeman Clarke and Governor Andrews were visiting in Washington. While Dr. Howe was rendering valuable assistance as an officer on the Sanitary Commission and also in looking after the interests of the newly-freed slaves, Mrs. Howe, perhaps unconsciously, was gathering inspiration for the poem she was soon to write, in visiting camps and hospitals and attending reviews of troops. The story states that on returning one afternoon from watching some maneuvers, her carriage was delayed in a road where troops were crowded in great numbers. To beguile the time, her party sang bits of army songs, concluding with "John Brown's Body," which seemed to please the soldiers more than any of the other airs they had sung. As they drove on, Mr. Clarke asked: "Mrs. Howe, why don't you write some good words for that stirring tune?" She replied that she had often wished to do so, but had never yet received the inspiration. That night she went to bed and slept quite soundly until almost dawn. Then she awoke, and as she lay waiting for daylight the lines of the long-wished-for poem began to come to her. Fearing that she might fall asleep again and lose the precious stanzas, she arose, and finding in the dim light an old stub of a pen, scrawled the verses, almost without seeing the paper. Then she returned to her bed to finish her morning nap, saying to herself: "I like this better than most things I have written." And thus was born "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which soon became the treasured possession of a nation.

As the proud mother of children who occupy positions of eminence in the fields of endeavor they have chosen to adorn, as the most treasured bit of living humanity the nation possesses, as one who has achieved enough of goodness and greatness to round out many good lives, and who is still doing more, it is not strange that Julia Ward Howe looks as smilingly toward the future as she does reverently toward the past with the happy faith that "His truth is marching on."

THE MAKING OF GRASS MATTING

By FLYNN WAYNE

IT looks as though the millennium was about to be ushered in when one sees the rank grass which grows in the waste marshes of Wisconsin and which has been shunned for centuries by man and beast, being manufactured into a product to beautify the home, replacing costly rugs and carpets with a sanitary, fragrant matting "strictly home grown." Years ago the idea of utilizing this waste grass in the manufacture of matting originated in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and successful experiments were made. Later, persons interested in the factory moved it to St. Paul, and subsequently the present Oshkosh Grass Matting Factory was organized, which during its five years of operation has made a great success.

A HANDSOME DELTOX RUG IN THE DINING ROOM

A visit to this novel manufacturing plant furnishes a realization of how the apparently worthless blades of grass are made to serve the purposes of man and furnish employment to many. Mr. Leander Choate and other prominent men in Oshkosh are responsible for the success of this enterprise on the banks of Lake Winnebago. When I stepped inside the factory with Mr. Choate, a delightful aroma, as of new mown hay, called to my memory somersaults in the hay fields, "sliding down the stack," or "circus" on rainy days in the hay-loft, and we remarked that it "would be just the place for old Nebuchadnezzar to live when he had settled down to his feast of grass." The great looms were busy at their task of weaving, and with very little stretch of the imagination, I could have fancied myself in a mill-town of Massachusetts—the symphonious buzz of machinery would have been music to the ears of the man from "down East." In the storeroom were displayed many attractive and up-to-date designs of the output of this concern; orders from all parts of the world for the grass products of the Wisconsin marshes were being sent out. While the demand for this matting was at first confined to its use in summer homes and warm climates, it is now coming into general use at all seasons of the year, in all climates, and is taking its place as an artistic floor covering in the markets of the world. It is being used on the broad aisles of churches and public buildings, and its special advantage is that it can be cleansed and sterilized without injury to the fabric —turn on the hose, allow your matting to dry, and you have it thoroughly cleansed and free from dust and dirt.

The weaving of this matting is done on much the same principle as that of any other carpeting, but the designs are stencilled. An attractive feature of the manufacture is the preparation of the grass for weaving. The peculiarity of the marsh product is that it is jointless and long. It is brought by the carload to the factory, over 4,000 tons being in the warehouse at the time of my visit. Large portions of the supply are necessarily eliminated in order to obtain the best "staple" and secure a strong "thread." Spear by spear the very best of the grass is selected for this purpose, laid side by side, and around these is wound the green cord from the bobbins by a process suggestive of carding wool or cotton. This making of the strands is important and is carefully watched. The completed product is of a pretty, natural green shade, and is known to the trade as "Deltox," a coined word which has become familiar to everyone who has a home to furnish or requires floor covering of undoubted wearing and sanitary qualities.

The Deltox matting has another appreciable feature: it can be obtained for one-third the price of carpets or rugs and it keeps fresh and sweet, outlasting floor coverings costing far more money; its wearing qualities are equal to the old-fashioned China matting, and, in fact, it is the lineal descendant of those quaint blocks of red and pale yellow that decorated the old matting that in many cases outlived its original owner and was bequeathed to the second generation. Rug connoisseurs who become enthusiastic over the rich designs of the looms of Persia, Turkey and Smyrna know that those costly fabrics must be jealously guarded, and when they wish something for practical use, something that will stand hard wear, they unhesitatingly choose Deltox.

A NEAT SANITARY FLOOR COVERING FOR THE BATHROOM

Oshkosh has reason to be proud of its matting factory, which is utilizing to great advantage a product that has lain waste for hundreds of years; housewives are glad to have a home product to save hard wear on carefully polished floors of the little summer cottage. Owing to its cheapness, and its hygienic and decorative attributes, orders are

LEANDER CHOATE OF OSHKOSH

coming in not only from all parts of America, but even from the Orient, hitherto regarded as the home and headquarters of this product.

As matting-making machinery has been improved to its present high efficiency, the cost of production has been gradually lowered, thus neutralizing the great difference in the price of home labor and that of Eastern countries producing grass matting. A tariff affording equitable protection will still further aid the industry that already owes much to the genius of American inventors, whose labor and time saving appliances enable our manufacturers to pay the higher wage scale which prevails in this country. The new and rapidly-growing grass matting industry ought to be given every consideration because it is in competition with the Chinese and Japanese products, coming from countries where coolie labor is paid for at the starvation rate of ten cents per day, while the makers of Deltox matting receive from one dollar and a half to two dollars per day, and yet manage to sell the product at a reasonable price.

Now that so much is being done for the conservation of natural resources, it ought to be remembered that, in addition to the creation of a new industry, the makers of Deltox matting are utilizing a natural resource which is of absolutely no use in any other capacity. Such an industry is certainly playing a prominent part in the consumption of America's natural products, by compelling even the damp fens of marsh and lowland to yield their quota to the comfort and welfare of the race.

BOTH SIDES OF BENZOATE OF SODA

By CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The readers of the National Magazine, like the great majority of the public, have doubts as to the use of Benzoate of Soda. Why is it, what is it and why do manufacturers wish to use it? The article that follows endeavors to present a fair and impartial resume of the facts so far as they are known.

DURING a period of two years or more, the public has been treated to overwhelming doses of information on benzoate of soda, and even after two years of strenuous argument, charge and counter-charge, the average man or woman is inclined to class it with baking soda or prussic acid, according as the family paper has presented the case. It will be the mission of the present writer to present the facts in the case, for the matter is one that vitally affects the nation.

To begin with, benzoate of soda is in reality benzoic acid neutralized with soda, and benzoic acid is a natural product found in many fruits and plants, as well as animals, being placed there, we are told by the chemists, for the sole purpose of arresting decay. It is as applied to this use that it interests the housewife, paterfamilias and the children. It is nearly two years now since Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who has been connected with the Department of Agriculture at Washington in the capacity of a chemical specialist, whose duty it was to investigate and report on the suitability of certain soils for the growing of certain cereals, was induced to turn his attention to certain questions concerning foods. Dr. Wiley induced a number of young men in the employ of the Department of Agriculture to submit themselves to him as members of "a poison squad"; in other words, they were to be fed at the expense of the government, and in their food there was to be mixed a predetermined quantity of some supposed-to-be-poisons.

Dr. Wiley after a certain period published the results of his observations, and drew public attention to the fact that there were in many food products, definite poisons. He pointed out that meats had been preserved with borax, that milk had been treated with formaldehyde, that saltpeter had been used in the preserving of hams and bacon, that creosote was largely present in smoked meats, and that fruits and vegetables were kept from spoiling by benzoate of soda.

* * *

Dr. Wiley prepared a bulletin for the Department of Agriculture in which he stated that benzoate of soda was a poison, and in support of that assertion he described the manner in which he had made the tests. He had during a period of twenty days administered benzoate of soda to the young men and had found certain conditions resulting from the use of the material. Upon this experiment Dr. Wiley made his statement that benzoate of soda was harmful. In the published reports, strangely enough, no mention was made of the previous condition of health of the members of the poison squad. In the *Medical Record* of January 2 of this year, however, Professor E. E. Smith, Director of Research of the Red Cross Hospital of New York, points out that Dr. Wiley, in his own report on the tests, admits that of the twelve men he subjected to the test, ten were suffering from coryza and colds—including tonsilitis—and one was just recovering from an attack of measles.

The report was brought to the attention of Theodore Roosevelt in February, 1908, and the President stated that the subject was so large a one that he believed the country at large was entitled to another opinion on the case. He appointed a commission of investigation composed of five of the most eminent chemists of the country: Professor Ira Remsen, president of Johns Hopkins University; Professor Russell H. Chittenden of Yale; Professor Christian A. Herter, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons (Columbia University) of New York; Professor John H. Long of the Northwestern University in Chicago, and Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor of the University of California.

These gentlemen at once arranged to hold long and exhaustive tests covering a period of four months at three different cities. In the last week of February of this year they made their report to President Roosevelt, and announced that they had failed to find any evidences of poison in benzoate of soda. The Department of Agriculture then issued a bulletin in which it officially announced that benzoate of soda, having been found to be harmless, was thereby authorized by the department as a fit and proper preservative for foods.

So ends the actual official history of the case, but unfortunately the campaign between the manufacturers did not end there. Many insisted that they used no preservative whatever, and that as a consequence they did not see why it should be allowed; they persisted that preservatives of any sort were unnecessary if decent methods of preparation and sound materials were used in the making of catsups and preserves; they insisted that the only use of benzoate of soda by other manufacturers was for the purpose of making use of inferior classes of impure and refuse goods in a raw state. They built greatly upon the statement that they found it necessary to use no preservative of any kind whatever.

Then arose chemists all over the country who pointed out that benzoate of soda was a colorless, tasteless and odorless salt, and naively inquired of the manufacturers how it was possible to conceal the taste, appearance or odor of decayed fruits or vegetables with a salt of this kind. To this there was naturally no answer. However, the campaign of charge and counter-charge has gone on until in self-defense the manufacturers who make use of benzoate of soda, believing in it, have stated their side of the case.

In place of permitting the use of inferior materials, said these men, benzoate of soda places a premium on the use of the best materials that can be purchased, for, as it is manifestly impossible to conceal a bad taste or odor with a tasteless and odorless salt, it would be the height of folly to use these bad materials, for their presence would be at once made known. On the other hand, they went on, the use of the old-fashioned method of preserving with sugar, vinegar and spices, excellent though it might have been in the years gone by, had permitted the very abuse that the users of it decried. Heavy spices and vinegars at once destroyed the taste and smell of anything that had been used. Semi-decayed tomatoes, for instance, could well be introduced into catsup, and their presence amply concealed by the spices and other condiments of a pungent nature, such, for example, as cloves, cinnamon, etc. They went a little further and pointed out that when it was said that no preservative was used, a direct untruth was stated, for there was not and is not a product on the market that will keep for three days after being opened, unless some preservative is used. In the case of the no-preservative method, the chemists pointed out that vinegar and the essential oils of spices when combined with the natural acidity of the original fruits or vegetables produced the chemical known as acetic acid, and that there was no dispute as to the effect this acid had upon the human organs.

Summed up, the situation resolves itself impartially into the fact that the statement that no preservatives are necessary in properly prepared products is true to a limited extent. Canned foods, such as soups, peas, beans, beets, corn, etc., require no preservative, as they are consumed immediately upon opening the can, *and no preservative is ever used by any manufacturer whatever who makes these goods.* Vegetables and fruits that are to be opened and then kept open for many days or weeks perhaps—even the purest possible products—will breed bacteria in definitely proportionate ratio as long as the foods are left open. A preservative of some sort is absolutely necessary if bacteria are to be prevented from forming in such foods as catsups, jams, etc., that are not consumed immediately. This statement then comes down to the cold fact that it is necessary to either use a preservative or incur the risk of ptomaine poisoning. Many housewives believe that if such a product as the foregoing *is removed from the can and placed in a glass jar no ill effects can accrue.* This is a mistake. Bacteria do not form because of the original can or jar, but because of the natural processes of decay, and this decay can only be prevented by a preservative of some sort, whether it is acetic acid produced from vinegar and spices or whether it is benzoate of soda.

Almost precisely the same outcry was raised some years ago concerning the sugar industry. Sugar was originally made from cane. Then the food chemists learned that it could be prepared from beets, and the country still rings from the effects of that battle. Those first in the sugar field objected to the idea that progress of any sort could be made, and they charged beet sugar with all the crimes on the saccharine calendar, but beet sugar made its way, with the result that the proportion of cane sugar that is now manufactured is small by comparison. It is the old, old battle between conservatism and progress. We do things because our grandparents did them in that way, and will continue to do them in that way until a better method is found. Then that better method must stand up and fight, for the vested interests object to a change.

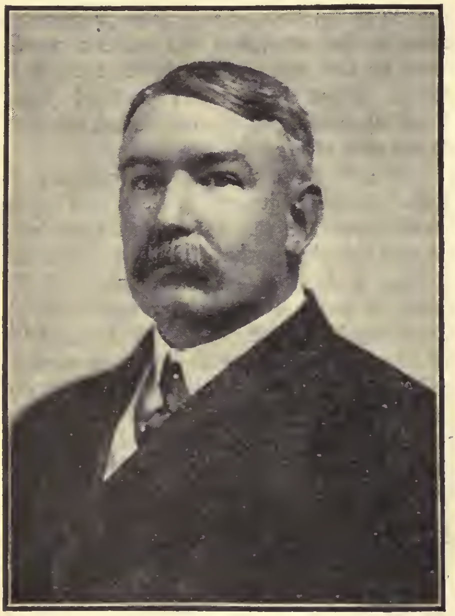
The cold hard facts of the benzoate of soda question, judged entirely on their merits, are that the antagonists who have pressed the charges have failed to make out a case, and have been overruled by the Supreme Court of Chemistry appointed by Theodore Roosevelt. The war is not over yet, for the opponents of the newer method will fight hard and in the future will die fighting. It is the defeat of the old by the new, and in the meantime the public may expect to be treated to many varieties of charge and counter-charge, none of which, however, will affect the ultimate result to which we are always tending, viz., progression.

GREAT BANKING ACHIEVEMENTS

By W. C. JENKINS

ST. LOUIS was settled as a trading post in 1764, eighty-two years after La Salle had hoisted his flag at the mouth of the Meche-Sepe—the "Father of Waters."

It was occupied by Spanish troops in 1771, and was under Spanish rule for thirty years. In 1800 great anxiety was felt, for, after a short peace, France and England were again on the eve of war; and the latter, with her superior power on the sea, might have easily wrested from France her possessions in America, in which case the United States could scarcely have maintained her dearly-bought independence. President Jefferson in 1803 entered into successful negotiations with France for the country known as the Territory of Louisiana, at a cost of $15,000,000, designating St. Louis as the seat of government. Upon signing the treaty, Bonaparte remarked: "I have given England a maritime rival that will humble her pride."



Portrait by J. C. Strauss, St. Louis

BENJAMIN F. EDWARDS

President National Bank of Commerce, St. Louis

Captains Lewis and Clark were commissioned to explore this vast region, and put forth from St. Louis in the summer of that year upon their hazardous journey, with the result that vast solitudes were changed into flourishing districts, preparing ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures.

It is a fitting coincidence that the National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis, with a capital and surplus exceeding the amount paid for this vast territory, should mark the site of their departure.

Among American financial institutions there are few whose history is more interesting, and there is none with a record of achievement that stands out more prominently than that of the bank above mentioned.

The average American citizen gazes with admiration at the success of individuals, but the remarkable record of a corporation does not receive deserving plaudits, although whatever success attends corporations may be traced directly to the well-directed energy of individuals who have been at the helm. This is particularly true of Missouri's great banking institution, whose history it was my pleasure to study while in St. Louis.

The National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis received its original charter from the General Assembly of Missouri February 14, 1857. Its name was then the St. Louis Building and Loan Association, and as indicated by the name, it had authority to engage in the business of a building and loan association. Full banking privileges had, however, been conferred by the charter, and the charter members decided to confine themselves to the latter. The capital stock was placed at $500,000, divided into a thousand shares at $500 each. The original records show that there were 605 subscribers and that no subscriber took more than six shares. The stock was to be paid for in monthly installments of two dollars per share, and if this plan had been adhered to, the bank would not have received its full working capital for sixteen years. That would be considered rather slow these days, but it was too rapid then for some of the stockholders for what has since become one of the strongest banks in the country.

The first meeting of the association after the stock had been subscribed was held March 25, 1857, and a board of directors was chosen. On July 6, 1857, the bank opened for business, at which time the capital paid in amounted to $8,500. The financial panic which swept over the country in 1857 retarded the growth of the new enterprise, and made it impossible to collect the assessments as they became due. Through persistent effort, however, $36,500 had been collected on the capital account, and the bank was slowly but surely gaining a foothold. In January, 1863, $200,000 had been paid in; and, availing itself of a new provision in the statutes, the association reduced the par value of its shares to $100, and returning the old stock, issued 2,000 shares of full-paid stock, making the capital $200,000.

In May, 1864, subscription books were opened for $100,000, additional capital stock to increase the amount to $300,000. This was all taken by the shareholders and was paid in on July 1, 1864.

On April 11, 1866, a proposition was voted upon to create a surplus fund by reserving the profits of the bank for five years. It was carried by a vote of 2,107 to 143. On November 3, 1868, the stockholders voted to change the name of the association to "Bank of Commerce," the change to take effect January 1, 1869. On July 30, 1871, the stockholders voted to adopt the plan of accumulation, which had worked so successfully as a permanent fixed principle of the bank.

On July 25, 1878, on the written request of the holders of 2,017 shares of the capital stock, the board ordered the resumption of dividends on July 1, 1878. The capital of the bank at that time amounted to $300,000, and the surplus fund to about $800,000. On July 1, 1882, the remaining 2,000 shares of authorized capital of the bank were sold to the shareholders at the price of $400 per share, making the total capital of the institution $500,000, and the surplus fund $1,500,000. The capital and surplus remained at these figures, the earnings in the meantime being paid out as dividends, until, in the fall of 1889, the directors concluded to submit to the shareholders a proposition to avail themselves of the national bank act, and convert the Bank of Commerce into a national banking association. The change was authorized by an almost unanimous vote of the shareholders, and the proper forms having been complied with, the bank was authorized on December 14, 1889, to transfer its business to the National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis, under which title it opened for business on December 16, 1889, with a capital of $500,000, a surplus of $1,000,000, and undivided profits of $1,500,000. On December 31, 1889, the undivided profits were capitalized, and the capital stock increased to $3,000,000.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE OF ST. LOUIS

The growing business of the institution and the rapid development of the great Southwest, tributary to St. Louis, made it advisable to still further increase the enormous capital of the institution, and on March 21, 1899, the capital stock was increased to $5,000,000, by selling to the shareholders 20,000 shares at $200 per share, the premium being placed to the credit of the undivided profits of the bank. This gave the bank a capital of $5,000,000, and surplus and undivided profits $3,000,000. July 7, 1902, additional shares were sold, making the capital $7,000,000, and surplus and undivided profits $8,000,000. February 14, 1907, the capital was again increased, and on Februray 5, 1909, stood $10,000,000, with $8,491,515.32, surplus and profits. A statement of the resources made February 5 showed a total of $96,721,630.07.

The foregoing transactions show the progress made in increasing the fixed capital of the institution from the first payment of $2,500 to its present magnificent proportions. The returns in this institution to the shareholders seem almost incredible. Under the state charter, the operation of the bank continued for thirty-two and one-half years, during which time the cash dividends which were paid to shareholders aggregated $472.50 per share, or an average of fourteen and one-half per cent. per annum; and at the close of that period, the bank paid $400 per share in liquidation, making a return for the thirty-two and one-half years of twenty-four per cent. per annum, besides returning the original investment. During the nineteen years of its career as a national bank, it has paid out to its shareholders, up to and including January 1, 1909, $13,-010, 000, and there is now in the surplus fund and undivided profits, $8,401,515.32.

Of the present board of directors, S. M. Dodd is the senior member. He is now serving his fiftieth year as a director, having been elected to that position in November, 1859. Another member of the board whose length of service is noticeable is James W. Bell, who was elected a director January 8, 1878, and has served in that capacity for thirty-one years.

Some idea of the immense volume of business handled by the bank may be obtained when it is stated that the aggregate of the transactions last year, including all monies, checks, drafts, etc., received, and those paid out, was the stupendous sum of $5,546,124,727.27.

There is always a cause for success as well as for failure. It is not difficult to trace the cause for the magnificent success achieved by the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis. A more methodical system of banking does not prevail in any institution in this country. From indisputable sources, I learned that the broad humanity which has always characterized the management of this bank has been of inestimable value in the industrial development of the great Southwest. This can better be realized when we are aware of the unassuming kindness on the part of this bank's management during the many years of its existence, in showing young men their correct path of duty, and in leading them to the foot of the commercial ladder and encouraging them to ascend. It is perhaps no exaggeration to state that there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of business men and manufacturers who in the early days of their careers have been taken by the hand by the managers of this great financial institution and encouraged and helped. They were given advice and assistance that were the stepping-stones to their success.

The management of the bank has always been in the most progressive hands, liberal in its treatment to the public, confining itself entirely to strict banking operations, believing thoroughly in the future of St. Louis, and that section of the country. Through the several stringent financial periods the bank was guided intelligently, and its course in every crisis was eagerly watched by every banking institution in the great Southwest. By the liberal treatment to its large corps of employees, the management has secured their loyal and enthusiastic support, as well as the friendship and good wishes of the thousands of customers, who come in daily contact with the employees, and who are their personal friends, and as such are thoroughly appreciative of the courteous and generous treatment accorded them. The remarkable growth and success of the institution is probably due as much to the loyalty of its employees and customers and their pride in its progress, as to the careful management which has directed its course through all of the trying times in its career. One of the directors informed me that during his thirty years' connection with the institution, he had never known a moment of friction or discord in the board of directors or among the officers.

Benjamin F. Edwards, president of the National Bank of Commerce, owes his rise from a humble clerkship in his boyhood days to the presidency of the largest bank west of the Mississippi River to his own energy and ability. It is a position such as only a man of strong character could fill. The prosperity of great industries and the destinies of numberless individuals are in his hands, but there are few men in whom the people of a state, or section of the country, have more confidence than is reposed in Mr. Edwards.

Mr. Edwards was elected president on September 9, 1908. He is a selfmade man in every respect, and the history of his career is in itself an encouragement to every worthy and ambitious young man. Since his seventeenth birthday, when he began to earn his own living, his business career has been one of gradual and successful accomplishment. In 1887 he engaged in the brokerage business with his father, General A. S. Edwards, who was for twenty-two years United States assistant treasurer at St. Louis, and whose appointment, it is believed, was the last made by Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Edwards continued with the firm until 1892, when he became assistant cashier of the National Bank of Commerce. In 1899 he was elected cashier, and in 1904 he became vice-president of the bank.

WINNING BANKING DISTINCTION IN OKLAHOMA

Nowhere in the United States is the subject of banking being given greater consideration than in Oklahoma at the present time. This in consequence of the enactment by the first legislature of a guaranty banking law which has attracted wide attention. Whether its application will be of any real benefit to the banks or their depositors cannot be determined at this time, as the law has been in operation but a year and has not been subjected to an adequate test.

Oklahoma at the present time has 603 state banks, and under the new law in Oklahoma 136 state bank charters were issued last year. Of this number eighty-six were new state banks, thirty-four were national banks reorganized as state institutions, and fourteen were reorganized state banks. The average capital of these banks is about $15,000, the national banks reducing their capital in reorganizing. The increase last year in state bank deposits was $12,000,000, three millions of which would have been considered as national bank deposits one year ago. The national banks in the state have made no material gains in deposits.

The state of Oklahoma had many successful and time-honored banks before the guaranty law went into effect. The average Oklahoma banker is capable, energetic and honest; he is a man of more than ordinary ability in managing a bank, and is distinguished for his perseverance and patience. He went into the banking business in Oklahoma at the time when the territory was little else than a region of Indian trails and bison paths. He did not wait until others had created a successful commonwealth;

W. L. NORTON
President Columbia Bank & Trust Company
Oklahoma City

he went to Oklahoma and led the procession of pioneers who marched into the vast unknown region of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, and who have since transformed a wilderness into one of the most important states in the Union. There are a number of striking examples where men have won distinction in banking in Oklahoma, but none that stand out more prominently than the success achieved by the officers of the Columbia Bank and Trust Company of Oklahoma City.

V. D. Houston, Asst. Treasurer

T. C. Davis, Vice-President

H. H. Smock, Vice-President

W. A. Brooks

OFFICERS OF THE COLUMBIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF OKLAHOMA CITY

* * *

Believing that Oklahoma City is destined to become an important industrial and commercial center, Mr. W. L. Norton and associates purchased the Columbia Bank and Trust Company of Oklahoma City last October. This bank was established in 1905 by local citizens, and has always been regarded as one of the most conservative and carefully-managed financial institutions in the state. It has established a new record in banking circles in Oklahoma that has attracted a great deal of attention. The September 23rd, 1908, call showed deposits, $365,686.01, and cash and exchange, $170,110.95. The November 27th call showed the deposits increased to $602,592.90, and cash and exchange to $444,985.74, and the call of February 5, 1909, showed the total deposits to be $1,111,805.64, and cash and exchange $830,666.16. On March 30, when this article was written, the deposits had reached $1,500,000, making a gain of over a million dollars in five months. The bank is one of the two banking institutions in Oklahoma having a capital of $200,000. They have one of the finest and most complete banking rooms in the Southwest. The fixtures are marble and statuary bronze of the very finest quality.

At the time the bank was organized, it was intended to do a trust business in connection with the bank, but in October, when the present officers became identified with the institution, they decided to make the bank strictly a commercial bank, and to build up the business along those lines.

The officers are: W. L. Norton, president; H. H. Smock, vice-president; T. C. Davis, vice-president; W. A. Brooks, secretary and treasurer; V. D. Houston, assistant treasurer; and they devote their entire time to the affairs of the bank.

Mr. Norton, the president, began his career as a banker eighteen years ago in New York State as a messenger, and filled every position in connection with the banking business. In 1904 he went to Oklahoma, and has been a resident there since that time.

Mr. Norton deserves a high place in the ranks of business enterprise. He is an example of creative industry, great energy, splendid abilities, and with a grasp of conditions and possibilities that makes him a conspicuous figure in the broad field of production and commerce. His career has not been fashioned with pulp; it was hewn from the primitive rock and lettered with steel. His success in life has grown out of his quick illuminating comprehension of the full scope and detail of any business proposition submitted for his consideration, and if accepted, his judgment and energy in pushing it to the front. His ideal in business is system, and it is made to operate with the nicety of a watch. He is courteous to all, and his method of obtaining success is well worthy of imitation by ambitious young men.

Mr. Smock, vice-president of the Columbia, though comparatively a young man, went to Oklahoma sixteen years ago, and began his banking career in the territory at Newkirk. His success was notable and the manner in which he achieved it revealed the traits of character that attracted considerable attention, and he was appointed bank commissioner for Oklahoma in 1906. His identity with the Columbia Bank and Trust Company has without doubt been one of the important factors that have contributed to the remarkable success which that institution has experienced since reorganization. Mr. Smock is a typical example of Southwestern men who have achieved success through industry and perseverance. He is an untiring worker, and believes that the only way to win distinction in banking is to do things. He is not in favor with those who dream and are nursing great expectations. He believes there is opportunity in Oklahoma for distinction in financial institutions, and this is the goal towards which he is traveling.

Mr. T. C. Davis, vice-president, has been in Oklahoma for four years, and is recognized as one of the men who went into that new country and won distinction and success by application and industry. Among Oklahoma's leading resources are the oil fields, and it was in the machinery supply business that Mr. Davis established himself as a successful man. He has never wasted energy in trying to reform everything, but kept on making a roadway to success. He has never stopped to argue with the wayfarer, but lost no time in going ahead. In that way he has won.

Photo by J. B. Kent, Chandler, Oklahoma

COLUMBIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY

The photographer has caught the reflection of the opposite side of the street. Note the horse and buggy

Mr. W. A. Brooks, secretary and treasurer, has had considerable banking experience. He has been successful in every business venture and believes in keeping everlastingly at it as the only way to win success. His philosophy is that men make themselves, so to speak, and a hundred other things if they are always busy. Mr. Brooks is an enthusiastic worker, not only for the bank, but for the advancement of Oklahoma City and Oklahoma.

Mr. V. D. Houston, assistant treasurer, has had considerable banking experience,

Photo by J. B. Kent, Chandler, Oklahoma

COLUMBIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY, OKLAHOMA CITY

having been identified with banks in Guthrie, Stillwater and Mounds, Oklahoma, previous to his election as assistant treasurer of the Columbia Bank and Trust Company. His first banking connections were with the National Bank of Commerce of Stillwater in 1899. Mr. Houston is careful and painstaking and very methodical in his work.

The importance of Oklahoma City as a financial and distributing center, cannot fully be understood unless a person visits that section of the great Southwest. As a financial center, Oklahoma City has recently won considerable distinction by standing practically at the head of the list of American cities for several weeks in the percentage of gains in clearing-house reports. The Columbia Bank and Trust Company has stood in the front rank of the Oklahoma banks which have won this distinction for their city. A city's prosperity may not be conclusively indicated by either its bank deposits or its bank clearings, but no city that shows the continuous growth in both deposits and clearings that Oklahoma City is showing can be lacking in prosperity. A city that is good for the banker is necessarily good for the business man.

The business fabric of Oklahoma City is interwoven into the prosperity of the banks. For this reason the officers of the Columbia Bank and Trust Company believe that the bank owes a duty to its depositors and to the community at large to encourage, care for and assist in the conservative and healthy growth of the business interests of the city of Oklahoma, and, in fact, of the entire state.

The officers of this bank are greatly interested in the matter of present and future growth of Oklahoma, and they naturally believe that others can assist by transacting their financial affairs through the bank they have succeeded in placing upon such a solid foundation, and which is a splendid advertisement for the city.

The Columbia Bank and Trust Company invites the patronage of the little as well as the big depositor.

The stranger who visits Oklahoma City will find the officers of the Columbia Bank and Trust Company men of energy and courtesy. The field of activity is not restricted to the state of Oklahoma, but is limited only to that great territory known as the Southwest. The officers are recognized throughout Oklahoma and the Southwest as successful bankers in all the term implies. They have in five months established a record which has placed the Columbia Bank and Trust Company at the head of Oklahoma financial institutions.

REFORMING THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

By W. C. JENKINS

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the people of Iowa decreed by a majority of 30,000 that prohibition of the liquor traffic was the last analysis of this vexing problem, and a constitutional amendment, which it was hoped would exorcise for all times the spectre of intemperance from the state, was adopted.

The agitation for absolute prohibition began in 1878, and this year may very appropriately be said to mark the line of division between two distinct epochs in the history of liquor legislation in Iowa. The period before 1878 may be called the formation period, during which time various methods of dealing with the liquor problem were tried; and by 1878 there had evolved a firm conviction in the minds of a majority of the people that absolute prohibition should be put into effect. Subsequent to 1878 is clearly a constructive period in liquor legislation.

It has been charged that the saloon-keeper was himself to blame for the agitation in favor of total prohibition. His violation of the liberal law of Iowa at that time; his growing abuse of the liberty it gave him; his steady defiance of its penalties, and his offensive contempt for public opinion were the things that resulted in the storm which finally swept many out of business. It is undoubtedly true, too, that the authorities were lax in the performance of their duties, and prohibition can be traced in Iowa to both the saloon-keepers and the officers of the law.

Before the law was put in active operation, the Supreme Court of Iowa decided the amendment unconstitutional by reason of certain omissions pending its adoption.

Undaunted by the decision of the court, the advocates of prohibition renewed the agitation with increased vehemence, and in the course of time a prohibitory law was enacted, and with exceptions of Dubuque, Sioux City, Davenport, Muscatine, Keokuk, Clinton and Council Bluffs, all border cities on the Mississippi or Missouri Rivers, the open saloons in Iowa closed their doors on July 4, 1884.

Absolute prohibition was at last to be given a trial. Previous prohibitory laws had not imposed absolute prohibition, and hence there was much speculation as to the force of the law which was to go into effect. In many of the larger cities the law was not observed from the beginning, and efforts to enforce it were met with great opposition. In Burlington, on the Fourth of July, 1884, beer and wine were sold as freely as before. In some cases the front doors were closed, but the rear entrance stood open. At Marshalltown the immediate effect of the new law had evidently been the closing of all the saloons, but on the following Saturday a saloon gained notoriety and a large patronage by placing beer on tap. About noon the crowd was so large that customers had to wait thirty minutes to get their order filled. The saloon, however, was closed by the authorities, and the crowd, unable to get any more beer from that source, went to the city brewery and forced the owners to deliver the keys, and a scene of revelry followed.

Opposition to the enforcement of the prohibitory law resulted in acts of violence at Iowa City. Residences of prominent temperance advocates were stormed, and on August 13, when a trial for violation of the liquor law was being held in Scott township, a short distance from Iowa City, a mob of two hundred men broke up the trial, tarred and feathered one of the prosecuting attorneys and stormed the house in which he took refuge.

The spirit of mob violence and resistance to the enforcement of the law continued to manifest itself in various localities during 1885, and many severe conflicts occurred.

When the prohibitory law had been in effect a year, investigation showed that in some places prohibition was measurably successful, while in others the number of saloons was the same as before, and in many places the number of saloons had increased; but in the state there were three thousand saloons fewer than prior to July 4, 1884.

By the provisions of the pharmacy law of the state, all druggists were privileged to dispense whiskey and wines, modified only by condition that the proprietors should secure permits from the district court; and coupled with this proviso was another that purchasers should append their name and residence number to application blanks as a condition precedent to being served. No liquor could be drank upon the premises without inviting severe penalties, but when it became apparent that public sentiment had abated, thousands of "drug stores" sprang up over the state. Comfortable fortunes were made by men who dispensed grades of liquor that drove men to violate all sense of decency, and what followed has cast a disgraceful blot upon the history of the state.

In the city of Des Moines, with a population of 60,000, there were eighty-one "drug stores," and almost all were saloons under the guise of pharmacies.

Prompted by the opportunities offered, the city swarmed with official parasites who used the law as a club to extort blackmail from the "drug stores" and "holes in the wall"; and large revenues which had previously been paid into the city treasury found their way into private pockets. Even private residences, in which illegal dealers carried on their traffic, were raided by these constables, not in the interest of suppressing the "blind tigers," but for the money there was in it.

Those proprietors of drug stores who were apprehensive of the effect these raids would have upon their reputations, sought refuge by placing these marauding officials upon their pay-rolls.

The raids constantly became more frequent and the price exacted for immunity soared to outrageous heights, until the proprietors revolted and tragedies and turbulent affrays became of almost daily occurrence. Riots occurred, and not less than half a dozen murders followed in the train of official blackmail in Des Moines; and what was true of Des Moines was true in a lesser degree of the conditions in the smaller cities of the state.

Anomalous as it may seem, nearly if not quite as much liquor was being shipped into the state as before the enactment of the prohibitory law, and the ingenuity of the shippers incited much amusing comment. In one instance a shipment of Bibles was seized at an express office. Investigation disclosed that they were merely paper boxes wrought in the shape and similitude of holy literature, and each contained a half dozen flasks of liquor.

The return swing of the pendulum of public opinion became conspicuously apparent in the campaign and election of 1889, when it was obvious that the prohibitory law had become lifeless and ignored in nearly every city in the state. In the 1889 election Horace Boies, the Democratic candidate for governor, received a plurality of 6,573 votes, and the Republicans slowly awoke to the fact that their long record of victories had been broken, and that they must soon retreat from their advanced positions on the prohibition question. Naturally, after such a decided reversal in what had seemed the accepted order in the political arena, the question of the best and most politic means of dealing with the liquor traffic was one which closely engaged the attention of the legislators who met at Des Moines in January, 1890. Horace Boies, the new governor, in his inaugural address expressed his attitude toward prohibition. "In considering this question," said he, "we cannot rightfully shut our eyes to the fact that a considerable portion of our population have been taught from infancy to believe that the moderate use of malt and vinous liquors at least is not criminal, but instead thereof that it is actually beneficial; and it cannot be expected that any statute, however strong, will be able to alter such convictions. Of all the means ever employed to improve the morals of men, that of excessive punishment is the least effective. A local option law would provide for prohibition in localities where it could be enforced, and at the same time would give those communities which did not favor prohibition an opportunity to regulate the liquor traffic by license." Further, Governor Boies said: "In my own judgment, the chief obstacle to the enforcement of the law lies in the fact that in and of itself it is a cruel violation of one of the most valued of human rights. By that act, Iowa stands convicted of first making the business of the brewer and wine-maker legal; of watching without warning the expansion of their business within her borders, until millions upon millions of the capital of her citizens had been invested therein; then coldly wiping it out without an effort to compensate those who were ruined thereby." The governor urged upon the legislature the necessity of passing legislation for Iowa, "wise enough to exercise a practical control over a traffic that today is unrestrained in most of her centers of population."

The Republicans, however, still had a majority in the legislature, and since the Republican party had declared there should be no backward step on the prohibition question, the views of Governor Boies did not receive the approval of the legislature.

The four years from 1890 to 1894 may be characterized as a period of reaction against the prohibitory law. While the change of attitude may in part be attributed to political causes, it must also be admitted that the absolute failure of the prohibitory law in many localities, and the abuse to which it gave rise in some cases, induced a large number of people to about face on the question. It would be difficult in any other way to account for the decided change in the policy of the Republican party toward the regulation of the liquor traffic, or the enactment of the mulct law in 1894. Political parties seldom make any marked changes in their policies, unless it becomes apparent that such changes will bring more votes; nor are important laws modified or repealed, unless it is evident that a majority of the people demand such legislation.

Horace Boies was re-elected governor in 1891 by a larger plurality than at his first election, receiving 8,213 more votes than Hiram C. Wheeler, the Republican candidate. The entire Democratic state ticket was also elected, which had not been the case two years before. This second Democratic victory, more sweeping and decisive than the first one, is clearly an evidence that the people were becoming more and more dissatisfied with prohibition, since that question had been one of the chief issues of the campaign. Henceforth it became the ardent desire of the Republican leaders to induce their party to abandon its support of prohibition, as it was plain that a majority favored either a resubmission of the question to a vote of the people, or a local option law.

In the campaign of 1893 the Republican party had clearly modified its attitude toward prohibition, and in a plank in its platform virtually acknowledged its desire to get rid of a troublesome issue without committing itself to any new policy. As a result, the state returned to its old-time Republican moorings, and elected a Republican governor by a majority of over thirty thousand.

When it became evident that prohibition would no longer satisfy the people, it was realized that something must be substituted for it, and many new systems were suggested. Among them the one that was received with the greatest favor was known as the no-license or mulct tax system, modeled for the most part after the Ohio law. The mulct law, which was enacted by the General Assembly of 1894, does not repeal the prohibitory law of 1884, which remains in full force; but in places where certain conditions are fulfilled, the local authorities may grant licenses. The mulct law works like a license law, but it is denied by the court that it is a license law, yet the state has the strange anomaly of one law breaking another. In cities of over 5,000 inhabitants, it requires the consent of a majority of the voters who have voted at the last preceding election. They must sign a petition to make it possible to open saloons. In smaller towns and cities, it requires a majority of sixty per cent. of the voters.

When these signatures have been procured, they are submitted to the county auditor and the board of supervisors, where they are carefully canvassed, and every doubtful vote thrown out. If John Smith signs his name as J. Smith on the poll book and John Smith on the petition, his vote is not counted.

The supervisors certify to the sufficiency of the petition, and the persons who desire to open saloons go before the city council, which body grants the necessary permission. The applicant for license must first pay a $600 mulct tax, one half of which goes to the city and the other half to the county treasury. The municipalities may require any amount as a license fee from $10 to an amount which would preclude the payment and which would, in effect, maintain absolute prohibition.

Saloons operating under the law must have only one door for ingress and egress and no cellar doors are permitted. There shall be no blinds, no obscene pictures, no music, no games of chance and no tables or chairs. All saloons must be closed at ten o'clock in the evening and remain closed until five o'clock the next morning, and must be closed on Sundays, election days and all legal holidays.

Nearly fifty counties of the state have adopted the mulct law and the annual tax collected is considerably in excess of a million dollars. In some cities the municipal license has been placed at seemingly prohibitive figures. Galva saloon-keepers pay a municipal license of $2,200 in addition to the $600 mulct tax.

The mulct law is far from being satisfactory to the people of Iowa. True, it has effectually driven out the "blind pigs," and plugged up the "holes in the walls," but it has made it possible for pettifogging attorneys and indolent people who assume the role of informers to acquire considerable money. The law allows the informer a certain fee, and if it were not for this fee there would seldom be prosecutions for any technical violations. It opens up an avenue for blackmailers to prey upon the individual engaged in the saloon business, and it is especially repugnant to the German population, who have been accustomed to enjoying their stein of beer around a table where conviviality and friendly discussions were characteristic features.

* * *

In a six months' journey of investigation into the saloon conditions of the various cities between the Atlantic and the Pacific, I have been enabled to observe the energetic efforts being put forth by a majority of the brewers to greatly improve the liquor traffic and to remove the objectionable features. This attitude is not general, however, and there are men at the head of brewing institutions who care little for the ethics of morality so long as the people do not complain. A representative of a brewing concern in Bloomington, Illinois, where little observance of the law is apparent, endeavored to shield himself behind his opinion that Bloomington did no more than Springfield was doing in the way of violation. As a matter of fact, the Springfield brewers are co-operating, wherever possible, with the authorities to weed out all objectionable men who are engaged in the traffic.

A Salt Lake brewer brazenly stated that he cared nothing for the sentiment in the South or East. His line of duty impelled him to keep an eye on President Smith of the Mormon church, and as long as he was silent there was nothing to fear. Some of the saloons in Salt Lake City are a disgrace to the State of Utah.

Perhaps nowhere in the United States are the saloons less objectionable than in Los Angeles. The city has limited the number of licenses which may be issued to two hundred, and a saloon license in Los Angeles is like a franchise, as it possesses a considerable monetary value. There are saloon privileges in Los Angeles that could not be purchased for $50,000, and the owners of these privileges fully realize that any violation of the liquor laws renders their licenses insecure.

The San Francisco brewers have combined with the wholesale liquor dealers and allied industries, and have organized for the purpose of effectually removing many of the objectionable features which in days gone by have characterized the liquor traffic in San Francisco. The result of their labors is recognized by the conservative business element, and many persons, who were formerly hostile to the brewer, are inclined to give him due credit for his good intentions.

In Denver, and in fact other Colorado cities, the suppression of vices which oftentimes go hand in hand with the liquor traffic is under the control of an organization which has won considerable praise for the results of its labors during the past few years. The gentlemen at the head of the organization, which is composed largely of brewers and wholesale liquor dealers, have informed the Denver saloon-keepers that no sympathy or assistance can be expected if they violate any feature of the license law, and, as a result, the liquor traffic is conducted upon the most orderly lines.

Lincoln, Nebraska, is experimenting with a seven o'clock closing ordinance. It is without question an absolute failure, in that its effect is anything but elevating to the cause of temperance. Instead of patrons of saloons dropping in during the evening to get a glass of beer, they now purchase flasks of whiskey before the closing hour, and excessive indulgence is practiced on the street and in the homes of many people, who, if they could go to the saloon for a drink, would never think of the bottle. This kind of legislation stimulates the sale of whiskey and largely curtails the sale of beer, which as a promoter of intemperance and crime is by far the least harmful.

Upwards of a year ago the Wisconsin and

Milwaukee Brewers Association passed a resolution condemning disorderly and disreputable places where liquor was sold and dispensed, and offered to co-operate with local authorities in the correction of all abuses connected with the retail sale of all intoxicating liquors.

In furtherance of such resolutions, both of such associations have rendered valuable aid and assistance to local authorities in cleaning up places resorted to by those of dissolute character, and have aided in bringing to the bar of justice saloon-keepers who intentionally disregard the law prohibiting the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards, and who permitted indecent and lewd conduct in their licensed places.

These associations have done this work quietly and energetically, at their own expense, in an effort to elevate the character of the saloon and of the saloon-keeper, and to make it what it ought to be.

In the city of Milwaukee the authorities have succeeded in rooting out upwards of a hundred places of this character, and in various portions of the state, work along the same lines has been quietly but effectively accomplished.

Two years ago the Brewers Association assisted in securing the passage of a law limiting the number of saloon licenses that might be granted to a certain population; and providing also that the licensees should not only be men of good character, full-fledged citizens of the United States, and of the state and locality in which they applied for license, but that they should be men who have never been convicted of any felony; also prohibiting the granting of licenses in purely residential districts, and providing for the removal of licensees from residential districts upon the petition of the residents therein.

The association has under consideration at the present time various other measures intended and calculated to elevate the character of the saloon and of the licensees and their assistants, and to fix the responsibility more directly and positively for any infraction of the law, and particularly with reference to dance halls in connection with saloons, and the gathering together of young people.

The brewers of Wisconsin have always evinced a willingness to co-operate with the authorities in the maintenance of the law; and while they may have been passive in the past, during the last two years they have been active in their support and suggestion of remedies for existing evils. They have been the pioneers in the movement to clean up and correct the abuses connected with the retail liquor business, but have done their work unostentatiously and without brass band attachment. All they ask is fair treatment and an opportunity to show by effective work that they are with the authorities so long as the authorities are in favor of regulation rather than prohibition. They realize that it is impossible in one, two or even three years to correct all of the abuses connected with the retail trade which have been tolerated and grown up through the past several years, and that it is only by persistent and constant endeavor that these evils can be corrected.

The brewers of Chicago, with the assistance of the saloon-keepers association, have accomplished a great deal in ridding the city of objectionable saloon conditions. Slot machines have been generally if not altogether removed from saloons and automatic music machines have been practically abolished. Gambling has been totally suppressed in Chicago in the saloons as well as in other places. Recently, many licenses have been revoked by the mayor, the owners of which did not heed the warning given by the saloon-keepers and brewers associations. It has been publicly announced by the association that the reform movement will continue and that the brewers and reputable saloon-keepers will aid the authorities in every feasible manner in creating conditions that will be free from objections.

During my visit to Detroit I found the Michigan brewers strongly organized, with the object of removing all the objectionable features of the liquor traffic in their state. The Detroit brewers are co-operating with the police department in the maintenance of law and order, and it is their policy to refuse assistance of any nature to saloon-keepers who wilfully violate the law. Police Commissioner Smith informed me that the Detroit brewers never antagonize the department in the suppression of vice in the saloon, but on the other hand lend valuable aid in bringing to the bar of justice anyone who disregards the license law in any way.

WM P CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

ACCORDING to one of the greatest experts on transmission of the human voice, the limitations of deafness will soon be practically removed. This hope is firmly based on the fact that deaf persons who have not hitherto been able to obtain an alleviating device, constructed along scientific principles, to facilitate their hearing are within reach of the remedy. The newly perfected Aurophone has removed the disablement under which deaf persons have always labored, and by its use their hearing is restored to a condition akin to normal.

The Aurophone is the achievement of many years of patient investigation. Thousands have been permitted to give it a thorough trial. That deafness can now be conquered by using the Aurophone is beyond the peradventure of a doubt. Amplifying the sound waves, the instrument enables any deaf person—even where the trouble is deep-seated and of long standing—to hear without effort. It is a sort of telephone that multiplies a sound a hundredfold. Small in size, it can be worn most inconspicuously.

Those afflicted with deafness are by its aid permitted to resume their activities in society or business. Especially is the invention a boon to business men, enabling them to engage in conferences; and in social intercourse it is invaluable in removing the embarrassment to which deaf persons are peculiarly sensitive. It is readily used in all public places such as churches and theatres, conventions and other large gatherings. A sermon or a speech, through its help, may be distinctly heard within the ordinary range of the speaker's voice, just as if the auditor were in close earshot.

The Aurophone is manufactured by the Mears Ear Phone Company, 45 West 34th Street, New York.

* * *

THE unparalleled popularity of the first volume of "Heart Throbs" has evoked a very general demand from all parts of the country for a second volume. Clippings of favorite verse and prose selections have continued to come in ever since it was announced that a second volume would some day be printed; and we possess a large and increasing collection of splendid material which ought to be preserved in a companion volume to the great original "Heart Throbs."

We now invite further contributions, the only condition being that they are not already included in the first volume of "Heart Throbs." A great many readers have written us that, for some reason, they were unable to send in their selections before the date of going to press with the first volume. For a very short time, you may remedy this oversight, and send along those verses or that sentiment which for months you have had pinned on the wall or the pincushion, and which you delayed sending to us in time before.

No book of selections has ever awakened so much interest throughout the world as "Heart Throbs"—a fact which is verified by thousands of letters received at this office from all parts of the globe. The only drawback in connection with it was that one volume of 450 pages could not contain the great mass of poems, songs and prose selections, worthy of preservation, which were sent in by the people. Remember this is not our book, but yours, so don't delay in sending in your selection for the second volume of "Heart Throbs." This we mean shall be as complete as it is possible for us to make it. It will be a handsome addition to your library, for the two volumes will give the favorite selections from English and contemporary literature, not only of the greatest leaders in literature, but of thousands of people. These books will hold the highest place in honor, for they vivify the thrilling memories of childhood, and appeal at the same time to the finest instincts of youth, maturity and honorable old age. If you wish to have your favorites included send them in at once.

If you have not yet secured a copy of the first volume, send for it now, in order that you may see the splendid work done by 50,000 people. We would like to have 50,000 more represented in the second volume.

Such a selection, if made by any individual scholar or literary board, would be the work of a whole lifetime, and even then it would only reflect the tastes and creations of one or a group of persons; but with the cooperation of 50,000 people we have secured a book of unrivaled interest—one that is already the most cherished literary work in many of the libraries and the favorite anthology or work of reference for many writers and orators of national reputation, because it represents the heart favorites of so many of the great mass of plain people, who may be assumed to fairly represent the English-speaking world and final tribunal of literary merit of the present age.

* * *

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

THE more carefully one observes affairs at Washington during the present administration, the more one is impressed with the fact that everything is run on a distinctively up-to-date basis. While the stately old coach-and-four has been supplanted by the automobile as the presidential carriage; while the airship contests have been conducted under presidential surveillance at Fort Meyer, and wireless connections have been made with almost every ship in the navy, it is not surprising that the man who sits in the presidential chair has at his elbow the very latest in telephone invention—that link that unites all industrial, political and, it might almost be said, international, communications.

Very impressive photographs have been printed of President Taft sitting at the telephone. The first shows him with his philosophic aspect giving the first "hello"; the next with the dawning of a genial smile, as he utters the affirmative "yes, yes," or "no, no," as the conversation varies; then he is seen with a far-away, listening expression.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS
Author of "I Know That My Redeemer Lives!"

Have you ever noticed that the expression on the face of a "telephoner" is precisely the same as when a man speaks face to face—the same genial smile, the same thoughtful air, the same eager, listening expression. So President Taft at the telephone is the text of an unique booklet, printed by the Western Electric Company, entitled, "Satisfaction." The concluding picture of the series, "Am I Satisfied?" shows an expression of face that is not likely to be soon forgotten.

The little booklet also contains epigrammatic sayings and aphorisms by the Presi-

AN OPTIMIST

dent, which show at a glance the predominant part which the telephone plays in all modern affairs, to say nothing of the saving of time effected, and the relief from anxiety afforded by eliminating the delay of waiting from the writing of a letter to the receiving of a reply "by return mail." Or even the delay between telegrams flashed over the wires, for nothing travels so swiftly as the human voice.

These unique photographs were taken by Messrs. Harris & Ewing, and are issued in this booklet by their permission. The Western Electric Company are the largest manufacturers of equipments for all concerns where telephone wires are used, whether in public building, business concern or office or in the home library, corporation or private lines. This little booklet not only tells its own story of the value of telephone connection, but has a business moral exceedingly suggestive of modern advancement.

* * *

DO YOU KNOW "BOUILLABAISE"

THE Georgians feasted President Taft upon "possum and 'taters,'" while the citizens of New Orleans gave him alligator steak and "bouillabaise." Now, if you do not know what "bouillabaise" is, we can tell you of what it is "compounded," having sampled it at the Taft banquet. It includes six slices of red snapper, six slices of red fish, half a bottle of white wine, half a lemon, six fresh tomatoes, three onions, three cloves of garlic and three bay leaves. Now if you don't think you will like it—order something else.

* * *

EVERY now and then we hear of the young man discouraged and disgruntled with life, who feels that if he only had a gold mine or could be the president of a gigantic trust, in a few years he would develop into the best and cleverest man alive.

"As soon as I get a few dollars ahead I am going to jump this job—there is too much hard work here for me."

With this spirit, the probability is that he never gets ahead, and the "few dollars" remain "in the air." Kid-glove jobs are seldom handled by such hands. The boy who is willing to begin in overalls, ready to take up the hickory shirt proposition if necessary, and live along strictly economic lines involving some personal sacrifice, the boy who has a definite purpose to push ahead—that is the boy who gets on in life. There is much

AT THE TELEPHONE

more at stake in a job than the salary. This recalls the incident of the office boy who was found one day washing a window during spare time at the noon hour. He found out the janitor was ill and the windows needed washing.

"What are you doing?" inquired the youth in the kid gloves, who entered to get a "position."

"Well," said the window-washer, "this glass looked so dirty I hated to have our customers see it."

"That's the janitor's work—what's it got to do with you?"

Jimmy was the sort of chap who not only did the work assigned to him, but looked out for other jobs that needed to be done, aside from eternally thinking of pay day and watching the face of the clock. He never cared if he was chided by his companions for doing the work that ought to be attended to by others—and wasn't. When the stranger waited in the outer office, it was Jimmy who saw that he had a chair and a newspaper, for he was extremely polite. He was asked:

"Why are you so courteous to those old fools?" He replied:

"It would be bad business policy for me to be otherwise, because here's where I represent my firm."

He was part and parcel of that business, and in his conscientious little soul he wanted to do it credit.

"You can foretell Jimmy's future by the way he is taking hold of his work, and by his interest in the firm."

This remark by the manager was no idle prophecy, for Jimmy was soon a manager himself.

* * *

HAMBURG-AMERICAN OFFICES

ON the site of the first habitations erected by a white man in New York City, stand the new offices of the Hamburg-American line; on the front of the building is a tablet fittingly marking this as one of the few veritable historic landmark sites of New York. Here, in 1613, four houses were built by the commander of the good ship "Tiger." Here the "Onrest" (restless), the first vessel constructed by Europeans on American soil, was built and launched in 1614.

Passing into the main entrance hall, the beautiful color-tones and exquisite finish of its costly marble and bronzes impresses upon the visitor the fact that he stands in one of the finest steamship offices in the world.

The artistic design and decoration of the first-cabin department are truly works of art, worthy of careful study in themselves, and also as a phase of the evolution of business which has made this office the most ornate and magnificent steamship headquarters in the Western Hemisphere.

The words, "Hamburg-American," engraved in the gray stone, combine with richly-wrought emblems of marine life, history, legend and myth, supported on either side by the coats of arms of the United States and of the ancient city of Hamburg, a free city long blessed with peace and prosperity, and proud of her time-honored legend, "*Die welt ist mein feld*" ("the world is my field"). Dados and panels are of the famous French brechefleuire marble, in the style of the French renaissance; dolphins intertwined compose the candelabra, and all the marble figures suggest something of the mystery and "the magic of the sea." All the woodwork is of rich mahogany, including the great counter across which passengers obtain their tickets, which is a conspicuous feature of the handsome office furniture.

Decorative effect has not been sought to the exclusion of comfort, for no offices in the country are better supplied with those little conveniences which mean much to the employees as well as patrons. Filtered air, heated or cooled as required, is distributed throughout the building. The suggestion of the ease and luxury of a voyage on a Hamburg liner, apparent in the office, is carried out in practical form even in the third cabin and steerage departments of the ships.

Many distant lands—almost every part of the world can be reached by the boats of the Hamburg-American, whose fleet numbers more steamers than any other line, and the development of whose business has been one of the wonderful incidents of the marine merchant and passenger traffic of recent years.

* * *

"HEART THROBS" IN ASIA

FROM the Island of Penang, off the Malay Peninsula, at the extreme southerly end of Asia, comes a letter inquiring about "Heart Throbs," which goes to show that this famous gift book of ours, following the example of the American battlefleet, is encircling the globe. To those who are away from their own kith and kin and isolated on land or sea, this is a peculiarly appealing volume, for one never tires of reading the old-time poems, bits of sentiment, witty anecdotes and sketches which number 840 selections, and fill four hundred and seventy pages. If you have friends on the frontier, in the Army or the Navy, or who are about to start on a long journey to foreign lands, be assured that a copy of "Heart Throbs" will enable them to pass many a pleasant hour, and cause many heart throbs as the reading of these literary treasures from old scrapbooks brings to mind the dear ones at home.

* * *

LOOK FOR OFFICE FURNITURE

THE special article in office furniture which we wanted was seen at the New England Food Fair and obtained at the American Furniture Exchange, 6 Alden Street, Boston. Before making the selection, accompanied by Mr. T. H. McCool, the manager, we looked at handsome quartered-oak and mahogany, sanitary, roll-top, flat-top desks and filing cabinets of every imaginable description, occupying 30,000 feet of floor space. Executive and bank tables were here, all finely finished with elegantly matched wood, masterpieces of the cabinet-maker's art. Here also were cash registers, silent-salesmen and counter showcases of infinite variety.

Like Mr. McCool, the employees of the American Furniture Exchange are quick to offer business-like suggestions drawn from wide experience in fitting offices. The prices are very reasonable, considering the excellent office furniture secured. In fitting out young business men, infant factories and new stores with office furniture and fixtures, the American Furniture Exchange terms are always moderate, and hundreds of young men pay a tribute to the friendly help and instalment consideration of this experienced firm of furnishers. Newspaper offices, insurance offices, business premises of every kind have been equipped by them, and every large political campaign in Massachusetts within the past year has been discussed over their substantial directors' tables and handsome desks.

Governor Draper, Mayor Hibbard, Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald and many other prominent Bostonians have obtained their campaign furniture at this Mecca of office fittings, where the high class of goods carried is beyond the necessity of guarantee.

WHITE HOUSE VICTROLA

VISITORS at the White House in these days cannot fail to observe that there is a sociable, musical atmosphere abroad in the historic building. Beside the handsome Steinway grand piano, which will be brought into active service at the musicales given by Mrs. Taft, there is the Victrola in the Red room, which is equipped with grand opera, rag time and the latest ballad records, all ready to start off harmoniously at the touch of a finger.

* * *

The large attendance at the concerts given by the Eastern Talking Machine Company's office, in Boston, prove that it is considered mighty satisfactory to spend an hour or two in the afternoon hearing Melba, Tetrazzini, Scotti, Caruso and other popular musical favorites. Of all human inventions, the Victrola has been the most effective in stimulating interest in operatic and high-class music.

What would we not give today to hear the nightingale voice of Jenny Lind, or other famous singers of by-gone years? What will it not mean to future generations to have reproduced for them the very tones of famous singers? What a wonderful feat it is to be able to preserve every note of a beautiful voice. It is not an idle prediction that such records are likely to find a place in the government archives in the near future, and that it will be considered almost as important to preserve correct reproductions of remarkable American voices as correct chronicles of historical events.

* * *

HAMMERSTEIN'S NEW OPERA HOUSE

THE new opera house opened in Philadelphia is certainly a triumph for the city. Music lovers will feast upon the productions furnished by its manager, the indefatigable Oscar Hammerstein. To see him moving about during an opera or rehearsal, attired in silk hat and evening dress like one of the characters in an opera, does not suggest the keen-sighted manager that he is, who is certainly to be congratulated upon the splendid success he has achieved. He has thus early realized the ambition of his life, and his success is largely due to the fact that he loves his art for its own sake, and is always on the watch for new and beautiful things in music. He guided his artists out of the old ruts while at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, and his work and enthusiasm have done much to build up and stimulate a widespread popular desire for high-class operatic music.

To witness a production of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" is always an inspiration. There is something jolly and rollicking in the chorus of this opera that gives it an especial charm, and it appeals especially to the youthful mind, as evidenced by the many Sunday-school songs that seemed to echo the lively movements of this opera.

Mr. Hammerstein's progress in establishing American opera, and his offer for a prize opera by an American composer, have done much for national art. Although born in Berlin and possessing much of the German love of music, there is no more thorough-going American than Mr. Hammerstein. I can never forget my voyage with him when on his first quest for grand opera. All the way across he was playing and singing to himself the livelong day; he seemed to move only in the ethereal atmosphere of the art that he loves so well.

* * *

ILLUSTRATING AS AN ART

WHEN recently passing through Kalamazoo, I seized the opportunity to visit the Acme School of Drawing, where Walter S. Wood is carrying on a work that is going to leave its mark on American literature. Here the cartoonists and illustrators of the future are being trained, and the rapid growth of the school proves that it is filling a long-felt want. Students have come crowding in and already it has been necessary to secure larger quarters.

The instructors of this school have been trained both in Europe and America, and combine the art ideals of the Old World with the practical business principles and purposes of the New. Students joining this school may secure the best instructions, either by attendance at the regular classes or through correspondence. Now that periodical literature of all kinds is increasing so rapidly, illustrations are more than ever in request, and this school, in training artistic talent, is certainly conserving one of the nation's richest gifts, which otherwise might lie waste.

THE HOME

IN THE ATTIC

Up in a trunk in the attic,
  Laid away with tender care,
Is an old blue coat of Grandpa's
  And the hat he used to wear.

And there is his sword and musket,
  His belt and knapsack, too.
Some day when you come over,
  I'll show them all to you.

On every Memorial Day
  Mother lets me take them out,
And hang them up in the parlor
  With our flags draped all about.

And then she tells me the story
  Of how Grandpa bravely fought,
For the sake of his country's honor,
  As every good soldier ought.

And I say that I'll be a soldier,
  To fight for my country, too,
And carry a sword and musket
  As Grandfather used to do.

But Mother holds me close, and says:
  "Brave men and boys of today
Are soldiers of peace, not warfare,
  For Peace has the right of way;

"And the soldiers of Grandpa's time
  Fought, not for the love of fight,
But that peace might reign in their country."
  And Mother is always right.

So she and I have decided,
  When we put the things away,
To pack up the thoughts of warfare,
  And let peace have a chance to stay.

—*Charlena D. Elwell.*

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

WILL MAKE THE THIMBLE STICK

By Mrs. A. M. Blossom

To prevent the thimble from slipping off the finger when sewing, wet the *ball* of the *thimble finger* before putting on the thimble.

A SUBSTITUTE CHIMNEY SWEEP

By Mrs. Ruth E. Bodwell

A chimney may be kept clean and safe by throwing a piece of zinc into the furnace or range once a month.

ECONOMY IN PLANTING POTATOES

By B. F. Hull

When using large potatoes for seed, slice off the outside for planting and save the inside for table use.

Away from the Commonplace

—Into the realm of the rarest confection delights—you will class

NABISCO

SUGAR WAFERS

Out of the ordinary in dainty form, in delightful goodness, in dessert adaptability.

In Ten Cent Tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

FLOWERS FOR TABLE IN WINTER

By Mrs. Alice Elizabeth Wells

Flowers were scarce last winter and the usual floral centerpiece for the dining table not always obtainable, until I hit upon the following device: Several sprays of Wandering Jew were placed in a low vase of water. They soon sprouted and furnished greenery for the whole season. The addition of a bunch of geranium blossoms, begonias, fuchsias, or whatever happened to be in bloom when wanted, kept the vase a thing of beauty and joy forever. The south window furnished desirable colors. Water in the vase must be frequently changed.

FOR THE OUT-DOOR CAVE

An out-door cave—or under-house cellar—after a prolonged wet spell, often becomes moldy and generates an offensive smell. A friend of mine tells of how she thoroughly routed every speck or smell of mildew in her cave by building a fire of corn cobs on the cement floor; closing door and windows, subjecting the room to prolonged dense fumigation. Results were satisfactory and productive of great rejoicing.

LINSEED OIL AS STOVE POLISH

Instead of the usual sticky stove blacking for the kitchen range, this same friend advises painting the stove while moderately hot with boiled linseed oil, rubbing it in well One trial will result in a determination never to blacken hands, dish-cloths or aprons with the old reliable polishes.

—

REMEDIES FOR POISON IVY

By Mrs. T. A. Rose

Apply sweet oil or bathe the affected parts in sweet spirits of nitre.

TO IMPROVE CHICKEN GRAVY

To make chicken gravy richer add eggs found in chicken or yolk of an egg.

TO CLEAN RUSSIA IRON

To clean Russia iron, mix the blacking with kerosene and it will look nearly as well as new.

VARNISH STRAW MATTINGS

A thin coat of varnish applied to straw matting makes it more durable and adds to its beauty.

—

OATMEAL MACAROONS

By Miss Lelia P. Smith

Oatmeal macaroons are very delicious. Take two and one-half cupfuls of Quaker oats, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cup of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Mix thoroughly, and drop in half-spoonfuls on buttered tins. Bake in a moderate oven until crisp and lightly browned.

—

TO KEEP COOKIES MOIST

By Mrs. W. C. Tisdel

Put into your crock a few cookies, then a slice of bread, then more cookies, then bread, until you have them all in. The bread will become dry and the cakes keep moist. Replenish the bread if it gets very dry.

A TRANSFERRED EMBROIDERED PATTERN

By Grace L. Wentz

If a pattern of an embroidered piece is desired, it can easily be obtained by placing white paper over the embroidery and working a silver spoon over the design. The spoon should occasionally be rubbed on the hair near the ear. There seems to be just enough oil to aid in producing a distinct pattern.

HOW TO OPEN A NEW BOOK

In opening a new book the covers should first be pressed flat to a table, then sections on each side until the center is reached. In this way the binding will last much longer.

—

TO REMOVE SPLINTERS FROM HANDS

By Mrs. Wm. Trautman

Put hot water in a wide neck bottle, place hand over same for one or two minutes, press tight, the steam will draw it out leaving no soreness.

PICKLED CORN

Cut off ten cups of sweet corn, add two cups of chopped fine cabbage, also one red pepper chopped fine, then add two cups of vinegar. One cup of water, one cup of sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of yellow mustard (ground), one tablespoonful of celery seed. Mix all together, put on stove, boil thirty minutes and it is ready for your glass jars when they are hot. Seal tight.

—

A STAMP ACT

By Mrs. Blanche C. Youtsey

One very often has a stamp from which the mucilage has been removed in some way, and being out of paste or mucilage and in a hurry to post a letter it is often very trying. I conceived the idea of moistening the "sticky" part of a new envelope and rubbing on the stamp and it will stick as good as new. The envelope thus used can be laid aside and used some time when one has paste to seal it with, or can be used with sealing-wax.

—

A DAINTY BREAKFAST DISH

By Mrs. E. H. McMahan

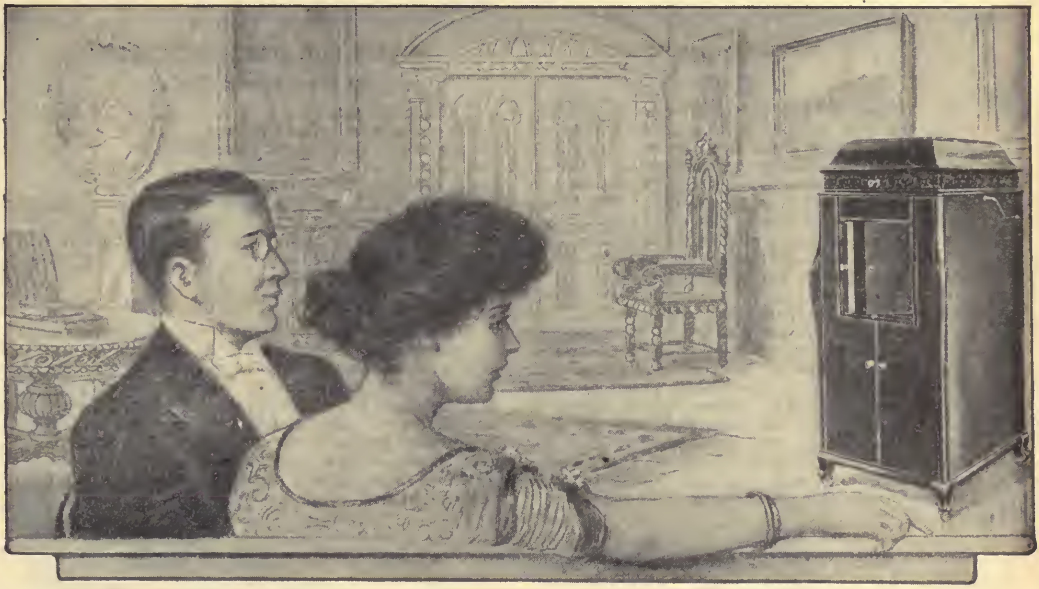
Butter thick slices of bread. Separate the yolk and whte of an egg, carefully preserving the shape of the former and beating the latter to a stiff froth. Turn this beaten white over the buttered bread, then put the round yolk in the center. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and brown in the oven. A very dainty and extremely appetizing dish.

—

PAPERING A ROOM

By Patience

Often when papering a room there are weak places where the plastering is crumbling and shaking off, and it is difficult to make it firm. First cover the weak places with table oilcloth, paste it smoothly and firmly in place, and cover with the room paper. You will find it to be strong and lasting.



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Victor-Victrola XVI, mahogany, $200
Quartered oak $200. Circassian walnut $250
Other styles of the Victor from $10 up.

See and hear the *Victrola* at the nearest Victor dealer's.
Write to us for complete catalogues of the *Victor-Victrola* and *Victor Records*, and for name of the nearest Victor dealer.

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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.

A complete list of new Victor Records for May will be found in the May number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's and June Cosmopolitan

USES FOR OLD HOSIERY

By B. T.

One often hates to throw away old stockings when the legs are perfectly good and the feet past darning, and there are few now who take the time to make over stockings for children. They are, consequently, apt to accumulate and be in the way, yet it is surprising in how many ways they can be used. After cutting off the feet they make good padding for iron and pot-holders, and they may also be used as sleeve protectors. On a chilly morning when it is sure to turn warm a little later, it is a good idea to have a pair of the stocking-legs handy to slip over the arms, under the dress sleeves and pin to shoulders of dress with small safety-pins, and when desired they can easily be drawn off. The balbriggan hose make excellent little dusters and polishing cloths, almost equal to chamois-skin. Cut off feet and cut the legs lengthwise. They are particularly nice for small articles such as are used on the dresser, and it will be found very convenient to have one or two in the top dresser drawer.

NEW WAY TO PICK FRUIT

By M. Pittman

Attach a fruit can to a long light pole by means of a nail which is driven through the side of the can near the top and into the pole, bending the point of the nail over to keep in place. Such a pole will be found very convenient when one wishes to pick a few of the choicest pears, peaches or apples which are sure to grow on the outer limbs of the tree, too high to reach without a ladder Hold up the pole and let the edge of the can touch the stem or twig, and the fruit will fall in.

TO CLEAN VELVET AND PLUSH

By Sallie J. Parks

Velvet and plushes if brushed with dry salt will look like new.

TO REMOVE COAL SOOT

Coal soot can be effectually removed from woolen clothing by rubbing with a crumpled newspaper.

TO REMOVE STAINS

Cream of tartar will remove stains if a little is tied up in the stained part, put in cold water and slowly brought to a boil, afterward rinse in clear cold water.

PRESSING RIBBONS

By Florence E. Culver

To quickly press ribbons, laces, or other small articles when you have no fire to heat the iron, light a coal-oil lamp, which is usually to be found in the kitchen, at least, and wind the ribbon or lace about the chimney; the heat will soon take out all wrinkles.

APPETIZING HASH

By Miss N. M. Kelley

Try putting a spoonful of sugar in the next hash you make, and see if you are not pleased with the result.

DEVICE FOR HANGING SKIRTS

By Mrs. Luella Kittle

To insure your wool or tub skirts keeping their shape and minus wrinkles, fold in center of the band, fold again back to front, then in the middle of this last fold insert vertically a large safety-pin through the edges of the band; hang the other end of the safety-pin on the hook in your closet. It is better than a skirt-hanger. Two or more skirts may hang from the same hook and they will always be straight and free from wrinkles.

HANDY-BAG FOR SEWING MACHINE

Make a bag five by eight inches of cretonne, or any material you wish. In the top casing put a small embroidery hoop. Hang the bag by cords or ribbon from the corner of your sewing machine. The open top affords easy access for all scraps and bits of thread, and when the day's work is finished the floor is free from the litter so common in sewing-rooms. The little receptacle is easily emptied and ready for the next busy day.

KEEPS YOUR SLEEVES CLEAN

By Nellie Northey

To keep your shirtwaist sleeves clean while washing dishes, sew across the cuffs where they button, an inch and a half of narrow white elastic, at each end only. Then when the cuff is unbuttoned you can pull the sleeve up and the elastic holds it in place.

A NOVEL BREAD-CUTTER

I have had my palette-knife sharpened, and find it the best bread and cake knife I ever used, especially for fresh baked cake or bread.

STALE CRACKERS MADE EATABLE

By Mollie Jervey

If you have crackers too stale for the table, place them in the oven with some bits of cheese grated over them. Let the cheese soften and the crackers brown slightly. They are dainty-looking and very nice either hot or cold, and are particularly good with salad.

INSTEAD OF WALNUTS

In making apple salad substitute peanuts. They are much cheaper, and are delicious.

A NAPKIN PORTFOLIO

By Mrs. J. H. Cameron

Cover two pieces of cardboard with cloth or silk, fastening together with pieces of ribbon (straps on the back and strings on the opposite edges to tie). You will find this very useful in keeping napkins and fancy table linen.

A CANNING HINT

By Oscar A. Anderson

When sealing fruit cans, instead of dipping covers into melted paraffin, take a small brush and paint the paraffin around the can rubber; this makes an air-tight joint and does not require as much paraffin.

It is Tone that makes or unmakes a piano
It is Tone that has won fame for the

STEINWAY
PIANO

VERTEGRAND
$550

Steinway Pianos can be bought of any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added. Illustrated catalogue and prices sent on request and mention of this magazine.

THE matchless tone of the Steinway is the result of all that has been done in three successive generations of unfaltering fidelity to a high ideal. It is the unequalled creative genius and mechanical skill of the Steinways that have made the Steinway the standard of piano comparison.

Steinway tone is not that of a day, but of a lifetime; and it is this feature of maintained musical value—and therefore of maintained commercial value—that makes the Steinway worth all that is asked for it.

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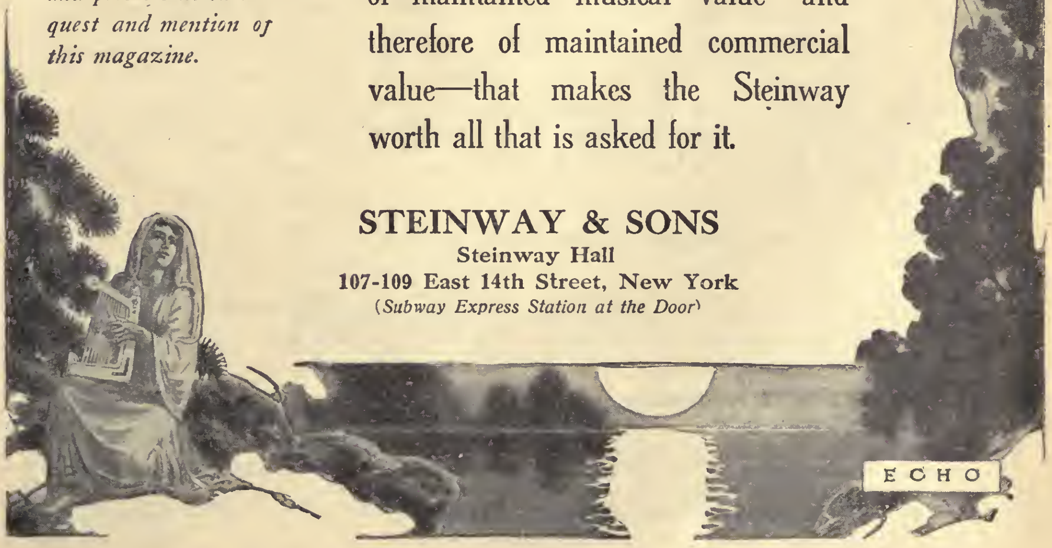


"BLACK JACK" FOR A STOVE

By Miss E. M. Rathbun

This is my way of blackening a stove without getting any of the blacking on the hands whatever. I use "Black Jack" and add a little water to it every time. I have a very small paint brush, which I stir the water in with, right in the can, and also to put it on the stove with, then I have a larger brush with a handle on to polish with. These are very inexpensive and last forever. If the stove is slightly warm, it is much better. In this way one can be dressed up and blacken the stove without getting any on them.

UNFERMENTED CRANBERRY WINE

By Mrs. L. D. Eaton

Scald five quarts of cranberries until the skins burst. Strain through a fine cloth. Make a syrup of two pounds of granulated sugar, and one quart of water. Mix while hot, and add enough water to make four quarts. Seal tight. When serving, fill glasses with crushed ice and pour the liquid into them. This is a nice drink as well as a tonic.

GRAPE FRUIT WATER

Remove the seeds from the juice, add one pound of granulated sugar to each pint of juice. Stir one pint of the sweetened juice into three pints of boiling water, stirring until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Set in the ice chest until cold. Serve with bits of broken ice, filling glasses one-third.

VELVET TO POLISH STOVE

By Jennie McWhinney

To polish a stove use an old piece of velvet. It will give a gloss that nothing else will and the blacking will not burn off nearly so quickly as when polished with a woolen cloth or brush.

TO PROLONG THE LIFE OF JELLY BAGS

When making jellies, after squeezing the juice out, put the jelly bags in a can of milk either sweet or sour; it will take the stains all out and they can be used repeatedly.

A LAMP HELP

By Mrs. C. H. Phillips

For those who burn oil for light and have lamp chimneys to keep clean, let me say if they will wash them in hot suds, then dip into clean hot water and dry with a warm cloth—I use an old gingham apron as there is less lint—they will find i a very easy task.

GOOD WAY TO WASH VEGETABLES

By Mrs. J. C. Deere

To remove insects, etc., from green vegetables, such as lettuce, greens, green beans, etc., sprinkle a generous handful of salt over them before washing.

TO PRESERVE RAW MEAT

By Jennie R. Gafney

To preserve raw meat for an unusual length of time, tie meat in strong muslin bag or cloth that has been previously wrung out of strong vinegar. Hang bag in the air, out of doors.

BRASS RINGS FOR TOWELS

By Annie L. Mahler

I tack a piece of oilcloth on the wall near the stove to hang the holders on and so avoid soiling the wall-paper.

I buy at the hardware store brass rings, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, at four cents a dozen, and sew them onto holders, everyday towels and dish-towels and find them much handier than loops or button holes.

TO SHARPEN SCISSORS

To sharpen scissors I hold a coarse sewing needle firmly between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and hold the scissors in the right hand and cut smoothly and quickly from hand to point. Unless entirely worn out they are soon sharpened this way.

TO PRESERVE JELLY

By Mrs. Amelia Reinhardt

Jellies covered with powdered sugar will not mold and will keep for years.

TARNISHED SILVER

If tarnished silver is laid in sour milk it will clean itself.

TO KEEP FRUIT-JAR RUBBERS

To keep rubbers for fruit jars from hardening, cover with flour. When needed wash well and they will be "as good as new."

SPOTS ON KID GLOVES

By Everett McBride

To clean spots on kid gloves, make a thick paste of talcum powder and water, apply to spots on glove and let it stand an hour; remove with damp cloth or chamois skin and spots will disappear. This is especially good for white kid gloves.

GRASS STAINS

To remove grass stains from goods in which the color will "run," rub with fresh unsalted butter.

HEALS CRACKED FINGERS

By William A. Barry

Procure from the drug store some Venice turpentine, and apply as a plaster.

RELIEF FROM CRAMPS

Rub a little turpentine in the hollow of the feet at bed time, once or twice a week.

SAGGING SKIRTS

By Mrs. Ralph M. Peabody

Children's Russian dresses and other styles having a goring side-seam, may be kept from sagging when laundered, if they are doubled with the side-seams in the middle and pinned to the line by the hem in the middle of the front and back. This leaves the side-seams in the slack between the pins, and they will not sag.

DOUGHNUTS MINUS GREASE

By Mrs. S. W. Grace

To prevent doughnuts absorbing grease, mix three teaspoonfuls of cornstarch with the flour. This is in proportion to one cupful of sour milk.

A "Home Comfort" Stove

Have you solved the "Home Comfort" problem for this coming summer?

Are you planning to put the coal range out of commission?

Will you do the family boiling, stewing and frying in a sane and restful manner over a stove that *does not overheat the kitchen?*

You can do all this with the

NEW PERFECTION

Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

The "New Perfection" is different from all other oil stoves. It has a substantial CABINET TOP like the modern coal range, with a commodious shelf for warming plates and keeping food hot after cooked—also drop shelves on which the coffee pot or teapot may be placed after removing from burner—every convenience, even to bars for holding towels. Nothing adds more to the pleasure of a summer home than a "New Perfection" Oil Cook-Stove in the kitchen. Made in three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency.

The *Rayo* LAMP

All that a lamp should be the Rayo is. Well made—ornamental—not easily tipped over—has perfect combustion—greatest volume of light for oil consumed—burns longest with one filling.

If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

DEWY GRASS AS DUST-KILLER

By Mrs. W. I. Tillinghast

Every housewife has her special favorite among the numerous sweeping day "aids." My partiality for keeping down the dust is fresh green grass, pulled while the dew is on it, if possible, if not, slightly dampened. It does the work better than salt or tea leaves, and leaves such a delicious odor of "out-doors" on rugs and carpets.

HOW TO WASH LIGHT WOOL WAISTS

Stiff the light wool waists in half skim milk and half water instead of in starch. They will be found "just right" and so much easier to iron.

WHIPPED SOUR CREAM SWEETENED

If the cream is sour for breakfast, drop in a bit of soda and whip well. It will not curdle in the coffee and can hardly be detected unless too much is used.

ELASTIC INSTEAD OF RODS FOR CURTAINS

Hang the sash curtains on a half inch elastic instead of a rod or string and see how much nicer they look. Cut elastic a little shorter than width of windows, sew a brass ring on each end and hook in place on tiny brass hooks.

NEWSPAPERS AS A STOVE-CLEANER

By Mrs. William J. Whitford

Keep a quantity of newspapers conveniently near your range or cook-stove. After each meal, or whenever anything is spilled on the stove, with a liberal handful of paper rub the soiled places briskly till dry, and you will find that not only will the stove present a neat appearance, but a thorough blacking will be needed less often than otherwise. It also cleans and keeps the nickel bright.

ASBESTOS MATS FOR THE GAS RANGE

By Mrs. W. F. Minor

I have heard many persons complain of the treachery of gas stoves. I eliminated my trouble by obtaining asbestos mats for each eye of my gas range. By placing one of these mats under each vessel and turning the gas to medium heat, it can be left as safely as if using a coal range.

STOVE POLISH

By Hope Hathaway

Mix your stove polish with turpentine instead of water. Apply and allow it to become perfectly dry; then it can be very easily polished.

TO REMOVE PUTTY

Apply a red-hot poker to your putty and it will soften at once. It can be removed in one-tenth the time it takes to use acids.

INK STAINS ON LIGHT COLORED GOODS

By Mercie Smith

Ink stains may be removed from light goods by dampening the heads of matches and rubbing them on the ink spots until they disappear.

HOT WATER WITHOUT A RANGE

By L. F. Channon

I visited recently the home of a friend, who took delight in showing me all the up-to-date wrinkles she had established in her newly purchased house. She took me down cellar, and pointing with pride to a thirty-gallon kitchen boiler attached to her furnace, told me that the house was abundantly supplied with hot water all winter by the heat of the furnace. Connected with the hot water boiler was a small gas heater, by means of which their hot water in summer was obtained. Their cumbersome kitchen range had been removed, and as they cooked entirely by gas, the problem of hot water was thus solved. She informed me that the cost of connecting it to the furnace was quite small, and its absence from the small kitchen was rejoiced over.

FOR SEA SICKNESS

By Mrs. L. O. Trowbridge

Have lately read several preventatives for sea and car sickness in "Good Housekeeping," but have failed to see this one. Place a piece of paper, no matter what kind, over the pit of the stomach next to the body.

TO RID CELLAR OF FLIES

Our cellar was full of big flies until I caught a little toad and put down there. The little fellow repaid me by eating every fly there, and keeping the cellar free from the pests.

MOCK PUMPKIN PIES

By Miss F. M.

Those who are fond of pumpkin pies and have no pumpkins, try using carrots. Cook and prepare the same as you would pumpkin, and it is hard to tell which is the better.

BURN POTATO PARINGS

If you will burn all potato parings, it will keep the stove free from soot.

TO CLEANSE THE TEETH

To free the teeth from tartar, moisten a toothbrush and dip in magnesia. A few applications makes a decided improvement in them.

TO REMOVE NEEDLES

By E. A. Waite

To remove the needles that have disappeared in a pincushion, brush the cushion hard with a brush-broom.

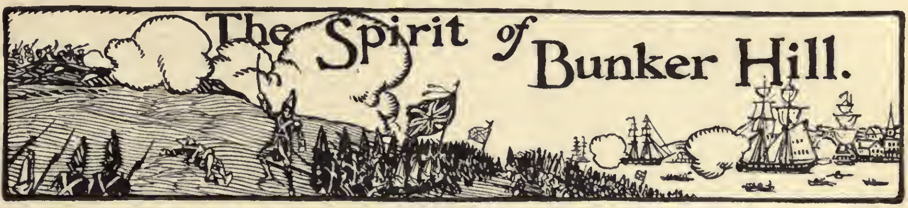
TO WASH LINEN DRESSES

Linen dresses will not change color if a small quantity of hay is put into the water in which they are washed. Boil and rinse in hay-water, using but little soap.

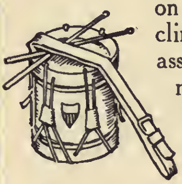
BREAD AS A DEODORIZER

By E. K. M.

To keep the odor of onions or cabbage from penetrating the entire house, lay a thick slice of bread on top of the vegetables when you put them on to boil, or a lump of charcoal in the pot will answer the same purpose.



The Spirit of Bunker Hill.



SOONER or later every stranger who visits Boston invariably announces: "I must see Bunker Hill." June 17th is the ideal day to gratify that wish; to correctly entertain my guests a supply of luscious chicken and ham sandwiches should be packed, with plenty of pickles and a few pieces of pie, for Charlestown—accent on the "town," and pronounce it clearly, please — is within the "pie belt." We climb the stately pile on Bunker Hill; attend the exercises held by some historical association; listen to the strains of that old ode sung at the dedication of the monument in 1843, when Daniel Webster delivered his famous oration; behold the parade sweep in majesty about the foot of the historic pile, and watch the sun flash in golden gleams on the renowned "Sword of Bunker Hill." Like many another historical landmark that otherwise would have been obliterated, Bunker Hill has been preserved to posterity by the devotion of women. Where today are well-kept turf, a stately monument and joyous sightseers, in 1775 a bare summit scarred by cannon-shot, a raw, half-sodded fieldworks and low redoubt overlooked the burning churches and houses of Charlestown. Beyond from the Charles River, the British men-of-war joined the land batteries on the farther bank in the unceasing thunder of artillery, hurling death upon the men of Massachusetts Bay, Vermont and Connecticut.

Due north to the very verge of the Mystic ran a weak breastwork across pasture lands and meadows, with here and there an orchard abloom with the delicate pink and white of apple, pear, cherry and quince; fields of yellow-hearted, white-petalled daisies swayed in the vortex of cannon shot and the mad rush of furious charges.

Anon the orchards were full of red-coated, white-gaitered infantry; the snow-white daisies were marred by great splashes of life-blood, and the pastures strewn with patches of scarlet, where soldiers in their gay uniforms had fallen to rise no more. To the left a half score of brass howitzers, posted amid brick-kilns and clay-pits, sought to enfilade and sweep away the Baymen who kept the hill.

Farmers, sailors, fishermen, tradesmen, clad in everyday garb, armed with their homely weapons of the chase, with scarcely a flag to fight under, suffering hunger, thirst and weariness under the broiling sun, coolly trained across the Bunker Hill breastwork the long, rusty tubes which had already heaped windrows of dead and dying men upon the fields below, where the new-mown hay still lay drying. The British lines continued to charge. "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!" The word passed along the line of set faces and levelled guns; a moment later hoarse cries, "Fire! Fire!" rang out; a crash of triple volleys and the rattle of deadly file-firing followed. The powder failed, the provincials broke away pursued by Pitcairn's marines — for the moment, our fathers' hope of victory was over.

Yes, visit Bunker Hill; look upon a monument erected to cherish the memory of a defeat that brought success, for Victory crowned the vanquished that day. The day set apart to commemorate the battle of Bunker Hill is exclusively a Charlestown holiday, but far wider than Boston's "tri-mountains" spreads the spirit of Bunker Hill throughout a great nation christened on that day in the red blood of American freemen.

— Joe M. C.

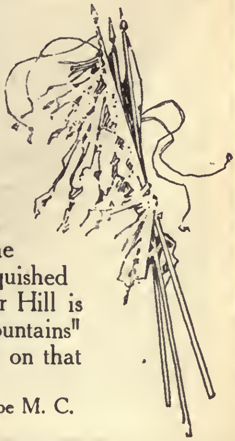
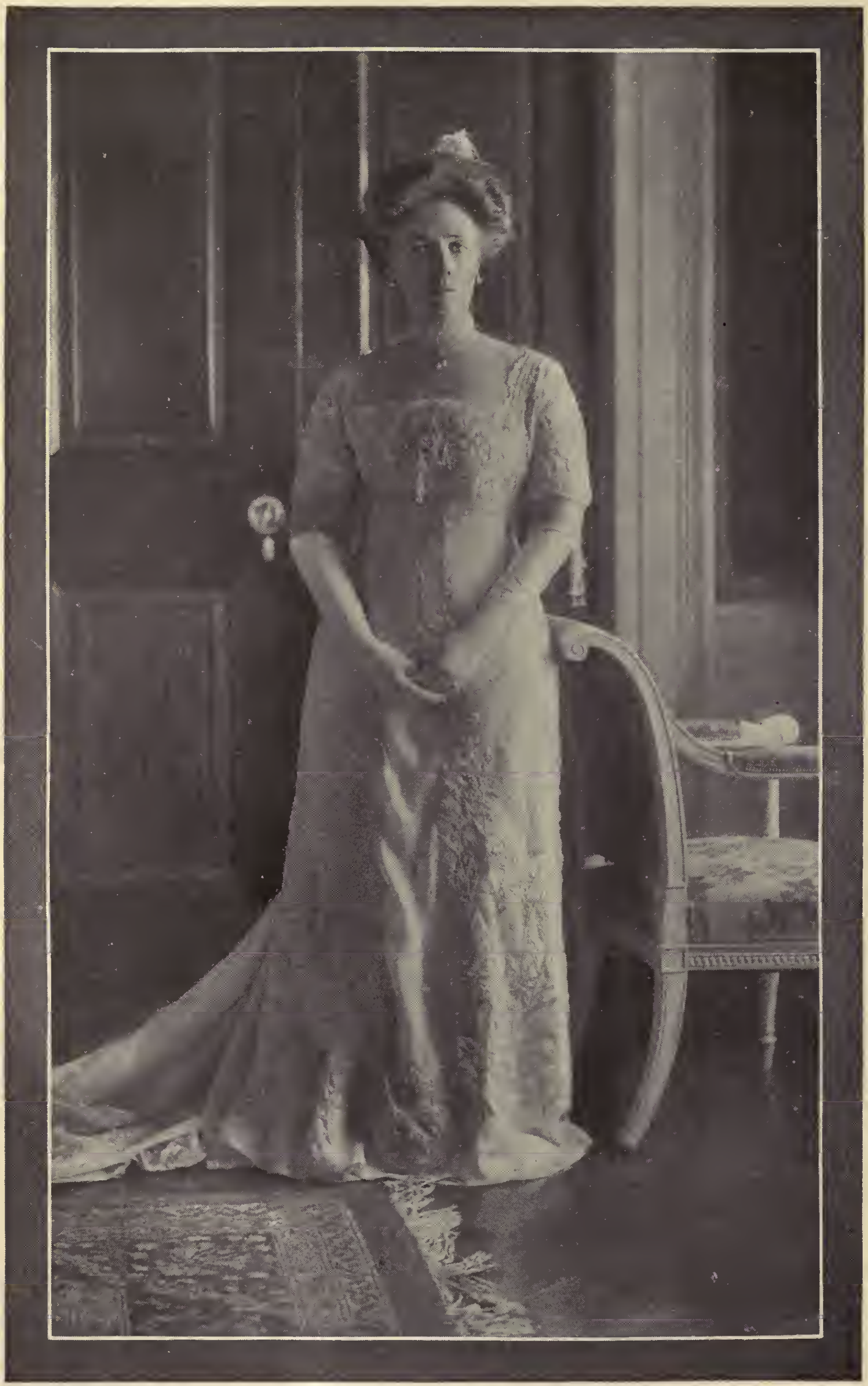


Photo by W. C. Ryder

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, CHARLESTOWN
Where the anniversary of an American defeat is commemorated June 17 every year

Henry W. Longfellow

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Co.



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J. Knowles Bishop

MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
In her Inaugural Ball Gown

Public L…
LAWRENCE, MASS.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX JUNE, 1909 NUMBER THREE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN a brave knight of olden days

With lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot through the lists, . . .
And charged before the eyes of ladies and of kings,

he sought to prove his prowess and gallantry. Arrayed in armor of polished steel, inlaid with gold, with helmet of dainty device bedecked with gorgeous plumes, each knight added grace and color to the grim "affair of war." The noblest and bravest men of the realm met to decide who, by lance thrust and swordplay, should prove himself the highest type of manhood and character in that era when physical courage and strength ruled the world.

Today in the United States the scene of conflict is transferred to the Capitol at Washington; it is no longer a test of mere brute force, quickness of eye or skill in swordsmanship. In the modern legislative tournament, the captains of industry, the lieutenants of labor organizations and the representatives of diversified classes of producers gather at the nation's capital to care for their interests in tariff revision, to fix the rate for the next decade, and hold firmly in place that shield and breastplate which have shut out foreign competition from the greatest market in the world.

* * *

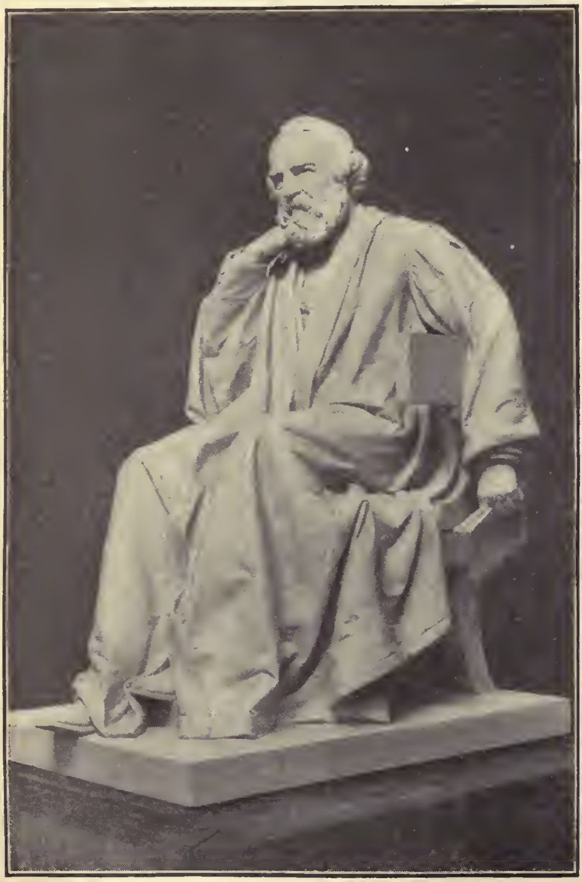
The magic lamps of countless fireflies vie with constellations of twinkling electric lights, scattered throughout the grounds and illuminating the stately Capitol and its dome, which stands out in brilliant and silent majesty; the statue of Liberty, surmounting the dome, is suggested rather than outlined by the nimbus of light that surrounds the massive pile. A search-light playing on the dome alternates with the bright moonlight that bursts through a passing cloud. The rich leafage of June whispers a thousand secrets to the soft night winds, while within the Capitol, like an army encamped behind its encircling watch fires, the legislators of the nation engage in the final tilt on the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill.

The entire extra session has been devoted to the consideration of the tariff and census bills. Both houses of Congress and the Executive have worked together more smoothly than they have for some years past. During the tariff debates there was little of the old-time display of forensic oratory, and the words, "liberty, freedom and equality," so often heard in the days of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, have suffered an eclipse in the vocabulary of the present-day speakers of the Senate and House. Attention is now being concentrated on tables and schedules—the "A, B, C" of business—and every schedule is numbered and lettered in the spirit of the predominating commercial system.

While business methods applied to legislative work are sometimes decried as sordid, they are not to be deprecated, because the progress of civilization involves essentially the stimulation and expansion of commerce, which has as its object the creation of more opportunity and greater development, ever looking toward the true welfare of the nation.

The crucial consideration of the Payne-Aldrich bill began when the reading of the proposed law, paragraph by paragraph, commenced in the Senate. Senator Aldrich prepared the way for the rapid handling of the measure by an agreement that any items or paragraphs objected to should be temporarily passed, every senator having the assurance that opportunity would be given him to obtain the sense of the Senate on any particular item in any schedule. Under this plan all matters to which objection might have been raised were put through the legislative mill with great dispatch, leaving the contested items in several of the schedules to be debated later.

Among the principal schedules containing contested items were chemicals, petroleum and petroleum products, coal, hides, lumber, and the inevitable schedule on cottons and woolens. Under the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill the chairman of the Finance Committee hopes to increase the receipts of the Treasury for 1911 about $94,000,000 above the receipts for 1908, and $32,000,000 in excess of those for 1907, and make books balance.



BRONZE STATUE OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW
Unveiled at Washington, D. C., May 7, 1909

From day to day changes are made in the schedules which call up visions of a youthful game of see-saw—"Now we go up, up, up; now we go down, down, down." These fluctuations make the consideration of the present tariff bill one of the most exhilarating contests that have ever occurred in an American legislative tournament.

* * *

ON the seventh of May William Couper's famous portrait statue of Henry W. Longfellow was unveiled in Washington, with carefully arranged and fitting ceremonies. The site for this beautiful memorial is at the junction of Connecticut Avenue, Rhode Island Avenue and M Street. The pedestal is of a beautiful red granite quarried in Sweden, while the figure itself is of bronze, having been cast at the Gorham Works in Providence.

The statue was provided by admirers of Hiawatha in all parts of the world, and has been erected by the efforts of the Longfellow Memorial Association, formed fifteen years ago to raise the funds for such a monument. Among those who have been especially active in the work are Bishop Mackay-Smith and Brainard H. Warner of Washington. These two gentlemen have been the moving spirits; their tireless enthusiasm for anything which they undertake is well known, and they have been especially active in securing this tribute to the memory of the great New England poet. The last session of Congress appropriated funds for the pedestal and granted the site.

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Clinedinst, Washington

MRS. JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN
wife of the Vice-President

Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Court is president of the association, which includes Theodore Roosevelt, Andrew Carnegie, Henry Cabot Lodge, Charles W. Eliot, Rev. Edward E. Hale, Julia Ward Howe, Governor Curtis Guild and other distinguished persons. This is the first statue erected to a New England poet in Washington, and marks a departure in the way of memorial tributes at the capital, and public appreciation of literature as well as military fame and statecraft.

WILLIAM COUPER
Sculptor of the new Longfellow monument, Washington

* * *

WHILE the merry senatorial fight was in progress in Illinois, Congressman Lowden of the Committee on Foreign Affairs was pushing his bill to provide for sites and buildings for the use of the diplomats and consuls of the United States living abroad. A modest appropriation of $1,000,000 during each fiscal year was named. By everyone at all acquainted with the conditions of legations and embassies in foreign lands, this bill is considered of the utmost importance.

Not long ago a letter from abroad, addressed to the Congress of the United States, was referred to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Senate. The large envelope contained maps, specifications and full particulars concerning land in a foreign capital, with data as to reduced price. The letter was written by someone who understood "school English" as spoken abroad, and the phraseology was sometimes curious. For instance, much stress was laid upon the fact that one could have stairs "wide, light and easily to be ascended." The building was described as "constructed like to a palace, situated where sunset and sunrise always obtrude." It was stated that there were hay and straw lofts in the barn nearby, and that "sights to be seen from the eighty-six windows are enticing" and that "the windows distinguish themselves with air, light and space"; the measurements were given in steps. Commendation of the royal architect was appended.

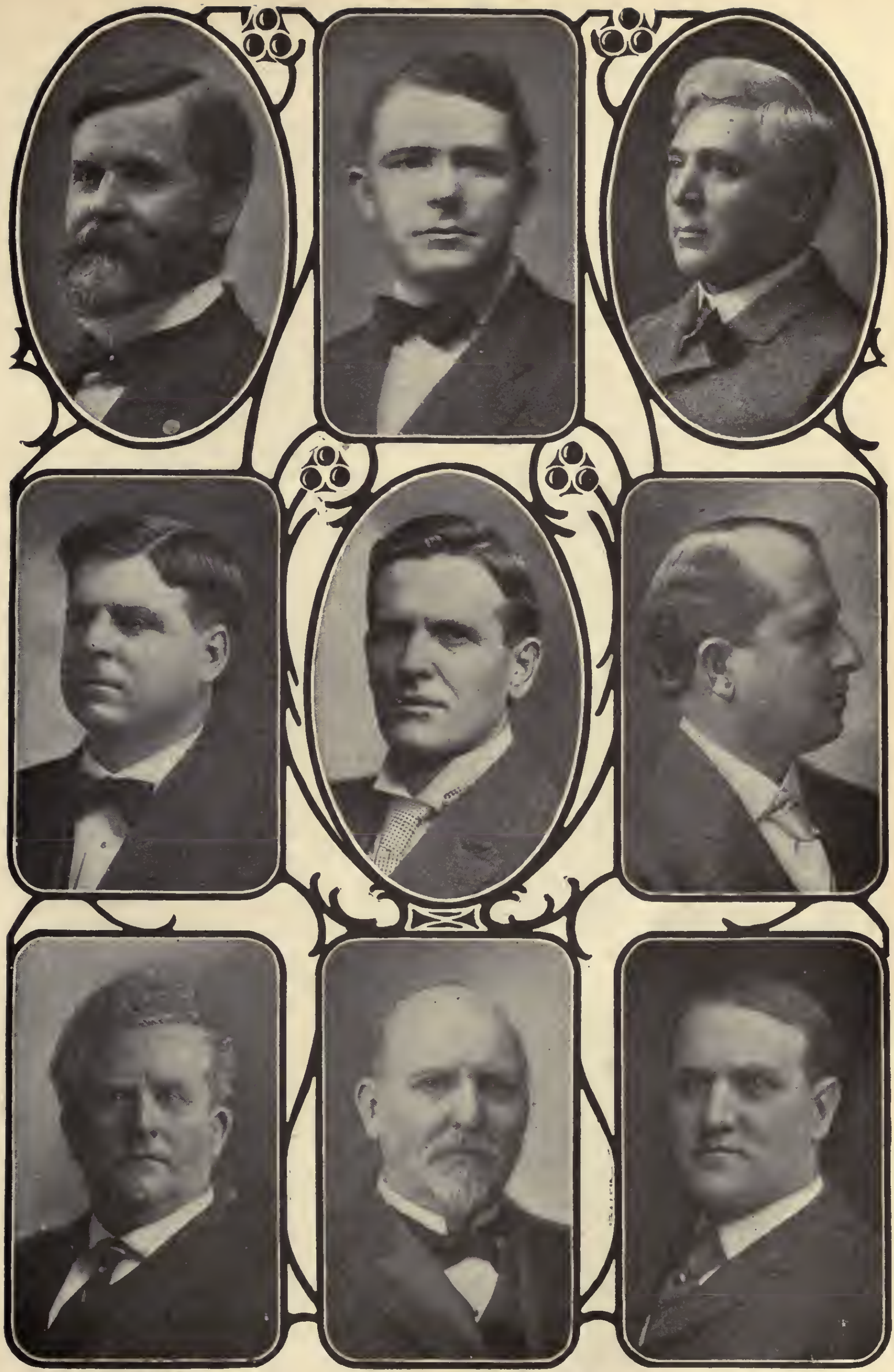
Talk about enthusiastic real estate literature in "the boom period"! This document would give them all pointers.

The peculiar English recalls the story told of the Frenchman, who was very anxious to see an American business man at his home. The first morning when he called at the house the maid replied to his query:

B. H. WARNER
Chairman Longfellow Monument Association, Washington, D. C.

"The master is not down yet," meaning downstairs.

The following morning he called again, and was met with:



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J. A. T. HULL, IOWA
A. W. KOPP, WIS.
MARTIN MORRISON, IND.

E. F. KINKEAD, N. J.
I. L. LENROOT, WIS.
E. J. HILL, CONN.

J. A. HUGHES, W. VA.
F. E. GUERNSEY, MAINE
JOHN K. TENER, PA.

A GROUP OF PROMINENT REPRESENTATIVES IN THE SIXTY-FIRST CONGRESS

"The master is not up yet," meaning that he had not yet arisen from his bed.

The Frenchman, looking at her with doubtful eye, paused for a few seconds.

"Eet is ver' deef'cult, but eef ze mademoiselle will tell me when ze master will be neither up nor down, but in ze middle, zen I vill call at zat time."

* * *

JUNE is called the "B & G" month at Washington: translated, this means the period when the newly-wed spend their honeymoon at the capital. There never was a season so plentifully provided with mating birds of this feather as the spring of 1909, which seems to have reached the climax of marital activity. The fair brides in some instances come with Merry Widow hats, or with headgears that suggest their mothers' mixing bowls and reversed waste baskets. An elderly gentleman remarked to me that while riding on the Washington street cars he counted specimens of every variety of hat that had ever been worn since Eve sought shelter from the broiling sun after her departure from the shady "garden" down to the present time.

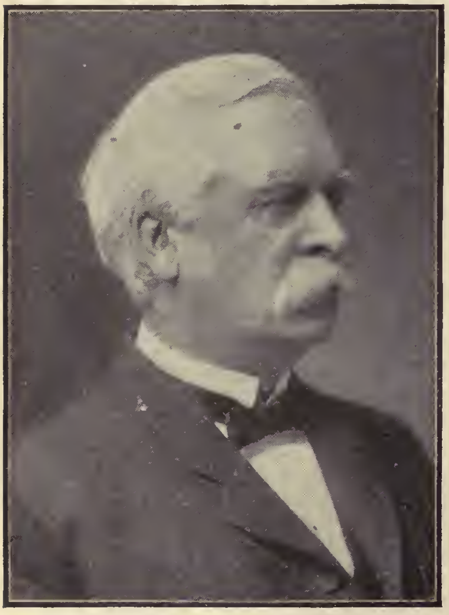

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington

REPRESENTATIVE SERENO E. PAYNE
Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means

THE popularity of the "personally conducted" party never wanes, and the information poured out upon tourists while seeing Washington appears ever fresh and new. In the hotel lobbies one hears of "Murphy's party," "Marston's party," "Bowman's party," every kind of a party, and many hotels have been obliged to increase their facilities for correspondence, for every visitor wants to direct souvenir postals home; if the craze continues. the post-office deficit should soon be wiped out. During the present season at Washington there has never been a time when the hotel writing tables were not crowded with ladies, boys and girls, sending postals to "the folks at home," and even the serious-minded business man whips out a fountain pen, and half-ashamed of his frivolity, directs postals home. In the corner may be seen some little miss nibbling the point of her pen and trying to make up her mind how she may condense the mass of information down to "something that will go on a postal."

"Who for?"

"Mamma, of course; the next one goes to my chum, then my brothers, sisters and aunts." Papa perhaps got what was left over—that he might be all ready to pay for a new supply when needed.

"As I stood in the hotel corridor," one railroad man was heard to say, "looking at the passing throng of school girls and boys from all over the country, I could readily detect the accent or inflection of every state in the Union, from the burring r's of the West to the high piping tones of New England."

* * *

SIGHT-SEEING automobiles have won deserved success, and the reverberant tones of the megaphone echo up and down the avenues as each place of interest is pointed out to the tourists, and they are told how it is connected with the "story of a great nation." A visit to Washington counts for more than a visit to any other city—not even excepting historic Boston, with its many traditions and memories—for in Washington the young people see the actual processes of government and obtain the coveted peep at the President.

Of course they go to see all the public buildings. The young people come into a room with an awe too deep for words; an

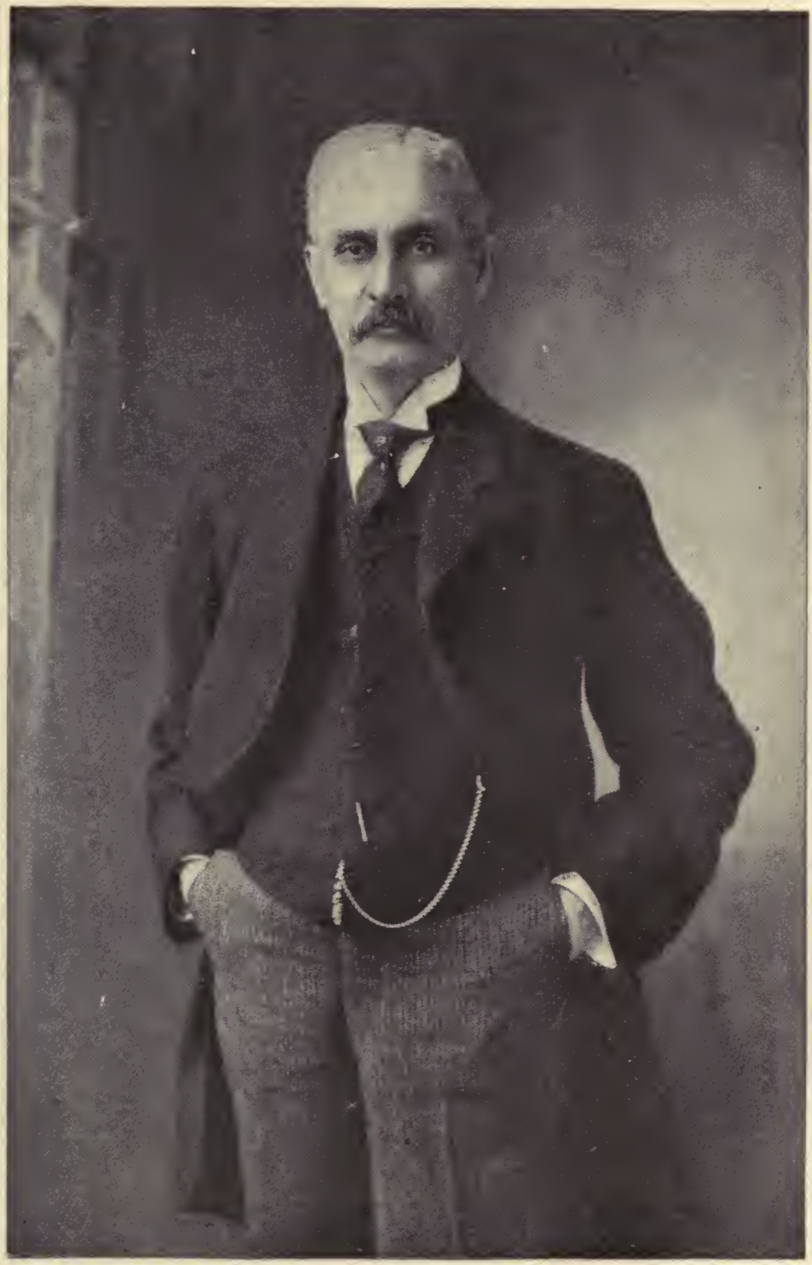

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR C. D. CLARK, OF WYOMING

amusing thing is that at first they invariably gaze up at the ceiling and then the pictures on the wall. Becoming interested I followed the parties to other rooms, but their inspection of ceilings outlasted my curiosity. The small boy, of course, always dashed up to see what was on the desks, with a side peep into the waste basket. Sitting in the outer room of the office of the Secretary of War, I had a good chance to watch a party; it comprised not only boys and girls, but sedate business men, with wives and daughters, who seemed no whit ashamed of squandering whole days in sight-seeing, and who listened as eagerly as anyone to the interesting tales of the guide.

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BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWARDS, U. S. A.
Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs

For much of this the NATIONAL has been responsible; the young people have read articles on the government procedure and affairs at Washington, and now nothing will do but they must see for themselves "how the old machine works."

On the walls were the old flags that had floated over Fort Sumter in 1861; to preserve them, they have been placed in glass cases, and with an eye for effect, electric lights illumine those old ensigns, which occupy a place of honor, resting so placidly in the calm precincts of the War Department. Opposite these is the flag which draped the sombre casket of Abraham Lincoln, beneath which is the clock that ticked off the seconds in the office of Jefferson Davis, when he occupied these very rooms as a member of the federal government.

The sight-seeing pressure has been so tremendous of late years that cabinet officials have abandoned outside offices and retired into inner rooms where they may work undisturbed. The kindly cabinet officers never have the heart to refuse to see a delegation from the "old home state," and no matter how important may be the schedule they are working on, or what distinguished guests they may have, they find time to shake hands with visitors from home.

JNO. M. PARKER, NEW ORLEANS
President of the Southern Commercial Club, which is erecting a great club building in Washington

* * *

IN the corridors the messengers already begin to suggest the drowsy hours of summertime. In other cities the doors of public buildings are set on springs and slap to and fro as the visitor wills, but in Washington it ap-

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COUNT VON BERNSTORFF, GERMAN AMBASSADOR

pears necessary to have a special man to open and close the doors—human hinges as it were—no undignified banging of doors there; this custom has died out in other places, but there are many veteran negroes in Washington who have seen years of such service for the government; they have a stately way of performing this office, which gives a door an official and unofficial swing.

tariff measure suggests the glorified selfishness of human nature. Each man finds himself fighting tooth and nail for the interests of his own constituents. Every law adjusts itself by usage and custom, and that accounts for the hesitancy about changing the tariff measure; people cling to the old way that has gradually grown up and adjusted itself to their own particular angles.

VIEW FROM MANUFACTURES BUILDING SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION AT SEATTLE

THERE was an exciting scene in Congress when a vote was taken to name a day for voting on the tariff bill in the House. A roll call revealed a curious interchange of Democratic and Republican votes, much like the shuffling of cards in a close game. The tariff leaders responded rather courageously to the sentiment of the country for a speedy adjustment of the question. Uncle Joe, leisurely swinging the gavel in his left hand, closely watched the proceedings as the listing went on, and with a heroic margin of sixteen votes the day was won.

The discussion on the adjustment of a great

The discussion of the tariff on gloves indicated the influence of women on trade. The importer is naturally very anxious that ladies should continue to buy foreign gloves, while the protest of thousands of workers in hosiery and glove mills was one of the most spectacular influences brought to bear in this tariff legislation. In the hotel lobbies there were hide men, lumber men, coal men—all fighting to the last ditch for "amendments" and "jokers." ("Joker" describes a phrase that slips into a bill without being clearly understood, but has a definite and disagreeable meaning after the measure is passed.

In the great tariff game being played in Washington the "jokers" count more than even the serious clauses in some instances.)

The summer night sessions have begun; although the burden of 20,000 bills will be bombarded upon the next session, the new committees were not appointed and no bills can be considered. The House has been "marking time" while the Senate "tariffized."

A SERIES OF PERGOLAS FROM WHICH FLOWERING VINES WILL HANG, FORMING ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE DECORATIVE FEATURES ON THE GROUNDS

To show how small a thing will attract and hold public attention, John McCutcheon, the cartoonist, tells the story of his famous dog, which occupies a conspicuous place in nearly every cartoon of his executed after a certain date. He had almost completed a cartoon for his newspaper one day, when he noticed a vacant place, which must be filled in to make the proportions right. He could have put in a stump, a tree, a straw-stack, or any old thing, but his thoughts happened to turn to boyhood days, and he drew the outlines of a favorite yellow dog—his companion of former years. The dog was never noted for his beauty, nor was his portrait by any means a work of art, but that little animal's likeness in that particular corner seemed to touch the right spot in the human breast. The following morning, while at his work, a similar hole presented itself in Mr. McCutcheon's cartoon, and he ran in another dog picture, which had a strong family likeness to the dog of the day before. People began to write letters asking "What about the dog?" They wanted to know what Mr. McCutcheon meant by putting the dog into every picture, and his favorite cartoons were passed by in favor of those that had the dog in them. Afterwards when introduced to anyone, the new acquaintance would say:

"Oh, yes; you are the fellow who drew that dog."

From that time the dog became a sort of trademark of the McCutcheon cartoons. Once when taking a little vacation jaunt—a trip around the world—he chanced to run across an American soldier in the Philippines; his reputation had preceded him, for the soldier promptly hailed him:

"Are you the fellow who drew that dog that has more lives than any old black cat?"

All around the world "McCutcheon and his dog" was what the artist heard on every side, and that feature of his cartoons has suggested a paraphrase of the well-known "lamb" of nursery song, the revised version being:

"Everywhere McCutcheon went,
The dog was sure to go."

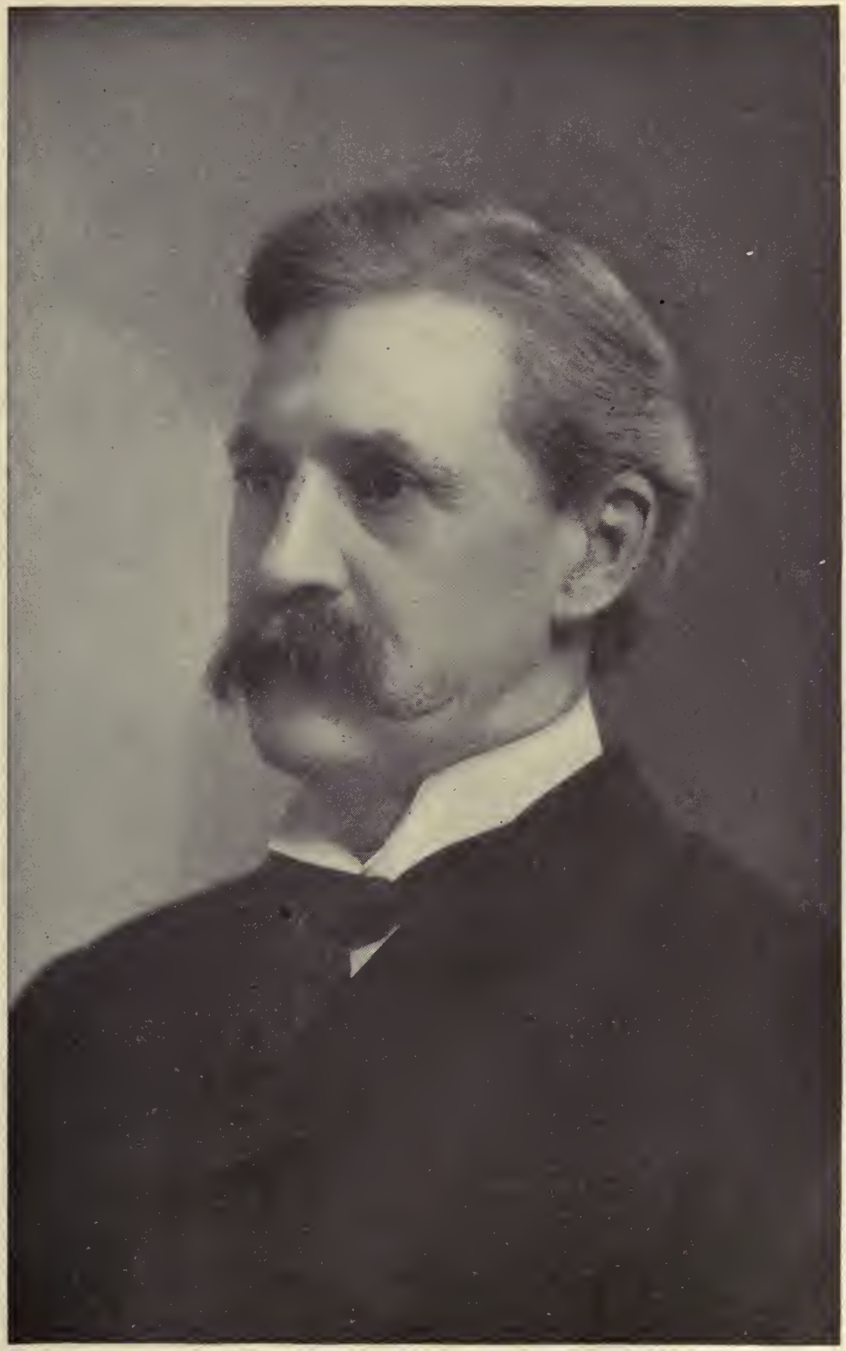
There is nothing Bohemian about Mrs. Taft, and she always insists on a certain decorum, not as necessary to her own individuality, but as showing respect for the high office, and honoring the presidential office as representative of the people.

* * *

AN old building standing near the corner of Twenty-first and I Streets has been torn down; it was once the home of Peggy O'Neil, wife of Secretary of War Eaton, the fair lady who wielded such remarkable power in national affairs during the administration of President Jackson. Born in a Washington tavern, the daughter of a quick-witted Irishman, Peggy made her debut into official life at the Capital in 1799. At the age of fifteen she tried to elope with a handsome lover, but the venture proved a fiasco. She met Andrew Jackson when he was senator for the State of Tennessee, and the influence exercised at that time continued all through his administration, Peggy having married his bosom friend and colleague. When the society mentors of Washington endeavored to ostracise the adventurous and pretty Irishwoman, there was social

NEW ENGLAND HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ENTERING THE WHITE HOUSE ON APRIL 6TH
They were given a special reception by President Taft

ON the day of the tariff discussion in the House the president's gallery was occupied. Mrs. Taft is keenly interested in all affairs of state, and follows current events much more closely than the wife of any president has hitherto done. Few women have a clearer understanding of politics and affairs of state. The coachman and "tiger" at the White House are kept busy nowadays, for Mrs. Taft has few idle moments in her time. She is often in the House during debates, and evidently grasps every point and enjoys the discussion. She goes first to the House and then to the Senate, taking an equal interest in all phases of the government procedure.



UNITED STATES SENATOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS
of Des Moines, Iowa

war such as Washington has never witnessed before or since. The triumph of Peggy was complete, but it resulted in a rupture in the Jackson cabinet.

* * *

MANY great problems are just now demanding discussion and decision by the British ministry, but no topic is absorbing more attention in Great Britain—from the members of the ministry down to 'Arry and H'Emma in the streets—than the perils which may arise from the use of airships.

DR. H. W. WILEY
Chief Bureau of Chemistry

There has been no important invasion of British soil since the days of the Norman conquest; the brilliant Spanish Armada, watched for so anxiously from Plymouth Hoe, never reached land except in the form of wreckage; the various much feared French invasions have never occurred, but still the average Englishman always stands in awe of that phantom, which is now taking shape as a squadron of warlike airships developed by Wright Brothers in France; an aerial invasion is regarded by the dwellers on the "little island" as a serious menace to the continued rule of Britannia over the waves. Victory may not be theirs, they think, when it comes to a contention for mastery of the airy billows of the ether above the channel, or a "right of way" amid the clouds that hover over the white cliffs of Dover. No less a person than Major Baden-Powell has exclaimed to the British nation: "Heavy, heavy; what hangs over your head?" as the children say.

No doubt airships will soon become a part of war armament, but it is believed that such a change in the conditions of warfare will do much to eliminate insular fear and prejudice, which can be little understood in a country of the geographical area of the United States. Foreign airships have no terror for us, because they are so far away, and it promptly occurs to the American mind that what is good for one nation is good for another—if airships offer an easy means of attack to the French, they also offer an easy means of defence to the English.

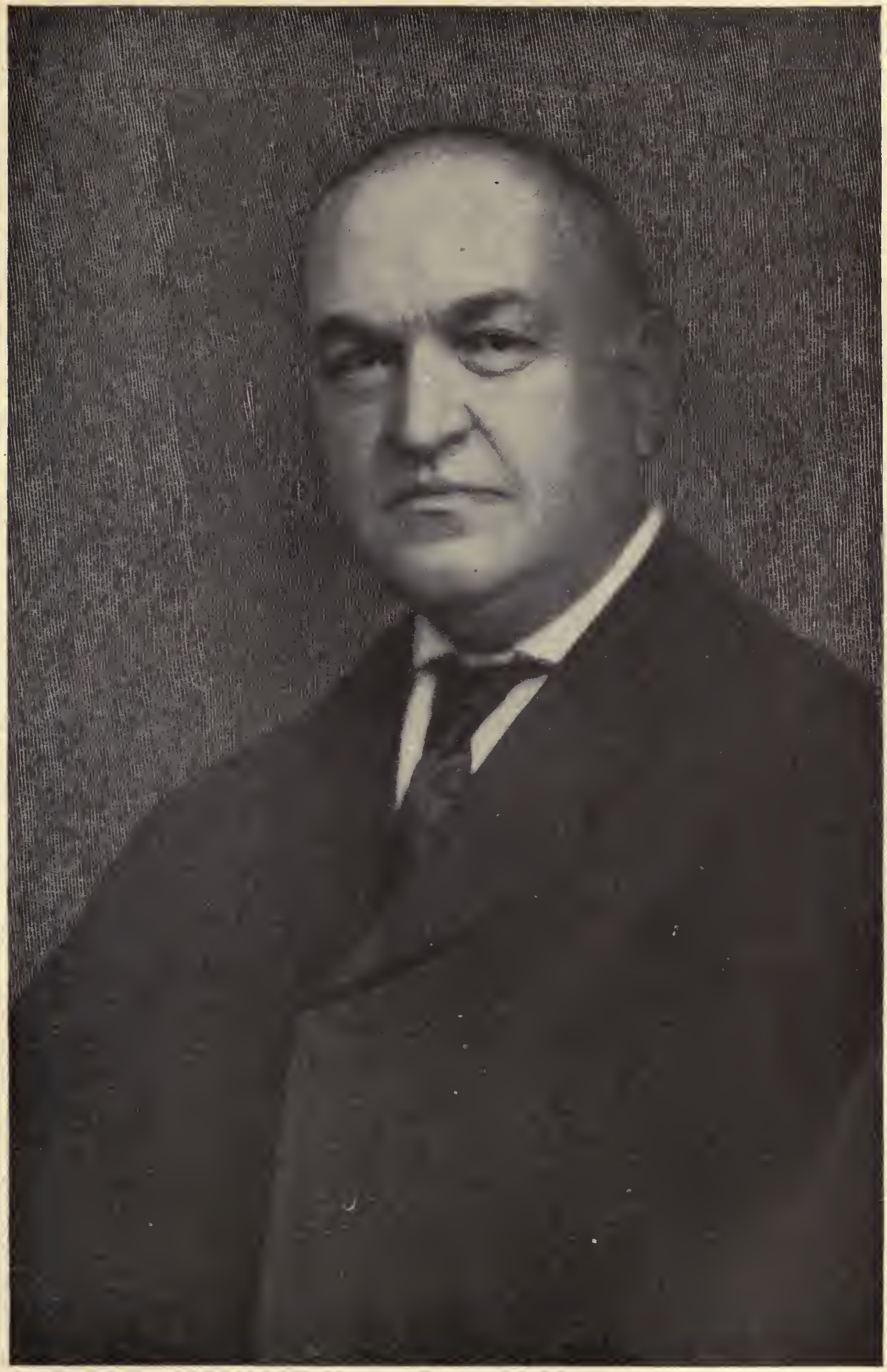
* * *

ALMOST as important as a government report are the figures on the year's benefactions, which run up to the billion mark. During 1908 more than ninety per cent. of this money has been given for the betterment of the conditions of life, both for men and women. Total figures are hard to determine, but, in round numbers, colleges and educational institutions received $40,000,000; charitable institutions, $40,000,000; art galleries and museums, $5,000,000; religious organizations, $5,000,000; libraries, about $1,000,000, which tends to show the great falling off of library funds; Mr. Carnegie's library culture has about reached the high-water mark, though he continues to head the list of benefactions with John D. Rockefeller and Mrs. Sage. More and more each year public benefactions are looked upon as a duty rather than a mere personal whim, and, reviewing the ample gifts for the year, it does not seem that the rich people are so very selfish after all.

* * *

NEW and utilitarian developments are constantly in evidence at Washington. The South's experiments with vulcanizing plants, which will eventually become sawmill auxiliaries, are eagerly watched by people at the Capital.

The timber growing on seventy-five million



MR. JOHN DONOVAN
of St. Joseph, Missouri, the head and front of the famous United States Military Tournament of the West

acres of swamp land in the South, which has beeen hitherto of little value, being chiefly lob-lolly pine and juniper, is now being made merchantable by subjection to a vulcanizing process that does credit to the inventive genius of the American who is introducing this new device to rid Southern swamp timber of its sap, and harden the fibre of these soft woods, making them durable and of value. It is claimed that this process, when perfected, will not only preserve the wood but make it susceptible of a finish equal to that of the best grades of pitch pine and hard woods. The time may not be far distant when our homes will be furnished in vulcanized wood, as perfectly prepared for ware and ornament as modern breakfast foods are for the plate. It ought to be called "predigested wood."

Pine blocks, so treated, are proof against decay, and wood thus prepared will be almost indestructible in any place where it is to be embedded in soft earth—for instance, by the use of vulcanized timber the life of railway ties can be considerably lengthened. These experiments have been watched with a great deal of interest, in view of the denudation of the forests. Who knows but the time will come when we shall have ready-made lumber growing, all ready for building purposes, without having to wait for it to "season"?

* * *

THE Capital has been very gay this session. When Judge Taft, with Mrs. Taft, attended an elaborate luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, a warm invitation was extended him to be present at the next session of the Trans-Mississippi Congress, to be held in Denver, Colorado, August 16-21 of this year. It was evident that the warmth of this invitation appealed to the president, although he found it impossible to positively promise, at that early date, as to his attendance, not even the prospect of being called "Bill" winning an acceptance from him. He assured the delegation, however, that it would give him great pleasure to attend the Congress and to visit Colorado again, and that, duties permitting, he would be with them in August. Mr. Walsh's hospitality is well known, and

NEEDLE'S EYE, GIBRALTAR ISLAND, PUT-IN-BAY HARBOR

From this point Perry's lookout discovered the approaching British ships on the morning of September 10, 1813. Gibraltar was the summer home of Jay Cooke, the financier, and is now owned by his heirs. (See page 272) at that luncheon the guests numbered about seventy, each one striving to outdo the other in the matter of good fellowship. The event will be remembered as one of the most enjoyable functions of the gaieties of the Taft administration.

* * *

UPON the completion of his second term, Congressman John W. Weeks of Massachusetts is certainly the possessor of a notable record, having won a place in the House of Representatives as one of its most successful and active members. His work on the committee on banking and currency, the agricultural committee and the monetary commission has evidenced capacity that is much valued by his colleagues.

Few men mentioned for the navy portfolio have been more eminently qualified for it. A graduate of Annapolis, thoroughly posted on naval affairs, a successful and prominent business man, owning a legislative record of which any statesman might be proud, Mr. Weeks' training leaves nothing to be desired.

His prominence in the affairs of the House entitles him to wear the carnation which is assigned to adorn members of high importance. He has been keenly watching the interests of Massachusetts in regard to tariff revision, ever mindful of the wishes and needs of the "home folks." His idea has been that the minimum tariff should be protected by Congress, and the President given power to make maximum rates on articles imported from countries which do not treat our export trade fairly. His success in the closing days of the session in carrying through the House the forestry bill, against the active opposition of the leaders on both sides, and in persuading the House to instruct the House conferees to recede and concur in a Senate amendment which provided for the necessary authorization for the completion of the Boston Custom House, against the active opposition of the house committee on public buildings and grounds, were among the notable legislative victories of the Sixtieth Congress.

* * *

THE joke was on the Republican members of the Committee on Ways and Means when the startling fact was brought to light that, although earnestly seeking to protect American industries, they were from time to time wiping off the dust stains of absorbing research with toweling which bore the stamp, "Made in Great Britain." But even this was not enough. Other alarming discoveries were made—their chairs were marked, "Made in Vienna," and, as if this were not sufficient, it was pointed out that the gypsum on the walls was imported from Canada, and the woodwork of the imposing "throne" had been brought from Italy. These facts were noted

VICTORY COVE

One of the historic spots on Lake Erie, associated with Commodore Perry's great victory (See page 272) with great glee by the Democratic members, who hastened to charge their colleagues with inconsistency, since their practice did not coincide with their efforts to encourage American industry.

This recalls the story of Congressman Dingley, who when he was about to introduce his great tariff measures, was ridiculed by "sockless Jerry Simpson" because he wore a hat marked "Made in London." Mr. Dingley was not slow to retort that at least the tariff measure was being made in America and not by the machinations of importers or foreign manufacturers.

THE LATE A. J. AIKENS
Of the "Evening Wisconsin," Milwaukee, Wis.

SENATOR Elkins of West Virginia, soon after the completion of his beautiful new yacht, "The Marietta," was entertaining a party of friends on board. During the repast the talk drifted from yachts to yachting clothes, and just then Senator Elkins told a story.

"An old fellow," he said, "sat in a seaside cafe. He had finished luncheon. He was now drinking champagne.

"The sun shone on the white sand, the sea sparkled, and every little while the old fellow ordered another cold half bottle.

"With the third order he said uneasily to the waiter:

"'Waiter, is my nose getting red?'

"'Yes, sir,' the waiter answered, 'It is, sir, I'm sorry to say, sir.'

"'That won't do,' said the old fellow. 'That won't do at all. Waiter, send out and get me a yachting cap and bring another bottle.'"

* * *

PRESENT-DAY agitation concerning the reforesting of the United States has awakened much poetic, as well as practical interest in the trees of the forest and their associations. Who has not some treasured memory connected with waving green branches—perhaps a favorite tree of childhood, whose tops seemed to call up the mighty winds of winter—perhaps those big trees that grew before the door of the "old home," and on which "we boys" cut our names, or that surprising tree that grew so much faster than the others planted at the same time. Or it may be that curious stories are recalled, as of the "tree that owned itself," a plot of land being deeded to the tree by its lover, to keep it forever free from all encroachments of man.

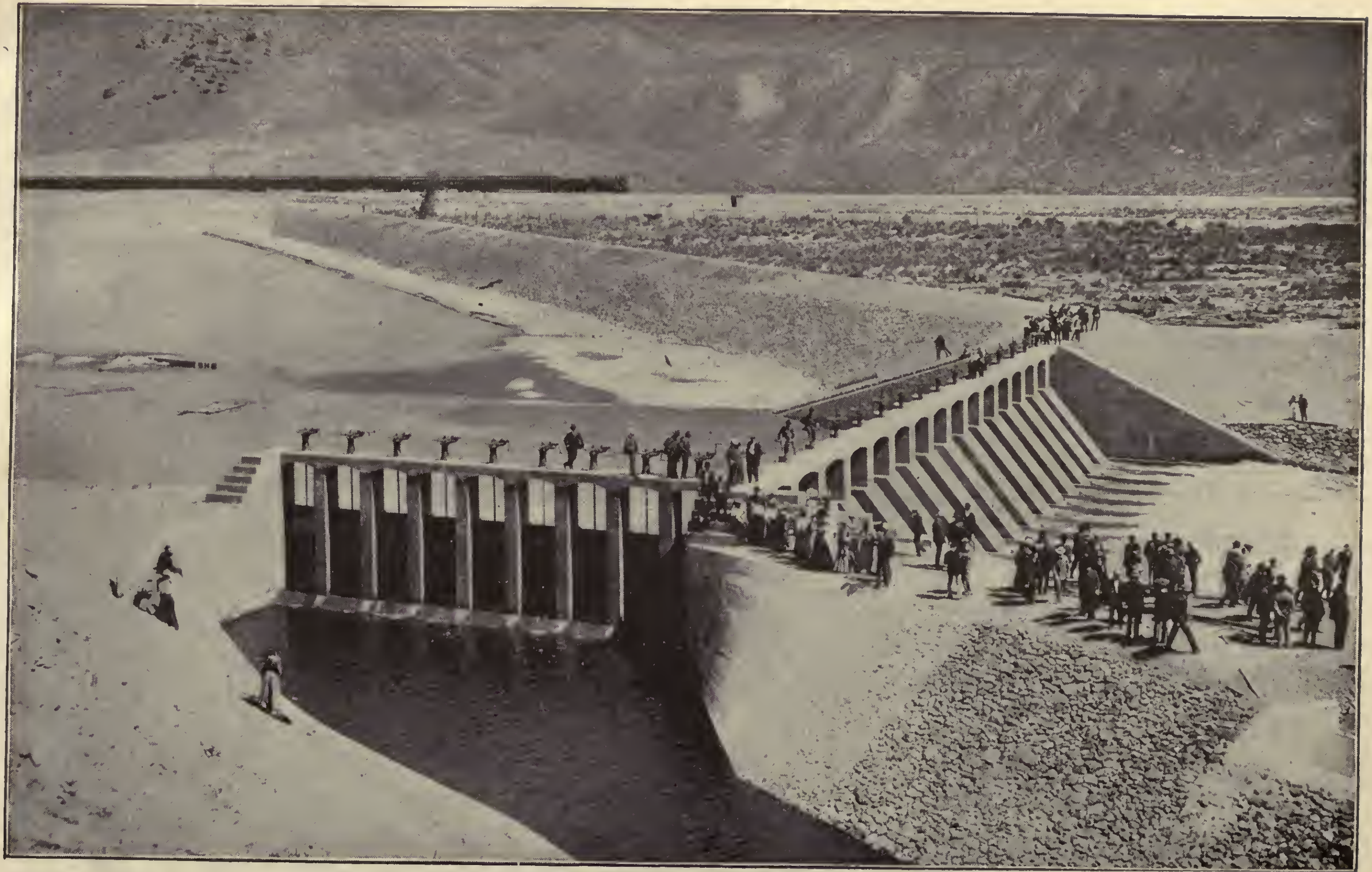
Who has not been moved by the touching words of Thoreau concerning trees? Who can look upon the waving branches of a graceful elm, listen to the breezes sweeping and humming through its leaves at night, or watch it standing silent, with bowed head, in the warm midday air, without thinking those strange, unbidden thoughts that spring rather from the soul than the mind? The sighing of the leaves, the movement of the branches, the knots and fibres of the roots—there is no portion of a tree but has its human suggestion. Suggestive of humanity, too, is the life and death of its foliage. "We all do fade as a leaf," said the writer of olden time. Who can pass through the woods in autumn, his footsteps awakening mysterious whispers amid the fallen leaves; or witness the felling of a giant forest king, without thoughts of man's last scene in the play of life on the stage of humanity? There is indeed "a pleasure in the pathless woods . . . society where none intrudes," though sadness and loneliness are there also.

Often a tree seems as near and friendly as a fellow-mortal. Under its shade a favorite author has been read; there have been hours of reflection, of happiness or sorrow alone with "the greenwood tree," when to touch its

YAKIMA PROJECT, WASHINGTON. IRRIGATED APPLE TREE, IN FRUIT

GOVERNMENT ROAD, SALT RIVER PROJECT, ARIZONA
Showing the completed through cut on high wagon road directly above the wall of the Salt River dam site

(See page 280)



TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT, NEVADA
Head works of the Truckee Canal at the Diversion Dam on the Truckee River

(See page 279)

rough bark seemed like caressing the furrowed cheek of an old friend. In other moods that great bole seemed a veritable forest temple, a place of prayer. No wonder that the ancient peoples worshipped in the forest, in the dim, perpetual sabbath of some quiet, shady glen, where "dark and deep lay the oak shadows on the grass, so still, they seemed but pictured gloom."

The tree lovers strike a vibrant chord in every heart when they say that much of romance and poetry must be lost if our forests are destroyed, and amid the revival of old-time fashions in dance and vocal music, no song of bygone days promises to be more popular than that time-honored melody, "Oh, Woodman, Spare That Tree."

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Co.

LONGFELLOW'S STUDY IN THE CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

* * *

AMONG those who are enthusiastically scheduled for an opportunity to make a great oratorical effort is Senator Cummins of Iowa. Few men are better equipped to shine as a speaker; he has a rich, resonant voice, a comprehensive education and faultless diction.

In early life Senator Cummins was known as an aggressive political fighter; he has won many a wordy battle, and his talk always has the swing and stir that are the prelude to victory. He is described by some Washington cynics as "a reclaimed corporation lawyer," and it is said that he still retains the tactics of old legal days, and forms his plans in the cool way that served him well in earlier years. He pertinently describes the elements of success:

"I don't depreciate brains, but I value the head of man less than I do his stomach, which, in my judgment, is the throne of both power and grace. To eat anything, to sleep at any time and in any place, and to arise in the morning sweetened by rest and good health, means victory for mediocrity over genius with a bad taste in its mouth and an aching head."

Close on six feet high, with large, round eyes and a shock of hair prematurely white, with drooping moustache, Senator Cummins owns a striking personality that is known to most of the voters in Iowa. His public career has had an enlivening flavor of pugnacity.

The son of a Pennsylvania carpenter, he went to Iowa when a small boy, and lived on a farm for some years. His father, at the ripe age of eighty-six, is now a resident of Des Moines. Senator Cummins has all the vigorous energy that might be expected from a man who worked as a carpenter to obtain his education, and who, at a little academy two miles from his home, sat on a bench with his back against the wall eagerly imbibing learning. He went to college at Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, and then taught school for some years to work his way onward and achieve his ambition to be a lawyer.

SENATOR T. H. CARTER OF MONTANA

Obtaining a loan from a banker uncle, the youth went out to seek his fortune. His first Sunday in Iowa was marked by a seventeen-mile walk to see a man who had lived in Pennsylvania, for the young fortune-seeker had become a little homesick for the hills of the Keystone State. At the mature age of twenty-one he felt himself a failure because he was unable to make the fortune he dreamed of, and for which he had come to Iowa. However, he managed to return the money which he had borrowed from his uncle. He was employed in an express office at McGregor, and was often up at two o'clock in the morning to meet boats passing up and down the river; later he held a position as a railroad messenger. Afterward he did service as a surveyor in the swamps along the Wabash and had a hand in constructing railroads.

About this time a mere incident led him to Michigan, where he met the lady who became Mrs. Cummins; he was then employed as civil engineer. The next year he entered a law office in Chicago at ten dollars per week, and two years after this he was admitted to the bar and obtained an office in Chicago; later he removed to Des Moines, because he desired to make his home in Iowa where he had made his first start in life. He remarked recently in a musing way:

"I little dreamed in those early days that I would ever become an office holder, but fate brings strange things to pass."

* * *

THE postal savings bill introduced and reported by Senator Carter remained as unfinished business from December, until the approach of the closing hours of Congress demonstrated that a vote on the merits could not be secured before adjournment. The time was not wasted, because the judgment of the Senate on the improvement of the measure was secured in many important particulars.

The original bill provided for deposits of ten cents or multiples thereof, and the debate disclosed that this would entail such a burden of bookkeeping as to break down the system. Again it developed that placing all the power in the hands of the postmaster general, who might not at all times work in harmony with the treasury department, would be dangerous. In consequence of various amendments suggested and made, Senator Carter concluded that the better plan was to present the subject anew to the committee on post offices and post roads, and this he did in the form of a general substitute to the bill, and that was the amendment pending before the Senate when adjournment came. This substitute obviously comes nearer meeting the various views in the Senate than did the original bill. It provides that no deposit of less than one dollar shall be received, but at the same time makes provision for adhesive stamps to be attached to a card so that the individual may thus accumulate one dollar and thereupon deposit the card as a dollar or any multiple thereof.

The management, instead of being given wholly to the postmaster general, is by the substitute given to a board of trustees, to consist of the secretary of the treasury, the postmaster general, the attorney general, and two members to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. This board will make and promulgate all rules and regulations for the receipt, transmission, investment and repayment of moneys deposited in postal savings banks, and the postmaster general will execute the orders of the board.

The postal funds are to be deposited, first in banks as near as may be in the neighborhood in which received, on such security as the board of trustees may require, and at not less than two and a quarter per cent. interest. If the banks refuse to give the security required, then the money may be invested in such securities as the laws of the several states provide for the investment of savings bank funds. A reserve of ten per cent. is required to be kept on hand in cash all the time, and except for these points the bill remains as formerly presented.

* * *

ESPECIALLY interesting, in these days of constantly improving machinery, are memories of the days when rollers were "made at home" for the Washington hand-press, which did valiant duty in developing the biceps as well as the brains of the publisher. The late Andrew J. Aikens of the *Evening Wisconsin*, an old Vermont boy, drew from amid his memories of early days of work and struggle a delightful story of the punctilious honor and conscientiousness of Charles Sumner. The young newspaper man was achieving success, against tremendous odds, with the old *Bennington Gazette* and other New England newspapers, and he had the encouraging knowledge that he had secured the friendship of the illustrious statesman. Just at the close of an exciting campaign, Mr. Aikens and another young gentleman were busy sending out copies of documents under the franking privilege for the State Central Committee of Massachusetts. In those days it was customary for the senator to write his name on each envelope.

Imagine in these "rushing" times a United States senator signing by hand all documents going out under his name, or even signing in person all his letters! If such personal attention should be demanded from one man nowadays, it would not require a soothsayer to foresee for him the early grave, or the padded cell, from which the facsimile and the rubber stamp have saved him.

It was essential that this particular lot of documents should be sent out promptly, but on the morning of a certain day the hours passed and the senator did not arrive at the headquarters, according to his custom, to sign his name on each envelope. Young Aikens and his friend felt it was vitally important that the mail matter be sent at once to the post office, so one of the clerks cleverly imitated Charles Sumner's signature, with the lines of the surname running out in a series of crooked strokes.

Just after the documents had been all sent to the post office, which was across the street, the Senator appeared and was told what had been done, the imitator of his signature calmly awaiting a compliment on his skill. The Senator drew himself up:

"What! You have sent my documents out in that way? Do you not know that this is in violation of the law, and that I cannot permit these documents to enter the mail without my authentic signature?

"Go back at once to the post office and bring them all back and destroy the envelopes, for whatever goes out under the name of Charles Sumner shall be in strict compliance with the letter of the law."

Young Aikens and his companion meekly sent the janitor to the post office and obtained all the documents bearing the spurious signature, which were not permitted to go out until the senator had placed his actual signature on a new envelope for each constituent.

* * *

IT is a significant fact that many of the successful foreign ambassadors have been greatly assisted by American wives. The successor of Baron Speck von Sternburg, whose wife is of American birth, is Count Bernstorff, who married Miss Jeanne Luckemeyer of New York. The new ambassador has made a notable record in diplomatic service.

Count Von Bernstorff is tall, slight, wears a short moustache and is a fine type of the accomplished and cultured German. He speaks English with ease and has all the other attributes of a successful diplomat. He came to Washington from Cairo, where he had served as the German consul-general. The Count was born in London, where his father was ambassador, and he began his diplomatic career as attache at Constantinople. By his work in England he ameliorated the ill feeling between Great Britain and Germany and won the commendation of the Emperor William.

The Count's diplomatic service has made him at home in nearly every country in Europe, and with his distinguished record he has already become a notable figure in Washington diplomatic circles.

* * *

FACING the camera for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE photographer, one of the veterans at the Capitol called attention to the fact that it was sixty-eight years ago that the first sunlight picture of a human face was made, and remarked on the extraordinary progress that has been made in this limning art. In his youth the only portraits obtainable were the silhouette, the daguerreotype, and the costly ivory miniature. He said that before sitting for his picture the only time that he had indulged in the luxury of a miniature, he had run a mile to be sure of having a good color in his cheek that would last through the sitting which the artist had planned to give him. He drew out the little oval of ivory and showed it to us, evidently proud of his fine complexion and handsome appearance in those days.

Picture-making is revolutionized, and the newest phase, the motion picture, is furnishing amusement today to nearly a thousand audiences in New York City alone—yet it is less than fifteen years ago since this process was discovered and put into use. There is, it is true, some antipathy among public men and women to face the camera, but the people demand pictorial information just as eagerly as they demand that conveyed by the printed page. The interest that impels people to look over the photograph albums of their friends is now being displayed in the national reading habit.

At the conclusion of the picture discussion it was agreed among a number of veterans, who had all passed the age of eighty-five, that the past seventy-five years have been the most interesting period in all the history of the human race, and that probably no equal lapse of time in the future will offer a record of so many great achievements.

* * *

NO portion of American territorial possessions is accounted less troublesome to the government than Hawaii, there having been little need for any interference with their local problems. The great question that confronts Hawaii for solution is that of labor and production. The exclusion of foreign labor from that territory was not a popular movement, because the islands depend very largely on this class of help. The native labor is not efficient, white labor is too costly, and consequently coolies from China have done most of the work of gathering in the various crops. Since the close of the Russo-Japanese War a large number of young Japanese have come to the island.

The Interior Department now encourages the cultivation of smaller plantations with the idea of loosening the grip of the landlord class, which it is felt is a menace to the prosperity which Hawaii, with its many resources, ought to have. Dwellers on the island are very appreciative of the value of intelligent exploitation in regard to the production and marketing of Hawaiian fruit. The canned pineapple trade is rapidly increasing, and this fruit has a large sale in American markets.

As a way station to the Orient, Hawaii will always be a popular stopping-place for tourists. The Exposition in Seattle next summer, which will be international in scope, will stimulate this traffic, and many visitors to Washington and California will include in their Western tour a look at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and the sunny lands of the Pacific, which Captain Cook discovered when he circumnavigated the globe.

* * *

EXPERIMENTS of all kinds are rife at the Agricultural Department. A short time ago a Wisconsin man, who claimed to be a first-class farmer, was discussing the feeding of cows and insisted that when he went to town, though he might bring home chocolates for Susan and toffee for little Bill, he never forgot to provide himself with a gallon of molasses for the cows.

"Cows like sweets as well as humans do," he said. "I feed mine that way and they grow and thrive on it. Of course the thing can be overdone, just as you can give too much chocolate to the little girls, or too much toffee to little Bill. Just as my boys and girls look for their candy, my cows look for molasses, and I feed it to them the year around, except during the springing season."

He has gone thoroughly into the question and considers that results obtained justify his departure from the usual methods of feeding. He says that it is just as natural for cows to crave molasses as for children to regard candy as a good investment.

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. TAFT ENJOYING A SUMMER DAY WITH MAGAZINE AND BOOK

"If you have any doubt about it," he said, "go along home and feed some molasses to your cows and see them lick their chops after their ration of sweets. Another thing I like about it is that it makes their hair look sleek and fine, and gives 'em a contented appearance generally that is good to see."

* * *

CURIOUS chumships are characteristic of every session of Congress. Don Cameron, the red-hot champion of black Republicanism, and Senator Wade Hampton from South Carolina, the hotbed of Southern partisanship, were the Damon and Pythias of Washington life. They loved each other with all the ardor of lads, hunted and fished together, and were evidently anxious to see as much as possible of each other at all times. Then Senator Vest of Missouri and Senator Quay had a similar friendship, which was rudely broken because Vest failed to vote as Quay thought he ought to do, when the Pennsylvania senator was making a desperate fight for political life. The conscience of the Missouri statesman would not permit him to swerve from his principles even to please his dearest friend. Everyone knew of the friendship of Senator Tillman and Senator Spooner, who never spared each other in a passage at arms in debate; and yet no two men seemed to have a higher regard for each other in private life.

In these later years Senator Crane and Secretary Knox, two men of entirely different temperaments, are like twin brothers in their chumship; they spend every possible moment together. When they were both senators they were facetiously called the "Senate Twins."

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

By WILLIAM H. REINHART

President, Perry's Victory Centennial Commission

THE story of Commodore Perry's famous victory of the battle of Lake Erie, in 1813, is a recital which should thrill the blood of generations as long as the world shall love her heroes. It is now proposed that the centennial of this event shall be fittingly commemorated amid the historic scenes where it took place.

The battle of Lake Erie was the final important naval engagement of the War of 1812, and also the most momentous of the whole war in its consequences to the American Republic as now constituted. When the vast domain, incalculable interests and great population of the United States cities now standing on the border of the Great Lakes are considered, this nation's debt to Commodore Perry and his gallant men is better understood.

* * *

There is no public memorial anywhere of Commodore Perry, nor of the men who fought and perished at Put-in-Bay. For almost a century, such recognition has been denied the memories of those who, by their heroism in the battle of Lake Erie, insured the rise of the present empire of the Middle West, and gave to American history one of its most brilliant chapters. Yet who can visit "Perry's Lookout"—that limestone pile, fifty feet high, facing the lake—or gaze on the rugged, picturesque buttresses of Gibraltar Island, and not wish that some suitable memorial might be raised to do honor to the young commander who spent long hours on these lofty rocks, sweeping the wide water with his telescope to catch a glimpse of the hostile sails that were to make or mar his fortune and the fortunes of his nation.

Full preparations had been made to give such a fleet a memorable reception. Days passed without action, though information had been received that, because of scarcity of provisions for Proctor's army at Malden, Barclay's squadron was preparing to get in touch with the British supplies at Long Point, on the Detroit River. At last the American commander determined to attack Barclay at his anchorage, and written instructions were issued notifying each officer which of the enemy's vessels he should engage. Quoting from Nelson, Commodore Perry said: "'If you lay your enemy close alongside, you cannot be out of your place.'"

At this final conference the young commander showed to his officers that blue, square, white-lettered battle flag, displaying the words of Lawrence—"Don't Give Up the Ship!" That historic motto floated from the masthead of the flagship which bore the name of the dead hero, and was to serve as the signal for the fleet to engage the enemy.

While the young commander kept his post despite the fever that still clung to him, while the mists of September circled through the air, chilled with the first touch of autumn, early in the morning of the tenth came the news that Barclay's ships were in sight. The sun dispelled the drizzling rain and mist, and the British sails were seen distinctly to the northwest. By ten o'clock Perry's fleet had emerged from among the islands near Put-in-Bay, but the varying wind made it difficult to get within striking distance of the waiting enemy and engage him on the "weather-gage." There were no vain shots, no idle "chasings," about the lakes; in dogged silence the British veteran, who had served under Nelson, awaited the onset of his untried American opponent. The American squadron had nine ships and fifty-four guns; the "Lawrence," commanded by Commodore Perry, had twenty guns; the second, the brig "Niagara," was commanded by Captain Elliott and also had twenty guns, but of the remainder of the squadron but one ship had four guns, while the sloop "Trippe," the schooner "Tigress" and the "Porcupine" had each only one gun. To insure effective action with such an armament, it was necessary to get into close range; otherwise the light American guns would have little chance against the British fleet, comprising the new, strongly built ship "Detroit," mounting long

First row: Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo; Wm. H. Reinhart, Sandusky, President; Col. Rodney J. Diegle, Sandusky, Director of Publicity.
Second row: Webster P. Huntington, Secretary; Commodore George H. Worthington, Cleveland, Vice-President; S. M. Johannsen, Put-in-Bay, Treasurer.

THE COMMISSION IN CHARGE OF THE CELEBRATION

twenty-fours, eighteens and twelves, one gun on pivots and two howitzers; the "Queen Charlotte," with seventeen guns; the schooner "Lady Prevost," thirteen; the brig "Hunter," ten; the sloop "Little Belt," three; the schooner "Chippewa," one and two swivels—a total of sixty-three guns, though fewer ships than the Americans.

The engagement took place ten miles north of Put-in-Bay; Barclay, awaiting the attack, stretched his fleet in a line square across the wind, as closely as the ships could stand and do effective work. The "Detroit," the flagship, headed the line. Slowly Perry came nearer, his face calm, his eyes burning with excitement; he looked with pride on his crew, all veterans from the immortal "Constitution." "You know how to beat those fellows," he said.

The men, stripped to the waist, their muscular arms folded, handkerchiefs bound about their heads to keep long locks from falling over their eyes, merely grinned in reply.

* * *

At a quarter before noon the British bands were heard playing "Rule, Britannia," and a ringing cheer came across the water as a shot from the British flagship bounded toward the advancing "Lawrence"; it fell short, but a moment later a second passed through the bulwarks of Perry's ship, whose crew sprang to their guns. He checked them; he had determined to engage the enemy closely, and his squadron swept on silently until Stephen Champlin, Perry's first cousin, fired the first American shot; he was destined also to fire the last in this engagement. He was then twenty-four years old, and was the last survivor of the nine commanders in Perry's squadron at the battle of Lake Erie.

* * *

The British squadron was well placed, and in attempting to get within satisfactory range the Americans became scattered, while two of the enemy's ships poured a destructive fire upon the "Lawrence"; before Champlin fired that first shot the Commodore's ship was already the worse for wear; later three British ships formed a murderous crescent about the stern of the "Lawrence," but Perry, persistent and unappalled, worked his way within half musket-shot of the "Detroit" and began to pour broadside after broadside into the enemy, though the furious storm of shots from the ships in his rear tore out the very vitals of the "Lawrence." The grim attentions of the enemy in that entire quarter were centered on that fated ship, and the fight on that battered hulk, against hopeless odds, will live as one of the most stirring records of the nation's history. Perry's smaller vessels were still too far back to render efficient service, and though he transmitted trumpeted orders for all ships to make sail and engage Barclay at close quarters, obedience was almost impossible, owing to the light and variable winds. The "Caledonia," with her equipment of long guns, was close enough to have rendered aid, but was heavily engaged in doing effective work on the "Chippewa," "Detroit" and "Hunter," to which trio she had been assigned. Captain Elliott, of the "Niagara," had been instructed to engage the "Queen Charlotte," but owing to his being some distance back he was unable to make adequate use of his carronades; a single long twelve was the only gun of any use until the ship was brought later into another position. This gun got in good work until most of the ammunition of that caliber had been exhausted.

The "Scorpion" and "Ariel" did gallant work, but their small size made them very ineffective. Judged by the grim standard of war, Barclay's conception of attack was masterly. With his opponent's flagship sunk or forced to strike her colors, the leading spirit disposed of, it would be easy to capture or disperse the remainder of a fleet robbed of its commander and mainstay.

Any faltering in the chief would have meant a different issue in the battle of Lake Erie, but while a glazing eye remained to aim the shots, or stiffening hands to ram them home, Perry would not yield. For two long hours the flagship withstood that storm of fiery death; shots from the enemy pierced the refuge of the wounded; crimson streams dripped upon them from the deck above—no words could describe the horror of that scene; officers to the right and left of the commander were struck down—his brother, a lad of thirteen, had his clothing torn into rags by splinters, and his cap shot through twice, but Perry and the boy remained the only unhurt persons on the ship. Officers with blackened hands rushed to him: "For God's sake, sir, give us more men," they cried, and Perry answered, "I have no men left to give you."

When the decimated deck force could no longer furnish men enough to work the guns, Perry called up the surgeon's assistants one by one: he summoned again, but the surgeon replied that he was now working alone in the cockpit among the wounded. "Are there any of the wounded able to pull on a rope?" cried the commodore. Crawling painfully up to the deck came two or three blood-drenched heroes, who put their ebbing strength to drag the last gun into position. Cool and unshaken, when Perry glanced at the wounded strewing the deck, he invariably met their dying gaze fixed upon him—a touching tribute to their devotion to their commander, even in that awful hour.

* * *

The growl of the "Lawrence's" last gun sounded; she rolled a dead thing on the waters; the British believed her gallant commander slain. Elliott, next in command, doubtless thought the same. He hailed the "Caledonia," ordering her to engage the British ship "Hunter," and afford the "Niagara," his own ship, an opportunity to approach the "Lawrence." With white sails unfurled in the freshening breeze, she swept along, her untired crew vigorously returning the broadsides flung at her. She drew abreast the "Lawrence's" larboard beam, and then occurred the strangest event of that fearful day. Followed by quavering cheers from the throats of dying men on the deck of the abandoned hulk, a little boat shot out heading straight for the passing "Niagara." Erect in the stern stood a splendid stalwart figure, draped in the blue, white-lettered folds of the historic pennant; from amid those folds rose the calm, impassive face, the fiery eyes of Commodore Perry; he was transferring his flag. In a moment the American squadron grasped the thrilling fact, and a tempest of cheers arose from every ship in Perry's command. As by a miracle the little boat's tenants escaped unhurt, though a hole was torn in her side and quickly stopped by the commander himself, who tore off his epauletted coat and thrust it into the aperture.

When Perry left the "Lawrence," he placed her in charge of Lieutenant Yarnell, with instructions to use his own judgment in regard to surrender. After consulting with another lieutenant and the sailing master, that the opposing fire on the wounded and dying might cease, Yarnell hauled down the flag of the helpless hulk; the British cheered; the sound reached the wounded, who cried: "Sink the ship." Half an hour later their beloved commander again trod that bloody deck, to gladden the eyes of the suffering heroes who had chosen death rather than surrender.

* * *

The "Niagara" was in perfect condition; under her new commander she succeeded at last in breaking that deadly line of British fire; the "Caledonia" followed into the thick of the fight; the freshening breeze brought up the smaller ships, and for the first time the entire squadron was in the fight. Eight minutes after the "Niagara's" dash through the British line, one of the enemy's ships struck colors; others quickly followed; many of the British ships sought to escape, and it was late at night before they were caught by the pursuing Americans. Though the "Lawrence" had been forced to strike colors, in order to save what life remained on her, she had not been boarded by the enemy, and once more Perry's feet trod her decks. News of the hard fight, that displayed equal gallantry on both sides, went to General Harrison pencilled on the back of an old letter, held upon Perry's naval cap:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop. Yours, with great respect and esteem,

"O. H. Perry."

* * *

Washington Irving, in his biographical sketch of Commodore Perry, shortly after the famous engagement on Lake Erie, says: "In future times, when the shores of Erie shall hum with busy population; when towns and cities shall brighten where now extend the dark and tangled forests; when ports shall spread their arms, and lofty barks shall ride where now the canoe is fastened to the stake; when the present age shall have grown into venerable antiquity, and the mists of fable begin to gather around its history, then will the inhabitants look back to this battle we record, as one of the romantic achievements of the days of yore. It will stand first on the page of their local legends and in the marvelous tales of the borders."

That the famous author prophesied wisely there is now every reason to believe. The Seventy-seventh General Assembly of Ohio adopted a resolution taking the initial step toward what is destined to become one of the most historical and commemorative events occurring on American soil. The resolution adopted by the law-making body of Ohio pledges the moral support of the state to the exposition and centennial celebration to be held at Put-in-Bay Island in the year 1913, in commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the momentous victory of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry in the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813. In furtherance of this object the resolution authorized the governor of Ohio to appoint a board of commissioners to prepare and carry out plans for the proposed centennial celebration. The commissioners have decided that the observance of the centenary of Perry's victory shall take the form of a suitable exposition and centennial celebration, in which the national and state governments and the American people at large are invited to take part. The proposed exposition will extend over a period of about three months.

The centennial anniversary of Perry's victory will be practically contemporaneous with the conclusion of 100 years of peace between Great Britain, Canada and the United States, beginning with the signing of the Treaty of Ghent December 24, 1814, which terminated the War of 1812. There is therefore the probability that this proposed centennial will take the form of an international event on Ohio soil, participated in by the two great English-speaking nations of the world, under the highest official auspices.

According to the map of today, the states most affected by the battle of Lake Erie, and therefore most deeply interested in its centennial celebration, are Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota—important jewels indeed in the diadem of modern America. These states now present to the waters of the Great Lakes, as evidence of a hundred years of progress, such rich and populous cities as Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Duluth, Erie, Ashtabula, Sandusky, and many others of equal or less importance, but in the aggregate representing a large percentage of the urban population of the United States; and these cities indicate a territorial domain vast in extent, unsurpassed in resources and second to none in the world of the same area, in respect to civilized progress.

Pennsylvania and Michigan have already passed bills authorizing the government to appoint commissions of five to act with the Ohio commissioners and the commissioners of other states to commemorate this memorable event.

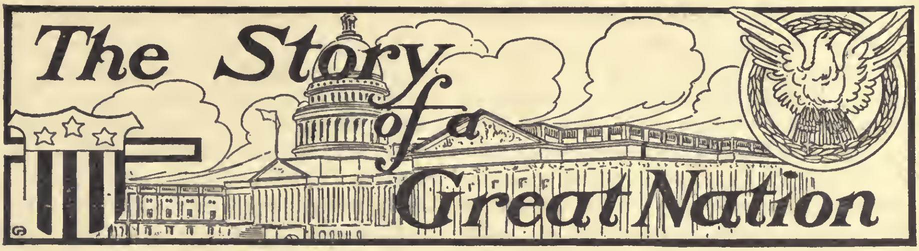
The governments of the other states and the principal cities of such states, will doubtless take official cognizance of the centennial exposition proposed by the state of Ohio in honor of Perry's victory; they will undoubtedly participate in it eventually as principals, and will contribute substantially in support and patronage to the establishment and success of the enterprise. The object in view is not primarily or largely to organize a vast industrial exposition, but rather to take advantage of a great opportunity to hold a successful and memorable exposition, that shall be in the highest sense historical, educational, scientific and distinctly patriotic.

Expressions of opinion from all parts of the country show that the people, the press of the states, the various boards of trade, the chambers of commerce and other business organizations all endorse the proposed exposition. In a word, no state project in the history of Ohio or any other state has ever met with a more emphatic, favorable and immediate response from the general public.

From an historical standpoint Put-in-Bay Island, the neighboring islands and the surrounding waters of Lake Erie offer the logical site for any celebration in honor of the centenary of peace between Great Britain and the United States, and the advantages of this location are so marked that they also must appeal to the practical business sense of the people. At Put-in-Bay 2,000 acres are practically available for exposition purposes. Just beyond is Middle Bass Island, whose frontage toward the historic harbor of Put-in-Bay might well be utilized as incidental and accessory exposition territory. Between them lies picturesque Gibraltar, the home of the late Jay Cooke, and the present summer residence of his heirs. The great financier's library and rare collection of old maps and mementoes are still there, and would constitute a valuable contribution to the educational and historical exhibits of the proposed exposition. In view of Jay Cooke's great services to the government in its time of need during the Civil War, it would seem not unreasonable to ask the national authorities to celebrate his memory in some formal manner in connection with the proposed exposition.

The accessibility of Put-in-Bay is another strong argument in favor of the island and its surrounding waters being used for the contemplated celebration. It links the Eastern and Western division of our continent; can be easily reached by rail and water from any one of the many cities of the Middle West that border on the Lakes, and transportation facilities may be made worthy of any former exposition in this country. The fact that it is near the Canadian line brings it in touch with the British interests, which may fittingly be joined with our own in this enterprise.

Liberal support and co-operation, such as the project deserves, supplemented by intelligent direction, may be relied upon to solve, in the not distant future, all the problems which at this early stage of the enterprise confront the commissioners.


The Story of a Great Nation

TESTING THE FOODS

By H. W. WILEY

Chief, Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Department of Agriculture

A QUARTER of a century ago, when the Commissioner of Agriculture made his report to the President of the United States, he summarized in a page the work of the Bureau of Chemistry, the principal features having been the examination of American cereals and milling products, experiments with sorghum cane, and an investigation of American butters and their adulteration. Much of the work done at that time is still standard on the subject, and the bleached flour investigations and the sugar-beet work are worthy descendants of these sturdy pioneer efforts, while the modest attempts to prevent the adulteration of butter have grown into the Food and Drugs Act, the enforcement of which taxes a corps of thirty inspectors, twenty-one port laboratories throughout the country, and the chemical and administrative force of the main office at Washington to the utmost. In this early work, however, the keynote struck was as true as is the policy of today—"to aid the dairy interest in establishing a standard of good butter and to protect the consumer against fraud." While time has added immeasurably to the application of this principle and the field to which it is applied, it has been able to add nothing to the principle itself, and the work of the Bureau of Chemistry today is fundamentally the same—to aid all legitimate trade interests in placing their products on the highest plane, that the American label may be in itself a brand of quality, and that both the American and the foreign buyer may get what they pay for.

And back of all the legal processes, the economic results, and the commercial ethics involved stands the man with the test tube, the retort, and the microscope, who must furnish the data which make it possible to discriminate between high and low quality goods, and to disclose whether the contents of the can are true to the label or not. It is not possible to enumerate even the different lines of investigation which have forced themselves upon the attention of the chemist in his endeavors to furnish this information, and many more are still awaiting elucidation. A few may be mentioned merely as illustrative of the diversity and extent of the field, which is by no means confined to foods and drugs.

Among the food investigations of special interest are those bearing on canned goods, ketchups, etc., and no branch of the trade has shown more readiness, as a whole, to adopt higher standards and comply with the spirit and letter of the law. The microscope shows plainly the origin of the stock used, and trimmings, cores, or half-spoiled material, doctored with chemical preservatives and beautified with coloring material, can no longer defraud the purchaser or undersell the product carefully made from fresh material. Food Inspection Decision No. 64, based on the opinion of the Bureau of Fisheries, is to the effect that "a sardine is any small canned clupeoid fish," and the public will be "fully protected if all sardines bear labels showing the place where produced and the nature of the ingredients used in preserving or flavoring the fish." One result of this ruling is, that while the messenger boy in my office still consumes small herring put up in cottonseed oil as of yore—and perfectly wholesome they may be—he pays only five cents for them, and knows what they are, instead of paying ten or fifteen cents for the same product under a fancy label. Two distinct wrongs are righted by the Food and Drugs Act—the hurt to the digestive apparatus and that to the pocketbook—and there is some reason to believe that the average American, however unwisely, resents the latter more than the former. And what part does the chemist play in this little drama? Unless he could take oath as to whether olive oil, peanut oil, or cottonseed oil were present, the "clupeoid" could disport himself in either one or the other, and no one could say him nay, to the financial disadvantage of the consumer.

As said before, these examples are merely chosen to illustrate the workings of the law: Oyster investigations to determine the treatment they receive before entering the market, the effect on flavor and composition of washing, shipping in direct contact with ice, etc.; the bleaching of flour by nitrogen peroxide; the examination of distilled spirits for the establishment of standards; the study of colors made from coal-tar products and from vegetable sources, that the two may be distinguished in foods; the determination of small quantities of preservatives—these are a few of the studies made necessary by the food law.

Judgments which have been obtained under the law include shortages in weight in canned goods, coffee misbranded as to origin, "maple syrup" made of cane sugar syrup flavored with an extract made from the wood of the maple in the factory, spring water supposed to be especially pure, but in reality dangerously contaminated, eggs in a putrid condition broken into a tub and frozen into a solid mass, presumably for use in bakeries, and also cold-storage eggs masquerading as "perfectly fresh."

It is always unfortunate in rehearsing cases of this kind that the impression is unwittingly given that, as a class, food dealers are unscrupulous and without pride in their output, since such is very far from being the case. On the contrary, the majority have shown every desire to co-operate in the work of the department, placing their factories and storage plants at the disposal of the government experts for experiments on a commercial scale, and bringing their goods within the law as rapidly as possible. False labeling, among its other evils, has forced many through the unfair conditions of competition thus created into practices which would not otherwise have obtained.

The drug feature of the law, especially in its bearing on the public health, is no less important than the foods. The adulteration of crude drugs is a grave matter, rendering, as it does, the physician's prescription ineffective with serious, perhaps fatal, results in a crisis. For example, digitalis is adulterated with stramonium, the addition of any amount of which would endanger the life of the patient when the remedy is depended on for prompt action in the case of heart failure; the strophanthus seed, which is also used in such cases, has been widely replaced by another variety of the same seed, which has no effect whatever, but costs only about one-fifth as much. Belladonna is often adulterated with poke-root, which has an antagonistic effect, and ground olive pits have been used to the extent of hundreds of tons in such important remedies as ipecac and aconite. The microscope readily detects such adulteration, and a marked improvement in the quality of the drugs imported has been observed in the last year.

An important work is also done in connection with the Post Office, in excluding from the mails under fraud orders so-called cures for consumption, cancer, and epilepsy, that contain no ingredients that could possibly effect the relief claimed. The so-called prescription schemes which are widely advertised include among the items of the prescription a product under a coined name which must be purchased. An investigation of these products invariably shows them to contain only well-known drugs, and the claims made for the remedy exaggerated and misleading. An extensive examination of medicated soft drinks has been made, and many of them have been found to contain cocaine or caffeine and coal-tar coloring. The excessive use of such beverages, containing habit-forming drugs such as morphine, phenacetin and acetanilid, have also been extensively studied, and one conviction in the case of Harper's Cuforhedake Brane-Fude has already been obtained.

Hygienic investigations of a general nature have included examinations of water supplies, especially with a view to tracing the cause for a typhoid fever epidemic, and a study of the city gas supply with special reference to the presence of dangerous quantities of carbon monoxide, a poisonous gas which is especially dangerous because it is non-odorous. In this connection certain gas heaters, their construction and installment, were investigated and recommendations made to prevent fatalities resulting from the formation of this gas under certain conditions. Wall papers and fabrics containing arsenic have been studied, and the nature and extent of cases of poisoning resulting from inhaling the emanations from such materials collated and published.

Many other investigations are made, having an important bearing on the general welfare of the people, both from an economic and a health point of view. The investigation of the injury done to crops, forests, and stock by poisonous trade wastes, especially from smelters, performed in co-operation with the Department of Justice, and the Forestry Service, has served to establish on a scientific basis the extent and nature of this injury, and to secure protection to the farmer. While the farmer and land owner have been protected, on the one hand, by the smelter owner being compelled to condense the sulphur dioxide bearing fumes, it has also resulted at Ducktown, Tennessee, in the establishment of a large sulphuric acid plant in connection with the smelter, and what was once an injurious waste is converted into a very profitable by-product. A further benefit will accrue to the South in that the manufacturer of sulphuric acid from this new source will undoubtedly cause a drop in the price of acid phosphate, so largely used as a fertilizer, since the cheaper sulphuric acid formed from the fumes is used in making this fertilizer from phosphate rock, large quantities of which are found near the smelters. A better example of the double service rendered to national health and wealth by chemistry could hardly be desired.

Alchemy, the forerunner of chemistry, sought to mysteriously influence the fortunes and affairs of men; the chemistry of today does both to an extent never dreamed of by the alchemist, though the methods employed are no longer hidden and secret, but luminous with the clarity of scientific truth.

JUNE

THERE'S a chorus of bees in the meadow yonder,
  Where the purple clover heads nod in the breeze;
There's a whirr of numberless wings, bright and flashing,
  'Round the blossoming twigs of the locust trees.

Blush roses unfold their sweet-scented petals,
  Pale lilies tinkle their nectar-filled bells,
While the exquisite music of bird-voices tender
  Rises from woodlands and cool flowery dells.

The sun smiles down from his heaven of glory,
  All things which the heart has yearned for are here
Waiting to crown with a love wreath eternal
  June blushing and queenly—the bride of the year.

—*Roy Winchester.*

THE RECLAMATION SERVICE

By F. H. NEWELL, Director

XXIV—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

THE Reclamation Service is at work actively laying a part of the foundation for the expansion of a great nation. The results, like those of all builders of foundations, are largely covered by the resulting superstructure, but the stability of the more imposing edifice lies in the careful planning and faithful execution of the earlier work.

It is expanding the national life within the external boundaries of the nation. It is providing opportunities for homes for American citizens—men who add to the wealth and stability of the nation by using the soil, which otherwise would be waste and valueless, for the production of crops in the most economical and intensive manner now known. These men are not only producers, but they are large consumers and users of products manufactured in the Eastern part of the country. They are, as a rule, prosperous, and are more highly educated and better informed than the ordinary farmer. Their standard of living ranks with the best in the world. They are independent, and best typify the class which Lincoln called the "plain people," the backbone of the American nation.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington

FREDERICK HAYNES NEWELL
Director of the U. S. Reclamation Service

How is the Reclamation Service doing this? By what authority of law is the federal government making opportunities for homes? The answer is simple. The government has the ownership and control of vast areas of land. Some of this it is giving away, and some it is selling. It has absolute control of this land and of its disposal. The funds resulting from its sale are property of the nation, to be expended as Congress may direct. They differ essentially from the moneys received from general taxation, the disposal of which is limited by constitutional requirements. They can, and have been, formed into a fund for special use. This fund, arising from the disposal of public lands, has been placed in the treasury of the United States, subject to expenditure for works executed under the direction of the secretary of the interior. He is required by law to make surveys and examinations and to construct works for reclaiming arid lands. When this is done, the lands are given away to homestead entry-men, subject to the conditions that they will live on the lands for five years, cultivate them, and pay the cost of reclamation in ten annual instalments. The expenditures made by the secretary of the interior are in accordance with established law, and are carefully checked and audited in detail.

The important work of examination, surveys, construction, operation and recovery of the funds is entrusted to the organization known as the Reclamation Service. Its work dates back long before the passage of the Reclamation Act of June 17, 1902, being initiated in part by Major John W. Powell, then Director of the United States Geological Survey, who, in 1888, was authorized by Congress to investigate the extent to which

OKANOGAN PROJECT, WASHINGTON—COMPLETED PORTION OF UPPER MAIN CANAL

the arid lands might be reclaimed. Beginning in 1888, the examinations and surveys were pushed forward steadily until 1902, when funds were provided for construction, and the work was put on a basis where it could show practical results. In the little over six years which have ensued, construction has gone forward rapidly, and there have now been planned projects involving the expenditure of about $90,000,000, of which amount over $50,000,000 will have been spent by the end of the present year. These works will irrigate over 2,000,000 acres of land, otherwise almost valueless, which, when reclaimed, should have a value of upwards of $100 per acre. There are now under ditch nearly a million acres, of which a third is irrigated. The land available for settlement has been divided into 6,000 farms, and about 2,500 miles of canals and ditches have been built, carrying water to these. In constructing the works, about fifty million cubic yards of earth have been removed, and nearly six million yards of loose and solid rock. Over five thousand separate structures have been built, including large dams, headworks, flumes, siphons, bridges and culverts. Nearly a thousand miles of telephone lines and fifty-seven tunnels have been constructed.

The works built rival, in their magnitude and in the engineering skill required, the celebrated undertakings of the world. Being widely scattered in remote localities, it has required a special form of organization to insure economical and rapid work. Care has been taken to guard against extravagance or waste, and the book-keeping system and method of recording actual cost is well in advance of commercial practice.

The great structures, though almost monumental in character, are, however, only a means to an end, and that end is, as often stated, the creation of homes and the building of a strong and self-reliant citizenship. If this is not accomplished, the expenditures are in vain; hence, every possible effort is being made to put the farms in the hands of citizens who will appreciate the opportunities, and who will, by their individual efforts, carry forward the great work.

PROGRESS IN THE POSTAL SERVICE

By P. V. De GRAW

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General

XXV—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

FOUR divisions are included in the Bureau of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General; namely, rural delivery, supplies, dead letters, and topography, or map making.

Rural delivery is the newest, but is already one of the largest branches of the postal service. It is only a few years since rural delivery was in the experimental stage, yet the number of routes in operation will soon reach the 40,000 mark, and the appropriation for its maintenance during the present fiscal year is $35,573,000. But large as the figures representing the expense appear, they are small in comparison with those which have been given to show the benefits derived from the rural mail delivery. It has been estimated by persons who have made a study of the subject that real estate values in rural districts have increased $750,000,000, and that the time which would otherwise be employed in making trips to the post office represents a yearly value of upward of $60,000,000. Analysis of the mail matter handled by rural carriers shows that nearly every patron is now a subscriber for one or more daily newspapers, and a very large number also receive magazines and other periodicals. This educational feature is doubtless the greatest benefit derived from the service. A visitor to a community served by rural delivery will find the people well informed upon all current topics, for the farmer is seldom a "head-line reader," like the average city dweller, who tries to absorb the newspaper at a glance.

P. V. De GRAW
Fourth Assistant Postmaster General

Another great benefit which, if it could be expressed in figures, would run far up into the millions of dollars, is the improvement in country roads. Since rural delivery has been recognized as a permanent branch of the postal service, definite rules have been adopted in regard to the installation and maintenance of rural routes. One of these rules is that roads traveled by rural carriers must be kept in condition to be readily passable at all seasons of the year. This requirement has resulted in extensive road building and improvement, and has had much influence in awakening interest in the great importance of a proper system of highways. In order to secure the service, a petition must be filed with the department, signed by at least one hundred heads of families where the proposed route is to be of the standard length of twenty-four miles, but on routes of a shorter length a proportionately smaller number of signatures are accepted. This requirement prevents the establishment of the service in sections too sparsely settled to insure a fair patronage. Prospective patrons must also agree to erect boxes for the reception of the mail.

In the past three years the rural routes have been carefully gone over with a view to overcoming adverse conditions. Many routes have been rearranged by extension, curtailment or consolidation with other routes, and in cases where there was not sufficient patronage and the situation could not otherwise be relieved, the service has been reduced from daily to tri-weekly, or withdrawn entirely and the old post-office service restored. This procedure has placed the rural delivery system upon a businesslike basis.

The supervision of the service by the department requires a force of one hundred and sixteen employees. There were sent out from the division during the last fiscal year 631,202 pieces of mail matter, and nearly as many communications were received.

The Division of Supplies furnishes the entire postal service, including the post offices, city and rural delivery, the railway mail service and the post-office inspectors, with all blanks, books, stationery, typewriters and other machines, and miscellaneous equipment. This division occupies the greater portion of a large fire-proof building near the railroad terminal, and the supplies are placed directly on the cars for shipment to all parts of the country. Its work closely resembles that of a large mercantile establishment, and in efficiency of methods and absence of red tape, it compares favorably with the most up-to-date business house. Some idea of the quantity of material used by the postal service may be gained when it is stated that during last year the division furnished 925,000,000 yards of twine, 3,260,000 pens, 283,000 pen holders, 650,000 pencils and 2,600,000 blank cards. To wrap the bundles, 5,400,000 sheets of wrapping paper were used. Blank forms are furnished by the millions. Of the form "Application for Domestic Money Order," which is seen in the lobby of every post office, there were 161,770,000 used last year, and during the same period, 69,034 rubber stamps were manufactured and supplied to post offices.

The Division of Supplies was placed under the jurisdiction of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General by order of Postmaster General Cortelyou, in December, 1905. Up to that time each Bureau of the Department maintained separate sections for the distribution of supplies. These sections were consolidated when the division was placed under the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, and the re-organization which was begun in 1906 has reached a very successful conclusion. Notwithstanding the fact that the postal business is constantly increasing and that additional duties, including the supervision of all matters pertaining to printing and binding for the department and service, have been assigned to the Division of Supplies, its work is being performed by thirty per cent. less employees than under the old method. Correspondence has been reduced by nearly one-half its former volume, and requisitions for stock supplies are filled and the goods placed on cars within twenty-four hours after requisitions are received. The officials in charge of this division keep in touch with the latest development in office equipment and labor-saving devices.

The most interesting part of the fourth assistant's bureau, as far as the general public is concerned, is the Division of Dead Letters. It is one of the show places of the national capital and is visited annually by thousands of sight-seers. There is much that appeals to human interest and emotion in the immense stacks of letters and parcels received at the rate of 40,000 a day, and containing articles of every description, some of them bearing addresses which cannot be deciphered even by the experts. In the 13,000,000 pieces of mail matter received by the division last year, there were 6,000 books, 1,000 pairs of eye-glasses, 900 fountain pens, 800 razors, false teeth, marriage certificates, rings, shoes, snakes—in fact, everything from valuable diamonds to penny souvenirs. There was also more than $65,000 in actual money, and commercial paper, including checks, drafts, money-orders, etc., representing a face value of $2,203,992.

The Division of Dead Letters was transferred to the Bureau of the Fourth Assistant along with the Division of Supplies in 1905. At that time it employed 135 persons, and large as this force would seem to be, it was wholly insufficient to enable the return of all letters when the writers could be identified. In consequence, thousands of returnable letters were being destroyed. In order that all such communications might be returned, regardless of their apparent importance, the force was increased to 179, which is the largest number employed by any division of the department. Like the other divisions of the Bureau, the Division of Dead Letters has been reorganized within the past three years, modernized methods being introduced, and the efficiency of the working force increased. Energetic efforts have been made to promote careful and intelligent use of the mails by the public. A card containing a model form of address has been sent out with each piece of mail matter returned, special attention being called to the importance of placing the writer's return address upon every letter and package. If this were done by all senders, seventy-five per cent. of the matter now turned in to the Dead Letter Division would, instead, be returned directly to the writers from the post offices. The return address should be used by everybody, even when the communication is sure of reaching the addressee, if for no other reason than to form the habit.

The Division of Topography is the smallest in the Bureau, but it employs more than forty persons, and embraces an extensive work—that of making and distributing post-route maps, and rural delivery maps and blue prints. The post-route maps are made up in forty-four large sheets, each covering one or more states or territories, and show every post office and the route by which it receives its mail supply. Owing to the frequent changes in post offices and mail routes and schedules, it is necessary to revise or renew these maps every three months. The post-route maps are supplied to all branches of the postal service, and also sold to the public. The rural delivery maps include blue-prints of a rural route or routes emanating from a single post office, and larger maps showing counties having complete rural service. Congress has recently authorized the sale to the public of the rural delivery maps. These maps, especially those of counties, are very useful, as they are marked off in sections and show every road in the county, school-houses, churches, and even the location of residences being indicated.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that the several divisions of the Fourth Assistant's Bureau cover widely different branches of the service. In administering the affairs of these divisions, many problems arise which must often be met by radically different methods, to plan out the details of which takes one far into the innermost workings of Uncle Sam's great postal establishment.

TO THE CHANTICLEER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHEN Lyra fades with chords of beauty bright,
  And all the morning stars sink down the west,
  Then thou dost rouse the silence from its rest,
And warn the world of the approaching light!
What memories deep of rapture and delight
  Thine ancient challenge wakens in the breast!
  What thoughts of childhood and what reveries blest
It brings the mind from other years' glad flight!

Sing on, thou herald of the flaming morn!
  Prophet and bard and optimistic priest
    Shake thou the dawn with thy loud roundelay
Till our sad spirits from their night forlorn
  Awakened, turn in wonder to the east
    And sing as Memnon sang, to the new day!

THE BUREAU OF INSULAR AFFAIRS

By C. R. EDWARDS

Brigadier General United States Army; Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs

XXVI—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

WHEN war with Spain threw unexpectedly upon us some two thousand islands and ten million people, it left in its trail possible problems equal to their product in number and complexity. One of the problems was the name to be given collectively to these acquisitions, to express their relationship to the United States. Certainly, if they are ours, the term "possessions" is correct. But they are ours, in the words now likely to become immortal, "not to exploit, but to develop, to civilize, to educate, to train in the science of self-government." This gives a new meaning to "possessions" that makes it a satisfactory term only when this limitation is remembered. It is, moreover, a term difficult at times to use in expressing the existing relationship. The term "colonies" is offensive to many, and in its normal meaning is even farther from accuracy. Other terms are still more cumbersome or still less satisfactory; and this, therefore, must be regarded as a problem yet unsolved, and remembered when any of these terms are used in reference to the office through which the administrative control of these possessions is exercised. This office is the Bureau of Insular Affairs, whose whole function is concerned with the solution of these problems. Some of them it solves itself; for others, it furnishes the data necessary for solution; and it records and gives effect to all, no matter by whom solved.

Remembering the number of possible problems, it may safely be presumed that there is work left for the future, even though some of the worst are thought to be satisfactorily settled. Yet it is still the youngest of the bureaus of the War Department. It was born of war, but for the purposes of peace; and unlike other bureaus of this department, it reports directly to the secretary of war. This makes it practically independent—a department of the colonies, had we such a department, or such appendages—with the additional advantage of close relationship under the same directing head with the bureaus of the military arm of the government necessarily closely associated with our place and progress in the insular possessions. To this may be credited much of the success that the bureau has so far met, and in this lies the importance of retaining it in its present place, unless in time it becomes wise to establish it as a wholly separate department of the government. This may be made clear from the development of the bureau itself, and it is well, at the outset, to make this clear because of the feeling sometimes apparent that a bureau properly concerned only with civil affairs should be a part of some other department than one that by its name exists solely for war. This is a double misapprehension. The Department of War, despite its name, is not only a potent factor of peace, but is largely, and its history has shown properly, charged with the execution of many civil functions. Even were this otherwise, however, such a bureau, or any "colonial" office, must, for efficiency, belong rather to this department than to any other. It is only necessary to remember that in Great Britain, for instance, the administrative control of the colonies was vested for over seventy years in the secretary of state for war, to show that reason for this must exist. This reason is not difficult to discover. Perhaps unfortunately, but nevertheless truly, new territory, as a rule, falls under new control as a result of armed occupation. The military forces are the first on the ground, and the change in government must be proceeded with under their direction, and for the time with military officers filling all civil offices. For another department, or for all departments combined, to plan every office of government in a distant territory, to find a man for each of them, and to send all of these to their new field ready to take up their duties, would be impossible; or, if possible, would still leave them new to their duties, new to the scene, and new to each other. Delays and friction would be inevitable. With the military, these are largely avoided. An army is a self-governing community. It has within itself every necessary part of government, and it is comparatively easy to extend this to a surrounding country and people.

Thus it was with us. When war ceased in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines, the former government had been destroyed, and the military arm of the United States was in control and responsible for the preservation of peace and order. To fulfil its responsibility the machinery of government had everywhere to be put in motion. Not only islands, but provinces and municipalities were to be governed, taxes collected, justice administered, claims adjusted, sanitary measures enforced, trade and agriculture promoted, schools established, outlawry suppressed, and the weak protected. All of this had to be accomplished, moreover, among people for the most part ten thousand miles distant, speaking different languages than ours and various languages among themselves, living a different life and holding in many cases widely different views of life itself. These were problems new to us. There was no machinery in any department prepared to handle them. Something had to be created, and since the problems pressed seriously, it had to be created without delay. The Executive was obliged to institute the machinery without waiting for legislative authority. The military arm everywhere in control and engaged in the conduct of war on the one hand, and in the institution of civil forms of government on the other, could not be immediately displaced. Executive responsibility was necessarily assigned to the War Department, and the secretary of war became charged with the establishment of the necessary machinery for the purposes indicated. It is doubtful whether this responsibility could have fallen on a man better prepared for its safe and wise discharge than the then secretary of war, Mr. Root. He himself, in his report of 1901, showed so clearly both the necessity for the creation of an office for the execution of this work and the functions properly assignable to it that it may be safely quoted here as the best expression of its policy so far available:

"The policy followed by the American Executive in dealing with the government of the Philippines . . . . . has been to determine and prescribe the framework of the insular government; to lay down the rules of policy to be followed upon the great questions of government as they are foreseen or arise; to obtain the best and ablest men possible for insular officers; to distribute and define their powers, and then hold them responsible for the conduct of government in the islands with the least possible interference from Washington.

"Notwithstanding a rigid adherence to this policy, and consistently with it, the demands upon the department for action in the vast and complicated business in the island governments have been constant and imperative. Different civilizations, different systems of law and procedure, and different modes of thought brought into contact have evolved a great crowd of difficult questions for determination. New facts ascertained and changed conditions have called for the interpretation and application of our own rules of policy and the establishment of further rules. Different views as to the scope of authority under the distribution of powers have required reconciliation. The application of the law of military occupation to rights and practices existing under the laws of Spain, and the process overturning inveterate wrongs, have brought about frequent appeals to the highest authority, which, being in the name of justice, have required consideration. The work undertaken has been the building up of government from the foundation upon unfamiliar ground. We have had no precedents, save the simple and meagre proceedings under the occupation of California and New Mexico, more than half a century ago, and it has been necessary to decide every question upon its own merits, and to make our precedents for the future.

"For the performance of all these duties full and accurate knowledge of the conditions and proceedings of all the governments in all the islands on the part of the authorities in Washington has been required. It has been necessary to follow them step by step. The President and Congress have looked to the War Department for information as to how the trust of government in the various islands was being performed, and tens of thousands of applications by the people of the United States for every conceivable kind of information regarding the islands have poured into the department in an uninterrupted stream.

"Only thorough system could arrange, record, and keep available for use the vast and heterogeneous mass of reports and letters and documents which this business has involved; furnish answers to the questions, conduct the correspondence and keep the Secretary of War from being overwhelmed in hopeless confusion. The War Department had no machinery for the purpose. No provision for any such administrative machine was made by law. Of necessity, . . . such machinery has been created. . . . It is called the 'Division of Insular Affairs of the War Department,' and it performs with admirable and constantly increasing efficiency the great variety of duties which in other countries would be described as belonging to a colonial office, and would be performed by a much more pretentious establishment."

The bureau was given a legal existence July 1, 1902. Since then it has maintained the same relation as originally given it to the Philippine Government. It shared in the administration of Porto Rico until 1900. The responsibility for the conduct of civil affairs in Cuba during the first intervention resided in it, and the advantage, if not the necessity, for such an office was shown at the time of the second intervention, when the conduct of Cuban affairs could be taken up promptly and without jar or addition to the machinery already established. Finally, the administrative control connected with the collection of customs in Santo Domingo, though vested in the State Department, has been exercised through this bureau, simply because it was known to have facilities for the work required that no other department possessed.

The work of the bureau is too various to express here, except in general terms. It may be illustrated best by its connection with the Philippines. These, of course, have presented problems more numerous and varied than all the other possessions combined. The relations of the bureau to the others have been the same in a lesser degree.

In the ten years of American occupation the Philippines have made long strides towards self-government. They have gone far on the way from purely military government to practical autonomy. They have today their own executive and executive departments, their own judiciary, and their own legislature. They have their own financial system, and they are self-supporting. In their internal control our declared policy of non-interference has been maintained. The right of veto has never yet been exercised on any measure enacted in the Philippines. Nevertheless, through their external relations with the United States and the world in general, through the natural interest of our people in what seemed at the outset a dangerous experiment, and through our efforts toward uplifting a people commercially, industrially, and, we may hope, ethically, the interest of the President, of the Congress, and of the people still surrounds the Philippines. Hardly a day passes that executive action is not necessary in their interest. Not a session passes but bills of importance to them are before Congress. Neither interest could be maintained nor action of importance taken without the fullest knowledge respecting conditions as they hold at the time. The President and the departments concerned with executive control, the Congress and the people must have some office to which they can turn for exact details and up-to-date information upon any question that arises.

On the other hand, for establishment and conduct of government under American direction in islands ten thousand miles away direct connection with the central authority is essential. For success in the local administration, the probable action of the Executive, or of Congress, the trend of events in financial and commercial circles, and the feeling of the people generally must be closely followed. A few examples will suffice. Since the American occupation the Philippines have made a complete change in their system of currency, for which not only local control but the authority of Congress and close connection with the treasury department were necessary. They have carried out great public works, for which not only the issue of bonds to provide funds, but the purchase of large quantities of supplies for constructive purposes was essential. They have endeavored to give opportunities for education to every class, for which teachers were required. They have established a practically new code of laws; a civil service; telegraphs and posts; a system of land registration; a forestry service; a sanitary service; and a score of other public benefits. For these, judges, lawyers, doctors, officials and professional men of every kind were in demand. With all these matters the bureau has been associated. It is thus a clearing house for all affairs between the United States and the possessions under its control. Into it come all the correspondence, orders, directions, and requests from whatever source on one side of the world or the other to be sifted, consolidated, investigated, and settled, or transmitted to their proper destination for settlement. Congress may want to know the amount of sugar exported during the last year, the receipts of the city of Cebu, the expenditures of the province of Iloilo, the cost of constructing the Manila breakwater, the number of schoolhouses erected since American occupation, the number of deaths among live stock, the cost of maintaining the auditor's office, or any one of a thousand other things. It is a function of the bureau to answer. A citizen of Kansas may want to know the land laws of Mindanao, or the mining possibilities of Romblon. It is a function of the bureau to answer. The Philippine Government may have a case before the Supreme Court. It may be a function of the bureau to conduct it. It may want to buy a thousand wheelbarrows or a thousand other things. It may want to sell bonds or franchises for railroads. It may want a high or a low official of government, a school-teacher, or a civil engineer, and again it is a function of the bureau to buy, to sell or to supply what is needed.

For the exercise of these functions the personnel of the bureau is arranged in divisions, the nature of which will help to explain the work in detail, as follows:

1. A correspondence division, charged with the conduct of the voluminous correspondence of the bureau.

2. A record division, in which is recorded and filed every paper in reference to any subject coming within the purview of the bureau. In this, under the system employed, a written record, with reference to every other known source of information bearing upon it, of every case that has arisen since American occupation can be produced in form for examination and separated from extraneous matters within five minutes after question has arisen.

3. A compilation division, which is practically a bureau of information. Here are collected, recorded, and filed for reference every official printed document relating to any of the insular possessions. Here are also gathered and arranged for publication all the reports of insular officials and papers and monographs in reference to insular resources or insular affairs.

4. A statistical division, charged with the collection of all commercial and trade statistics of the insular possessions, and the publication of the Quarterly Summary of the Commerce of the Philippine Islands.

5. An accounting division. The Philippine Islands have their own auditor's office. The United States Treasury Department does not pass upon Philippine accounts. To supply Congress and the executive departments with necessary information, as well as to give an additional check upon the financial transactions of the Philippine Government, this division of the bureau is charged with the record of every such transaction in the Philippines. The condition of Philippine finances is therefore always known in the bureau.

6. A purchasing and disbursing division, charged with the purchase and shipment of all supplies for the insular possessions and the disbursement of all insular funds in the United States. As an adjunct of this division a purchasing agency is maintained in New York City. Since the inauguration of this division over $33,000,000 have been disbursed by it.

7. A law division, where all legal questions connected with the insular possessions are considered. The work of this division has been of a notably high order.

8. A Philippine student division, charged with the control and superintendence of the Philippine government students at various universities throughout the country.

These are divisions in name only. In purpose and largely in work they are united, and from their unity much of the success of the bureau has come.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM

By F. H. LARNED

Assistant Commissioner General

XXVII—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

THE Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization of the Department of Commerce and Labor is a live, animate personality, a thing of active physique, of virulent mind, of definite, forceful character. Why? Because there is among the many establishments that constitute the integral parts of that great and complex whole, known as the executive branch of the government, no other bureau in which there center such live current questions, such problems of human interest, such tragedies and comedies and life stories and incidents ranging all the way from the comic to the tragic; and the very office, ordinarily an intangible, impersonal thing, has by necessity, from the nature of the work entrusted to its care, taken on the attributes of a feeling, thinking, acting personality. Dealing daily with animate, pulsating, passionate humanity, it has become a part and parcel, the very center of that humanity. Thus it differs from many other government offices, which are but perfect pieces of machinery, working day after day along fixed lines; running in grooves that are well-defined and unchanging, the cogs of their wheels fitting into those of other wheels of other pieces of the machinery combining to make the whole. The work of this bureau stands out distinctly from that of all others—is unique; hence, the bureau itself is unique, unexampled. With it no two days are exactly alike; no two cases arising for consideration are identical in character and details: there is no humdrum, cut-and-dried, monotonous repetition of the "same old thing" day after day and week after week; but every peculiarity, every minute variation, and every up and down that ordinarily enter into the daily existence of human beings, are constantly encountered in the administration of the laws entrusted to it. That fact is very much more intensely interesting than fiction could readily be demonstrated by recounting some of the many incidents out of the lives of arriving immigrants that, in the natural course of business, come before the Bureau—incidents frequently very amusing, but more often extremely pathetic, and sometimes actually heartrending. This must be understood and appreciated, if its duties and accomplishments are to be intelligently studied; as must also the fact that no law on immigration and its allied subjects can be drawn, no rules and regulations to give effect to such a law, however comprehensive and minutely detailed their scope, can be promulgated, which will not in practice be found inadequate to meet the problems of common humanity that will arise in the daily application of any measure to hundreds and thousands of one's fellow creatures, frequently of the most unfortunate and miserable classes. Such questions can be met and solved only by a careful, intelligent and sympathetic administration, having for its object the enforcement of the spirit of the law and the alleviation, so far as may be possible with justice to all concerned, of the hardships and suffering that would often grow out of a literal application of its letter to particular cases. In other words, there must be a tempering of justice with mercy, without permitting justice to be minimized in any essential respect—a task the magnitude of which can readily be understood.

To give an accurate idea of the legal character and scope of its duties, it should be said that the Bureau was originally established, by Section 7 of the Immigration Act of March 3, 1891, with the object of effecting a national control of the immigration of aliens to the United States, jurisdiction of the subject having previously been left largely to the various states. Succeeding that date, Congress from time to time modified the character and extended the scope of the immigration laws, until the act of February 20, 1907, was passed, being practically a re-enactment, with numerous changes, of all legislation on the subject. That act, relating to the admission, or exclusion and deportation, and the distribution of aliens in general, the various statutes concerning the admission and exclusion of Chinese persons, and the several enactments on the subject of naturalizing foreigners as citizens of the United States, constitute the body of the law with the enforcement of which the Bureau is charged.

To enforce these laws, a force of more than 1,300 officers, scattered throughout the United States, is employed, and for certain purposes connected with the administration of the naturalization laws over 3,000 clerks of courts are quasi-subject to the control of the Bureau at Washington. The affairs of this vast organization must be carefully supervised, and the efforts of the employees must be directed and the results of their labors used so as to further the common cause of an efficient and economical enforcement of the laws. That is the work in which the headquarters of the service at Washington—the Bureau proper—is constantly engaged. The effective performance of this task requires an extensive and comprehensive system of organization.

The Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization is systematically and practically organized—is a business institution, conducted under modern methods, and it is manned with a corps of intelligent, efficient, zealous employees, in the selection of the members of which great care has been exercised. At the head of this organization is the Commissioner General of Immigration, and ranking second to him is the Assistant Commissioner General, who also fills the position of Chief Clerk.

The work assigned the Bureau falling into three natural and well-defined branches, its organization is arranged within three distinct divisions: the Immigration and Chinese Division, which has charge of the enforcement of the general immigration laws and those relating to Chinese aliens, and is the main part of the Bureau, which has gradually been evolved as the body of law on those subjects has increased, beginning with the creation in 1891 of the office of the Superintendent of Immigration in the Treasury Department; the Division of Naturalization, which was organized in pursuance of the act of June 29, 1906, and has jurisdiction of the enforcement of the laws relating to the naturalization of aliens; and the Division of Information, established under the act of February 20, 1907, with the object of assisting in a proper distribution of aliens admitted to the United States.

WHAT THE BUREAU HAS DONE, AND WHAT IT HOPES TO ACCOMPLISH

Considering the importance of the Bureau's work, already described, it can readily be appreciated that there could hardly be a line of endeavor in which the attainment of the ideal is more to be desired than in giving effect to the statutes entrusted to its supervision. To reach the highest possible degree of perfection in directing the labors of its large force in the field and its small but carefully selected and trained force at its headquarters, has always been the Bureau's aim. Tasks of greater magnitude than those which fall to its lot can scarcely be imagined, and it has only been with the exercise of the utmost care and caution that it has been possible to even approach an attainment of its desires.

There will not be attempted here and now a description of the work done by or the aims of the two new divisions of the Bureau, devoted to distribution and naturalization of aliens, respectively, but those two departures in federal control of economic and social questions will be reserved for special notice hereafter. They are each of sufficient public interest to require special notice. Having described in preceding paragraphs the duties of the Bureau in general, there is now given a short statement of the accomplishments and aims of the Bureau proper, or the Immigration and Chinese Division, as it might be called to distinguish it from the other two divisions.

There could, perhaps, be no better illustration, in a brief way, of some of the more important of its accomplishments than the statistics for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, as given in the annual reports of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and the Commissioner General of Immigration, recently published.

These statistics show that a record has been kept with respect to 924,625 aliens admitted to, and 714,828 departing from, the United States; that of those admitted, 782,870 were immigrants, *i. e.*, persons who intended to settle in the United States, and of those departing, 395, 073 were emigrants, *i. e.*, persons who had been located in this country but had determined to settle elsewhere. With respect to those admitted, it was necessary to conduct examinations to determine whether they were in all respects, morally, mentally, physically, and by status, entitled to land under the law. For various statutory reasons, 10,902 aliens were refused admission at the ports of this country, and 2,069 apprehended within the country and found to be unlawfully residing here, were expelled on departmental warrants, making a total of 12,971 morally, mentally, physically or otherwise objectionable aliens removed to the country of origin. In admitting, rejecting or expelling the aliens above mentioned, it has been necessary for the Bureau, or the officers under its direction, to consider all the facts and circumstances affecting the cases, and on the basis thereof to reach a proper conclusion. The scope of the work is partly indicated by the fact that appeals were taken in 1,662 cases, and applications for admission under bond filed in 1,215 cases. To gain a correct idea of the volume and importance of this work would require a very detailed consideration of all its features. Aside from the duty of guarding against the landing of the morally unfit, such as anarchists, criminals and women of low character, and against those mentally or physically unsound, such as insane persons, idiots, imbeciles, or those afflicted with tuberculosis, trachoma, favus, or other dangerous or loathsome contagious diseases, it is necessary to prevent the entry, or to expel after entry, those falling into certain classes declared by the law undesirable. The principal of these are Chinese persons, or persons of Chinese descent, not members of certain specified excepted classes; Japanese and Korean laborers who attempt to enter the continent on passports under which permission was given them by their own government to proceed to Hawaii, Canada or Mexico, but not to the mainland of the United States; and contract laborers.

Special attention has been paid during the past year to questions of moral fitness, with the result that those provisions of the law, which are directed particularly against anarchists, criminals and immoral women, and persons who deal in the latter, have been enforced with far-reaching effect. This is particularly true of procesutions against procurers of immoral women and keepers of houses of ill-fame, of which a number have been brought. Convictions have been had in fourteen such cases, four of which resulted in imprisonment for one year, four years, four and one-half years, and five years, respectively, and ten in imprisonment, ranging in duration from six months to eighteen months, and fines ranging from fifty dollars to one thousand dollars.

With respect to the class contract laborers, the Bureau has accomplished more in the past year than in any preceding year, due in part to the fact that the law was materially strengthened in the recently passed immigration act, and partly to the fact that industrial conditions, resulting in many foreigners being thrown out of employment, have favored the ascertainment of violations of the law. During the year 1,932 contract laborers were rejected at United States ports and returned to their countries of origin; an increase of thirty-four per cent. over the rejections for the year 1907, notwithstanding a falling off of thirty-nine per cent. in immigration. In addition, there have been arrested within the United States and deported therefrom 240 aliens found here in violation of the alien contract labor laws. Thus it will be seen that a total of 2,172 contract laborers have been removed from this country.

The rejection of Japanese laborers has been a task of some difficulty and delicacy, but the progress made is extremely gratifying, and indicates clearly that a plan has been evolved which gives rich promise for future success. In the first month of the past fiscal year, 1,158 Japanese were admitted to continental United States; in January, 1908, only 495 were admitted, and in June, 1908, only 446. In the last-mentioned month, the total number applying was 485, so that it was necessary to reject as inadmissible only thirty-nine.

With regard to the Chinese, it can be confidently stated that the best possible under adverse circumstances has been done. The Chinese exclusion law, so-called, has never been a wholly successful measure, and until it is relieved of its many unduly harsh and quite useless provisions, and is so changed as to furnish reasonably sure methods of keeping a record of lawfully resident and lawfully admitted Chinese, and of effecting the expulsion from this country of laborers who enter surreptitiously, no great amount of success in its enforcement need be anticipated. At the seaports and at the regular land-border posts of entry, the law has been enforced with exactitude, and the most strenuous efforts have been exerted to capture smugglers and smuggled Chinese along the land boundaries. So long, however, as Chinamen are practically safe after once reaching the interior, smuggling will continue to exist despite every effort exerted against it, and all that can be done is to leave no step untaken, feasible under the law, to prevent frauds and wholesale illegal entries. During the year 4,624 Chinese were regularly admitted at the ports, and 510 rejected. How many have evaded inspection along the land boundaries, despite the strenuous efforts of the officers, cannot, of course, be stated. But 912 have been apprehended within the country—the majority in districts on or immediately contiguous to such boundaries. Adding to these 912 those arrested in the previous year whose cases were not decided, 217, produces a total of 1,129 cases to be heard in the commissioners' or district courts. Of these, 477 were deported, 154 were discharged, fifty-three escaped or died, and no less than 445 cases were still pending (undetermined) at the close of the year. These figures are hardly susceptible of any other interpretation, especially when compared with those concerning the expulsion of aliens other than Chinese, than that the method provided is not adequate to meet the existing situation.

During the entire year a new law has been in existence, many of the provisions of which are more comprehensive and rigid than those of former statutes; and with the experience of a year to guide it, the Bureau anticipates a considerable advance in the efficiency of its work during the current twelve months. It does not propose to branch out upon any new enterprises; in fact, has no law which would justify such a procedure. But it does intend, guided by past experience and actuated by a high sense of duty, to proceed even more vigorously than heretofore with the execution of plans already inaugurated. Its endeavors have extended in every direction contemplated by the statutes under which it operates, which course it will continue hereafter, and special attention will be given to such provisions of the laws as are regarded as of the highest importance to an efficient administration.

A PRELUDE

TWAS along the brown slope through the low stunted firs
  That the little path lay.
Oh, the dew on the grape and salal was so white,
  Though the morning was gray;
And she loitered a little and wished that she knew
  What the lark had to say.

For he threw out two call-notes again and again,
  Both so soft and so clear,
Followed fast by a low liquid laughter of love,
  All so thrilling to hear,
That the hearts of the wake-robins pulsed 'neath her feet,
  And the brakes trembled near.

At the crest of the hill she met Guilbert, the man;
  He had nothing to say,
But he paused just a moment to search in her eyes,
  (Which he knew were but gray)
For the colors of rainbows that bloom in the mists
  In the mornings of May.

—*Margaret E. Coffin.*

THE DOCTORS' TRUST

STANDARD OIL BECOMES A MOLLYCODDLE BY COMPARISON

By CHARLES W. MILLER

(THIRD ARTICLE)

DURING the past few years the American people have been more or less disturbed by revelations regarding the Standard Oil Trust, but, after the talent and enthusiasm of Tarbell, Lawson and Hearst had been exhausted in exposing and berating that monster monopoly, there still remained the hard, cold fact that, since the Rockefeller interests monopolized the oil business, the price of kerosene has been reduced by two-thirds.

Were it possible to show such mitigating circumstances in favor of the Doctors' Trust, there might be less cause for complaint; but, when it appears that the tendency of this trust—the meanest trust—is to increase the cost of medical service in about the same ratio that the price of oil has been reduced by the Standard, the offense of the latter seems by comparison to be merely the offense of a mollycoddle. And when we consider that the schemes of extortion of the Doctors' Trust are directed exclusively against the sick, the maimed, the weak and the helpless, —against those who should and do inspire their non-professional neighbors to eager acts of sacrifice and generosity—it is quite easy to invest even Rockefeller with a crown of glory; and quite as difficult to think of the official fee-booster of the American Medical Association (the Doctors' Trust) as other than a modern Fagin drilling a large and interested class in a polite method of robbing the sick.

* * * *

I have before me three medical fee bills that illustrate the growth of greed of the Doctors' Trust. All are agreements entered into by Iowa doctors. That the doctors of other states have similar agreements I know, and I have every reason to believe that in some states the fee bills are higher and more unreasonable than those in Iowa—a medical slave state. The first of these fee bills was subscribed to by the physicians of Bloomington (now Muscatine) in the year 1841, and therein I read that for giving exclusive attendance upon a patient, all night or all day, a physician would exact a fee of five dollars. In a fee bill dated thirty-nine years later I find that for "extraordinary detention" the physicians of the Bremer County Medical Society exacted fifty cents an hour in addition to the charge for the call, which was one dollar if in the day time, and one dollar and a half if in the night time. The advance was about in keeping with the advances made in the price of other kinds of services meanwhile. Both of these bills, be it remembered, were adopted by local organizations many years before a state or national schedule of fees had even been suggested. The third fee bill is one which appears to have been approved at an executive session of the Iowa Medical Association in 1905. This was only a few years after the national medical monopoly, the Doctors' Trust, had assumed concrete form. In this fee bill, the adoption of which resulted in the indictment of the members of the Bremer County Medical Society (which indictment they wiggled out of on the grounds that, being really a labor union, the Iowa anti-trust law did not affect them) the charge per hour for "extraordinary detention" which had been fifty cents, was advanced to from two dollars to five dollars per hour. This is a fair sample of the advances made all along the line.

Thus it will be seen that the public, whose welfare is always proclaimed as the foremost concern of the claqueurs of the Doctors' Trust, so far from having gained any reduction in the cost of medical service as the result of medical monopoly, is now called upon to pay largely increased fees. And this is true regardless of the fact that modern methods of medical practice and means for the distribution of services, together with the economies that are directly due to the introduction of trust methods, make it possible for a physician to devote himself to half a dozen or more patients with as little exertion as was formerly required to devote himself to one.

* * * *

In 1870, when Standard Oil had become pretty thoroughly established as a monopoly, the best grade of its illuminating oil, then known as "Headlight," was retailed in railroad towns in Iowa at seventy-five cents per gallon. Today, its finest product of this character, known as "Elaine," retails at the same points for from twenty to twenty-five cents per gallon, and the ordinary grade of kerosene is placed in merchants' tanks at less than nine cents per gallon. That Standard Oil has been able to make this remarkable reduction in the price of one of its staple products, and still practice extortion throughout the intervening years, may be, and no doubt is, entirely true. It is far from my purpose to make any defense of Standard Oil But, in view of the manner in which the amalgamated doctors have raised the figures of the ethical doctor's bill, the combination known as Standard Oil can fairly claim to be a genuinely beneficent, philanthropic and humanitarian institution. This would especially seem to be the case when it is considered that recent years have witnessed the introduction of quite as many and as great economies in the practice of medicine as have been introduced in the production and distribution of oil.

The Iowa doctor of forty years ago traveled his territory astride of a horse, or perched upon a buckboard, over roads that were hardly worthy of the name. He sat long beside the patient while he diagnosed his case, or often absorbed in deep reflection as to its proper treatment. His decision made, he wrote with painstaking care a prescription calculated to produce the most helpful result, and dispensed from his bag only that which the emergency, and the reassurance of the patient and his family, seemed to require.

The doctor of today is whisked over splendid roads in a four-cylinder automobile. With all his patients who will stand for it, he installs a professional nurse, whose score-card tells him what has been done and just what is needed. Where the professional nurse has been ensconced, his calls can be as brief as party calls. The telephone keeps him in touch with his patients and his office as well. When he lays out his route for his country visits in the morning, he leaves with his office boy a schedule showing exactly where he may be found during his absence. If a patron calls during his swing around the circle, and seems exceedingly worried, the office boy gets his master on the line and turns the receiver over to the worried one. Then something like this transpires:

"Good-morning, Mrs. Murphy. And how is Jimmie this morning?"

"Bad, doctor, very bad. And it's much worrit I am. The medicine is doing him no good. He is turning all green again. Will ye tell me what to do, doctor?"

"Ahem," gravely coughs the doctor into the transmitter. "Turning green, eh? Well, you see, that is a reflex symptom, but it is nothing alarming. I'll call this evening. But meantime cut out the green tablets and double up on the pink ones. Good-bye."

Whereupon the doctor, if he be loyal to the trust, produces his note book and enters thereon, as per General order No. 1, issued by Dr. J. N. McCormack, and promulgated in the January number of the *Iowa State Medical Journal*, the following:

"March 31. Mrs. Murphy. Advice by telephone. $1."

And if the modern doctor be case-hardened in his loyalty to the organization, he has yet another new advantage that counts for more than all the rest, being to him of really greater service than the pipe line is to Standard Oil. This is the arrangement by which he has all of his thinking done for him in the national temple of medical wisdom—the headquarters of the American Medical Association—at 103 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago. The custodians of the professional brains, located at the above address, not only prescribe the thoughts he shall think, but the medicine with which he shall treat his patients. In his laboratory are several rows of bottles containing pills, tablets and liquid solutions, appropriately labeled "For Cough," "Tonic," etc., which have been O. K.'d by the "Council of Pharmacy and Chemistry" of the American Medical Association, and which are calculated to meet every emergency. These are called "pharmaceutical preparations" when sold to the doctor, but would be called "patent medicines" if advertised in country papers like mine, and sold to the people. Thus an ethical doctor (he cannot be "ethical" unless he belongs to the trust) is relieved of the brainfag caused by composing prescriptions and the necessity of study.

* * * *

Let it not be understood that I seek to convey the impression that all members of the Doctors' Trust have become mere sloths and automatons, for such is not the case. I do not doubt that a very large number are still students and investigators, men who are in love with their profession and true to its highest ideals. Such as these are generally too much occupied with their patients and their books to give much thought to the work of running the trust. They belong to it because their comfort and convenience seem to require that they should, and they follow the line of least resistance. They do not relish the prospect of being classed as "outlaws," which is the term often applied to doctors who dare to think for themselves. They have a wholesome fear of the disgrace of being haled before the State Board of Medical Examiners for the infraction of some nonsensical decree that conscience and the decent consideration of their patients often makes necessary. They do not care to hazard their certificates to practice medicine, which, owing to the complete domination of the trust over the State Board, are at once in danger. It is the growing unrest among this class of physicians—their gradual awakening to the realization that, if their calling is to be saved from utter bedevilment, its interests must be wrested from the medical sharps who are hastening it in this direction—that gives hope that reform may come from the inside and save the people from the dominion of the medical oligarchy even before they fully awaken to save themselves.

Already such an awakening has apparently begun. A noted Chicago physician has taken up the cudgels against the individual around whom the medical trust revolves—Dr. George H. Simmons, its secretary, and editor of the journal of the American Medical Association. It has been shown that the trust Poo-Bah was an "advertising specialist" before he joined the association, which was about the time it ceased to be the kind of an organization it had been for many years, and took on a commercial aspect.

To return to the subject of medical greed and to show what is contemplated in a financial way, I reproduce the fee bill promulgated last fall by Dr. J. N. McCormack, and for the benefit of NATIONAL readers who do not know Dr. McCormack I will say that he is the high-salaried walking delegate and official lobbyist of the American Medical Association. He is also Secretary of the Kentucky State Board of Health, a position he has held for a great many years, for *one* of his specialties is *politics*, and he is a very valuable man for the Doctors' Trust.

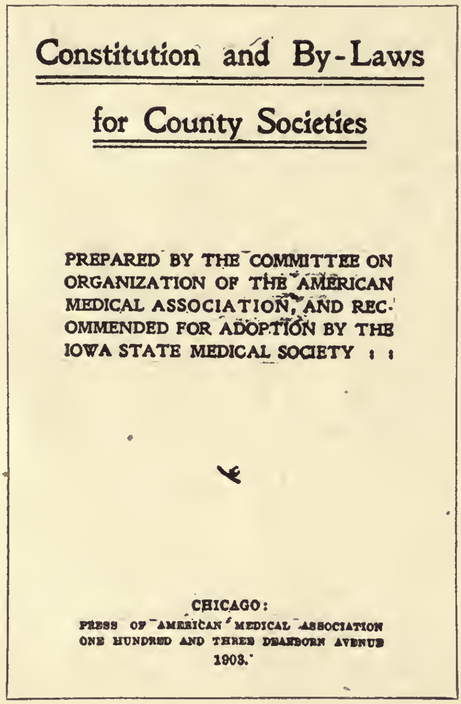
The order previously referred to, issued by McCormack, with relation to the fee bill was reprinted, with editorial approval, in the January number of the *Iowa State Medical Journal*, which particular issue of the magazine was safeguarded from too promiscuous perusal by a price of $1.50. The regular price is twenty cents. While the document does not profess to be an "order," such it is in substance, and to some extent even in form, as witness this sentence: "For the convenience and benefit of both the profession and its patients monthly collections, in so far as possible, are requested in the future." The following schedule is "suggested," the word being italicized by the editor of the *Medical Journal* so that the organization members may know that it means something stronger than its mere spelling implies:

SCHEDULE OF MEDICAL FEES FOR —— COUNTY.

1.	Day visit in town	$ 2.00
2.	Night visit in town	3.00
3.	Day visit in country, first mile, $2.00; each after mile, one way	1.00
4.	Night visit in country, first mile, $3.00; each after mile, one way	1.50
5.	Ordinary office examination and advice	1.00
6.	Complete examination and advice	5.00
7.	Advice or prescription by telephone	1.00
8.	Obstetric case, uncomplicated, not over 6 hours	15.00
9.	Life insurance examinations	5.00
10.	Consultation, double ordinary visit.	
11.	Surgical and other special fees as may be arranged.	

One of the most striking instances where monopoly-impelled greed has overleaped itself as revealed in the above fee bill (which has probably been submitted to most, if not all, of the county medical societies in the United States) is in the proposed charge for mileage.

In the Bloomington fee bill of 1841, adopted in a village surrounded by an almost unbroken wilderness, it is shown that the rate was fifty cents per mile for day travel and seventy-five cents for night travel, and this rate has remained unchanged up to the present time, notwithstanding that improved roads and improved methods of locomotion make it possible for a doctor to travel ten miles as quickly as he could formerly travel one. Now the official order is made, not to divide the benefit of this economy between the doctor and his patient, but to mulct the patient in a mileage fee increased a full hundred per cent.



Constitution and By-Laws

for County Societies

PREPARED BY THE COMMITTEE ON ORGANIZATION OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, AND RECOMMENDED FOR ADOPTION BY THE IOWA STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY : :

CHICAGO:
PRESS OF AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
ONE HUNDRED AND THREE DEARBORN AVENUE
1903.

(*Facsimile*)
"ONE SET OF RULES BINDS ALL"

Occasionally I read of a multimillionaire whose income is reckoned at a dollar a minute, but the Croesus whose income is of such proportions is rare indeed. A mile in two minutes is not an unusual pace for a doctor's automobile, and as he whizzes over a country road reeling mileage fees into his pocket at the rate prescribed by the American Medical Association fee bill, he will be touching the high places in the realm of finance, such as his average patients attain only in delirious fevers.

It would be interesting to know what the farm readers of the National think of this new mileage proposition. I apprehend that most of them have come to regard a doctor's bill under the schedule now in vogue as an economic monstrosity. Recently I heard a member of President Roosevelt's Country Life Commission say that one of the most frequent complaints that had come to that body related to the excessive cost of medical service on the farm. A few weeks' illness for a farm hand, he said, could easily mean the sacrifice of his wages for a year. What a long spell of doctor-attended illness means for the farmer himself under the terms of the Trust fee bill can be easily estimated. If he lived eight or ten miles from the doctor, it would mean an economic setback equal to a crop failure or a fire.

For attending a case of obstetrics the fee bill of 1841 shows that a doctor charged but $5. The fee bill of 1880 still holds this amount as the minimum and $10 as the maximum charge. In the fee bill of 1906, adopted after the Doctors' Trust was well established, appears this item: "Obstetrical attendance (uncomplicated), day mileage in all cases, $15 to $25." Now this suggests a phase of the race suicide question that President Roosevelt appears to have entirely overlooked, and quite an important one, I think. If fewer babies are born now than thirty years ago, may it not be because of the greed of the Doctors' Trust that multiplies by three the cost of ushering them into the world?

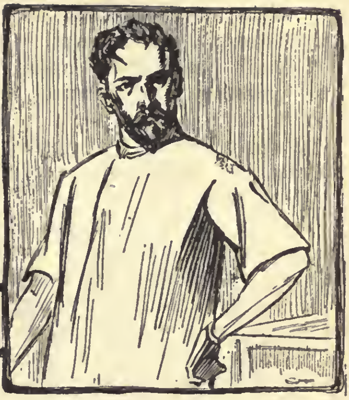
DO IT NOW

From the book "Heart Throbs."

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

—*Stephen Grellet.*

The Hero of the Knife



By Maude C. Keator

WHEN Eugenia Worth first called on Doctor Gault at his office for the purpose of persuading him to recommend her to his patients as a masseuse, she was somewhat taken aback by his reception.

He had glanced frowningly over her letters of recommendation and diploma, then back again to her whimsical little face.

"You graduated here in New York?"

"Yes."

"Your letters speak well of you, but—well, I should judge one might as well engage a mosquito for the work," he objected bluntly.

She smiled good-naturedly, holding out slim, strong little hands.

"I assure you, Doctor, that I'm stronger than I look. I have quite a few patients, but I want more. Doctor Collins has recommended me to quite a few of his patients and he thought possibly you might need the services of a reliable masseuse."

"Ah, yes, reliable, that's it," he grumbled, flashing a swift look of inquiry in her direction.

She had thought him very uncivil as well as unsympathetic. Nor did his appearance tend to lessen the impression of harshness. Tall, almost angular, his deep-set blue eyes, snapping beneath his overhanging dark brows, his black hair clinging lankly to his high narrow forehead and his straight mouth set tensely with the angle of his combative jaw, gave an impression of harsh, persistent strength. There was no saving sense of humor; his soul seemed to look only at the tragedy of life.

"I've been looking for a reliable masseuse for some time," he informed her at last, "and I'll try you."

So saying, he scribbled some names and addresses on a slip of paper and gave it to her.

"Miss Perkins is troubled with obesity—iron her out," he directed tersely. "Miss Rhodes has nervous prostration from sheer idleness. Poke her in the ribs and tickle her feet. Make her laugh—a laugh is better than a dose of medicine. Mrs. Cain is gouty, so wiggle her toes and pinch her shins till she screams. She'll be angry, but you tell her it's the doctor's orders. I'll have it out with her. Miss Stirling, the next on the list, is troubled with a dropsical ego—brain affected. She imagines she is some better than the rest of us poor mortals. Tell her that you're the Queen of America and she will condescend to permit you to treat her."

"Yes, doctor," she answered, trying to keep her face grave.

"And don't overdo. Drop in here in about a week and report. Good-morning."

Before she had had time to thank him, he had ushered her out.

That was the beginning. From time to time she had called and he had given her a new list of names, rasped out a few directions and nervously hurried her out.

There came a time when Eugenia walked into his office more slowly than her wont and waited her turn in the waiting room with the patients. When she, being the last, was ushered into the private office by the prim, white-capped nurse, he glanced up at her sternly.

"Well?"

"Doctor, while working over a patient this morning, I fainted twice."

"What?" he roared, leaping to her side and grabbing at her wrist, "how dared you?"

"I don't know," she giggled nervously, "I just did. Awful, wasn't it?"

"Disgraceful!"

Then as if to make the matter worse Eugenia heaved a deep sigh, turned pale and fell in a little heap at Doctor Gault's feet.

He stooped and lifted her, and his face was as pallid as her own.

"Nurse," he called tremulously, as he placed her on a couch by an open window.

An hour later Eugenia issued from the office to the waiting room followed by the doctor. She looked very pale and delicate standing beside his taller height, but the sweet face was calm and brave and the dark head was tilted defiantly.

"I want your verdict," she said, "I want it straight from the shoulder without frills."

"I'm not used to using frills," he resented harshly.

"You are not," she agreed, with her laughing eyes turned on him. "You are a typical doctor—a harsh cure-all, but effective."

But someway he seemed more nervous than usual. He walked quickly back and forth frowningly, his gaze bent on the carpet. Presently he paused and faced her severely.

"It's an operation," he rasped out, "and it will keep you in bed ten weeks—probably."

"Then—" her voice was steady.

"Then you'll be a semi-invalid for a year. No work, absolutely none, just rest and quiet."

"And if the operation is postponed, say three years, what then?"

"Hopeless then, or worse," he added significantly.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Then I'll try the three years of life. I'm too poor to afford an operation, Doctor Gault."

"But I'll see that you're given care free of charge at one of the best hospitals," he answered in a tone of finality.

"It is impossible," she said, quietly. "You see—you'll forgive me for my confidences, doctor—but there's my family. I've a growing brother and an invalid sister to support. They must be fed. Scott's eleven now, and I reason that in about three years he'll be better able to face life and help support Margaret because—" the brave eyes dropped—"because he's such a plucky kidling. If I can last till then, why, it's all right. You see I could not afford to remain idle a year before returning to work—my family would not—not flourish very well."

"But—great heavens; haven't I told you—it's death?"

"Then it's death. I will not mind so very much when Scott can take care of Margaret. You see, I just couldn't die and leave things so—so unsatisfactory—my house not in order. I think the worst sting of death is in the thought of the things one leaves undone. Don't you?"

The doctor's face was white and he was swinging back and forth across the floor, his long legs expressively describing his perturbed state of mind.

"See here, I'll see to the expenses, Miss Worth, and you can pay me back in your own time."

"You're very kind," she whispered tremulously, "but I can't accept."

"In heaven's name, why?" he demanded angrily. "Don't be foolish."

"I'm not."

"You've got to submit," he cried out savagely. "Great God, I'd be your murderer if I let this go while there's a fighting chance now. Besides, the world needs just such—such trumps as you; it can't spare you. Who'll do—do the pinching act—those poor foolish women need you, and"—his face was thunderous—"I can't spare you!"

"You!" There was surprise in the soft brown eyes turned to him. "You?"

He gazed down at her steadily. "I suppose you think it strange that a hardened duffer like me has any heart—sympathy, but I have. I tell you I can't spare you because—because—you've given me a higher opinion of womankind. No; I'm not a woman-hater, thank God, but it's only because I happen to have an angel for a mother. And I'm asking you, for her sake—in her name, will you consent to my help? Let me call her."

But she thrust out a frantic hand and there was a sob in her voice as she cried: "No, no, please. It isn't fair—two against one. Don't you understand? I don't owe a dollar; I've always been independent. I've—"

"Do you think you're just?" he interrupted hotly, "to yourself, your family—to me? Do you think you're showing good common sense to hold up such foolish scruples for the sake of a few miserable dollars?"

"No doubt it seems foolish and silly to you, but I tell you now, to sit in idleness and know that you were doing my work, caring for my family, would break my heart. I simply couldn't, that's all. Besides there is no hope that I could repay you in any reasonable time when all I am doing now is keeping our heads above water."

Again he strode across the room and back again. He paused beside her and gazed down earnestly.

"Will you be my wife?"

She started indignantly.

"I did not think that you thought quite so meanly of me, Doctor Gault. Do you think I'd accept that sacrifice—oh, you make a sniveling coward of me!"

"But if I told you that I loved you?"

She shook her head and laughed. "You can't deceive me that way, doctor. Besides, if that were so, I should refuse more strenuously than ever."

He turned away dejectedly. She caught him by the hand and shook it convulsively. "I must go now, and I want to thank you, but there are no words—none!"

"You will call Monday for treatment as usual. At least you will let me do all that is possible to put off the fatal day?" he asked anxiously.

To this she agreed. Then she bade him good-bye and went home.

The Monday following, according to agreement, Eugenia called at the doctor's office. She waited her turn, for the waiting room was filled with patients and she was the last to arrive. She seated herself in a comfortable chair and picked up a magazine. But she did not read. She fingered the leaves nervously and listened to the opening and the closing of the office door, as the patients came and went. She heard snatches of their deferential conversation. "Yes, doctor, so kind of you. Thanks."

She was aware that their tones vexed her; they were so obviously sweet.

Her slender fingers sank deep into the satiny folds of the upholstered chair and clung there. She became more fully conscious of the luxury surrounding her, and the ease and comfort in store for the woman the doctor should marry.

Looking back, the events of the past month seemed like a dream. He had asked her to marry him out of the Quixotic chivalry of his big self—he, Carlton Gault, the eminent physician and surgeon. Supposing she had been weak or unprincipled enough to consent? Supposing she had loved him? Thank God, for his sake, that she did not.

And yet the chair was very soft and comfortable, and she was very tired. There was Scott who needed so many things—and Margaret! If the operation was performed, she might live many years—many years. And yet again, supposing she died!

The pleasant-faced nurse approached her softly and touched her on the arm.

"The doctor is waiting."

Eugenia rose hastily and followed the nurse to the office. The doctor greeted her quietly and then turned to the nurse.

"You can begin preparing the east room, nurse. Have all the furniture taken out and the wall and floor disinfected."

After she had left the room he turned to Eugenia and looked at her gravely.

"I'm going to pay a debt that I owe you."

She lifted wondering eyes. "A debt that you owe me. You're speaking in riddles. Am I to guess?"

She pulled off her gloves as she spoke and removed her hat.

"No; because you could never guess. I told you, did I not, that the world could not spare you? I mentioned the fact that you had helped me."

"Please, Doctor," she protested, flushing.

"Well," he continued, "I hope you'll forgive me, but the operation is booked to go on."

"Go on—" she repeated in amazement—"you mean—"

"I mean that I've engaged two extra nurses and two of the greatest surgeons to assist me here Wednesday. I think with all that help and skill, we'll pull you through."

She looked at him with frightened eyes. "I—I don't quite understand."

"Arrangements have been made to operate on you here, Wednesday."

"Is this a jest, Doctor Gault?" she demanded, indignantly.

"It is not."

"I think it takes two to make a bargain," she scoffed.

"In this case," he replied, composedly, "only one; that's me."

Her eyes flashed, but she answered steadily. "I think you are making a mistake, Doctor. I thought you a friend; instead, you're an enemy."

She lifted her hat from the table and turned to the mirror. "I'll not trouble you again, Doctor."

"You need not take the trouble to put your hat on, Miss Worth," he informed her politely, "because it is not necessary."

"I never knew you were so heartless and unfeeling as to jest in this manner," she resented, whirling on him angrily. Then she fell back in amazement.

Doctor Gault stood before the door with his arms stretched across, barring her exit. The suggestive pose as well as his determined manner filled her with apprehension.

"Doctor Gault, will you stand aside, please?"

His face flushed, and he bowed gravely. "I'm sorry to disoblige you, but I can't. You see I've not your promise that you'll return Wednesday. And the arrangements have been made. Will you give your word to return—if I let you go?"

"I will not," she flung out wrathfully.

"Then you will have to be content to accept the hospitality of my mother and myself, Miss Worth."

For one brief instant she stared at him. "You mean that you'll hold me here—against my will—a prisoner?" she demanded, skeptically.

"Not exactly a prisoner," he objected, with a shake of his head; "that is an ugly word—just a guest, an honored guest."

She stood wide-eyed and trembling in the center of the room. Her gaze never left his face.

"Do you realize the penalty of operating without the patient's consent?" she asked at last, in a low voice.

"I do."

"Do you know the penalty for—for abduction?"

"I've considered everything," he answered grimly.

"I tell you that I don't want this operation. It's horrible to—to be forced into it like this! I won't have it," she cried excitedly. "It is my life," she flung out, "mine—"

"And the world's," he remonstrated.

"You—you coward," she flashed, tensely, then winced as the blow struck him. Something in the patient agony of his face gripped her sympathy despite herself.

"I'm trying not to be a coward," he said huskily, his face averted.

For a moment there was silence. Then he straightened and set his lips firmly. "Now if you'll sit down and write a note of explanation to your brother and sister, I'll carry it to them personally and see that they are looked after. No, there will be no escaping," he remarked as he saw her expression brighten, "mother and the nurses have their orders to watch day and night."

"Doctor, you're facing a big thing—supposing I should die?"

She noticed that a gray pallor overspread his face.

"I'll not let you," he cried out savagely. Then he strode across the room and touched the bell button.

When the nurse answered his ring, he motioned to Eugenia.

"Are you ready to go up to my mother, Miss Worth?"

For an instant she hesitated and glanced helplessly around. Then she straightened and followed the nurse to the door. On the threshold she paused and looked back.

"I suppose I should thank you for your interest and your trouble, Doctor Gault, but I can't. I feel that you haven't played quite fair to trap me so. I can't forgive you!"

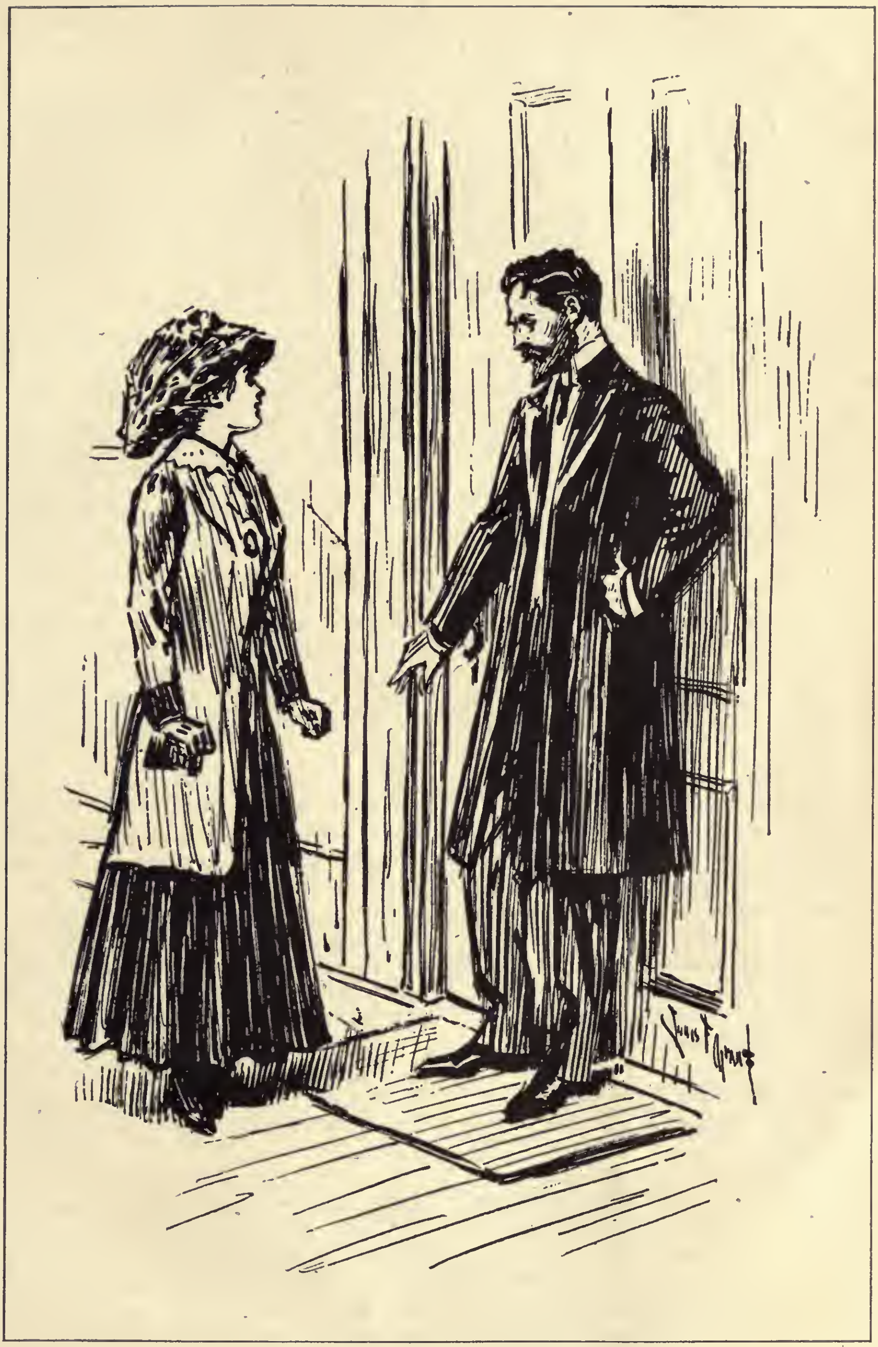
"I hope, later, that you will see things differently, and at least give me credit for the courage of my convictions," he answered gently, as she closed the door between them.

The nurse had prepared Eugenia for the operation and she sat in her room in a loose white gown waiting for the summons.

She could hear the murmur of voices, and the occasional twang of an instrument in the adjoining room. She shivered involuntarily and clasped her hands against her cold cheeks.

The door of the improvised operating room swung open and revealed four waiting ghosts, white-gowned, white-capped and white-masked. Gault entered briskly. He, too, was all in white, save that he had taken the mask from his face and held it in his hand. He looked like some tall priest in his garments of prayer. His face shone strong and clear-cut, but pale as Eugenia's own.

For a moment he looked at her tensely, questioningly, and it was as if they gazed at each other across the shadow of a grave.



"You mean to hold me here a prisoner?"

Then her glance swept beyond him into the room where death seemed waiting.

"I—I am afraid," she whispered, with a little wail of anguish. "It is the knife—the cutting! I'm not brave at all; I'm a coward —a coward!"

Her tortured eyes burrowed into his very soul, sharp, cutting as the scalpel he wielded.

He took her hands and held them firmly.

"Eugenia, you're going to sleep—just sleep and have pleasant dreams. To you there will be no knives, no cutting, only dreams. Besides, there's something I want you to find—a rare flower which sometimes grows in the Garden of Ether."

He was gazing down intently, so intently that she wondered. He opened the door of the adjoining room. A blaze of sunlight goldened the bare floor. She was dimly conscious of the silent white figures, the towels, basins, and the pungent odor of disinfectants, but the first fear had left her numbed, almost senseless.

The nurses assisted her to the table and arranged her in a comfortable position as Gault stationed himself at her left side and gazed down intently.

She looked up at him and forced a smile to her quivering lips by way of encouragement, just to show him that now at the last she bore him no ill will for his Quixotic method of life-saving.

It occurred to her then that his profession could not be an agreeable one. She remembered the evening before how his mother had tenderly called him her hero of the knife.

Suddenly she comprehended the greatness of his calling—all the anxiety, patience, strength, delicacy, heroism it required. The thought thrilled her and quick tears filled her eyes.

One of the assistants placed the cone over her mouth and nose just as Gault bent over her.

"Breathe deeply and dream pleasant dreams in the garden. You'll find wonderful things there. Don't forget to look for the flower I mentioned. The name is—"

She watched his lips as they framed the last word silently and wondered what it was. Her heart seemed in her throat and the biting odor of the ether sickened her. The lazy song of a thousand bees was humming in her ears. Some one lifted an eyelid and passed a finger over her eye. She intended to tell them that she knew what was going on yet—then there was a sharp click like the shutting of a telephone receiver.

She was wandering through a misty garden searching for the echo of the word Gault had whispered. What was it? Murmurs of sound came rolling in like waves on a shore, tinkling with a thousand elusive suggestions. The color of the word was pink, but should she ever be able to call it by an earth name and carry it back to him?

She wondered why words were colored; it was confusing to have this new language thrust upon her without preparation. But she should not worry about it, the sun was shining too brightly to fret. There were the wonderful castles to visit—castles of lace with a fret-work of gold and pearls. She passed up the corridor to the room straight ahead. She trod softly, for the floor was so delicate she feared to break through. There was no need of windows when the walls were only a tracery of ferns and roses through which the soft rays of golden sunlight fell. All was light and pink with a luminous beauty she had never seen before. And everywhere was the flower he had asked her to find—the pink flower she could not name.

Then from a great distance there came a jangle of voices, mingled with a dull humming. Something was tugging at her wrist, something she tried to shake off, but which held her as in a vice.

She opened her eyes slowly, wonderingly. Gault knelt by the bed. Across the white sheets she saw that his arm was fastened to hers. His face was pale and his eyes glazed. The two surgeons looked anxious.

"Heavens, Gault," remonstrated one, "you can't give more and live!"

She heard Gault's teeth shut with a snap. "She must have more blood and it shall be mine!"

She struggled to keep awake, to remonstrate, but her eyes closed and once more she drifted away to wander through the lace palace. This time she climbed higher up a winding stair to a turret where she could look down on the beauty of the country.

Again she was aroused by a voice from a great distance.

"Eugenia, Eugenia!" And yet again more insistently: "Eugenia, Eugenia!"

She opened her eyes and smiled faintly into Gault's worn face.

"Let me go, I'm looking for something. There, I've lost my castle! Let me go," she cried pettishly.

"You can't go, Eugenia."

"And you'd bring me back to—this?" Wonder and indignation were expressed in the weak voice.

Gault held her gaze steadily.

"There is Scottie and Margaret — and my love to hold you! You've got to help me fight — fight — " he cried through set teeth.

Again she drifted away, but always something held her back—something she could not remember. Again she awakened, this time stronger, more in her normal mind.

"It will be all right now," he assured her. "Thank God!"

She gazed at his pallid face and down to his bandaged arm.

"Why did you do it?"

"What?"

"Give me your blood."

He flushed and stammered. "Why, you lost so much during the operation that—that you would have died." He paused, his lips trembling. "I want to tell you now, Eugenia, in justification for my seeming barbarous act, that I found your condition needed quick and strenuous measures. As it was, we nearly lost you."

For a long time she was silent, gathering strength to speak.

"I—I found it," she triumphed at last.

"What, Eugenia?"

"The flower you sent me in search of—in the Garden of Ether."

He bent over her breathlessly, a question in his eyes.

"It was love," she whispered, solemnly. And a tear rolled down her waxen cheek and fell on his bandaged arm.

HOME-MADE COOKIES

Home-made cookies, um yum! Can't you smell 'em now?
Can't you see your mother, happy sweat upon her brow,
A-bendin' o'er the bake-board, and rollin' 'em out thin,
Then openin' up the oven and a shovin' of 'em in?

Home-made cookies, um yum! Such a lot of shapes
There were made out of cookies—rabbits, dogs and apes,
And birdies, big and little, 'most alive enough to sing,
And maybe elephants and cats and just 'bout everything.

Home-made cookies, um yum! Crisp and nice and brown,
Our hearts would sing with rapture as we gulped the cookies down.
We'd go out to the grapevine, and there we'd sit and swing,
With pockets full of cookies, far happier than a king.

Home-made cookies, um yum! Can't you taste 'em yet?
Don't they make you homesick till you find your eyes are wet?
And stealin' down into our hearts, and knockin' till they ache,
Is the memory of cookies, like mother used to bake.

—*Dora M. Hepner*

O Crystal Night*

I SING tonight the marriage chimes
The gracious dates, the happy times,
Of wedding anniversary chimes.
The crystal chimes,
The silver chimes.
The mellowed tones of golden chimes.
And sweet for thee of whom I sing,
May all the bells of concord ring.
The silver chimes,
The golden chimes.
As twice have rung the older chimes.

* * *

FIVE times three years depart, and then
The early chimes of crystal ring;
The wedding chimes recall again
And end the budded marriage spring.
In household trees the robin sings,
The swallow comes on purple wings,
The May time deepens into June;
In lustrous skies hangs low the moon.
The lilacs toss in scented air.
Red grows the peach tree, white the pear,
And o'er the mossy orchard wall,
The orchard's flaky blossoms fall.
Love's song may change to lullabies.
Her kisses fall on little eyes,
And cares and prayers be multiplied,
If so it be, if so it be,
Ring sweet, ring sweet,
O crystal chimes,
And bring the blithe-lipped
Silver chimes.

WHEN five and twenty years are spent,
Love's silver chimes shall fill the air,
And time shall answer half thy life's prayer,
And life shall pitch her half-way tent.
The fireflies then at dewy eve,
Their threads of gold no more shall weave,
The roses shall fall, the crowned sheaves shine;
The emerald clusters fill with wine,
The silver on thy fair child's brow,
Against thy silver locks may bow;
And it may be as years have rolled
The bell some household life has tolled;
Some heart to whom thy breast did yearn,
God's hands have covered with the fern.
Some early go away, some late,
Some long to guard the fireside wait,
And some must follow—it is well,
Strike tenderly, O funeral bell;
May warm love greet you when the chimes
Shall ring their five and twenty times.

* * *

THE golden chimes of fifty years;
Few hear the golden chimes, and yet
Some wear time's silver coronet,
Before the brighter crown appears,
Serenely their life's autumn light
Falls on the azure verge of night.
Before the North wind in the skies,
Spring's purple swallow voiceless flies,
The crowns of later harvests burn,
The violets blue to gentians turn.
The tides of love still onward flow,
Before the fire young faces glow,

And multiplied, the joy of years
In children's children's smiles appears.
The lips of age still warm lips press,
And drink the wine of happiness.
In Simeon's song of praise of old,
The joy that fills the heart is told.
The cradle by the arm-chair stands.
And little hands clasp wrinkled hands.

* * *

OH, long for thee may other years,
Of harvest life be given.
And all the chimes salute thy ears,
That tell the gifts of heaven.
The silver chimes,
The golden chimes,
As twice have rung the older chimes.

* * *

AND are these other chimes to ring
In life's cymballium, when sweet
The nola bells of childhood's morns
And youth's melodious carillons,
And marriage bells, that ring between
The signum bells and bells compline,
The melodies of time complete?
Fair hands may set the marriage clock,
What time we never can forget;
No key the future can unlock,
No hand the clock of death may set.
O chimes, more sweet than crystal chimes,
O chimes, more sweet than silver chimes,
Or mellowness of golden chimes!

I HEAR the Hebrew prophet sing
Of Beulah's land, where married are
All constant hearts, and John proclaim
Upon the lone Aegean sea
The marriage supper in Christ's name,
And speak of melodies afar,
Celestial bells of mystery.
You journey toward far Salem's wall,
From youth's fair land of Galilee.
One day, one day, life's tent will fall
Before God's temple gate. O ye
Who vows begin and vows renew,
And happy years of life review,
May Love's sweet chimes,
At all her times,
Where'er life's tent of peace may be,
Be rung for thee,
Be rung for thee,
Till life shall end, and after life
The bells of immortality—
The crystal chimes,
The silver chimes,
The melodies of golden chimes,
And those sweet bells,
For thee, for thee,
That fell upon the Aegean sea.

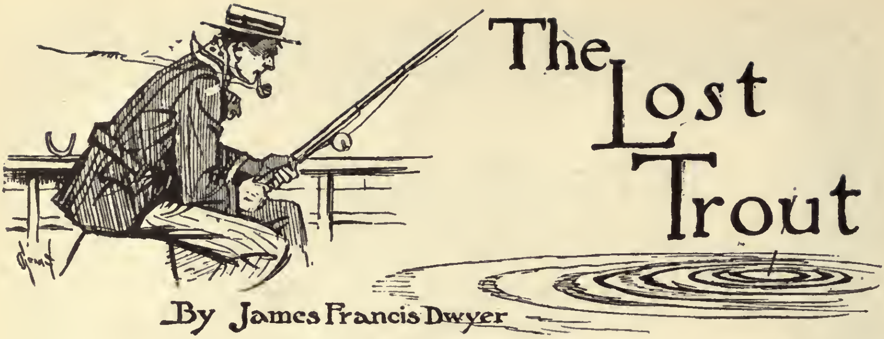
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

* * *

* Written by the late Hezekiah Butterworth to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mitchell Chapple on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding day.

The Lost Trout

By James Francis Dwyer



ON one point only can I claim originality. It is in the knowledge that I am a fool. Ten thousand times have I tested myself with the same result, and in claiming originality through the possession of such knowledge, I put forward the indisputable fact that few men who might be justly placed in the class to which I am certain I belong, are aware of their own defects. When the majority attempt a stocktaking of their own wisdom supply, Vanity fakes the figures and elbows Truth into the background. But I know that my stupidity is unfathomable, and, furthermore, I have never tried to hide this fact from others. I am wrong in that last assertion. I tried to hide it from Alathea, and the unsuccessful attempt makes my story.

Alathea's father rented the summer cottage adjoining my little bungalow, and over the stone wall which separated the grounds I saw Alathea's big sunbonnet bobbing backward and forward during the early days of August. I knew that her name was Alathea from the first day when the automobile from the village, which brought their belongings, came tooting into my solitude. Her mother possessed a shrill tenor voice, and when she flung the word "Alathea" into the crooning east wind it was carried over my little home out on to the waters of The Lake of Ten Thousand Shadows.

The waters took a liking to the name, and this seemed strange to my poor intelligence. The little wavelets repeated the word again and again as they crumpled up on the silver sand before my door, and then scurried hurriedly back as if ashamed of their own boldness. They sobbed it through the hot mornings, through the drowsy afternoons and moonlit nights.

There was no likelihood of me forgetting the name if the lake was silent. The great sunbonnet, which flopped around like a big white moth, disclosed sections of Alathea's face to me as I lay under the pine trees near our dividing line, and as I pieced the sections together in my mind I discovered that they had a disturbing effect. The completed picture stirred my feeble wit to concoct plans for making Alathea's acquaintance, and I plotted ceaselessly as I watched the reflection of my fishing rod in the sapphire-blue waters of the lake.

One afternoon my subconscious mind startled me by thrusting a plan into the light of the conscious. Alathea's father did not fish, and my inner self urged me to make my acquaintance with my neighbors through the medium of part of my catch. To me, lacking courage and afflicted with an insane desire to commit foolish deeds, the plan seemed a bold one, but the sobbing of the waves and the mental picture of Alathea's face nerved me to make an effort to gain her friendship. In the bottom of the boat were seven shining trout, and I determined to use them as a lever to force my way into Santuck Cottage. Hastily pulling ashore, lest the courage which had come to me so suddenly might as suddenly depart, I arranged the fish upon a dish and started to climb the rocky path leading to my neighbor's residence.

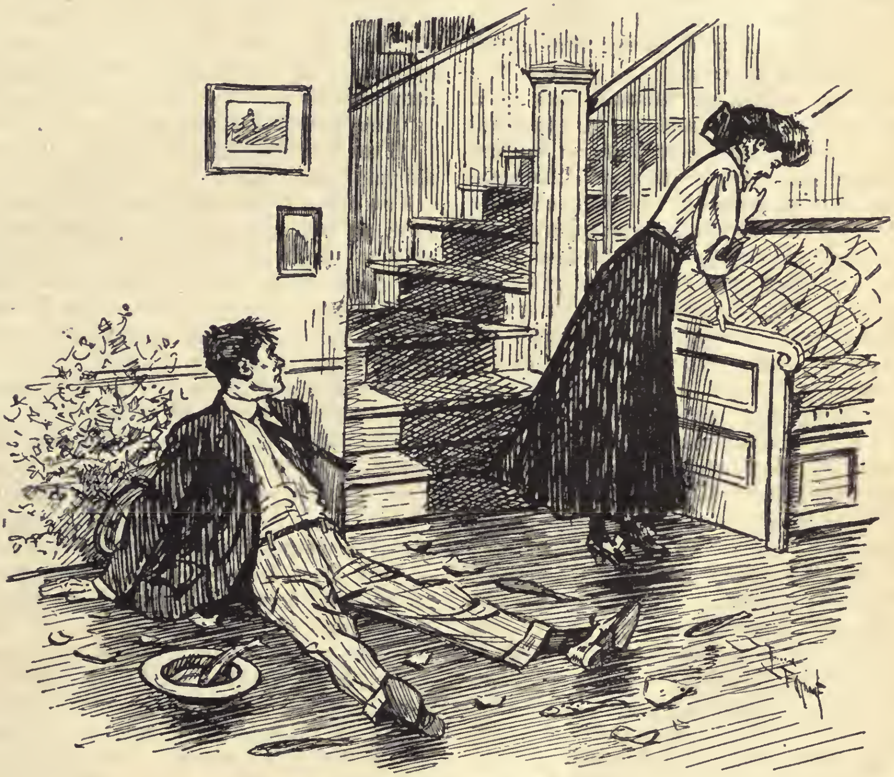
At every step of the journey I made mental changes in the few sentences which I intended to use when presenting the gift, yet the changes, though pleasing to my critical taste, did not produce any soothing effect upon my nerves. But I had firmly decided to present the fish, so, distributing the remnants of my courage over the last few yards of the journey, I knocked at the door.

Alathea answered it, and it was then that I started to give proof of my mental condition. In ten seconds I had given unmistakable proof of weak intellect; in half a minute I had earned the fool label with comparative ease. I tried to explain the object of my visit, but the words refused to follow each other in an orthographical queue which would give her an idea of my purpose. They climbed behind each other, side-stepped maliciously, and turned themselves by some peculiar chicanery into throaty gurgles which carried no meaning to the listener. The bungalow seemed to be calling me back to its friendly shelter, and an invisible thread came up from it and tugged me as I spluttered awkwardly. I was just on the point of stampeding wildly down the rocky slope when Alathea noticed the fish.

I bless Alathea for her action at that moment. In another second I would have been in full retreat down the hillside.

"Oh, how good of you!" she cried, stretching out her white shapely arms toward the dish of trout. "Mother and father are up at the village, but they will be delighted with your thoughtfulness."

I gave a great sigh of relief. Alathea evidently understood my mental condition and was helping me as best she could. The ill-natured attempts of my tongue had been foiled, but it had been a close shave. When I planned the visit as I fished on the silver lake it had all seemed so easy, but as I stood before Alathea, knowing full well that I was a fool, I was astounded at my courage.



"I sat down heavily upon the floor"

But the gulf of acquaintanceship had not yet been successfully bridged. There was still a chance for unkind Fate to sweep away the skeleton construction which I had erected, and Fate made the attempt. In my nervous haste to deliver the fish into Alathea's white hands, I held the dish at an inclined angle, and the slippery trout seized the opportunity to slide from the platter to the floor.

Alathea gave a little cry of alarm as she noted the disaster, and the next moment she repeated the exclamation with greater emphasis. I was responsible for the second cry as well as the first. She had stooped to pick up the fish which lay nearest to her, when an insane prompting urged me to make a grab at the same trout. Our heads collided with such force that I was thrown backward and sat down heavily upon the floor. I cannot imagine why I made an attempt to pick up the fish which Alathea reached for, but it is only one of the five-score daily actions of mine which convince me that my classification is correct when I speak of myself as a fool.

Alathea saved herself from falling. She staggered against the hatstand, and for a moment she stood rubbing her forehead and contemplating me as I sat in my undignified attitude upon the floor. Then she did what a healthy girl had a right to do under the circumstances—she commenced to laugh. She made the cottage echo with her merry peals and I was glad. Such an action on her part was novel to me, because my stupid blunders have an opposite effect upon the people who have been connected with the mishaps.

After she had exhausted her stock of merriment, Alathea looked up and down the hallway in search of the scattered fish, and then turned a merry face toward me.

"How many were there?" she asked smilingly.

"Seven," I answered ruefully, disengaging my coat from the limb of an ornamental tree which I had upset when falling.

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Alathea. "Seven is my unlucky number!"

"It is evidently mine also," I added dolefully, "but if I had brought six or eight, I think matters would have been just the same."

Alathea examined me with a critical eye, and it was evident that my pessimistic remarks did not please her.

"I am sure six or eight would not have proved unlucky," she retorted. "All my misfortunes have been connected with the figure seven."

I didn't answer. The hallway was rather gloomy and I looked round anxiously in search of the fish. Only two were visible, the other five having taken full advantage of the varnished floor in finding their way to out of the way corners.

"Where have they gone?" cried Alathea.

I stared around stupidly. "There were seven," I stammered.

"And now there are but two," she laughed.

Then we commenced to search. Alathea drew fish number three from beneath the hallstand, the fourth had skated to a place of hiding behind a large Japanese vase, while the fifth and sixth were found beneath the corner of the hall rug. But the seventh fish could not be found. It had disappeared mysteriously.

Alathea searched in silence for about ten minutes, then she straightened her back and looked at me inquiringly. "You are sure there were seven?" she questioned solemnly.

"I am positive," I affirmed.

"That horrible number," she cried. "Why did you bring seven?"

I endeavored to explain that I had seven fish in my boat when the thought of presenting some to her father first entered my brain, and, furthermore, I was in ignorance of the bad luck attending the number as far as she was individually concerned, but she interrupted me impatiently.

"We must search for it," she exclaimed. "My Persian kitten might find it."

"It wouldn't matter," I mumbled stupidly, "I—I can catch plenty more."

"You are horribly stupid," said Alathea. "I didn't cast any doubts upon your ability as a fisherman; I simply said that I did not wish my kitten to find the fish. I never give her any fish, because I am afraid she might choke herself with the bones."

I flung myself upon my knees and commenced to search diligently, in an endeavor to make amends for my ignorance regarding the diet of kittens and my clumsiness in upsetting the dish. But the trout had disappeared. Up and down the hallway I went slowly, but the search was in vain.

Fear lest the Persian kitten might meet its death through my stupid behavior spurred me on to fresh efforts. Imagination pictured the cat lying dead with the backbone of the missing trout crosswise in its throat, and knowing that such a disaster would bar me forever from Santuck Cottage, I searched industriously. I pulled the Oriental runner out of the hall and carried the Japanese vase and the heavy hallstand out on to the piazza, but there was no fish.

Alathea was tiring. When she commented

upon my unsuccessful attempts to locate the trout, I detected a note of sarcasm in her remarks, and I stopped for a moment in my search to stammer out an apology.

"I didn't mean to," I began, "I—I—"

"Oh, I understand," interrupted Alathea wearily. "Of course you didn't know seven was my unlucky number. How could you?"

"But the fish must be here," I murmured hopefully..

"It must," said Alathea.

"And it is only a small hallway," I continued.

"Only a small one," she mocked.

"It could hardly walk away," I said stupidly.

Alathea gathered up her dainty skirts and looked around in evident alarm.

"You are certain it was dead?" she cried.

I assured her that the fish was dead before I left the boat, and the look of alarm fled. But the fear lest the Persian kitten would meet its death through the agency of a fishbone was bringing about an hysterical crisis that worried me exceedingly. The search seemed a hopeless one, and I groaned inwardly as a tormenting imagination deftly pictured the feline tragedy that would result from my action. A thousand times before that day I had convinced myself that I was a fool, and yet I had deliberately planned to make the fact obvious to a girl whose sneers I would have to endure for the remainder of the summer.

At this stage the Persian kitten strolled into the hall, and Alathea rushed to the animal and hugged it closely.

"My poor little kitty," she sobbed. "My poor, poor kitty must be locked up because the stupid man lost a fish in the hall."

I wished the Persian kitten a different kind of death, but I continued my search, while Alathea sobbed her troubles to the cat. The loss of the trout was certainly a remarkable happening. How one fish out of seven could possibly make its escape from that little hallway would baffle the mind of a wise man, much less a fool. But the fish had disappeared completely, and the girl's anxiety for the cat was becoming more noticeable each moment.

In a fit of desperation I went out on the piazza and shook the hallstand roughly. Then I upturned the big Japanese vase, thinking the trout might have fallen into its depths, and it was while I held the article in my hands that Fate again caught me in a jiujitsu grip. The cat escaped from Alathea and wobbled beneath my feet, and in my effort to avoid her, I dropped the vase and buried her in the ruins. As I turned toward Alathea, I caught sight of her father and mother walking down the hillside, and without a single word of apology, I fled madly in the direction of my bungalow!

* * *

The last rays of the setting sun were shining upon my little home when I reached the shore, and an inquisitive sunbeam pushed itself into the room when I opened the door. It fell upon the pine table in my dining room, and I stopped in amazement as my eyes followed its glittering track. Lying upon the table was the seventh trout for which I had hunted so industriously. In my hurry to make the presentation I had forgotten to place it upon the dish!

I stood for a few minutes trying to reason out my course of action. Five times during the afternoon I had proved myself a fool, and now I would have to admit the crowning blunder which had fathered the minor mistakes. An immediate apology and explanation was necessary, for if the kitten had not been killed in the collapse of the Japanese vase, the knowledge that a lost trout was not around the premises would relieve the mind of Alathea. I hastily penned a message deploring the happening, praying for forgiveness and informing her over and over again that I had been recognized as a fool from earliest childhood. A boy who was fishing on the lake acted as my messenger, and I tramped around nervously after I had despatched him on his way.

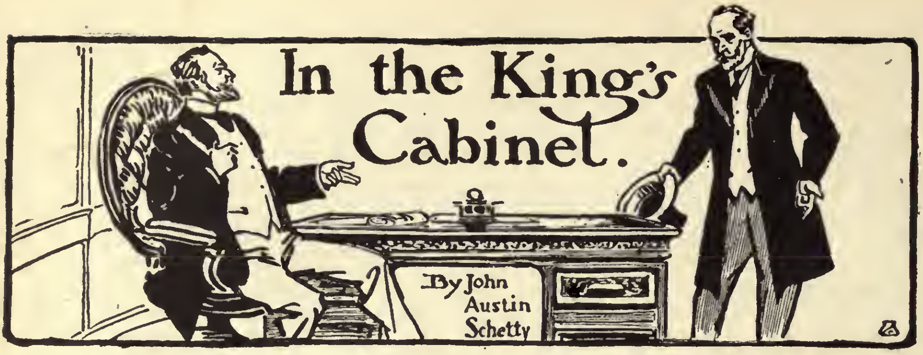
Half an hour afterwards, he returned with a little slate-colored envelope, and I opened it hurriedly. The enclosure read:

DEAR MR. FISHERMAN:

Father forgives you for breaking the vase, and I forgive you for taking one of the lives away from my poor kitten, who escaped from the ruins of the vase with some minor scratches. We do this on mother's account. She takes an interest in people who have a penchant for getting into trouble, and as you evidently are an interesting specimen, she would like you to call tomorrow.

Sincerely yours,
ALATHEA MERRIN.

And as I sat looking out over the Lake of Ten Thousand Shadows, the little wavelets crumpling up on the sand sobbed out the name of Alathea as the sun sank behind the red-fringed hills of the west



In the King's Cabinet.

By John Austin Schetty

THE sentry paced up and down the corridor in solemn silence, apparently oblivious of the colonel who stood but a few paces away. Suddenly, the hangings at the further end were abruptly thrust apart, and a quick alert figure appeared and beckoned imperiously to the colonel. With a hasty stride, that official promptly obeyed.

"Who is the new sentry, Von Muehle?"

"The special detective whom the Chief of Police assigned to the palace, your majesty."

"What is his name?"

"Hertzbach, your majesty."

"Has he been long in the service, do you know?"

"I have heard of him, your majesty, in connection with many important affairs. Personally, I do not know him, however."

"Nothing new has developed in the matter I brought before Von Schwalbe?"

"Not that I am aware of, your majesty. Everything has been carefully watched. I know the palace guard to be absolutely trustworthy. I have personally exercised the greatest caution and discretion."

"In these days, Von Muehle, the maxim should be, 'trust to no one!'" said the king. "Unceasing vigilance is truly become the price of safety."

"Your majesty does not suspect—"

"Enough! My enemies are capable of anything! Remain here. I shall return in a moment with a note which I wish delivered to Von Schwalbe at once!"

The colonel bowed low in deference, while the King disappeared once more behind the hangings. The colonel bit his moustache savagely.

"He seems perturbed," he muttered; "he, who never permits even his intimates a glimpse of the soul beneath! What does it mean?"

Again the hangings were parted while a small, white, compactly built hand thrust out a packet.

"You will have this delivered to the Chief of Police at once. When Von Schwalbe comes, usher him in direct."

The hand was withdrawn, and the colonel departed.

Some time later, a big, swarthy man was ushered into the presence of the King. He was Otto Von Schwalbe, the Chief of the Royal Secret Police. The King at once ushered him into his private cabinet, which gave upon the corridor, where paced the sentry.

"Do you know why I have summoned you here tonight?" began the King, bending his eyes upon the man before him.

"I might hazard a guess, your majesty!"

"It was to tell you that, despite my police, secret and otherwise, 'my faithful palace guards,' as Von Muehle calls them, some agent of my enemies has been clever enough to invade the very privacy of my innermost palace, to pry into state papers, right here under our very noses!"

The Chief of Police sought to mask his perturbation, but it was a vain effort. His face went pale as he stammered:

"Indeed, your majesty, I had not looked for anything like this!"

"It is well known," continued the King, "that several European governments are dismayed at our policies, and jealous of our rising supremacy. Inspired with bitterness, they stop at nothing, but seek in every way to hurt our prestige. There is at the present time, in this the capital city of the kingdom, a well-defined movement to seat the pretender on the throne. The secret agents of several foreign governments are the heart and soul of this movement, which has gone so far that among the better class involved is a former Prime Minister! I have a list of the names here!"

And the King tapped a paper, but did not show it to his astonished Chief of Police, who well knew he was not accorded all the confidences of his sovereign.

"But a weightier matter of far greater import is this. Sometime last night, state papers of the greatest importance were taken from *my private cabinet*."

"Your majesty!" gasped the official, "you overwhelm me!"

The King's face remained impassive.

"To tell you the truth," he exclaimed tersely, "no one save myself has access to this cabinet. Von Muehle answers for the fidelity of the palace guard. And I myself do not suspect any of them. This new detective you have assigned to the palace, what of him?"

"Ah, your majesty," cried the Chief, his face brightening, "there you have a man! Invaluable! He has been in the service for years and is unexcelled for a record of prudence and discretion! We shall give him this matter to take in hand."

"You speak with great assurance. Do you know personally of these qualities you enumerate?"

"I may say I know of them, your majesty."

"In other words you assume it to be so, on the basis of assurance given you by someone else?"

"Even so, your majesty! We are all, more or less, forced to depend upon just that kind of assurance. Hertzbach has been assigned to most delicate missions and fulfilled them with tact. This I know! 'Twas he who fathomed the matter of the embassy at Paris, long before the rest of the world guessed its import. At St. Petersburg, he even secured a copy of the state policy which was found later to be substantially correct.

"It was due to this brilliant achievement that your majesty's government was put in possession of information which enabled you to foresee this war with Japan, and take measures accordingly. But if your majesty so desire, of course he will be withdrawn!"

"I do not ask you to withdraw him," said the King slowly. "I wished to know something of this man, that is all."

"I shall then assign him to the case?" inquired the official, rising, too, as the King arose.

"You may acquaint him with the particulars. Meanwhile, it is absolutely essential that no slightest word of this filter through to the outer world."

"I understand, your majesty!"

Alone again, the King sat for some time immersed in thought. At last he drew a sheet of paper toward him, and carefully perused the closely written lines.

"The attempt will be made tonight," he read. "Twelve men will comprise the party. They will seek to force the King to abdicate. X."

"And perhaps they will learn that the King, too, can conspire!" he muttered grimly. Imbued with an idea, he stood up and surveyed the room. There was nothing out of the ordinary or in any way pretentious about the cabinet, save that it was circular and devoid of windows. The walls were done in a plain gray tone, and there was but one door, which gave upon the corridor. Stepping to the wall, the King pressed gently, whereupon a panel slid noiselessly away, revealing another room. This exit was at right angles to the door leading to the corridor. Stepping through it, the King turned about, while the panel slid back into its wonted place again. It was now seen that the panel was really a cleverly designed, transparent, closely woven mesh, which, filling the door space, quite perfectly simulated the solid wall. Gazing through this, the King, himself unseen, was enabled to view the entire cabinet as well as the corridor, which latter was reflected by a small mirror directly to one side of his angle of vision. Satisfied, he opened the panel again and returned to his desk. Carefully replacing the letter of information within his tunic, he sat down and drew forth a large, bulky document. Placing it conspicuously upon the desk, he arose, drew back the hangings which hid him from the sentry, and somewhat ostentatiously left the room.

For a time, nothing untoward occurred. The steps of the sentry grew monotonous and seemed to vie in regularity with the ticking of the little clock in the cabinet. Then suddenly, noiselessly, a man stepped within the cabinet. It was the special detective, Hertzbach.

After a quick glance about, he advanced to the desk with an alert, determined air and seized the packet of papers. As he did so, the King stepped suddenly through the secret door, and coming up behind him, with cocked revolver, demanded:

"Do not move! You are caught! A dozen Mausers are levelled at your heart this very moment! Give me the papers, sir!"

For a moment the spy paused in stony stupefaction. His color rose slowly in a crimson tide that dyed his face ruddy. The hand with the papers dropped as he turned his face toward his captor. When he saw it was the King, his jaw fell. Silently he handed him the papers.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

"That you will speedily learn," retorted the King, placing the document in his pocket. "Now, sir," he thundered, "tell me every detail of the plot in hand tonight."

The man remained mute. In reality, his busy brain was devising a hundred schemes, chief among them being a mad impulse to precipitate the tragedy of the night by springing upon the King and murdering him then and there. Nothing but the thought of those hidden Mausers levelled at his heart restrained him. Therefore he quickly determined to seek to keep his majesty engrossed with himself if possible, as he knew his fellow conspirators would soon be in the corridor, waiting for the signal agreed upon.

"You will not tell?" said the King abruptly. "Since we have little time then, I will tell you. You were, in company with twelve others, to break in upon the King in his private cabinet here tonight, and at the threat of death, force him to sign his abdication in favor of his cousin, the banished pretender, Prince Victor.

"Ah, you are startled! But I, too, have spies! I, too, can encompass secrets—and keep them! I will tell you more. This nice little surprise party, so neatly planned, was to occur in just five minutes!" He pulled out his watch and, marking the time, replaced it.

"Now, I am going to be magnanimous in so far that I am going to insist upon the program being carried through!"

Hertzbach looked his amazement, and his majesty smiled coldly.

"Yes, it is time. Even now, they are ready! I will stand here—at this wall. As I stand here you will give the signal agreed upon. Colonel!" he raised his voice, "if the prisoner here fails to do exactly as ordered, have your men fire at once! You hear?"

Hertzbach nodded.

"Very well!"

The King stepped back. Hertzbach, standing in the center of the room, raised his arm and gave the signal. In an instant a group of men appeared in the corridor and invaded the cabinet. They saw the King, and quickly advanced toward him. But they were all no sooner well within the room than the King disappeared. There came a faint, whirring noise, and the whole cabinet began to descend. With one impulse, those within there were seized with a panic.

"We are betrayed!"

"He has trapped us!"

"We are lost!"

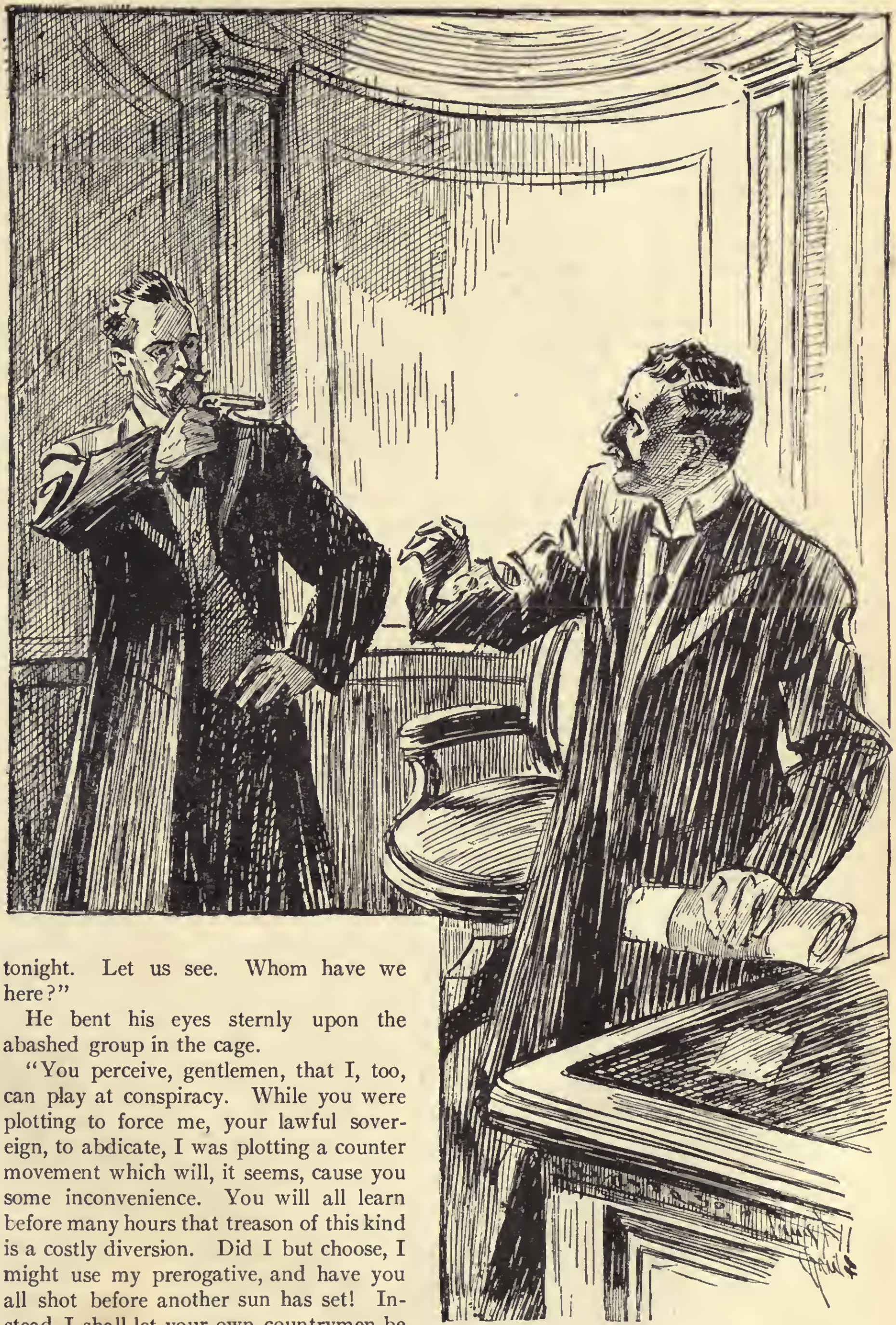
"Who is the traitor?"

As the cabinet continued to descend, they tore about in wild dismay like rats in a trap, and seeking in vain for the door through which they had come. In another moment the cabinet stopped, and they found they were imprisoned in an iron cage, constructed after the manner of an ordinary elevator. In fact, the cabinet, whose false walls remained above, was in reality nothing else, as they one and all very clearly realized now.

It was ludicrously simple. They had walked into the spider's parlor like the proverbial fly, and were now safely caught in the underground vaults of the palace. Through the bars of their temporary prison they could now perceive the massive stone arches with their medieval suggestion of dungeons dimly outlined in the gloom, which, combined with the night, the hour, and their own serious plight, served to take the fervor out of the conspirators, as nothing else could have done.

While they speculated miserably in silent suspense, the distant tramp of martial feet burst suddenly upon their ears, and in a moment the gloomy corridors were filled with soldiers. Then the King himself stepped forth, followed by his faithful Von Muehle. After a moment's withering contemplation of the group before him, he began:

"Well, gentlemen! It appears the King's mouse trap has caught its share of game



tonight. Let us see. Whom have we here?"

He bent his eyes sternly upon the abashed group in the cage.

"You perceive, gentlemen, that I, too, can play at conspiracy. While you were plotting to force me, your lawful sovereign, to abdicate, I was plotting a counter movement which will, it seems, cause you some inconvenience. You will all learn before many hours that treason of this kind is a costly diversion. Did I but choose, I might use my prerogative, and have you all shot before another sun has set! Instead, I shall let your own countrymen be your judge.

"Colonel, have the prisoners, save Hertzbach, transferred to the fortress! As for

"Do not move! You are caught! A dozen Mausers are levelled at your heart!"

him, even though he be an agent of the Triple Alliance, that shall not save him!"

Silently, the prisoners, with an air of relief, stepped out one by one, while Hertzbach made a movement as though he would speak in protest at the utterance of this portentous sentence. But the King, with an impatient gesture that seemed to say it was useless, turned away.

Some time later in the early dawn, a prison van, loaded with twelve white-faced, dejected men, stood in the courtyard of the palace, surrounded by a detachment of mounted guards. They were the conspirators. As they were speculating drearily upon the futility of human things, there came a sharp volley, and a moment later six soldiers appeared, carrying a limp, inanimate form. By the wan light of the new-born day, they all saw it was Hertzbach, the spy. The next moment the door was closed abruptly, while the vehicle moved off briskly for the fortress.

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR YOU

From the book "Heart Throbs."

The world is waiting for you, young man,
  If your purpose is strong and true;
If out of your treasures of mind and heart,
  You can bring things old and new;
If you know the truth that makes men free,
  And with skill can bring it to view,
The world is waiting for you, young man,
  The world is waiting for you.

There are treasures of mountain and treasures of sea,
  And harvest of valley and plain,
That Industry, Knowledge and Skill can secure,
  While Ignorance wishes in vain.
To scatter the lightning and harness the storm,
  Is a power that is wielded by few;
If you have the nerve and the skill, young man,
  The world is waiting for you.

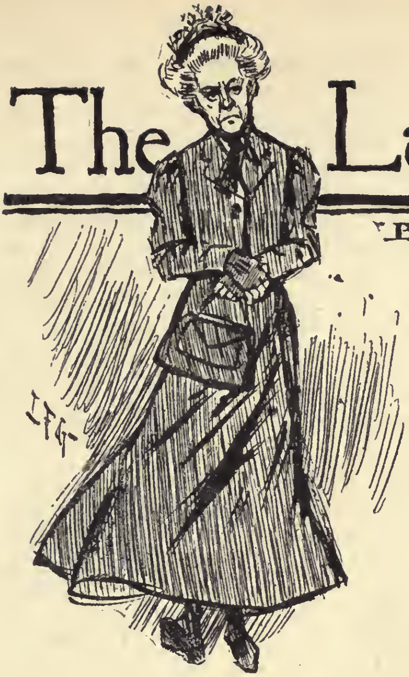
Of the idle and brainless the world has enough—
  Who eat what they never have earned;
Who hate the pure stream from the fountain of truth,
  And wisdom and knowledge have spurned.
But patience and purpose which know no defeat,
  And genius like gems bright and true,
Will bless all mankind with their love, life and light,—
  The world is waiting for you.

Then awake, O young man, from the stupor of doubt,
  And prepare for the battle of life;
Be the fire of the forge, or be anvil or sledge,—
  But win, or go down in the strife!
Can you stand though the world into ruin should rock?
  Can you conquer with many or few?
Then the world is waiting for you, young man,
  The world is waiting for you!

—Prof. S. S. Calkins.

The Lady Barnacle

By L. B. KINDER



IT IS not of the steel trust's lake fleet of a hundred and twelve black leviathans with silver stacks; nor of their black rivals with funnels marked by a red band or other symbol; nor of one of the drab monsters named after the chief lake ports; nor of one of the lumber caravels with high deckloads that go tagging down the lakes in threes and fours; it was not of one of these, I repeat, nor yet of some sleek passenger steamer, but of the Propeller Sweetheart, that this tale concerns itself.

The Propeller Sweetheart,—Captain Tew, Mate McCue, Chief Engineer Gus Cokernut and Cook Billy Blocker—voyaged from April until December between Duluth and Lake Erie. If you ever chanced to see the Sweetheart, you will never forget her; if not, you will never see her, for recently she vanished beneath a dark green coat of paint to reappear the "William C. Smith."

Though she was broader of beam, trimmer, and had more cabin, her outlines suggested the lumber hooker. The high bow and stern, too near together for proportion, gave her a short-waisted appearance. She was painted a cerulean blue with white upperworks, and scarlet stack, life-boats and cabin blinds.

Westward she carried merchandise, and from Duluth she returned with flour or grain. It took twelve days for ordinary boats to make the round trip from Duluth to Buffalo, but the Sweetheart, being an extraordinary boat, took only three weeks.

On a sunny June morning, she lay at her Toledo dock ready to clear for the head of the Lakes with a cargo of pickles. A light breeze streamed shreds of smoke from the scarlet stack her full length. Like pennants they fluttered from the two masts and slipped away into the harbor's grimy atmosphere.

Captain Tew stepped out of the pilot-house. He peered expectantly down the pier, stared at two lank deck-hands dexterously sandpapering the mainmast, and commenced to nervously pace the deck. The passing of a tug with a coal barge failed to interest him, but at sight of criss-crosses of tobacco juice spurting out of an engine-room porthole, he smiled. Though he could not hear their words and scarcely their voices, he knew that Mate Tew and Engineer Cokernut were looking out of that port-hole, and from the explosive expectorations that they, too, chafed at the delay.

It was a relief to glance through the galley window at wizened Billy Blocker, deftly disrobing wizened greenings for the midday pie; to catch a whiff of apple parings and cinnamon; to hear his wheezy whistle:

"O moonbeam bright and airy,
O moonbeam kind and true."

Captain Tew took out his watch. It looked into a face as round and open as its own. The watch's face said seventeen minutes past ten; Captain Tew's, five years past forty. In brief, his was a moon-face—a rubicund harvest moon. His eyes were genially gray and his mouth pleasantly plump. In fact, he kept a laugh in the corner of his cheek where many men keep their tobacco. His body was bulky and his legs, like his temper, were short and firm.

"I'll not wait a second after half past," he asserted, pocketing the watch. He glanced down the dock. At sight of a pretty girl with wavy blonde hair hurrying toward the ship, his face brightened. "Well, that must be her at last!"

He scrambled upon the dock to relieve her of her suit-case.

"Miss Skaddles?" he demanded politely, doffing his cap.

"No," smiled the girl breathlessly, setting down her burden. "I'm her niece, Miss Harrison. She wrote me to meet her here with some things I was to buy her."

"Maybe that's her now," cried the captain, perceiving a plump, well-dressed young woman of thirty approaching with a wicker telescope.

"I shouldn't wonder," answered the girl. "I've never seen her."

"Miss Skaddles, ma'am?" demanded Captain Tew politely as before.

"No," gasped the other, dropping her telescope beside the suit-case. "I'm Mrs. Skaddles, her sister-in-law. My! What a Fourth-of-July-looking boat you have!"

The captain's appreciation of this compliment to his patriotism was cut short by the appearance of a third woman from the direction of the warehouse whence the other two had come. It was like a hearse following two wedding parties; a rainy day following two sunshiny ones. As he gazed at the angry, angular features, the skinny outlines, and the fidgety gait of this he-looking female, his heart sank with the presentiment that this must be Miss Susan Skaddles.

And it was.

* * * *

It was half-past one that afternoon. The Propeller Sweetheart steamed steadily along Lake Erie's south shore. The crew were informally gathered in the engine-room discussing the passenger.

"Can't we barrel her up and sling her down in the hold with the other pickles?" joked Mate McCue.

"She looks like mother of vinegar to me," chuckled Gus Cokernut.

The lank deck-hands, who had come down for more sandpaper, held up halfs of a stick of gum. They were twins and like as two telephone poles.

"She gave it to us," said Frank.

"She said pepsin was better for the stomach than plug," said Hank.

"It's too bad she couldn't have been that nice lady," moaned Captain Tew.

"Or that little blonde," groaned Mate McCue.

"Well, men, we'll have to make the best of her for ten days or so!"

"I don't want you to set me down for a pessimist, cap'n," said Billy Blocker. "But, you know, she may make the round trip."

* * * *

Miss Skaddles *made* the round trip. In fact, when Captain Tew ran into Toledo expressly to land her, she showed no disposition to leave the ship. When the captain informed her that the voyage was over, she informed *him* that she intended to make another. When he protested, she threw the conditions of the vessel's purchase in his face. Alas! her contention was too true. For in the bill of sale transferring the ship to Amos Tew & Co. was a clause granting free transportation for life to Elijah Skaddles and daughters until they were married.

* * * *

Hitherto life on board the Propeller Sweetheart had been pleasantly unconventional. Strict disciplinarians, when on duty, Captain Tew and Mate McCue met the crew on an equal footing. The galley at mealtime rang with jovial fellowship. Evenings it was the custom for the off-watch to gather about the dining table in a game of smear at five cents a corner, the losers at which were required to "make it rain" at the first port. It never rained stronger than lager, for neither captain, nor cook, nor crew were spiritously inclined. Miss Skaddles ended this.

It had likewise been the pleasant custom when they were in port over Sunday, for Captain Tew to take the starboard watch to the Methodist Church, and Mate McCue, the port watch to the Congregational. Miss Skaddles ended this. She compelled the crew to worship wherever sin was being denounced. Wholly undenominational in her choice, she even herded them to the African M. E. Church, to hear a sermon entitled "No Color Line in Hell," wherein a stove-black preacher implied that that locality was principally inhabited by white trash, an implication that coincided perfectly with Miss Skaddles' own views.

Life aboard the Sweetheart became a preparation for eternal damnation. Miss Skaddles permeated the ship like a sulphur smudge, disinfecting it of all enjoyment. Card lovers were driven into playing solitaire in their bunks; smokers to soil their breaths with onions; lovers into reading their letters inside of temperance tracts.

Billy Blocker, alone, withstood the dragon. He jawed her out of his galley, swore before her, and dared her to play "Old Maid" with him. Gus Cokernut hid in the coalhole when he saw her coming; Mate McCue climbed out on the bowsprit. The twin deck-hands were particularly exposed. Miss Skaddles would stand for hours exhorting them as they dexterously sandpapered the mainmast. In self-defence they were compelled to chew pepsin gum on one side of their mouth. Hank learned to spit brown or white at will, but Frank, unable to acquire this happy faculty, repeatedly aroused Miss Skaddles' ire.

Captain Tew suffered most of all, for he felt it his duty as master of the vessel to rid it of this woman. Had it been a matter of getting rid of barnacles, or of his appendix, or of a mutinous sailor, he would have known exactly what to do, but in the present case he was hopeless. A chance remark by Billy Blocker suggested a means.

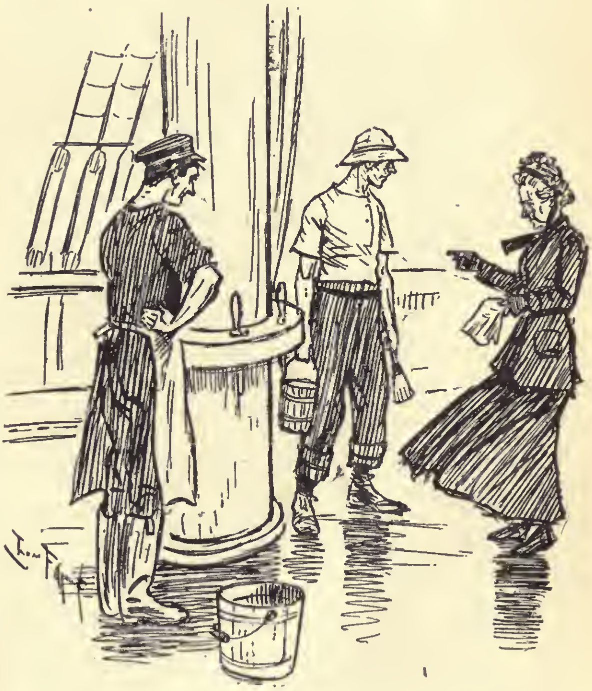
"Have you noticed how Ginger skids under the stove when Miss Skaddles comes into the galley?" said Billy. "Well, it's a notorious fact that cats and old maids take to one another like the port watch to pumpkin pie. I don't want you to set me down for a pessimist, cap'n, but it's my conscientious conviction that she ain't no old maid at all I believe that she's a grass widow."

"I'd give a thousand dollars to be her sod widower," grunted the captain.

He brooded over the matter all day, and toward sundown hatched out a scheme. If Miss Skaddles should marry, she would have no legal right to remain on the ship.

That evening Captain Tew issued a general order for the crew to court Miss Skaddles.

The manner in which the order was executed, spoke well for discipline aboard the Propeller Sweetheart. The instructions accompanying the command "to discreetly and diligently court" were that each should ingratiate himself with Miss Skaddles by asking for a tract, which he then must pretend has reformed his evil life, and at the propitious moment must ask for her hand. The members of the two watches were to propose alternately, until the *desideratum* was accomplished.



"*The twin deckhands were particularly exposed*"

Alas, Miss Skaddles rejected them one and all! Gus Cokernut, who grinned when he mentioned matrimony, was scolded for his levity. The dexterous deck-hands found proposing more nervous work, than sandpapering. At the critical moment Hank discredited himself by spitting brown instead of white, and Frank, faithfully trying to follow orders, forgot, and asked her for a second tract, when he should have demanded her hand. But three remained who had not made the attempt — Captain Tew, Mate McCue and Billy Blocker.

"I don't want you to set me down for a pessimist, cap'n," said Billy. "But I know that Miss Skaddles would marry me to reform me. And I'll be damned if I'll ask her."

Damned was an evil word, a word foreign to the vocabulary of the Propeller Sweetheart. But Billy was a man of strong moods, the occasion warranted strong speech, and above all Billy was a gem of a cook, so the captain did not reprove him. Instead he sought out the mate.

"McCue, it's up to you to make the attempt," he declared.

"She's more suitable to a man of your age," retorted the other.

"That's just it, my boy. *You* will outlive her. To *me* it means a life sentence."

"I love you like a father, Cap'n Tew, but what you ask is impossible."

Nevertheless, deep down in his heart, the captain was resolved that Mate McCue should marry Miss Skaddles and save the ship.

* * * *

It had been a foggy night on Lake Huron, made dismal by the foghorns of nearby vessels. When with morning the fog rose, the sun surprised them with a panorama of many ships entering and emerging from St. Mary's River. Yet the revelation of that lifting fog was as naught compared to the revelation Tew made McCue.

"I can't—I won't marry her, Cap'n Tew."

"But you will, Mate McCue—God pity you! I hold your notes amounting to four hundred and eighty-five dollars, and a mortgage of twelve hundred dollars on the house you're building on the installment plan."

"So this is why you've egged me on to borrow and been so free to lend," reproached the mate. "I'd never have thought such a thing of you. But if you had a mortgage on my only pair of pants and threatened to foreclose in February, I'd submit, rather than be shackled for life to that woman. Think, man, of clasping that bag of bones in your arms, of kissing that hatchet face!"

"You've got to marry her, McCue. If you don't I'll have your mate's papers revoked for violating a dozen minor regulations. You'll never be able to get a job *mating* again."

"I can dock-wallop, or shove lumber, or be a deck-hand," defied the mate.

"You'll peg shoes in a penitentiary," thundered Tew. "I have evidence that you have repeatedly smuggled cork-screws over the line. Ten years of your young life will be wasted—"

"I give in," moaned McCue. "Only give me a few days' respite."

"You needn't begin active courting 'till next trip," replied the captain. "But mind, success is the condition of my holding off."

His fat features reflected the despair on the other's face.

"Forgive me, Mate McCue," he pleaded, extending his hand. "It goes against the grain to do this, especially to you. But while there are many on board that would sacrifice themselves to save the ship, they can't, for she won't let them. You're the one man that she will marry."

Mate McCue shook the captain's hand. There was hope in his firm clasp. Perhaps his eye detected some favorable omen in the view of Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan; perhaps it was merely the faith of youth that something would turn up.

An hour later when they tied up at a wharf to unload merchandise, he mysteriously disappeared. Captain Tew worried, for it was the first time the mate had ever failed in his duty. He therefore was relieved when at length the latter reappeared, accompanied by a young woman.

"It'll have a stimulating effect on Miss Skaddles," chuckled the captain. "Make her want him all the more."

He sorrowfully regarded the good-looking mate and his blue-eyed companion, pretty in apple green dimity and big white straw hat with green trimming.

"Poor boy, that's the kind of a girl he'd like to marry."

When they were near, he politely doffed his cap. The girl smiled seductively into his sad, fat face.

"Captain Tew, my wife," said Mate McCue.

"WHAT!" bellowed Captain Tew.

At a wink from her husband, Mrs. McCue hastened out of hearing.

"She's Daisy Smith, the girl that was

cashier at Roger's Restaurant," the mate explained. "She isn't my regular girl, cap'n,—I didn't have time to go uptown for Susie. But we'll be happy. I'll be grateful to her all my life for marrying me in this emergency."

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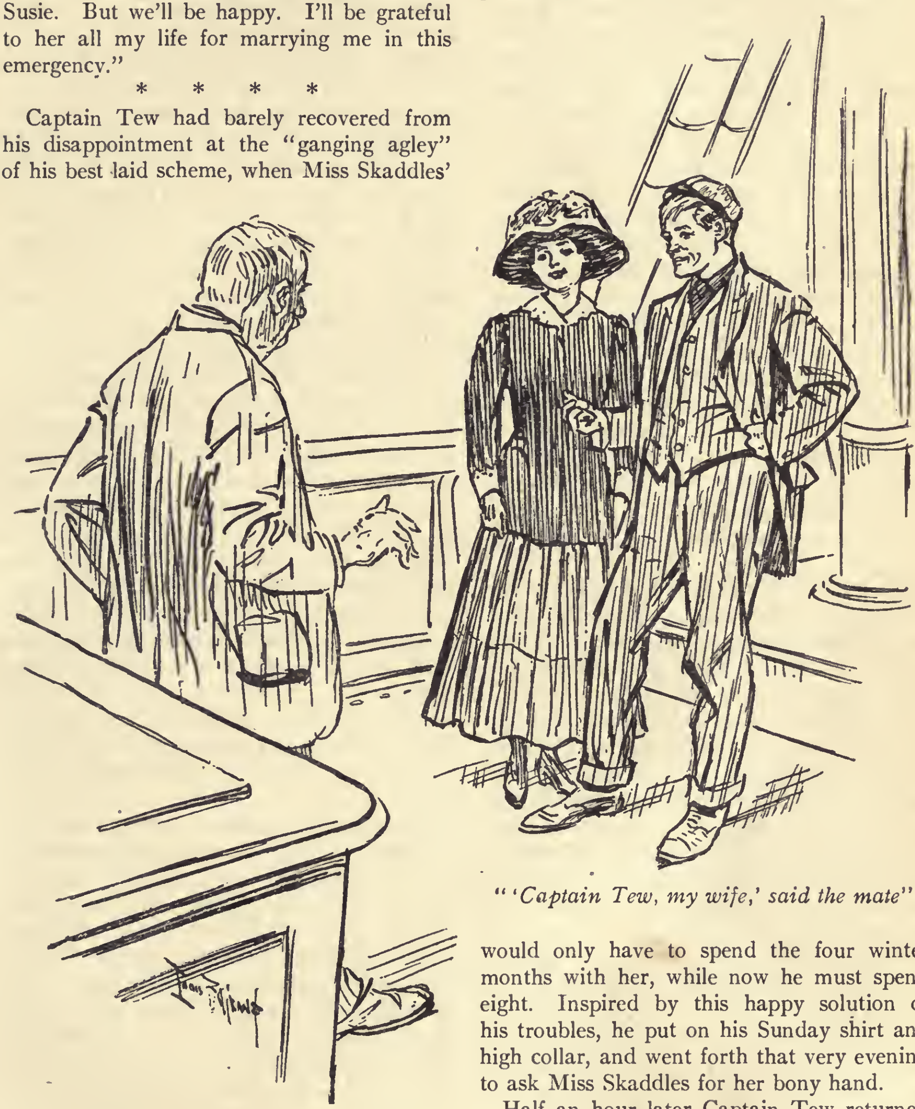


" '*Captain Tew, my wife,' said the mate*"

Captain Tew had barely recovered from his disappointment at the "ganging agley" of his best laid scheme, when Miss Skaddles' announcement that she intended to rejoin the ship upon the re-opening of navigation the following spring, plunged him into darkest despair. At thought of the vista of years of her companionship that lay before him, he shuddered. He seemed doomed to daily association of matrimony without any of its recompenses. Logic came to his rescue. If he married Miss Skaddles, her right to free transportation on the Sweetheart was annulled. As her husband he could provide her a home on shore. Then he would only have to spend the four winter months with her, while now he must spend eight. Inspired by this happy solution of his troubles, he put on his Sunday shirt and high collar, and went forth that very evening to ask Miss Skaddles for her bony hand.

Half an hour later Captain Tew returned rebuffed but happy. Miss Skaddles had refused him.

* * * *

Vainly Captain Tew left Miss Skaddles behind only to have her reappear at the next port whither she had hurried by rail; vainly he sought to frighten her by putting out in stormy weather; vainly he conspired with Billy Blocker against her stomach; as vainly offered her a round sum to leave the ship. He even attempted to sell his vessel, but no one would buy a ship encumbered with a perpetual passenger. The crew began to desert; his deliveries of freight became less certain; his business less profitable. The captain himself lost appetite and color; he grew melancholy. In desperation he resolved to scuttle the Propeller Sweetheart and buy a new vessel with the insurance money.

The inspiration came on a November afternoon as the Propeller Sweetheart passed out of Portage Ship Canal into open Lake Superior, bound for Duluth with a cargo of can-openers. The lake rolled ominously in great whitecaps; the snow flurries of early morning had turned into a driving sleet. Just the weather for his purpose. Smoke from the scarlet stack swirling blackly through the sleet choked his musings. His eye rested lovingly upon the propeller's deck, but at sight of Miss Skaddles berating the dexterous deck-hands for a telltale circle of brown-spatters in the snow about the mainmast he scowled.

Fixed in his purpose, he rose shortly after midnight and stepped out upon the deck. Skidding along its icy surface to the bow he stared expectantly through his binoculars into the sleet.

"A little too soon," he murmured and retreated into the pilot-house whence from time to time he slipped out to the bow to peer into the storm. Toward morning he was rewarded by the glimpse of two faint lights to starboard, one a steady blink, the other a will-o'-the-wisp. The next moment the storm obscured both; but Captain Tew had seen enough.

"Duluth harbor lights!" he chuckled, "and we heading four points south by east. In half an hour we'll be—" His mind's eye penetrating the sleety curtain saw a race of billows rushing in upon a pine-clad reef of sand, and he grinned. "Now to business," he chuckled.

As he passed Miss Skaddles' stateroom, she stuck a bundled head out of the door to demand if he thought four life-preservers would be enough.

"Eight would be safer, ma'am," he chuckled and hurried on to the after-cabin whence he descended to the engine room.

The change from the sleety air to the latter's warm, oily atmosphere was a great deal like changing from the outside to the inside of a dice-box. As Captain Tew let go of the stair rail he bowled across the deck toward Engineer Cokernut, and would have made a strike, had not the other dodged.

"I'm going down in the hold to look for leaks, Gus," he bawled, snatching up a lantern and, unseen by the engineer, an axe.

Entering a short passage Captain Tew descended a perpendicular ladder and made his way through cliffs of boxes to a small open space beneath the covered hatchway. He hung up the lantern, flung off his coat and without ado swung the axe above his head and brought it down upon the planking. He groaned; for a moment paused irresolute, then fell to chopping with a will, swinging his axe with a steady woodsman's stroke.

The waves beat against the hull with such noisy violence that it seemed that the stout ribs must be crushed, the oak chips shone yellow in the lantern-light and popped away into the darkness; the captain warming to his work hummed a ditty which sometimes rose even above the din of the tempest. Up went the axe, out flew the chips; up and down it went again.

"Great Goliath," shrieked an only too familiar voice. "You're scuttling the propeller!"

It was Miss Skaddles! The captain stopped chopping dumbfounded. But like a draught her terror flared his courage into a blaze.

"You've driven me to it, ma'am," he shouted. "You've brought purgatory aboard this propeller. You've interfered with my cargoes. You've made my crew desert. You've hectored me into losing twenty pounds. I've tried to make this ship too hot for you. I've tried to desert you. I've tried to marry you. I've tried to buy you off. You say that you're coming back next season and for all I know stay till the end of time. I have no choice. You've driven me to it, ma'am."

"We'll all be drowned," shrieked Miss Skaddles.

"No!" shouted the captain. "We're headed for Minnesota Point. We'll beach on the sand right in front of the Life-Saving Station and the crew will come out and take us off."

"We'll all be drowned!" shrieked Miss Skaddles. "Dear Captain Tew, please plug it up. I'll do anything—I'll—I'll marry you."

"I'd rather drown like a rat!" roared Tew, shaking the axe. He stamped his foot. It splashed in an inch of water.

* * * *

Above the crash of waves against the hull and the rattle of the storm-swept deck, they heard the straining of planking. The glimmer of yellow lantern light upon the water between cliffs of boxes, jaundiced gaunt terror on one face and merciless determination on the other, the woman's beanpole form and the man's hulking shoulders shivering above the waistline of icy water.

A loud ripping warned them that the pressure of the water within was tearing out weak boards from the bottom. Fear of missing the ladder in the darkness undoubtedly had hitherto restrained Miss Skaddles as much as fear of the axe. But at this ominous sound she floundered forward. Seizing the lantern, Captain Tew floundered after.

"Hurry, ma'am," he cried. "She's filling fast!"

Close behind, he followed up the ladder, through the engine room, and up the second ladder to the deck. As they emerged, the ship lurched heavily and settled rapidly to within two feet of the deck. The late November dawn was just breaking. The wind upon their wet clothes cruelly chilled. The sleet had ceased, the waves no longer ran high.

Incredulously they turned their eyes from the shivering crew to the city rising ruggedly above its docks and warehouses.

"Why, we're safe in Duluth harbor!" ejaculated Miss Skaddles.

"By some hook or crook we slipped through the entry," groaned Captain Tew. "And here we are sunk within a towline's length of our own dock."

"The mate changed the course," said Miss Skaddles. "I came down to the hold to tell you, but—"

"There's no use, no hope for me," groaned Captain Tew. "If the Old Man of the Mountain had been a woman, Sinbad would never have gotten her off his back. But I forgive you, ma'am, I forgive you."

Deliberately he straddled the stern rail, but as he brought his second leg over preparatory to the fatal leap, Miss Skaddles gripped the belt of his trousers and restrained him until the arrival of Gus Cokernut and Billy Blocker, followed by the excited crew. Unceremoniously they yanked him back over the railing.

"Let me go, boys," groaned Captain Tew. "I can't escape her in this world."

The crew closed in threateningly around Miss Skaddles, who scowled back at them. Hank boldly spat brown out of both sides of his mouth. Frank ostentatiously took a 12mo plug from his stern pocket and biting off a corner, passed it about the circle, each of whom bit off a mouthful.

"There's no use talking, ma'am," threatened the mate, "you've got to leave this ship. The captain isn't the only one that you've most driven to kill himself."

"I'll commit murder before I'll commit suicide," growled Billy Blocker. "I don't want you to set me down for a pessimist, ma'am, but Lake Superior never gives up its dead."

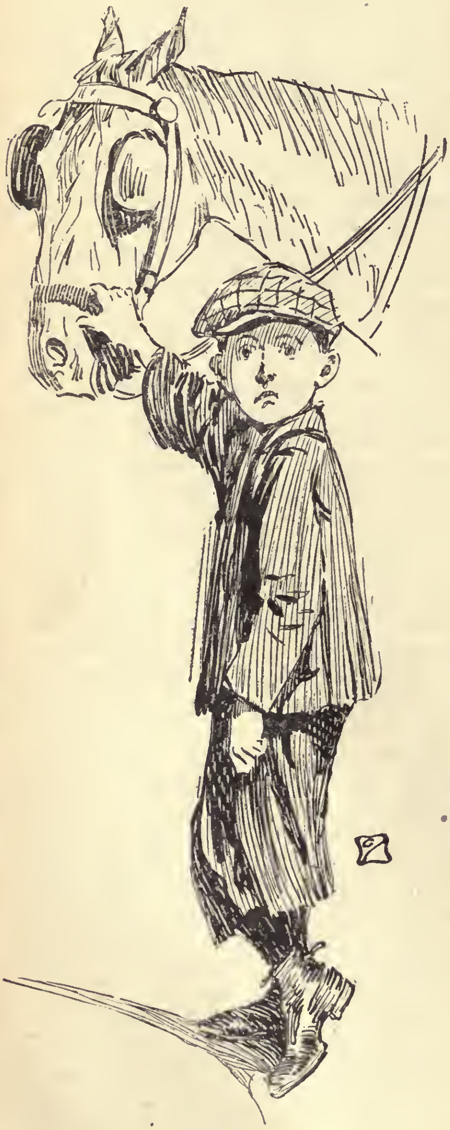
"I never want to set eyes upon this scoundrelly ship again—much less foot on it," returned Miss Skaddles in tones that set every knee a-tremble. "I first intended only to make the round trip, but when I saw what a beer-guzzling, smear-playing, tobacco-chewing crew this ship had, I felt that it was my duty to remain and reform you. I've spent as much as I've saved in board for temperance tracts and pepsin gum; I've withstood your attempts to desert me, cajole me, bribe me, marry me—I've endured these. But when it comes to your captain's scuttling the ship to get rid of me, and that contemptible cook threatening murder, I've had enough. I'm through with you. For all of me, you can all go plump to—"

The aspirate trembled sympathetically on Billy Blocker's blasphemous lips.

"Perdition," finished Miss Skaddles, who stalked through the opening circle to the starboard side to scowl at the green tug with red upper-works that was steaming to their relief.

"Mate McCue," cried Captain Tew, "pipe all hands aft and we'll sing the Doxology."

Whoa, Bill! Whoa!



“IF this here horse should
say to me
‘Leggo a minute while I neigh,’
I’d say: ‘Nixie, I’m here to see
You have no chance to
run away’—
Whoa, Bill! Whoa!

“And if my girl should happen by,
My nervy courage would
not flit;
I’d tell her not to fear while I
Was firmly holdin’ on
the bit—
Whoa, Bill! Whoa!

“See! I can cross my feet
and stand:
I’m not a bit afraid, of course;
My girl, she says it must be grand
To be the man what holds
the horse—
Whoa, Bill! Whoa!”

—*Flynn Wayne*

Arts and the Golden Sea

By STUART B. STONE

TOGO, the bobtailed kitten, came and jumped in Antoinette's blue, anchor-figured lap. Antoinette dreamily stroked the kitten's back the wrong way, and Maximilian, gazing hungrily at Antoinette, blurted tragedy.

"I'm going to be a pirate," he announced in tremulous tones.

Then he settled back upon the stone steps, with his young heart pounding against the pocket of his sailor blouse. Never before had he spoken of his buccaneering longings.

Antoinette's big blue eyes swelled in disdain. "A pirate!" she scoffed. "I'd like to know who'd be an old pirate!"

Maximilian squirmed—he could not bear disdain from Antoinette. "Not the sure 'nough kind of pirate that cuts people's throats and then makes 'em jump in the sea," he explained ambiguously, "but a pirate that robs rich stuck-up people and gives the treasure to poor heroes—and rescues beautiful shipwrecked girls—like Robin Hood did, you know."

"Oh," said Antoinette, a little softened; and Maximilian slipped down a step, curling at her feet and striving vainly to pierce the gloom that hid the wonder of her blue eyes.

"Say, 'Toinette—would you—" began Maximilian, but he had to stop and swallow the big fright-lump in his throat.

"Would I what, 'Milian?" Antoinette encouraged.

"Would you—marry a pirate, 'Toinette?"

The maid set the bobtailed kitten down and smoothed out the rustling starchiness of her chambray frock. Maximilian, straining his brown eyes through the dusk, counted the years that she did this. After a century or so, she shook her curly, ribbon-decked head, and Maximilian relaxed against the Ionic post-column with the sigh of the soul barred from Elysium.

"Pirates are bloody and wear long hair," declared Antoinette, "and I always get sick on the water. I shall marry a poet, or an artist, or an actor."

A trio of lightning-bugs flitted by, illuminating the castle-builders with their soft, phosphorescent glow, and, ordinarily, Maximilian would have captured the insects and imprisoned them in some radiant hollyhock or essence-bottle; the bobtailed kitten whined, and at a less trying time, the boy would have gathered her up, or maybe pinched her tail; a pedestrian hummed a song of love in fragrant gardens, and, when the world was not in upheaval, Maximilian would have whistled the air, out of tune. But now he leaned against the fluted Ionic column and heeded neither the pert tricks of bugs and kittens nor the arts of the popular ballad-writer. The lad was sick at heart at the maid's perverse idea of his profession, at her wishy-washy, colorless preference for the pursuits of flat-chested students. He could tell her of his dreams of the true piracy, of the long, clean ships flying before the wind, of the cutting out and rifling of real robbers' galleons, of the gracious bestowal of chests of sparkling treasure on the deserving poor, and finally of the sailing over golden, sunlit seas to the island of fancy and palms, where the damsel waited in delicious distress for the rescue. He might tell her of the songs and the plumes and the waves house-high and the rubies blood-red—but what was the use? For Antoinette, his bride of the swashbuckling future, was to marry a poet! One of the lightning-bugs perched upon his knee, flashing the most defiant series of signals, but it was not molested. Maximilian likened the thing to the twinkling of the lighthouses of his dream seas.

From the house next door a voice called: "Antoinette! Antoinette! Come home, dear. William and his mother are here."

Antoinette arose, giving one last flip to the blue, anchor-rigged skirt. "William and I are reading 'Rollo in Florence' together," she said. "Good-night."

After she had gone, Maximilian stretched himself upon the settee. His brain was a whirl of walking-planks and poop-decks, of spectacled poets and long-haired play-actors, of sunny-haired maids who fled and screamed at the roar of the golden sea. This dream of benevolent piracy, with Antoinette flitting here and there as the beautiful, beleaguered maiden or as glorious ornament to the captain-rover's bridge, was a dream of long standing. Begun months and months ago, it had taken shape here and there, with thrilling rescue, dramatic wooing and the final tinkle of wedding bells; and always it had been Antoinette on the Crusoe isle, Antoinette sobbing at the tale of love that conquereth all, Antoinette marching down long church aisles to solemn music. It was not a dream that a man gives up as he relinquishes a piece of pie.

The balmy June breeze cooled Maximilian's brow, though, and the twinkling glory of the skies comforted him as it had always done. He began to plan, to reconstruct, to change the spirit of his dream—it is good to be thus young. First, he fashioned a new piracy, a slightly fiercer piracy, perhaps, than the old golden-deeds buccaneering with Antoinette. He would dash into port with his hearties, seize the student William—and ho! for the South Pole or the end of the rainbow with the city boy who read Rollo with damsels! And Antoinette would hear, and grieve over the bold, swaggering deviltry of her tender playmate of the budding years. It would be a noble revenge, and Maximilian had five minutes of delightful gloating.

But he could never entertain spite for long at a time—and besides there was Antoinette. Maximilian began running over in his mind the tame possibilities of poesy, of art and of acting—though, of course, such effeminacy was not for him.

There was art, for instance. Maximilian had heard of Michel Angelo, and of Gibson Girls. They were all very well; but if he were painting things, they would be ships. And his thoughts went back to the rolling main. Ah, the dream—if Antoinette had approved.

Now, there was acting, which she did approve. Maximilian had seen the Lyceum Glee Club, the Harper Minstrels and "Because She Adored Him." Once, too, with his parents in the far-away city, he had listened to "Ship Ahoy!" You see it all led to the bounding billow—if Antoinette would say yes.

And as for poetry—well, poetry was the making of rhymes. "One-two, Buckle my shoe"; and "Mr. Foster went to Gloucester." At least, it would not be hard to be a poet. "The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts." And it was a really pretty business. With sudden resolution, Maximilian sprang from the settee. He would be a great poet, like Longfellow and Mother Goose. "Jack and Jill went up the hill." He would make this sacrifice and marry Antoinette. Maximilian tingled with chivalric unselfishness, mingled with some enthusiasm over his new profession-to-be. "Three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a tub." Ah, the sea again, the sea—if Antoinette could only understand! But Maximilian put the surge and the tang of it behind him and, sighing for the dead, dead dream, went upstairs to his little room.

That very night, he composed his first poem. It was a sonnet, I suppose, with five lilting verses, and it began in this manner:

"O Buteful made's eyes like oshen
Pleese except my nice devoshun."

Next morning at school, the love-sonnet, painfully inscribed on lavender crash paper and tied with a yard of pink baby-ribbon, was presented to Miss Antoinette Warren. The dear maid opened wide her wonder-blue eyes.

"O 'Milian!" she asked. "What is it?"

"It is your Valentine," replied Maximilian gravely, and as became the second of June.

Antoinette read the effort with the tribute of burning cheeks and softened eyes, and Maximilian was very happy. But when William of the Rollo books heard of the matter, he sat down and dashed off twenty verses, beginning, "Antoinette, fair queen of the fourth grade!" and ending with, "Thine through the ages, O belle of Springfield!"

William was twelve and a finished poet, and Maximilian, in despair, considered piracy once more. But he was not to be thus easily outdone and he began to write poetry, ream after ream of it, sonnets, ballads, couplets, triolets, elegies and chansons. He sang of the moon, the stars and the sun, of toadfrogs and tadpoles, of baseball and heaven and steamboats and cows. At the table, he apostrophized the edibles, "O butter!" and "Thou chicken gravy!" and perpetrated such rhymes as "Pass the glass" and "Take some cake." And in his daily play, Maximilian had many a give-and-take combat through such playful quips on his comrades as,

"Old Robert Clay
Ate a bale of hay,"

or

"Little Jimmy Choate
Looks like a goat!"

It was heartbreaking, uphill work, but Maximilian felt that he progressed; and, had it not been for Master William Barnes, American magazinedom might have in time boasted another reasonably proficient minor poet. But, for every verse that Maximilian penned, William penned two—and did it better.

Maximilian attacked the venerable water-bucket:

"The water-bucket is made of wood,
And the water in it is mighty good."

And William improved on it:

"Ancient bucket, of mighty pine,
See the water in it shine."

Or Maximilian sang of the blackboard:

"The blackboard's black, with marks of chalk;
When you're there, nice boys don't talk."

And William rendered:

"The sable blackboard, marked with white,
Requires deep thought, and not the light."

And Antoinette, dear heart, though she smiled on Maximilian's simple lines, fairly bubbled over William's sonorous meter. She was but a slip of ten and they were traveling with Rollo in Geneva at the time.

Finally Maximilian renounced all manner of versification, absolutely and eternally. The step was not a wholly voluntary one.

It was in the class in American history and the bunch was fighting again the frontier scuffles of 1812.

"Maximilian," asked Miss Lindsay, the young teacher, "Who was James Monroe?"

"James Monroe—I don't know," rhymed Maximilian, though he well knew.

"Where was he born?"

"At Cape Horn."

Miss Lindsay tried exclamation: "Maximilian Howe!"

"Big, fat cow!" chimed Maximilian.

As he walked up for punishment, the teacher scolded, "You impudent thing!"

"Hear the teacher sing!" rhymed Maximilian, more, I am sure, from sheer force of habit than from disrespect.

After his father and mother had added salutary flagellation to the teacher's vigorous efforts, and Maximilian had, in some wise, explained his poetic zeal, he crawled once more into the settee of dreams beneath the comforting stars. For a time, he swung a monstrous cutlass again and sang of dead men's eyes and yo-heave-ho for a bottle of rum! He even imprisoned the laureate William in a chilly cavern on the isle of Nobody-Knows-Where. But, as before, the pleading blue eyes of Antoinette prevailed; the black flag of piracy remained furled for a while in its cedar locker, and Maximilian Howe took up his new life-work of Art.

He began on his father's barn with a pastel in red chalk of the family cow. For this effort, he very nearly received a whipping, and it required an hour from Saturday baseball to remove Old Spot's mournful caricature. It was not encouraging, but Maximilian thought of Antoinette and persevered.

Indeed, it was from Antoinette that he had his first uplift. From Sandy Denton, he learned that, by placing a piece of moderately thin paper over a picture in a book, a really creditable drawing might be traced. Thus it was that Maximilian produced his first masterpiece,—a hut by a purling brook, with sheep in the foreground and more sheep on the hill in the rear. With his crayon pencils, he colored the hut a vivid red, gave to the bleating sheep his brightest blue and turned the living waters, the clouds and the hillside to an impartial green. As an inspiration, he traced the words, "Love in a Cottuj," below the pastoral and tendered it to Antoinette.

"O 'Milian," cried Antoinette, "how did you do it?"

Maximilian squared his fine shoulders. "I am going to be an artist," he announced.

Antoinette took up the drawing and looked closer. "'Milian," she faltered, "where are the people—the people that love in the cottage?"

At first, Maximilian was baffled, but not for long. He seized the paper and dashed in a huddling, comfy, heart-to-heart couple on the doorstep of the blood-red house. "There," he said softly, "there they are." Then he added, not daring to look at the maid, "You and me, 'Toinette."

Antoinette blushed brilliantly, and Maximilian almost asked her to marry him. It was his time of times, for, when William learned of the art triumph, he at once produced a marvelous, flourishy bird of ink, like the penmanship schools display in their show-windows—and William was an artist. And Antoinette, though she locked Maximilian's love-cottage with her best doll's clothes and the dearest candy mottoes, could not help but pay ecstatic compliment to the bird of Master William. They were reading "Rollo in London" just then.

And thus Maximilian's fortune ran in Art. He learned to produce fairly good Brownie-men on the blackboard; and William would draw a lion in a forest. Maximilian, with infinite patience, traced an angular pig on the schoolhouse fence; and William dashed off a snorting steamboat on a tropical river. Maximilian might draw his wagons, his prim houses, his circles and squares; but William turned out offhand sketches of puffing locomotives, luxuriant-haired goddesses and bits of impressive seacoasts.

Finally Maximilian made a great blunder. Using a charming, soap-advertisment lady as a model, the lad produced what he really imagined to be a striking likeness of Antoinette. The flowing hair he made a magnificent bronze, and he put in little blue dots for the eyes. Then he presented it to Antoinette.

"It is your picture," he declared, and strutted expectantly.

"'Milian, 'Milian," cried Antoinette, "you don't think I look like that fright!"

Four or five little girls sniggered, and William peeped into the circle with a broad grin upon his face. Maximilian fled, never seeing the tiny tear-drops that started in Antoinette's deep eyes.

To the settee of Viking-dreams the boy retreated once more, and this time the rebellion against the pursuits of the tame was more bitter than before. The ocean was calling to him and he planned a redder piracy than he had yet dreamed. He would seize William the Superior and chain him on a desolate rock in mid-Pacific, where the captive might write poetry and draw flourishy birds till the end of time. Maximilian pictured himself as the phantom corsair against whom all the navies of the world combined in vain pursuit. His name—Maximilian Howe—would be in big, black type in the papers; little children would be scared into slumber at the whispering of it; and Antoinette would plead and plead with him to furl the Jolly Roger and be as other men. Yes, she would know whom she had derided when Maximilian-Corsair sternly shook his head in refusal. And for a minute Maximilian glowed with unholy joy.

But, as before, after bitterness and revenge, came the gentler fancies—Antoinette, deserted and bereaved, and poor, marooned William on his rock of poetry and pictures. As the Great Dipper flashed its comforting brilliancy to him, Maximilian grew calm and reasonable. There remained one chance; perhaps he could become a great actor. Maximilian determined to try.

He essayed the actor's art for just one week. For this length of time, Maximilian wrung his chubby hands, tore at his straight, brown hair and swore undying fealty to the stars, the front gate and the woodpile; and, but for his all-wise Nemesis, William the Superior, Maximilian might in time have raved on the really, truly footboards. But, as in art and letters, William had the master touch. At recess, after Maximilian's neat rendition of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," William recited "The Charge of the Six Hundred," with such fervor and tremulo-red-light business that Antoinette and the others were drawn with him right into the "valley of death."

As a climax, Maximilian was discovered by the bunch enacting the world's most exquisite love scene, with the hay-loft for a balcony and the old sorrel plug as Juliet. Of course, Romeo occupied the balcony in this version. The gang had no mercy and Maximilian had three fights and a nickname—"Romeo, the horse lover"—for his zeal. Thereupon he forsook the stage and, under the flaming stars, renounced for all time to come the gentler, civilized pursuits. A pirate, a pirate he would be! And this time the piracy of his dreams rang with the clash of bloody kriss-swords and resounded with the roar of ramming and the broadside. Antoinette would have stopped her pretty ears at this, could she have heard.

Maximilian became morose and rather sullen, so that the gentle mother worried somewhat. He came and went mysteriously, and she began to miss certain cast-off pieces of raiment—the father's Knight Templar chapeau, a red Navajo blanket and a pair of spurs,—also the shiny tin lid of the big water-boiler disappeared. She questioned the boy, but he maintained a dogged silence.

Meanwhile, on the schoolhouse fence, the following placard appeared, in smudgy red ink:

> "NOTIS—PIRUTS
>
> They will be a band of piruts organized at the rendivoo at Kellers Lake Wensday at 5 oclock. All true piruts be sure and be there pleese. Warning to traturs stay away or beawear. PIRUTS OF SPRINGFIELD."

The dread specter of freebooting absolutely obscured "run, ran, run" and "twenty shillings make a pound," and, though William the Superior delivered amazing sarcasm and the entire girls' side frowned, at the time appointed there was a tremendous movement of the hardier spirits towards the Keller's Lake rendezvous. For such is the charm of piracy—in our hearts we all have the making of Vikings-in-chivalry.

Antoinette, patroness of arts, abhorred buccaneering, as she whispered to Maximilian at the blackboard in common fractions.

"You're not one of the Pirates of Springfield, are you, 'Milian?"

Maximilian nodded haughtily: "I'm the Captain." And Antoinette rubbed "$\frac{3}{4}$ x $\frac{17}{18}$ x 9" from the board and crossed over to solve her problem by William's side.

Next day another portentous placard flaunted from the high blind fence:

> "RESLUSHINS
>
> The Piruts of Springfield is not bloody wicked piruts but noble nights. We rob hauty milyunares and give it to lowly heroes also rescue lost purty girls. Like Robin Hood and George Washington, father of his country. P. S. Death to traturs."

William scoffed at the "comic opera pirates," but the rest of the school was vastly impressed. The effect was enhanced when the third notice appeared:

> "GRAND EXBISHUN!"
>
> Ho! Everybody is coming to the Piruts of Springfield big drill. Admishun nothing ladies also. Noble deeds done free to all rescues and fighting. At Kellers Lake Sat 4 oclock. Ladies speshul."

Even Antoinette could not help getting a little under the spell of so beautiful a piracy, and she glanced at Maximilian several times while the history class fought the Battle of Tippecanoe. But Maximilian sat dreaming of long, rakish brigand-ships, and he did not see.

Long before the hour announced, the entire school lined up on the south shore of Keller's Lake. Some of the teachers were there, smilingly tolerant, and a merry rabble from the town at large had gathered. Among the fourth-grade girls, Antoinette sat, in fluffy, beribboned white, with the awe of the coming drama strong upon her. William arrived late, taking the seat beside her.

"Aren't you afraid of being kidnapped by these noble pirates?" he jested. But Antoinette shook her head very gravely.

Promptly at four o'clock, a blaring reveille sounded from the swampy head of the lake. It was Tim Mooney and his new bugle and the call drifted dreamily across the quiet water. After that, came the roll of dollar-and-a-half drums, and the head of the plume-and-tinsel column emerged from the cave at the lake's source. There were twenty of these pirates, with Maximilian, in six-colored, Templar-Confederate-campaign-minstrel-policeman glory, marching soberly at their head. The tin and brass of twenty household-utensil shields glistened in the bright sunlight, and a dozen flags fluttered, from the Stars and Stripes in the van to the Springfield, Cleveland and Stevenson Club banner in the rear. Half way around the little lake they tramped, then drew up in front of the assembled multitude. Maximilian stepped forward bowing until his frayed white plume nearly scraped the ground.

"The first exhibition," he announced, "will be the robbing of Bluebeard. Watch clost and see how noble the money is done."

Again the lulling reveille came from Master Mooney's bugle and a new figure appeared on the east side of the pond. Confidentially, this was Cricket Willis—because you would never have known in the world. Cricket bore a large cardboard sign, labelled "Bluebeard"; he sported a long, black beard, wielded a sword in either hand and shouted defiance to the chivalrous pirates.

"Yah, yah! You dirty pirates! Come and get me if you can. Come and get my money!" There were bags of something at Cricket's feet. In all human probability, the bags contained golden coins.

The pirates of Springfield manned their two boats and went after Mr. Willis. As they landed, he slapped each corsair vigorously with the flat of his sword and there was a terrible hullabaloo. Then Bluebeard died, there on the green sward, and the pirates, seizing the treasure-bags, scurried across the lake again. Straight to lame Jimmy Collins they rowed and laid the bags at the feet of the poor widow's son. After that, these Robin Hood pirates came and bowed before the cheering multitude.

"Rats!" sneered William. "It's very silly. We'll read 'Rollo in Paris' tonight."

But Antoinette shook her head once more. "I think it's splendid," she said, "and I'm tired of Rollo."

Maximilian walked into the limelight again. "Next," he declared, "is the rescue of beautiful maidens."

On the little wooded island in the middle of the lake appeared Queenie Sanders—Scrapper's pink-and-porcelain sister. Surrounding her and held back by their masters were eight dogs—brindle bull, setter pup, rat terrier, all kinds and conditions of dogs. Mr. Mooney's reveille floated over the waters and the dogs of torment were let loose. Yap-yap! they barked at Queenie's dainty heels. G-r-r-r! they growled at the young maid's petite ankles. "Help, help!" screamed Queenie. "Oh, help me, noble pirates!"

Like undergraduates in hot action, the Springfield pirates tugged across the pond; like invading Norsemen, they pushed their boats' noses into the shore; like veritable Berserkers, they kicked and shoved eight much astonished dogs into chill waters; and as the roar from a baseball grandstand came the frenzied applause of the spectators. A maid was saved, and chivalry had not gone from the world.

Maximilian came forward again. "Now," he announced, "we will have some sure 'nough pirate business."

The buccaneer band marched to the head of the lake and clambered into their rowboats. Bugler Mooney blew the same haunting reveille and the twenty sturdy lads bore on their oars. Over the smooth pond, the two boats sped, nearly abreast—on and on, past the isle of distressed maidens, down upon the intent throng. Straight they came for the little cove where Antoinette and the superior city boy sat on an elevated plank. Upon the soft grass they landed and, never faltering, they sprang toward the startled couple. William the Superior shrank back, but it was too late for shrinking. Struggling, kicking, beating the air, he was carried to one of the boats.

"What—what's the matter with you fellows, anyhow?" he spluttered.

"Oh, you're too smart!" answered Scrapper Sanders, and the rest of the pirates laughed.

Up the smooth lake, the two boats sped in retreat before the assemblage realized the kidnapping. Back past the isle of distressed maidens and on to the swampy north shore. Then into the dark, dank cave the Pirates of Springfield went with their victim The curious crowd hurried after, but Maximilian, with drawn sword as large as himself, barred the narrow way.

"Stand back, you villains!" he cried, and there was no one to dispute the passage.

After the crowd had melted away, wondering, and after the last tired buccaneer had slipped off the togs and trappery of war, Maximilian and Antoinette crouched upon the front steps in the gathering gloom. Overhead, Maximilian's comforting stars twinkled reassuringly and the boy could rest his head against the Ionic column and feel the restless billows under his feet, and see the palms and light-houses and gun-decks of his triumphant piracy. Antoinette was very quiet; she was rather under the awe of Maximilian.

A June-bug came buzzing, like some distant rip-saw, and Antoinette dodged. "Say, 'Milian," she murmured, "tell me what the pirates did to William in the cave. Please, won't you?"

Maximilian fibbed magnificently. "We buried him in a big hole."

"Please, 'Milian," renewed Antoinette. "Cross my heart, I won't tell."

Maximilian leaned over and whispered: "Me and Scrapper and Cricket told him the next time we kidnapped him we'd sell him into slavery. Scrapper and Cricket don't like him 'cause he talks to Margie and Anna May. And I—and I don't like him 'cause—'cause—"

Antoinette did not ask the reason for Maximilian's hostility. She merely cuddled slightly nearer her comrade. Maximilian was uncannily fascinating, there in the gloaming, with the glamor of red-blood deeds enveloping him.

"'Milian," Antoinette said softly, "you're not a pirate. What you did today was the navy. You are a navy-man."

Maximilian sprang to his feet, standing at attention. Antoinette had hit upon the golden key, and he half closed his eyes, seeing afresh his dream of arms and the sea, with a name and a flag that all might cherish. But one thing remained, and he put the question tremulously:

"'Toinette—would you marry a navyman?"

"Of course," said Antoinette promptly. "Any of the girls would."

Maximilian blessed the good stars. "I am going to be a navy-man," he promised. "I'll take good care of you, 'Toinette."

FISHIN'—AND SATISFIED

When I'se out wid my gal on a fishin' trip,
  An' nobody else in sight—
Wid de sun gittin' low and ever'thing still,
  An' de fish jus' begin to bite,
Wid her han' in mine and her love for me
  I'se got all I wants er bliss;
Dis chile ain't hankerin' fur a "crystial sea"
  Nor any mo' heaben dan dis.

O Joshua, Joshua, stop dat sun,
  Le's prolong dis circumstance;
I'se done plum sho' o' dis heaben here now,
  An' de nex' one's jus' a chance.

Wid her deah li'l' head upon my breas'
  An' my arm aroun' her wais'—
Dar ain't gwine to be no sweeter joys,
  Nor joys wid er sweeter tas'e.
Wid her eyes jus' wet wid er drop er dew—
  An' I knows what makes 'em shine—
Wid her lips er sayin' she loves me too,
  An' dose lips er touchin' mine—

O Joshua, Joshua, stop dat sun,
  Le's prolong dis circumstance;
I'se done plum sho' o' dis heaben here now,
  An' de nex' one's jus' er chance.

—*Archie*

The Poet's Prayer

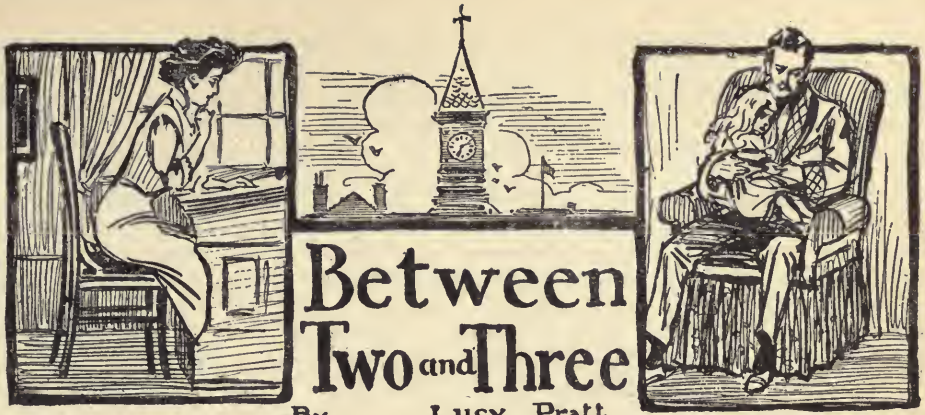
By HENRY YOUNG OSTRANDER

OH, grant me, Lord, these precious things I ask,
Thy strength and grace for Art's eternal task;
Some vital Joy above the drudge of day,
Through happy hours God made just for Play;
Some noble Toil from greed and envy free,
That I may prove by Work my worth to Thee;
One great Soul-love to hold and honor here,
That Heaven may save for me some Self more dear;
Some sacred rapture, sanctified and sane,
In ravishing passion's ecstasy and pain.

Light Thou my path with Art's bright Inner Gleam,
Craft's Consecration and Creative Dream;
Help me reveal in beatific way
Some prisoned Beauty hid in human clay;
Weave fadeless Splendors in Life's daily loom,
Fast colors that shall last past Time and tomb;
Help me to build in Love's Elysian lands
Celestial mansions never made with hands;
Help me betray in lilt of lay and line
Some sweet suggestions of a Strain sublime;
Help not alone my Thought with Tune to join,
But make my life the higher, grander Poem!

Keep me, I pray, forever brave and true—
Make the world seem better for my passing through;
Give me to feel from every sin and wrong,
In Thy Eternal Weal, somehow the Good is born;
Faith's sight to see above the darkening cloud,
A heavenly halo fringing Sorrow's shroud—
Telling beyond the gloom of gathering Night,
"At evening time" His Morrow promised bright;
Make me to see in each refulgent dawn
The Glory-Light of Resurrection Morn—
That Vision seen by eyes which "fell asleep"
When Heaven's Day broke bright across the Deep!

Teach me God's mightier Music of the Heart,
And write my Love's crescendo in some Hallelujah part,
Though I may learn Life's Lessons from its harm,
My voice will lift in Jubilate Psalm;
And when they need my Singing over There,
Close Thou my lips with some sweet Evening Prayer;
Then let my Soul when Life's short day is gone,
At last be carried Home on Angels' Song:
On full Hosanna Anthems it will rise
To join Immortal Choirs in the skies—
On the tide of great Te Deums I'll ascend,
With the swell and crash of Paeans let me blend!



Between Two and Three

By . . . Lucy Pratt

I SOMETIMES think if it hadn't been for that seemingly unimportant conversation with Mrs. Cramm that it never would have happened just as it did. That conversation with Mrs. Cramm was surely the beginning of it, even if it did appear to be something entirely idle and inadvertent. We were speaking of our favorite author—authoress never seemed to entirely describe her—and bemoaning the fact that she was *degenerating*.

"Oh, it's no use talking, she's degenerating horribly!" declared Mrs. Cramm with fervor. "That last thing of hers—that little thing, what's its name, that's just come out?"

"Yes, I know," I agreed, with what was, I have no doubt, significant expression, "I've just been reading it. It's almost below criticism, isn't it? Oh, it's—it's poor!"

"Poor!" agreed Mrs. Cramm appreciatively, "I should think it was poor! It's one of those things that's simply ground out! There's not a breath of inspiration about it from beginning to end! It might have been written between two and three in the afternoon! Oh, it's horribly poor!"

"Easily between two and three," I agreed, rising to go, and enjoying Mrs. Cramm's original choice of words, "the only thing to be said in her favor is that she knows it's poor, I've been told."

"Of course she does. She's bright enough for that. But she doesn't do the public justice if she thinks it isn't bright enough to know it, too. I've noticed that before in writers, haven't you? Occasionally the idea seems to occur to them that the public isn't bright."

"It seems to be—either that, or else a candid and honest admission that the idea that the author was bright was all a mistake."

Mrs. Cramm laughed joyously. "And furthermore—*what* do the English do without our expressive vocabulary? That wouldn't have sounded nearly so well if you had said 'clever.'"

I went down the steps of Mrs. Cramm's broad, hospitable veranda and turned to the sidewalk.

"Between two and three in the afternoon." I smiled to myself, and turned into the next door. "There does seem to be something rather hopeless-sounding about that. Between two and three in the afternoon." My eye fell on the hall clock as I went in. It was just one. "I wonder if she meant that as a timely word of warning that *I* shouldn't try to write anything at that particular hour of the day." The lunch bell sounded, and I went into a colorless, uninspired looking boarding-house dining room, which, I admitted, was getting on my nerves, and adapted myself in a mildly heroic fashion to the people around me. When I left them to mount the winding, uninspired looking boarding-house stairs to my own room, my eye fell once more on the hall clock. It was five minutes of two.

"Between two and three in the afternoon," I murmured, and stepped into my room where an uninspired looking set of boarding-house furniture regarded me complacently with many eyes from all quarters of the room.

"Life is hopelessly commonplace," I admitted. "The only way to make it bearable is to garnish it and color it to one's own liking. Now here I sit between two and three in the afternoon, a lonely, unattached female, who, first of all, will *not* be attached, and with nothing more inspiring to look out on in life than just what I can conjure up out of my own brain which the Lord has given me. Looked at in one way, that doesn't seem to add one ray of light or one dash of color to the already colorless atmosphere, and looked at in another way, it seems to mean—why, it seems to make anything possible! Light and color—and quick, leaping thought, and throbbing pulses and tingling blood—and power, unbounded, triumphant power that sweeps all before it, bowling over all little insignificant commonplaces in its path—marching steadily on, leaving a wreck behind of all that it has spurned and tossed down and cast aside, but still marching on, the same undaunted power—the same power of thought!" A quick leaping flame seemed to suddenly spring up in my blood, and I crossed the room almost breathlessly and sat down at my desk. Outside, the clock in the hall struck two in hard, clear tones and I turned, half startled, and took up a pencil.

"Between Two And Three In The Afternoon," I wrote. It should be the title of my story, of my great story, the events of which would all happen between two and three in the afternoon! I would write it now—between two and three in the afternoon! Why not? Why not between two and three in the afternoon as well as between ten and eleven in the morning? As well as between nine and ten in the evening? I was no longer a colorless phantom gazing vacantly around a colorless room. My brain was already full of warm, swiftly moving scenes, of human glow and life and speech, of sweetly crashing sound of voice and wind and wave, of rushing faces and marching life. It was full and demanding swift expression, and my pencil hovered for just a moment in feverish confidence over my blank, white sheet.

Then happened one of those things which suddenly result in just another contribution to that great drift of unexpressed thought which floats somewhere, disappointed, always longing for expression, always unexpressed—around the world. It was a tap on the door.

"Come!" I said, at the same time dropping roughly back from somewhere I had been. "Come," I repeated vaguely, feeling hurt and bruised. It was only the maid, and she held out a miserable little card and I stood up and looked defiantly across the room.

"Yes, tell him I will come, Julie," and Julie went out again and I readjusted myself.

"Why *does* he keep it up," my readjusted self broke out, "when he knows it's utterly no use?"

"Between Two And Three In The Afternoon."

My glance dwelt on the written words with a kind of uncanny fascination, and I gave something like an involuntary shudder and stepped out into the hall. It was five minutes past two. I remember the time exactly, as one does after a murder, or some event vivid and startling which seems to fix always a distinct memory of time both before and after.

I went on—down the boarding-house stairs, into the small receiving room at one side of the hall, and then I experienced an inexpressible and incomprehensibly disagreeable sensation at finding, not the person I expected to find at all, but an absolute stranger standing before me, who advanced toward me smiling and alert looking.

"Miss Karr?" he questioned. "Ah, Miss Karr, yes, and now I might say a—a great deal in preliminary, of course, a great deal, but what is the use? Let us begin right at the beginning. Let us start right off with the point."

I was willing to start off with the point, provided I knew what it was. But he apparently did know.

"Yes! And the point is," he continued, "I am deeply in love with your writings, Miss Karr—yes."

I confess this struck me at the moment as being just a bit sudden, but having said "yes," the alert gentleman before me evidently considered that the affair between us had reached a ripe, advanced, and probably fruitful stage.

"Yes," he repeated.

This did not seem to be a perceptible gain, and I divined that he needed encouragement.

"Your name?" I threw in casually.

"My name," he repeated, gazing straight ahead with an illuminated look in his eyes,

"yes. I am here to tell you without polish or preamble that I am deeply in love with your writings, Miss Karr, that I—perhaps—your discernments are delicate—perhaps you—understand the rest?"

But, polish and preamble aside, I felt justified in repeating my question.

"Your name?" I threw in again helpfully.

"My name?" he repeated, real fervor glowing in his eyes now as he glanced up at the ceiling, "is *immaterial!* I am only here to modestly beseech forgiveness while I modestly—modestly, but hopefully, offer you—I know that roughly speaking it might sound audacious—but your discernments are delicate—modestly, but hopefully, to offer you what is mine!"

The name might be immaterial, looking at it in its broadest lights. Nevertheless, I was firm.

"I should like to know your name," I repeated, with perhaps a touch of severity in my tones.

"Does it rest in the name?" he demanded, a touch of severity in *his* tones. "Does it rest *entirely* in the name?"

I went on conscientiously.

"No, to be truthful, Mr.—Mr.—" he gave me no aid, and I began to feel as if I were taking part in a guessing game, "to be absolutely truthful, it wouldn't make a particle of difference what your name was. Whether it was Brown or Jones or Hubbard or Hammaker—"

"Go on," he urged, apparently hopeful because I hadn't yet mentioned it, "it is none of those."

"No, but it wouldn't make the slightest difference what your name was. Whether it was Smith or Smart or Smudge or Budge—or Fudge—or—" my list of names appeared to be running out.

"But it isn't any of those," he persisted, still eagerly, "you haven't guessed it yet!"

"Possibly not," I returned, feeling hot with exasperation, "but I really can't give up my entire afternoon to guessing your name, and it wouldn't make any difference *what* it was, anyway! I can't marry you under any conditions! *No matter what your name is!*"

He looked at me with a sudden, almost penetrating look in his eye.

"Is that your final answer?" he demanded sadly.

"Final," I returned, "final."

He turned to his hat, which rested near. "Then it is useless to press the matter," he concluded philosophically.

"You see—knowing so little of you—it wouldn't be right," I explained lamely.

"Good-bye!" he added, still looking sadly into my eyes, which, I feared, were full of bad and wicked mirth, "good-bye!"

He was gone and once more I was standing alone and the maid was looking at me critically.

"The gentleman's still waiting for you in the back parlor," she volunteered.

"Back parlor!" Didn't it sound disgusting! And he was— so *much* of a gentleman! But, from the expression on his face, he might have been waiting in a royal French salon. I had always held a secret admiration for his face. To be entirely honest, I had always held rather a secret admiration for him. I admitted freely that I had—ever since he had married my best friend five years before, and I had come to know him intimately. And when she died, a year after, and left him with his child, his sorrow was both admirable and touching. I admitted then and always and always afterward that he was superior to the general run of men, that little Rosina was adorably lovely, that I was devoted to them both, but that I didn't want to marry anyone, and that I had had occasion before now to decide unalterably that I *shouldn't* marry anyone. I decided it again as I looked through the doorway now and saw him waiting, while little Rosina ran forward and threw up her arms delightedly. I stooped down and felt the warm little arms around me, and kissed the smooth rosy cheeks. Then I glanced up at her father. He was standing with his arms behind him, looking down on us with, I think, the most peculiar mingling of expressions that I ever happened to catch in the eyes of mortal man. It was triumphant, it was sad, it was defiant. It confused me for a moment, but I rose and gave him my hand, while the other one still held Rosina's warm little fingers securely. Just for the second we stood there, and if a quick flash of light had suddenly reproduced us somewhere for all time, it would have left the three of us standing there unmistakably linked together. But our hands dropped, and I looked up into the eyes above me and then down at the small figure below me, and then swiftly I looked down into my own heart and made a hard, sharp vow. I had made the same vow before, but it was unyielding now—hard, sharp. It was the kind of vow a woman doesn't usually have to make more than once in a lifetime, and as I sighed, a little chiming clock on the mantelpiece that sang out the quarter hours took up the breath and chimed it into clear, sweet, definite tones.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have come at this hour of the afternoon," began the other clear tones that I knew so well, "but Rosina—it's a lame excuse, isn't it?—Rosina wanted to see you so much that—I came with her."

"I've heard of fathers' taking their children to the circus before," I smiled. Thank heaven for a gleam of anything that suggested a good, everyday, commonplace idea. "Not that I regard myself as a circus, though my last caller did seem to think of me somewhat in that light, too."

"Your last caller?" he questioned with suspicious eagerness. "What did *he* want?"

"Why, he wanted—" I returned steadily, taking slow mental aim, and preparing, with an unmistakable pang of pity to make my answer fully significant, "he wanted to *marry* me! If he had known me as well as you do, he wouldn't have wanted that, or if he *had* wanted it, he wouldn't have said so, because he would have known, as you do, that it was a hopeless, impossible want for him—for anybody." I stopped, looking at him squarely, and he looked squarely back at me. I remember at the time I thought he had never looked quite so squarely back at me before.

"Then," he said, "listen to what *I* have to say. It may startle you, there is no reason why it should," his voice grew dangerously gentle, "it may seem extreme, there is no reason why it should, but I have come here fully prepared to put a safe but certain end to all this unhappy uncertainty that exists between us. I—I—look at me! I have come here to marry you."

I remember my bewildered silence, my confused realization that I had had enough shocks that afternoon to last me a lifetime, and then I remember looking back at him defiantly.

"The road between intention and final accomplishment is a long one," I began, measuring my words so that there should be no doubt about his hearing all of them, "and while you may intend to marry me, you will not accomplish it for the simple reason that it takes two to bring about marriage, and I shall never—never—never agree to be one of those two."

There must have been something about my manner as well as my words that carried conviction with it, for, as he looked at me, his face took on a queer, seamy look, and he opened his mouth to say something more, and stopped.

Finally he began again. "You don't mean one word of that," he said, measuring his words, too, "your real feelings toward me I—I know. You see I have had a great many opportunities to—to judge of this thing. That is one reason why I can conscientiously act in this way. To be sure I didn't mean to say this to you until—I meant, of course—" he looked at little Rosina who was busy with magazine pictures on the floor—"to come back—to come back a little later. But I believe you started me yourself. And it's just as well." He came a step nearer. "Look at me," he pleaded. "Come!"

His whisper startled me, and I felt my eyes running away from him—down to little Rosina on the floor.

"No," I said distinctly.

"Yes!" He came on another step.

"No!" I repeated. "No, no!"

I shrank away, down to little Rosina on the floor, and his eyes followed me, queer and almost scared-looking.

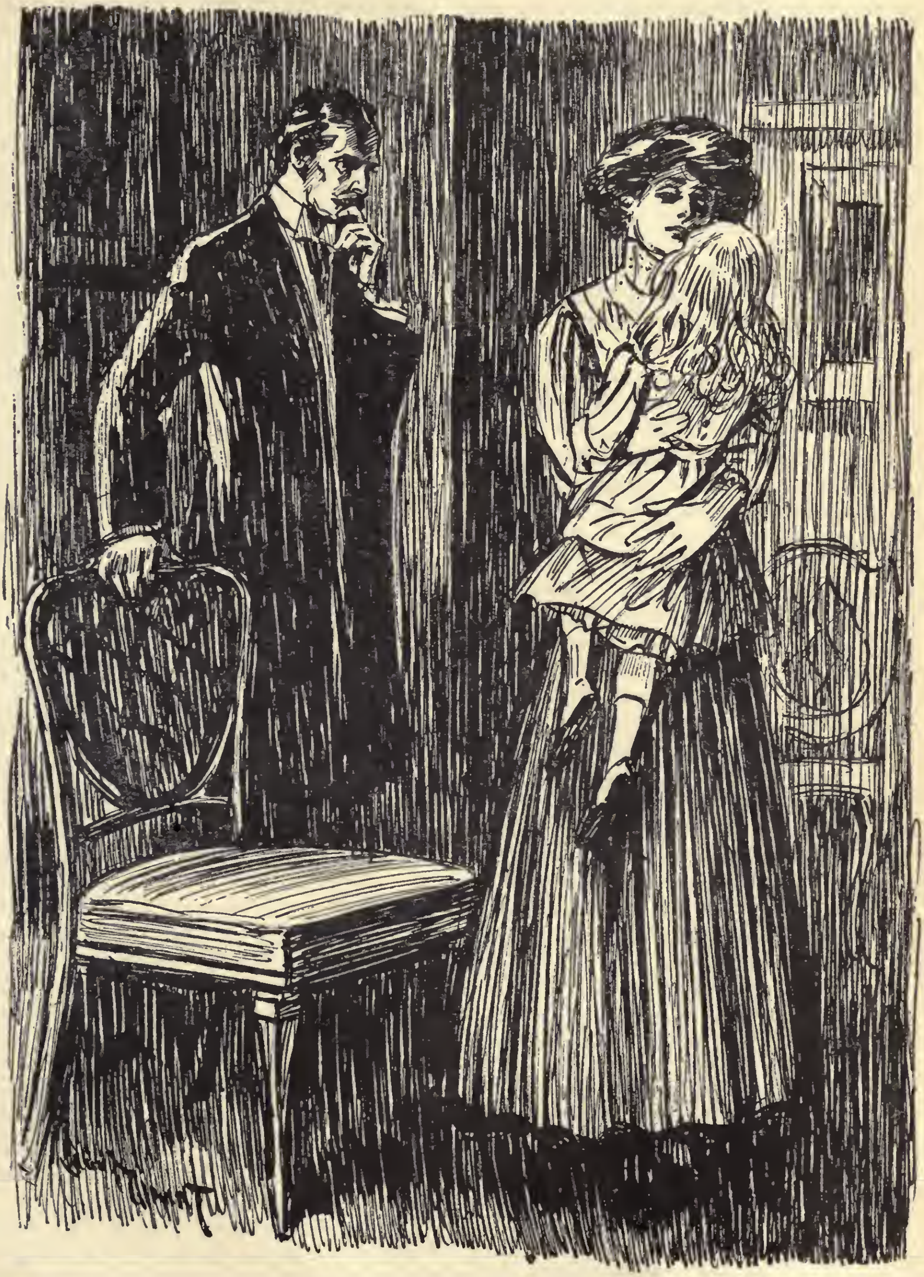
"No? Do you mean that?"

I only nodded my head and stretched out my arms to Rosina.

He came across to where we were and took the child almost roughly in his arms.

"You—tell her! You—tell her, Rosy!" he broke out with something like a sob in his strange-sounding voice. "Tell her I can't—*live* without her! Rosy! Tell her I want her! Tell her you want her! Tell her—" he put her down with a quick, rough, hopeless movement. Rosina looked at him uncomprehending and frightened, and the tears started into her big startled eyes.

"Come!" I whispered, holding out my arms to her, and she ran into them with a bewildered sob.



"I felt my arms tightening around her"

"Tell her—" there came a faint voice from the other side of the room, "that you haven't any mother to take care of you!"

There came a wet, catching sob from the little figure in my arms.

"Sh—sh!" I whispered, bringing her nearer with a yearning sort of ache in my heart that I had never felt in just that way before, and kissing the wet, streaming cheeks, "there—there! Now we aren't going to cry any—more!"

"You—need her—very much!" came the faint voice from the other side of the room, "you haven't—any mother—to take care of you!"

"Haven't—any—m-muvver—to—to take care of me!" came the little desolate, sobbing wail.

I felt my arms tightening spasmodically around her—my heart throbbing out quick yearning beats under her warm little body, and then suddenly, I put her away from me, holding her back for a moment between my two hands, while I looked at the silent figure across the room. But my eyes were so dim that I hardly saw him distinctly and I seemed only dimly to hear my own voice.

"This is an unfair advantage—to take of a woman!"

His answer came brokenly—quickly.

"It is—come, Rosy! Come!"

She went to him and he took her on his knee, while her bewildered sobs still came convulsively. "It is—an unfair advantage. But she needs you—and I need you. I—I need you even more than she does!" He bent his head down over the small, fluffy one, and I wondered vaguely whether the tear that dropped on Rosy's apron was his or hers. I felt I must know whether—whether *it was his or hers!* Whether—whether—was it his? No, of course it wasn't his! What difference could it make anyway—whether it was his or hers? What was the matter with me? What had come over me that—that I *must know* whether it was his or hers? And that calm, bold attitude of mine that used to stand by me so well—that used to keep my barriers calmly, firmly standing always—what was happening, anyway, that things seemed to be tumbling around me in helpless ruins while only one insane, feverish, monstrous desire burned in my blood—to know whether it was *his tear or hers*. . . . Slowly—slowly—his hand went up to his eyes. . . . And my barriers—it was too late now. They were already in confused, pitiful disorder around me—around me there on my knees—and I was only trying to stretch out my arms again—

"Oh, come," I was whispering, "oh, come," I was whispering again, "both of you—oh, come!" I kept whispering faintly, until somehow, they were both down before me, little Rosy and my masterful man who had come quite sure that he—that he was going to marry me. . . .

But he remembered finally that he *was* a masterful man, and he then lifted me up and then he lifted Rosy up, and then there came another odd mingling of expressions in his eyes, and he took something carefully folded from his pocket.

"The actual *reason* for my coming so well prepared," he explained, while little twinkles of joy suddenly appeared around his mouth, "was that I remembered our minister neighbor down the hall, who actually *requires* a little intervention of this sort now and then to keep him going!"

What followed has always, from that day to this, seemed to me like a vivid, swiftly-moving act on a strange, shadowy, half-real stage. And my part, in some way, seemed to have been all known before.

"I'm glad—I'm glad!" I began brokenly, but my voice sounded breathless and hushed, "especially—since I have found out that—that neither one of you is fit to get on without me—another hour."

"Thank you," came the other hushed voice. "Not another hour! You agree to that—don't you? Not another hour!"

"Not another—" I would have agreed to anything—marriage—parting—suicide—anything—if he had only said it! And I turned my head while a slow reality seemed to creep steadily over me, and he looked back at me and then down at the folded paper.

"It *was* charitable of me, wasn't it—" he dared, "to remember that neighbor down the hall?"

And he was gone, and for a moment, Rosy, quiet on the floor, and I, standing still and breathless, had the stage alone. And the steps echoed down the hall and died away while we waited, until they sounded again and he came in with the same little twinkles of joy around his mouth—and "my neighbor from down the hall."

I looked at him in a kind of passive unbelief and then he went out again and more steps sounded—and he returned—and the figures of our witnesses shifted like phantoms before me as the scene completed itself—and then the strange, swiftly-moving act went on steadily to the end.

* * *

Once more I was traveling up the boarding-house stairs, but a strong hand was on my shoulder and a small, warm one was in my grasp. No one was speaking and there seemed to be a listening hush everywhere, over everything. On we went and stopped before a door, and then we opened it and went in.

It was the same room, but there seemed to be the same listening hush there, too, and I closed the door and broke the silence.

"We must make—our plans!" I ventured bravely.

"That won't take us long!" His voice was so delightfully natural! "It doesn't take us long when we—really get started!"

He laughed and there was a deep sort of thrill in his laugh and I caught my breath and wondered if I was the same woman who had sat in that room alone—when was it? My eyes then fell on something on the desk—"Between Two And Three In The Afternoon."

I tried, in a helpless, bewildered way, to remember. How many years ago was it that I had written that? What was it all going to be about—that story? Vaguely my eyes wandered to the little clock ticking clearly, cheerfully on the mantelpiece and pointing steadily at three. And then with a confused memory of a rude interruption an hour before, and a rejected suitor, they wandered across the room again, which seemed to be all filled up with light and color—and vibrated warmly between my husband and my child.

"Between two and three in the afternoon," I murmured.

And outside, in the hall, the clock struck three.

SNAP-SHOT OF A MOUNTAIN GUIDE

By JULIA PROCTOR WHITE

He kept a merry devil always twinkling in each eye,
But when he said, "You move!" you moved—or gave the reason why.
He'd take a vicious sample of a bucking plains cayuse
And make her ride as easy as a C. P. R. caboose.
He'd throw the rope so deftly round a problematic pack
'Twould travel safe as any burr upon an old sheep's back.
If he'd agree to take his train through miles of trackless wood,
Over trees and stones and freshets, you could bet that he'd make good.
In making camp in storm or shine he captured all the tricks:
He'd cook a toothsome meal above a pile of rain-soaked sticks,
When every way he turned the smoke was torturing his eyes,
And be as sweetly patient as an angel in disguise.
But if a *reason* rose for fists—ah, that was worth your while!
Step lightly on the toes of him who wears the sweetest smile.
He couldn't do a tricky thing; he wasn't built that way;
An honest, upright gentleman who lived within his pay.
The spirit of the mountain heights had claimed him for her own;
Her suns, her winds, had branded him; and he'd refuse a throne
For the chance to live forever there upon the mountainside,
To love and serve and follow her, and ride, ride, ride.

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY, Missouri, is face to face with a street railway problem that requires calm and sober consideration. The question is not brought to the front at this time as a consequence of political agitation, neither is it a result of any battle of stocks and bonds, wherein different and conflicting interests are seeking to preserve themselves and make more gold, but it is a question of municipal policy—a policy that will determine whether the city shall share in the net revenues of the street railway company or shall impose the customary tax upon the company's gross receipts. What is known as the "Chicago plan" is being considered by the people of Kansas City, and naturally the history of the conditions that led up to the adoption of that plan, and the effects of its adoption are matters that are receiving considerable attention by the people of the Missouri city.

Shorn of all political features, the Chicago plan has placed the relations between the traction companies and the city of Chicago on a clear business basis. What the companies agree to do for the city and the things the city can require the companies to do are all set forth in specific terms. All such details as character of construction, equipment, details of operation and other conditions are set forth in the ordinances, and such an arrangement disposes of the constant vexation arising from petty disputes. The financial side of the whole situation is clearly covered in these ordinances. The companies are allowed a reasonable profit, and to avoid permitting them to earn excessive profits, the city becomes a partner in the net receipts. All the provisions of the ordinances covering these various questions are hedged about with proper safeguards so that the city has ample resources to protect itself from being cheated.

Up to the time these ordinances had been adopted, the city of Chicago had been in constant war with its traction companies. The city had no adequate power to enforce good service, and the companies had no guarantee as to whether they would or would not be permitted to continue in business, as they were then constituted, and the natural consequence of that situation was that they let their lines and equipment run down, and the service correspondingly suffered. The Chicago railway companies were simply political footballs for the politicians to kick at whenever a municipal campaign was in progress.

The companies are now under agreement to furnish good service, and the city has ample power to enforce the agreement, and the people who patronize the street railways are getting the best possible service at the lowest possible price. The Chicago plan has proven to be an ideal one for the city, and the street railway systems are being rapidly rehabilitated, and in a few years Chicago will have one of the best street railway systems in the country. Financially, the deal is a very paying feature for the city. On a basis of forty-five per cent. of the net revenues for the companies, and fifty-five per cent. for the city, the latter in a period of two years has received over $2,000,000 as its share, and this in face of the fact that several millions of dollars have been expended in improvements to perfect the system. Previous to the arrangement, all the city got each year out of the railroads was $300,000 in car licenses, and the system was far below the average American standard of street railways.

The Chicago plan provides that all expenditures shall be made by a board of engineers, one representing the city, the second the railroads, and the third being a mediator between the two. Not a cent is spent without the approval of the city being first given.

This system of dealing with a public-utility company might be termed a community of interests, both having the same purpose to accomplish, and that being accomplished in a way that is beneficial to both. It sets at rest all agitation for the municipal ownership of the railway, and the result could not be otherwise, because both the city and the companies have a mission to perform, and in that performance they have an equal voice. Neither can take advantage of the other. The man who invests his money in the stocks and bonds is protected, and the city shares in whatever success the excellence of the system provides.

As far as the street railway of Kansas City is concerned, its condition does not require that it seek the adoption of a similar plan at the present time. The Metropolitan Street Railway Company has a franchise that has sixteen years to run, the company is in excellent financial condition, and the system stands in the front ranks of American street railways. The company and the people of Kansas City are on friendly terms, and such an arrangement as the Chicago plan would be of much greater advantage to the city than to the company. Its income through this plan would be far greater than under its present arrangement with the company, and needed municipal improvements which cannot be made from the present available revenues would be a certainty.

It is true the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of Kansas City would also gain some advantages by the adoption of the Chicago plan. Its franchise would be etxended for a satisfactory period; it could plan for the future with more certainty, and its officers would be free to devote their entire time to development and improvement, rather than watching the shifting movements of politicians, which is the obnoxious and disagreeable duty of street railway managers in too many of our American cities. It is impossible to expect efficiency in service where there is a lack of harmony between municipalities and the public-utility corporations. The function of a street railway system is far more important to a municipality than is ordinarily understood. The rapid growth of cities like Kansas City makes the problem of rapid transit within urban and suburban districts the most important municipal question with which the people have to deal. As the city grows, the area within which a man may live and easily walk to his work becomes overfilled, and rents rise to such a point that a worker must move away from the business centre. The steam roads attempted to solve the problem years ago by running frequent trains to the suburbs, but for various causes it was impossible for them to meet the whole demand.

The first improvement introduced in urban transportation was the omnibus, which required no special form of pavement. This was soon followed by the street car drawn by horses on its roadway laid in the streets. After this, in quick succession, came cable and electric cars, now supplemented in large cities by elevated and underground railways. The effect of these changes has been to increase very greatly the area within which the workingman can find a residence.

If we assume that one hour represents the maximum amount of time that can be taken to go to our place of business, a man who walks can have his dwelling within a circle of three and one-half miles radius; or within an area of thirty-eight square miles. If he can use a horse car traveling at the rate of seven miles an hour, the distance which is open to him covers one hundred and fifty-four square miles; if it is an electric car traveling at a rate of fifteen miles an hour, the area will contain 706 square miles, and if he be given a speed of twenty-five miles an hour by means of overhead or underground tracks, the distance within which he may live and reach his business in an hour will have an area of about 2,000 square miles.

The results of improved travel facilities in Kansas City have been of incalculable value to all whose business or labors require them to spend their days in the heart of the city. There is no tenement system there with its overcrowded population, and conditions for the workingman are equal to those found in any of our American cities. The most prejudiced corporation hater cannot fail to observe that the Metropolitan Street Railway Company has contributed largely in every stride of commercial advancement the city has made during recent years, and hence a spirit of liberality and fair treatment is justly due the company.

It is not to be assumed that Kansas City will exact an arrangement with the Metropolitan Street Railway Company that will be identical with that of Chicago, for notwithstanding the greatly improved conditions in Chicago, there are minor details that are far from perfect. These have come to the surface during the past two years, and Kansas City may gain some benefit from Chicago's experience. And then again, as already stated, the physical condition of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company is excellent, while that of the Chicago railways was deplorable. The hilly condition of Kansas City is a feature that does not exist in Chicago, and this makes the expense of operation necessarily much greater. But assuming that the Chicago methods were adopted in Kansas City, and the same percentage agreed upon, it is interesting to study the probable effect the change would have upon the revenue to the city from the company each year.

Under the present franchise agreement in Kansas City, the street railway company pays eight per cent. of its gross receipts, first deducting taxes, into the city treasury. If we assume that the city will continue to grow during the balance of the franchise period as it has in the last sixteen years, the population served by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company will be about a million. The street railway earning per capita of Kansas City has been for several years about $12. When the franchise period has been reached, and the population of the territory served has reached the estimated million, the gross earnings of the street railway company will be approximately $12,000,000 per year. After deducting taxes, interest on the estimated bonded indebtedness at that time, and fifty-five per cent. of the gross receipts for operating expenses, the city would receive in the neighborhood of $1,450,000 per year. Of course this is an estimate upon probable earnings, but let us take the actual earnings as they are today, and see what the figures show. Applying the Chicago plan to Kansas City, the company would pay into the city treasury as its per cent. of the net receipts, in the neighborhood of $275,000 as a result of the first year's operation. Under the eight per cent., after deducting taxes system in effect at present, the city would get approximately $150,000.

If the Chicago plan is adopted in Kansas City, it is estimated that at the end of the present franchise period the city will have gained from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 above what it would receive under present system.

The Metropolitan Street Railway system and lines controlled consist of 232½ miles of track and 650 cars.

During the fiscal year ending May 31, 1908, the company carried 100,858,000 revenue passengers and 43,485,000 were carried on transfers. This was a gain of 5,861,000 revenue passengers and 2,410,000 transfer passengers over the previous year, or about six per cent. On account of last year being a year of financial stringency, this is considered a very satisfactory showing.

Under the franchise the company is compelled to pave between the rails and eighteen inches on the outside on all paved streets. The rate of fare is five cents with universal transfers. The power stations are modern, and the latest and best appliances are in use.

One of the best assets the company possesses is the apparent friendship on the part of the people of Kansas City. The men in charge at the present time are among the leaders in street railway operations, and they never lose sight of the fact that the confidence of the people is an absolute necessity in order to attain success.

The Kansas City Railway & Light Company, the holding company, was incorporated in 1903 in New Jersey, and has acquired the entire outstanding capital stock of the Metropolitan Street Railway of Kansas City, and the Kansas City Electric Light Company. Through the Metropolitan Street Railway stock the Kansas City Railway & Light Company acquired the stock of the Central Electric Railway Company, and practically all of the Kansas City Elevated Railway Company, and, through the stock of the Kansas City Electric Light Company, it acquired the stock of the Edison Electric Light & Power Company of Kansas City, the Consolidated Electric Light & Power Company, the Standard Electric Light Company and the Kansas City Electrical Wire Subway Company —except the qualifying shares held by directors. The holding company controls all the railway, electric lighting and power business in the city of Kansas City, Missouri, and Kansas City, Kansas. It also owns the entire stock of the Kansas City & Westport Belt Railway, a steam road since converted to electricity, which on June 16, 1906, absorbed the interurban South Side Railway, both having perpetual charters, and being organized under the General Railroad Law of Missouri; it also acquired the capital stock of the Kansas City Heating Company, holding a franchise which expires in 1935.

All the street railway franchises in Kansas City, Missouri, expire June 1, 1925, and those of the Kansas City, Kansas, property on December 19, 1922. The Kansas City street railway service is recognized as the very best; in fact, there is no city that can boast of better service, and this in spite of engineering and topographical obstacles well-nigh insurmountable. The street railway company has taken the lead in municipal development, and lines have been extended into isolated sections, with an eye only to the future. The development from 1871 to 1886 grew from an equipment of one horse, one car and a man to 447 mules and horses, 99 cars and 24 miles of track. 1886 saw the beginning of the cable system and by 1901 the property consisted of 181 mules and horses, 474 cable cars, 31 horse cars, 79 electric cars, and the total length of single track had grown to 135 miles. When the cable system was abandoned, the change to electricity necessitated an immense outlay of money, but it has been shown that the vast expenditures were wisely made, and the rehabilitation of the property was accomplished as economically as possible. The latest and finest type of electric cars were put into service, and the heaviest type of rails were laid on ties and concrete.

The officers of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company are: Bernard Corrigan, president; W. E. Kirkpatrick, vice-president and treasurer; J. A. Harder, secretary and assistant treasurer, and W. W. Wheatly, general manager.

The Kansas City & Western Railway Company is, like many similar enterprises, an entirely new element, which has entered into the social, commercial and even the political life of the territory in which it operates. There is something more in this building up than a mere extension of street-car service to the country. City and country are being knitted together, and the local and suburban transportation business seems destined to pass from the steam railroads to the trolley lines. It is not many years since the development of electrical machinery gave the guarantee of permanent success to interurban railroads, and made possible the hundreds of lines that network the country.

One of the prettiest rides in Missouri is a trip from Kansas City to Fort Leavenworth, over the Kansas City & Western Railway. This trip brings to the eye a stretch of country whose beauty and fertility is unsurpassed. Here may be seen all the diversity of winding river, towering bluffs, undulating prairies and thrifty cities.

The Kansas City & Western Railway was built in 1901, and was taken over by the present company on June 1, 1905. At that time the property, while in fair physical condition, did not conform to the standard of requirements for economical operation or satisfactory service to its patrons. Immediately better schedules were adopted, new and better equipment purchased, and the property put into excellent physical condition. The line of the railway was greatly improved, grades were eliminated or reduced and unnecessary curvatures removed through relocation, resulting in a material shortening of the line and making possible faster running time.

It was apparent that these improvements met with the hearty approval of the public, for the number of passengers increased from 2,600,052 in 1905 to 3,146,971 in 1906. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, 3,608,975 passengers were carried. In three years there were expended for betterments over $600,000, and the property is now in good physical condition.

The distance between Kansas City and Fort Leavenworth is 28 miles, and the territory traversed by the interurban railway possesses every element for the success of such an enterprise; in fact, there are few locations in the West that offer better promise for such an enterprise. Kansas City and adjoining municipalities have a population of 450,000, and Leavenworth, the northern terminus, a population of 25,000. Between these two points on the road are a number of thrifty towns and one of the most fertile agricultural regions of Kansas. There are several state and federal institutions, notably: The Kansas State Institution for the Blind, the Kansas Penitentiary, the Soldiers' Home, Fort Leavenworth Military Reservations and the United States federal prison. Besides these there are several private institutions on the line of the railway.

The power which operates the railway is generated in Kansas City and carried to Chelsea Junction substantially at 6,600 volts alternating current, three phase. At this station it is stepped up to 33,000 volts and carried to Leavenworth, a distance of thirty miles. At each substation the power is reduced to 550 volts, direct current, and put on the line.

The rotaries are located at Chelsea substation, at Wolcott and at Leavenworth. At these places the plant has a kilowatt capacity of 900, 1,000 and 900 respectively. With these substations the company is enabled to put out sufficient current to meet every demand.

The track is of heavy steel rails and laid on a perfectly graded private right-of-way. The large fifty-six-foot cars are of the most modern and expensive construction and are models of convenience and comfort.

While the gross earnings of the road show an increase of $50,236.01 at the end of the last fiscal year over the previous year, it is safe to predict a much greater increase during 1909 and 1910. Last year was a year of financial stringency and every line of industry felt the depression. The gains made by the interurban railway were much below normal and afford no criterion for what can be expected when business conditions assume an ordinary degree of activity.

The management of the Kansas City & Western Railway Company has won the confidence of the people of Kansas City and Leavenworth, and the company is not harassed by prejudice or political obstacles. Its policy is liberal, and from a very careful study of the conditions I do not hesitate to venture the assertion that the property will become very valuable.

The officers are C. F. Holmes, president and general manager; C. F. Hutchings, vice-president and general counsel; D. D. Hastings, secretary and treasurer; J. W. Richardson, general superintendent, and W. M. Borman, auditor.

The company owns and operates the city lines of Leavenworth, and is working under a twenty-year franchise.

There are few public-utility companies that have made a better record during the past ten years than the Kansas City Electric Light Company.

The policy laid out by the present company when it assumed control was: "Build a plant that will produce at an absolute minimum cost electricity; make very low rates so that we can sell an immense quantity of it, as the more we manufacture the cheaper we can make it, and the citizens will get the advantage of cheap light and power. Strive at all times to obtain the confidence of patrons, and never fool the people."

These instructions are strictly observed in the office of the Kansas City Electric Light Company, and to the observance of this policy may be traced the success which the company has experienced.

The first thing the company did was to plan a new plant, and in the course of three years it had consigned practically every piece of machinery, engines, boilers, pumps, dynamos and arc lamps to the scrap heap. All the transformers were changed and all uncertain meters were renewed. An underground system was planned which has cost several hundred thousand dollars. The company immediately lowered the rate from twenty cents to ten cents for residences, and the commercial rate was correspondingly reduced. The present commercial rate is from two and one-half cents to six and eight cents, according to the load, burning hours and the time at which the lamps are burning.

As a result of the reduction and business energy, the corporation has increased its business from 507 in 1890 to 25,000-horse-power motors. There are at present 16,000 meters in service, 10,000 of which are in residences. The company lights the streets of Kansas City at $65 per year for all night and every night service, approximating 4,000 hours per year. The price is considered to be about actual cost when investment, interest and depreciation are figured.

All lamps are renewed free and no charge is made for setting meters, making special meter tests, and, except on extraordinary occasions no charge is made for connections. There is a minimum bill charge of $1 a month, which is sufficient only to meet the expenses incidental to keeping the transformers excited and the interest on investment in meters and transformers and cost of reading meters and billing the customer.

In view of the fact that natural gas is furnished to the people of Kansas City for twenty-five cents per thousand cubic feet, the success of the Kansas City Electric Light Company seems remarkable.

The company has been confronted with many difficulties. It has severely felt the effects of political agitation and the opposition of prejudiced interests. It has been compelled to buy up franchises from rival concerns that never intended to build plants. Its interests have time and again been menaced by political issues that were intended only to create prejudice and elect certain men to office. Happily conditions at the present day are more satisfactory. The people are beginning to understand that a great public-utility company like the Kansas City Electric Light Company stands in the front rank of every effort to promote the growth of the city and to give the municipality distinction. Many of the leading citizens of Kansas City fully realize that it is nothing short of business suicide to permit the politicians to hamper the company with impossible and impracticable restrictions, and it seems that, as far as Kansas City is concerned, men will have to gain office in the future through other channels than the old cry of "down with the companies."

The Kansas City Electric Light Plant is one of the oldest in the country. It was first built in 1881, and the original company was given a perpetual franchise. This franchise is the one under which the present company is operating. It has taken a mint of money to install the different electrical appliances that have been tried and discarded since the company first began to furnish electricity in Kansas City. The company, however, has kept pace with the progress made in the art, and today Kansas City has one of the most efficient plants in the country. Its management is most efficient, and the men at the helm fully recognize the fact that the people have rights that must be respected. Its rates are as low as those of any city in the country, except perhaps in a few cases where water power is available, and its service is of the highest type. Very important is the fact that the most harmonious relationship prevails between the company and the people at the present time. During my visit in Kansas City I was unable to find a single prominent citizen who had a grievance against the company.

The manifest lack of information on the part of a great many people regarding the requirements to successfully furnish electricity has been apparent in Kansas City, and this ignorance has caused the company no end of trouble.

What the indignant, but honest, lighting consumer needs is more light—perhaps not the commodity the corporation serves, but a light to the understanding. He objects to the readiness to serve charge, because he thinks he has received nothing, and therefore should pay nothing.

He cheerfully pays the premium on his insurance policy, though he has no fire during the year, and declines to pay the minimum bill for lighting service, because he understands insurance and does not understand the minimum bill.

He has had the company place its facilities at his disposal; he has had its service just as he has had that of the fire insurance company, which he did not call upon to pay a loss, but which assessed a certain portion of its expenses to his policy, a portion averaged upon the cost or carrying all its policies and risks.

The minimum bill which he is asked to pay is simply a charge for standing ready to serve, and this money goes to meet the following expenses: investment, fixed charges, such as insurance, taxes, office rent and salaries, transformers, losses, etc.

There is no merit to any condemnation of the minimum bill, or readiness to serve charge; its principle runs through every line of business and is everywhere approved. The city or town willingly and justly pays for fire hydrants not used during the year. The lawyer asks and gets a retainer for standing ready to serve. The only difference is that in the case of the lighting company, it is a charge made by a soulless corporation, and is therefore in the minds of many people gross injustice.

It is a difficult question to determine how the public-service corporation and the public are to get what each is entitled to demand—equitable rates. How is each to be guaranteed protection against exploitation by the other? How is the one to be guarded against extortion, and how is the other to be shielded against public distrust of corporations and of their regulation by public bodies composed of politicians—a distrust which is the source of much municipal ownership sentiment and the origin of malicious attacks upon public service corporations?

There is much talk nowadays in regard to regulation, but the regulation required is the system which, while assuring the public a square deal, will leave the corporation a motive for enterprise, progress and liberality; a motive for assuming risks in the effort to extend its business and increase its profits, and a guarantee that others will not be permitted to reap where it has sown.

There is no question but that corporations have made many mistakes, and one of the principal mistakes has been made by the promoter who has used a glittering prospectus in which the profits of the lighting company, whose securities are for sale, are set forth in the most alluring fashion.

The property of the corporation is often exaggerated by representing its revenue over operating expenses, taxes and ordinary repairs; while the fact is, he has figured nothing for depreciation and many other expenses which constantly arise.

When this prospectus falls into the hands of a newspaper making a campaign for lower rates or a new company, it is accepted as a proof that the profits resulting from a certain volume of business at a certain rate are inordinate, and that lighting companies generally are practicing extortion upon the people.

The officers of the Kansas City Electric Light Company are: Bernard Corrigan, president; W. E. Kirkpatrick, vice-president and treasurer; J. A. Harder, secretary and assistant treasurer, and R. E. Richardson, general manager.

LIGHTING CONDITIONS IN OKLAHOMA CITY

As illustrative of the continuous experimental nature of public-utility development, the history of the lighting business in Oklahoma City affords an interesting study. Even with thirty years of experience to guide the electrical engineer, plans which yesterday had seemed feasible are sometimes of no value today. Billions of dollars have been invested in electric-lighting plants that were totally wasted because of the imperfect condition of electrical development when the investments were made.

The first electrical plant in Oklahoma City was operated by water power. This method, which seemed feasible at the beginning, was found to be impracticable, and was quickly abandoned, resulting in a total loss of the money invested in the water power development.

There were two companies organized, a water power company and a lighting company, but the ownership was practically the same. The likelihood of selling securities or borrowing money to finance these projects was so slight that the companies did not even attempt to obtain funds in this manner. The plants were built entirely with money paid in by the stockholders, C. W. Price contributing the largest amount.

An open canal six miles in length was constructed. This canal was thirty-two feet wide at the top and twenty-two feet at the bottom and ten feet deep. A fall of thirty-two feet was obtained. Construction was started in January, 1890, and finished in December of the same year. Heat difficulty was met in maintaining the banks and preventing the disintegration which eventually was the cause of failure.

The development represented an outlay of over $112,000, and the electric plant and distributing had cost practically $25,000. Today there is practically nothing left of the original electric light plant, and all that remains of the canal is a six-mile excavation filled with weeds and rubbish. This illustrates how money is often spent by public-utility companies in experiments that prove impracticable. Men who are willing to take these risks, however, are the builders of our American cities, and they should be encouraged rather than made the object of senseless attacks by aspiring politicians.

The first franchise was granted the Oklahoma City Light & Power Company November 26, 1890. No limitation was placed on the price of electricity to be charged to consumers, and few conditions were specified. The franchise was given for twenty-one years.

The ordinance was made inoperative in 1902, when a new twenty-one-year franchise was given the company. This franchise specified the price which the company could charge upon a flat rate, and give the city power of supervision. Section four of the ordinance was amended in 1906, which allowed the company to install meters. The price was then reduced from eighteen cents to ten cents.

The Oklahoma City Gas & Power Company was given a twenty-one-year franchise in 1900. The company built a plant and distributing system throughout the city and gave general satisfaction.

Natural gas was piped to the city in 1907, and a new franchise was given the Oklahoma Fuel, Light & Power Company to build mains and distribute natural and artificial

PLANT OF THE OKLAHOMA GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY

gas. The ordinance fixed the price of natural gas at thirty-five cents. The company, however, gave its patrons a twenty-five-cent rate. The ordinance provided that in the event of natural gas being exhausted the company might supply artificial gas at $1. The two gas plants in operation before the introduction of natural gas are idle. The gas plant has seventy-one miles of mains, and 4,500 meters are in service. The electric light plant has sixty miles of pole-lines, and the power station a capacity of 32,000 horse power. The company furnishes electric power at a maximum rate of five cents, which is graded down to three cents, according to amount used. The maximum lighting rate is ten cents, graded down to four cents, according to quantity. The company has 4,200 electric meters in service, and the number is increasing at the rate of 100 per month. The city uses 300 arc lights, at $72 per year for all-night service. As an illustration of remarkable development of the business in Oklahoma City, it might be stated that 2,400 horse power is being sold to manufacturers and merchants; more than a thousand electric flatirons are in use; streets have 120 large electric signs and 331 commercial arcs, and 67,000 incandescent lamps are in service.

All the gas and electric interests in Oklahoma City are owned by the Oklahoma Gas & Electric Company. The company is most progressive, and, like the street railway company, always builds ahead of the city. The relationship between the company and its patrons is most harmonious, and judging from the many kind expressions made to me by representative business men, the company enjoys the implicit confidence of the people.

F. H. Tidman is general manager and has been in charge for five years. He went to Oklahoma City after having successfully managed important public-utility properties in the East. He always participates in every effort to develop this hustling Oklahoma metropolis, and the properties of which he has charge are destined to become very valuable. Mr. Tidman is the patentee of the hollow concrete pole. This will take the place of the wooden pole, which decays rapidly.

NEW LEE HUCKINS HOTEL, OKLAHOMA CITY

MAIN OPERATING ROOM, BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

THE TELEPHONE PROBLEM

By W. C. JENKINS

IT can be readily understood why the Bell telephone companies can succeed, while the independent companies are experiencing failure. The Bell system is standardized throughout the United States, and all the subsidiary companies get the benefit of the vast experience of the engineering department of the parent company, which costs $5,000,000 a year to maintain. All constructive work is installed in accordance with specifications prepared by American Telephone & Telegraph Company's engineers, and is the result of experience much broader than any local field could furnish. In addition to this, the subsidiary companies are protected from obsolescence of instruments. What this means is shown by the statement that within the last twenty-five years the parent company has withdrawn from use and substituted at its own expense four different types of transmitters and two or three kinds of receivers.

In the case of the Pupin patent alone, for which the American Telephone & Telegraph Company paid $500,000, it is estimated that the subsidiary companies have saved on copper wire alone enough to pay the four and one-half per cent. on gross receipts which the parent company charges as a rental for use of instruments.

When these facts are considered, it is obvious that independent telephone companies are laboring under a disadvantage.

We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that the outlook for the dual telephone system is most unfavorable. Neither can we fail to observe that one of the principal causes for the unpromising future of independent telephone bonds is the waning interest on the part of the people in independent telephone companies. In the early days of competition these companies were organized in most cases by promotors who had induced the people to believe that the Bell rates were high and the management arbitrary. As a consequence, business men banded together to start competitive local exchanges in their communities. The rates of the Bell companies were high enough to permit the new concerns to cut prices and still show a profit, thus enabling the local men to get good returns on their money for a time.

These conditions have changed almost completely. It is a rare case where the service furnished by the Bell justifies the necessity of inflicting the people with a dual telephone system, and hence the independent telephone business has in the majority of cases fallen into the hands of speculators, supported by telephone manufacturing concerns. In Indianapolis the Independent tried to increase its rates, and the testimony given to the Board of Public Works in an endeavor to explain should be read by every investor before he buys securities.

The old Frontier telephone property at Buffalo was practically bought for a song. It was recapitalized, and the city was asked to abrogate the rate contract and permit an advance. The city council refusing, the telephone company advanced the rates regardless of the contract.

In Cleveland and Toledo, rates were arbitrarily advanced by the non-resident owners, because a decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio tacitly gave them permission, and this regardless of their contract with the municipalities.

The relative public utility of the Bell and Independent telephone interests is not measured by the number of stations so much as by the fact that the Bell lines are one comprehensive and inter-communicatory system, operated under one general policy, and connecting with toll and long distance lines, aggregating nearly two millions of miles in length. The Independent companies on the other hand are scattered, and are for the most part small associations, or co-operative groups, having, with a few conspicuous exceptions, no relations with each other, and only limited connections with local telephone lines. The significant feature of the telephone development of the United States during the last few years has been the quiet, steady affiliation with the American Telephone & Telegraph system of 900,000 independent stations. As a result, thousands of subscribers in the West today have what they never before enjoyed—the advantage of telephone connections with the only national telephone service in the country.

By means of an amendment to the appropriation bill of 1898, Congress enacted a law fixing a maximum flat rate of $50 a year for telephone service in Washington. The telephone company, unable to furnish service at such a rate without heavy loss, continued to charge its old rates. Certain customers brought suit, and much evidence was taken as to the cost of furnishing telephone service in Washington and elsewhere. Justice Barnard decided the suit in favor of the telephone company, the evidence convincing him that telephone service could not be furnished profitably at the rates named in the law, which he promptly declared unconstitutional.

The Bell companies are in nearly all cases endeavoring to furnish service on what is known as the measured service plan instead of the flat rates. It is asserted that by such a contract a more equitable rate is obtained, as then the man who has 30,000 calls a year pays ratably more, and the man who has 600 calls a year pays ratably less than would be the case under the flat rate system. This method has been largely adopted in many cities; about eighty per cent. of the business in New York is now being conducted on this plan, and it is claimed that this system of charging will ultimately solve the vexed problems, and will largely remove the objections caused by inequality. During the early development of the telephone service, when very little was known about either the cost or value of the service, the crudest possible measure was accepted as the only one available. The customer was given all he needed in his business at one rate, and all he needed in his residence at another. These two classifications were based upon the assumption that the service requirements of the office would exceed those of the residence, and, therefore, a higher rate was charged for business than for residence service, although the facilities for service were the same in both classes—a single line and a station. In the evolution of the service, every constituent element of the

THE STORM REPAIR GANG AT WORK

early development has been exterminated or modified by the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, and the system of flat rate charging seems to be the last disappearing relic.

The potential value of any telephone service depends entirely upon the number of people it may bring into prompt and satisfactory communication with each other and the distance between them. Its real value is determined by the number of messages exchanged and the distances they are carried. The cost of producing the service is governed by the same rules. Unlimited service at flat rates signifies that all subscribers shall pay the same rate without regard to the extent the facilities are used. The result is that the largest users are supplied at less than cost and the small users pay an excessively high rate for a small amount of service.

PIONEER TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S BUILDING
Oklahoma City

* * * *

The Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Company was organized in 1881 to operate the territory comprised within the states of Arkansas and Texas under the Bell patents. At the beginning of 1880, the Western Union Telegraph Company had established exchanges at Little Rock, Arkansas, and at Houston and Galveston, Texas. These exchanges were acquired by the American Bell Telephone Company under its agreement of 1879 with the Western Union Company, and transferred by the first named company to the newly formed Southwestern Company. By the middle of 1883 twenty-four exchanges were in operation, three in Arkansas and twenty-one in Texas, with a total of 2,783 subscribers. The largest of the exchanges at that time was Galveston, with 330 subscribers. Subsequently, it was found necessary to close six of the exchanges for lack of patronage. In 1893, ten years later, there were thirty-seven exchanges in the two states, with a total of 6,257 subscribers. The development since that time has been remarkable, as will be shown by figures which follow.

The first president of the Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Company was Col. Logan H. Roots, a prominent banker of Little Rock, the vice-president and general manager at that time being Mr. Jasper N. Keller, now vice-president of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. Mr. Keller was an indefatigable worker and accomplished wonderful results during the two years he managed the affairs of the company.

In the early part of 1892 plans were first discussed for building metallic copper circuits, and during that year a line was built connecting Dallas and Fort Worth, while the construction of other lines followed in due course, until today there is in existence a system of toll lines owned by the Southwestern Company, which, in excellence of construction and efficiency of operation, is unsurpassed anywhere in the country. All points of importance in Arkansas and Texas are reached, and through connecting lines conversations with St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, and other points equally distant, are matters of daily occurrence.

The equipment of exchanges owned by

the Southwestern Company is of the most approved type, central energy apparatus having been installed in all of the larger and many of the smaller exchanges, while underground construction is general in all of the larger ones, fifty per cent. of the entire wire mileage being underground in many cases.

The Southwestern Company owns and occupies twenty-two buildings within its territory, four in Arkansas and eighteen in Texas, six of these being in Dallas.

There are connected at this time with the system of the Southwestern Company in the two states 164,258 stations, of which number 56,828 are on connecting lines or exchanges operated by independent owners.

The Southwestern Company owns and operates 7,462 miles of toll pole lines, carrying approximately 70,000 miles of wire and 233 exchanges, while connecting line owners operate 17,000 miles of pole lines, carrying, approximately, 50,000 miles of wire and 543 exchanges.

The Southwestern Company was practically the pioneer in encouraging the exploiting of the business in unoccupied territory by others, where it was found impracticable to carry on this work itself, and the results have been fully justified by subsequent events, as note the development above alluded to. The policy then adopted and since carried out has proven the means of providing telephone service to thousands of users who might otherwise have been obliged to do without it.

The states of Arkansas and Texas comprise a territory of 314,490 square miles in area, with an estimated population of upward of 5,000,000, and it was realized by the company that it was confronted with a problem of large proportions in supplying service over such a vast area; and it was also realized how advantageous it would prove to effect arrangements with responsible people desirous of entering the telephone field, based upon fair and equitable dealings and the establishing of relations of such a satisfactory character as to redound to the mutual benefit of all concerned. That in the adoption of this policy a wise course was pursued seems to have been fully demonstrated, for not only have the connecting line owners and their properties fortified and strengthened the position of the South-

SOME OF THE RESULTS OF A STORM ON TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE LINES western Company, but the moral support given by them has been of inestimable benefit in many ways.

The development of the telephone business in the territory of the Southwestern Company, especially in Texas, has been of a gratifying nature and will probably compare favorably with other sections of the United States. Dallas stands second only in this regard in this country, this exchange showing 14.9 telephones to each hundred of population, while Spokane, the most highly developed of all the cities in America, shows 15.5.

The policy of the Southwestern Company toward its patrons has always been conservative and liberal. It has been the aim to give the best service at the lowest rates, and it cannot be disputed that there is no section of country where these conditions prevail in a more marked degree than in Arkansas and Texas.

At its inception the opposition movement showed considerable vigor and aggressiveness, but as time has gone by, these characteristics have disappeared, and it can hardly be said that it constitutes any particularly disturbing element in the affairs of the Southwestern Company. It is true that there is competition in most of the towns of importance in Texas, except Galveston and Dallas. In the former place, efforts to secure a franchise have always failed. In Dallas the question was submitted to the voters and favorably decided. The promoters were given a certain time in which to begin work and were required to make a deposit of $10,000 with the city to insure the beginning of operations and to expend a certain sum of money within a given time, and failure to do this operated to forfeit the $10,000. Before the expiration of the period an extension was asked and granted to March 1, 1909.

With few exceptions, the opposition companies can hardly be said to have achieved any great success, and in most places they can be characterized as real failures. At Waco the opposition exchange was backed by some of the best business men in the town, who conceived the idea that the rates of the Southwestern Company were exorbitant, although they were offered an opportunity to visit Lowell, Mass., at that time the executive headquarters of the Southwestern Company, at the company's expense, and there go thoroughly into the books and accounts with a view of satisfying themselves that such was not the case. This they declined to do, and launched their enterprise in 1899. Their rates were considerably lower than those of the Southwestern Company and have since been so maintained; notwithstanding this, however, the Southwestern Company has remained in the lead. On March 3 of this year, a Waco paper announced that "in order to satisfy certain claims against the opposition company and for reorganization purposes, the plant of the 'Texas Telephone Company' was yesterday sold for $29,000 by trustee Geo. Rotan in front of the court house, and was bought by E. Rotan and J. B. Earle, the chief creditors."

In Houston the failure of the opposition has been more marked than in any other city in Texas. The rates named were considerably below those charged by the Southwestern Company, yet they seem never to have made any headway. The list of subscribers has gradually diminished, until at the present time there are probably not more than five or six hundred connected, while the Southwestern Company has in the neighborhood of 9,000. It was recently announced that steps would be taken to either rehabilitate the plant or dissolve the company.

Another company was organized, called the Commercial Telephone Company, with exchanges at Austin, Temple, Belton and Taylor, with quite a system of toll lines reaching as far north as Navasota, as well as to Waco and to Austin, Galveston, Houston and Beaumont. This company has been in the hands of a receiver and the present status of the property cannot be accurately ascertained, but in the various court proceedings which have been had, the name has been changed and the property has become disintegrated, the ownership of different sections of it passing into different hands. It was recently announced that Judge Calhoun, of the Fifty-third District Court at Austin, had granted motions prayed for in the several cases of the Columbus Savings & Trust Company *vs.* Austin City Telephone Company, Williamson County Telephone Company and Bell County Telephone Company, to appoint commissioners to sell the property of the respective companies under execution by order of the court.

The order of sale of the property of the Austin City Telephone Company provides that no bid for less than $50,000 will be considered. In the case of the Bell County Telephone Company, the minimum price is fixed at $35,000, and of the Williamson County Telephone Company at $8,000. These were all originally parts of the Commercial Telephone Company above alluded to.

The opposition companies are seriously handicapped by reason of their lack of a comprehensive long distance system. Such lines as they have are in disjointed sections, having, in most instances, no relation to each other.

In Arkansas the towns of importance where the Southwestern Company encounters opposition are Little Rock, where they have 6,000 subscribers and the opposition 900; Fort Smith (Southwestern, 1,847; opposition, 915) and Pine Bluff (Southwestern, 1,495; opposition, 430).

The opposition exchange at Little Rock has been in operation for a number of years, and has remained at a standstill during the whole period of its existence. It is owned locally and has no long distance connections. The same is practically true of Pine Bluff, except that they have failed to hold their own, and the number of subscribers has decreased until the present low number has been reached.

Fort Smith is probably the oldest continuously operated opposition exchange in the United States, although there have been many changes in ownership. It was first established by local parties under Pan-Electric auspices in 1885. At the time suits for infringement were filed by the Bell Company against the Pan-Electric companies in Arkansas, certain peculiar conditions surrounded the situation at Fort Smith, and it was deemed inexpedient to prosecute the suit against the Fort Smith parties just then and they were left unmolested. The Fort Smith opposition company has no toll line connections of consequence and they have about one-half as many subscribers as the Southwestern Company.

Under the laws of the state of Texas, telephone companies have the right to construct lines over the public highways and in cities, with the exception of cities which have special charters.

All the telephone companies are required to connect with the lines of other companies for the exchange of calls, but no company is required to handle the calls of another company over any part of its line that it can handle itself. In other words, a company is not compelled to handle the call of another company between competing points.

Telephone companies are required to pay to the state one and one-half per cent. of their gross receipts.

Under the anti-pass law, no franks may be issued and no free service given by telephone companies. The same applies to railroads and other public-utility corporations.

* * * *

The independent telephone movement in St. Louis began in 1897, when a corporation known as the Kinloch Telephone Company was organized. This movement had its inception in the belief that the profits of the Bell Company were enormous, and that the amount paid to the parent company for rental of instruments would in itself produce large dividends on an independent telephone exchange investment. There were manufacturers of independent telephones who helped to create a sentiment in St. Louis in favor of a rival to the Bell.

Local capitalists became identified with the movement and in due time an exchange was established. Among the independent telephone companies in the United States, the Kinloch Telephone Company of St. Louis is considered one of the best. It has been in operation for twelve years, and the people of St. Louis have come to believe that the dual telephone system is a necessary evil.

The Kinloch Telephone Company has been backed almost entirely by local investors, and has succeeded in gaining a fair list of subscribers.

It so happened that during my visit to St. Louis the annual statement of both the Bell and Kinloch Telephone Companies, for the year 1908, were furnished to their respective stockholders. I believe that these comparative statements afford interesting matter for study, and I make no apology for presenting some salient features taken from both statements.

For the year 1908: Expenses to earnings—Bell, 66.10%; Kinloch, 74.95%.

Number of stations—Bell, 44,982; Kinloch, 30,158. Miles of underground conduit—Bell, 71.24; Kinloch, 31. Underground duct—Bell, 498.46; Kinloch, 316. Exchange pole lines—Bell, 534 miles; Kinloch, 610. Underground wire—Bell, 126,791 miles; Kinloch, 35,874. Aerial wire—Bell, 72,910 miles; Kinloch, 47,073. Toll pole lines—Bell, 1,161 miles; Kinloch, 1,225. Wire—Bell, 5,770; Kinloch, 9,577. Total wire—Bell, 205,472; Kinloch, 92,524. Number of employes—Bell, 1,315; Kinloch, 758.

Construction per station—Bell, $173.99; Kinloch, $252.01. Per cent. of maintenance to total plant cost—Bell, 5.8%; Kinloch, 3.3%. Revenue to average construction—Bell, 24.99%; Kinloch, 16.18%.

The following is the published statement of assets and liabilities of the two companies:

ASSETS

	Bell	Kinloch
Plant	$7,886,674.22	$7,600,238.63
Real estate	609,006.93	
Cash	201,226.80	44,923.36
Supplies	200,673.25	91,007.00
Accounts receivable	220,927.47	58,738.82
Bills receivable	300,000.00	60,988.94
Furniture and fixtures	36,128.91	11,253.38
Tools and teams	76,298.14	
Reserves	24,306.75	
Stocks and Bonds	2,051.00	
Bonds (of the company) in treasury		462,027.50
Advance oper'g expenses		9,611.72
All other resources		26,036.65
	$9,557,293.47	$8,364,829.00

LIABILITIES

	Bell	Kinloch
Capital stock	$8,779,800.00	$2,800,000.00
First mortgage bonds		4,881,000.00
Unearned rentals		3,052.98
Accounts payable	272,423.42	56,842.23
Accrued interest		120,598.70
Accrued taxes		23,480.48
Reserves	85,565.06	163,576.24
Surplus	419,504.99	315,778.37
	$9,557,293.47	$8,364,829.00

Some of the noticeable features of the Kinloch statement are: first, no provision is made for a sinking fund to retire the bonds; second, the proportion of bonds to stock is about two to one and that proportion is increasing, while the stock remains the same; third, inadequate provision is made for the maintenance of the plant; fourth, the annual charge to maintenance including reserve for depreciation is only 3.3% of the cost of the plant.

It will be seen that there is great difference in the maintenance expense of the two companies. The charge has always been made that independent telephone companies do not expend the necessary money for improvements or make sufficient allowance for depreciation, and when it is understood that the Kinloch Company expended $225,878.49 including depreciation, last year, against the Bell Company's $456,000, the accusation seems to apply in St. Louis.

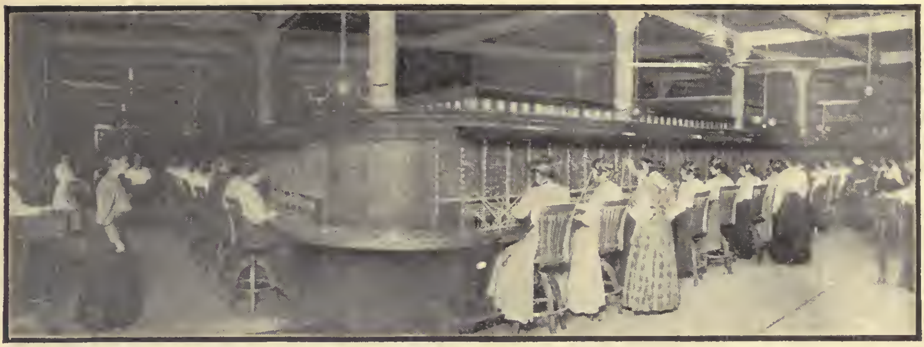
* * * *

The new state of Oklahoma is manifestly ahead of many of the older states in telephone matters. There are practically no dual exchanges in Oklahoma, neither do the people want more than one system in any of the cities.

There are, it is true, a large number of companies in the state, nearly all being farmers or mutual companies organized to serve their respective citizens, and, with a very few exceptions, there have been no promotion enterprises. There have been some independent telephone companies in Oklahoma, but they passed out of existence, either by consolidation with the Pioneer Telephone Company, the Bell Company, or by abandoning their property.

The development of telephone service in Oklahoma began to assume some degree of magnitude in 1898, when the Arkansas Valley Telephone Company—an independent concern—built exchanges in several of the leading cities and toll lines connecting these cities. Prior to this, the Missouri & Kansas Telephone Company had established exchanges at Oklahoma City, Guthrie and El Reno, and these towns were connected with the American Bell system. But little development was made by the Bell Company, as in 1898 there were but 500 Bell stations in the territory. The Independent people built an opposition plant at Guthrie in 1900, and the Bell Company was put out of business. In 1901 another independent concern built a plant in Oklahoma City in competition with the Bell, and still another company established an independent plant at El Reno. A bitter fight began and rates were cut to one dollar per month in Oklahoma City and fifty cents a month in El Reno.

The Arkansas Valley Telephone Company had a minimum investment and maximum earnings in its field. Its lines were cheaply constructed and its plant was comparatively inexpensive. As time went along, however, and it became necessary to introduce considerable new capital into the enterprise, the company sought to float additional



MAIN OPERATING ROOM, THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY, DALLAS, TEXAS

securities. It had reorganized as the Pioneer Telephone Company in 1902, but when it was confronted with the necessity of issuing bonds, it found that no one wanted the securities. While the company was floundering around in the financial whirlpool, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company came to the rescue by agreeing to take a controlling interest and float the securities.

The parent Bell Company encouraged the local investor to retain stock in the corporation, and in due time the company was reorganized as the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company. This also included the Long Distance Telephone Company, another company having exchanges in several cities, and the North American Telephone & Telegraph Company. The latter company had toll lines between several of the Indian Territory cities, but did not thrive. When the affairs of the company were gotten in a satisfactory shape, the property came into the reorganized Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company. Then other smaller companies hurried into the fold.

Although the American Telephone & Telegraph Company had secured financial control, the management was strictly in the hands of the Oklahoma investor. The policy was not changed and the parent company permitted the management to develop the Oklahoma and Indian Territory fields in the manner their judgment would dictate. The reorganized company bought the interests of the Missouri & Kansas Telephone Company in Oklahoma in 1905, and then they controlled the field.

When it finally leaked out that the Bell had secured control in Oklahoma, there was a cry of alarm. The company promptly met the sound of alarm by offering to connect with every independent exchange in the state, and today there are less than one thousand telephones in Oklahoma which are not connected with the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company and the long distance system of the Bell Company, and these are isolated farmers' telephones.

The company expended over a million dollars the first year after reorganization, and nearly two million the second year. Its investment is now nearly $5,000,000. Investment and development have been greatly retarded, however, in consequence of the legal questions involved in the amalgamation of the two territories as one state under a constitution that provided for complete control of public service companies by a state corporation commission. This constitutional feature brought into question the company's rights under franchises previously granted by the cities and towns, resulting in a chaotic condition that has been very difficult to handle, and exceedingly annoying to the company and its patrons. It has been impossible for the company to make the extensions and improvements needed in many places until its legal rights and manner of operation could be definitely determined. There are several cases pending before the supreme court, which, when decisions are given, will definitely determine the company's legal position and will enable it to more intelligently plan for the future.

Oklahoma City and Shawnee, two of the largest cities in the state, have given the company new franchises. The Oklahoma

City franchise is a very advantageous one for both the citizens and the company. It provides, that, as the number of telephones increase, the rate shall increase. The present rate is $3.75 for business phones and $2.00 for residence. This is manifestly too low, but the company hopes that the number of telephones will soon increase sufficiently to make the exchange pay a reasonable interest on money invested.

There are altogether about 500 different telephone companies doing business in Oklahoma, with about 75,000 patrons, of which the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company has 35,500 and the various farmer and mutual companies, 40,000. The Pioneer has one hundred of the most important exchanges in the state.

The policy of the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company toward the various independent companies in the state is one that is worthy of considerable credit. It never seeks to crush its weak and struggling competitors, but will give them advice and assistance whenever possible. If it should develop that the independent concern is compelled to sell out, the Pioneer will buy, if a satisfactory price can be agreed upon. It will connect with any and all of them, and the percentage charged for the use of its lines is most reasonable. It often helps to settle disputes between the rival independent companies and seeks to promote the general telephone business of the state along lines that will be advantageous to the patron and the stockholder.

The Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company's building at Oklahoma City, an illustration of which appears in connection with this article, is undoubtedly the best business structure in Oklahoma. It is handsome in design and would do credit to any city in the country. The telephone plant is modern in every respect and the patrons are receiving first-class service.

With the people of Oklahoma the company is exceedingly popular. The management has succeeded in establishing a spirit of confidence among the people which is one of its most valuable assets. Should Oklahoma show the same degree of development during the next ten years as it has in the past, the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company's property will become a very valuable system of exchanges.

The total number of telephones installed by the company during 1908 was 17,717, the net gains showing an increase of 15.87% over the total stations, January 1, 1908.

The officers are: Eugene D. Nims, president; Jno. M. Noble, vice-president and general manager; E. E. Westervelt, secretary and treasurer, and Arthur Whorton, auditor.

The sentiment of the people of Oklahoma is clearly against the dual system. The cities and counties have sought to assist the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company in eliminating the double telephone system from the field, rather than in encouraging the promotion of unnecessary companies. There is no necessity for a duplicate system so long as the corporation commission has full control of the public utilities of the state, and in this connection it is interesting to note the sentiment of the Oklahoma commission. Commissioner Watson, who has made the telephone problem his especial study, said recently that there had been much misrepresentation as to the attitude of the commission toward the corporations. He made it plain that the commission is not only not hostile to corporation enterprises that seek legitimate scope of action, but that under the jurisdiction of the commission the investors in these corporations had actually an added sense of security, the work of the commission being to maintain a healthy equilibrium between the corporation and the people and to give each a fair deal. Commissioner Watson stated that one of the best and most complete reports filed in their office had been made by the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company, probably the largest corporation in Oklahoma operating under a state charter. He stated that the Pioneer Company, in all their hearings and investigations, and in response to their requests for statements and reports, have made full and complete showing, which has been of material assistance to the commission in arriving at a proper understanding of the complicated telephone question. This is in direct contrast to some of the foreign corporations where the commission has had considerable trouble in getting proper and intelligent reports.

THE HOME OF THE ROYCROFT CULT

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHEN *The Philistine*, that brilliant little magazine bound in butcher's paper, appeared, few of those who read it for the first time realized that it would become an institution. What a thrill passed through my hand as I held a copy and perused Elbert Hubbard's first invitation to "join"; I hastened to write for a place on the list of immortals and became a subscriber for life to *The Philistine.* A diploma arrived by next mail. The first few numbers of *The Philistine* were looked upon as a fad, but it was not long before the "fad" had grown to a fixed "periodical habit," for those Philistine talks have a way of throwing direct information at the reader—sometimes it comes in the tabloid form — highly concentrated, although at times somewhat acrid and always pungent. At other times it is hurled forth like vast masses of rock upheaved by an earthquake; the reader struggles, exclaiming: "Let the righteous smite me friendly and reprove me, but let not his precious balms break my head."

ELBERT HUBBARD

No one can deny the power of Elbert Hubbard to emphasize information when he desires to convey it to the mind of his readers; his language takes the reader by the lapel and compels him to listen. At an evangelist's services in Cleveland, I heard a minister quote Elbert Hubbard, adding in parenthesis: "I wish I could quote him on all matters as strongly and as truly as on this."

It is his specialty to deal comprehensively and clearly with the subtleties of human nature. If I were asked to name a man who understood the complex working of the human mind, since the time of Adam down to the hour of the latest born, I would say "Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora, New York." To spend a day with Elbert Hubbard is to be put in tune with your surroundings, at least once during a lifetime. He loves nature, the woods and fields, and comprehends the beauty in every rock and twig. Whether his conversation deals with great books, burning questions, or trifling incident or object, his crisp, plain sentences solve half the difficulty with a dozen words. A keen observer, a mixer and mingler, at once drawling and sarcastic, sometimes blunt and brusque, he always says something that is as well remembered as the glance of his keen black eyes. He has a way of expanding the thinking capacity of those with whom he talks. His *Little Journeys* to the homes of great men and women — John Milton, Robert Owen, John Wesley, Mrs. Eddy, Oliver Cromwell—as well as every copy of *The Fra*, is a stimulus to more extensive reading. True, on many a page will be found what is known as "the Hubbard sneer." For aught I know, the accusation of "sneering" may be as deep a grief to Fra Elbertus as it was to the great heart of Thackeray; with many people this peculiarity in an author mars a printed page

THE CHAPEL

that would otherwise bring unalloyed delight.

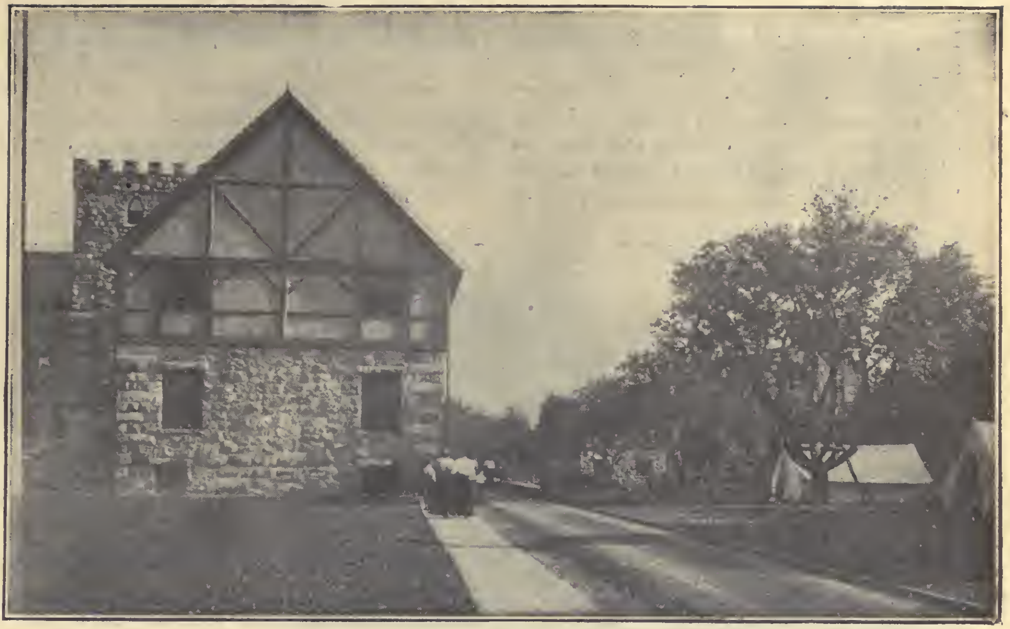
Very conflicting are the comments, pro and con, concerning this strong personality hailing from East Aurora, New York. Many insist that his long locks, flowing necktie and poetic appearance are the earmarks of a *poseur*, worn to attract attention; passing final judgment on the man because he insists on doing things in his own way, instead of as they are done by others.

When the real Elbert Hubbard is disclosed to the inquiring mind, he is seen not as a blustering Boreas, nor any of that ilk, but just an ordinary, big, strong man, with a soft gentleness, a thoughtful kindliness, that attracts and is not suspected until one has come into contact with him. He has a way of saying cutting things in a mild, soft voice, that changes the tenor of the remark, though its force remains. Long ago he broke with the conventional caste of false modesty. I have walked with him across the pastures, and under the leafy trees of summer; have seen his work in its inception and its progress from those early days of Roycroftism, when they gathered the stones from the fields to build the first shop in the form of a chapel; have seen him with his trousers tucked into his boots and flannel shirt open at the throat, a veritable disciple of work, and always his career has been worthy of careful study.

Passing near East Aurora I thought I should see once more the place where the Fra "takes his pen in hand" and writes about three times more than he will publish—actually throwing away three-fourths of his work; his methods were somewhat of a surprise to one who supposed he could turn on a literary faucet at any hour.

On the train I was given vast stores of information by the man behind me regarding the Roycroft products. When I arrived at my destination, I found that my bump of location was somewhat at fault, and the man on the train told everything except how "to get there." The villagers were rather disdainful of one who was not familiar with the site of the central shrine—the Roycroft Inn; fortunately I came upon a bright-faced, blue-eyed young man wearing a flowing necktie, and knew him at once for "Felix." He kindly took me in tow and guided my steps aright.

I felt at home as soon as I had crossed the threshold of this charming hostelry, and when Mine Host Hubbard received me with hearty greeting, laying his hand on my shoulder in his characteristic way, cheery as the blaze of the open fire adding warmth and



THE INN

color to the scene, I fell under the spell of the Roycroft cult, which has something of the "community" life that has from time to time offered object lessons to the world for or against socialism, though there is a more practical force in the Roycroft proposition, because it is a business concern with man-managing head. The power of a strong personality is exemplified.

Many Roycroft young folk do work and write letters, which, coming to the notice of the Fra, oblige him to rub his shaggy locks in an effort to remember whether this is the fruit of his own brain or theirs. All the "ads" are written on the premises, and may or may not be finally submitted to Mr. Hubbard for O. K. or revision, but all have a Hubbardesque vernacular.

The Roycroft Shop is a corporation whose shares are held only by the management and workers, and any worker who quits the shop is bound to return his shares to the corporation at their full value. There is a strong esprit de corps which increases personal diligence, loyalty, fraternal feeling and a sentiment of permanent interest in the fortunes of the fraternity.

One afternoon I heard Mr. Hubbard lecture in Boston, and came home feeling as though I had witnessed a play, so graphic was his description of the life and work of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; as he concluded with the words, "We will tiptoe out," I felt as though I had actually visited the dead poetess. His oral and written utterances are remembered. Who can forget the story of his foster brother and of his struggles in the soap business; the story of that boy who, three years ago, on a rainy Saturday night, walked, yes, *walked* from somewhere in Ohio to the door of Mr. Hubbard's home and timidly knocked? Wet, ragged, shoes mere fragments, he had eaten nothing that day, but pushed on, supported by his determination to be a bookbinder.

"He knew nothing of the trade," said Mr. Hubbard, "but he had the artistic temperament, and William Morris and Ruskin were his ideals."

The wayfarer was regaled with a hot dinner, some dry clothing and an introduction to the bathroom before being put to bed, where he remained for two weeks with an attack of pneumonia. A perfect stranger, he received the care that would have been bestowed on a son, and when well enough he was put to work in the bindery. Today this young man is making books that retail for twenty-five dollars, and his loyalty to the Roycroft Fraternity more than repays the kindness shown to a hungry boy three years ago.

While few, perhaps, of the Roycrofters have so dramatic a history, yet this lad is only one of many who are idealists and detailists of the first order, willing to spend sixteen hours or sixteen weeks blending one piece of leather with another to suit some marvelous piece of handicraft that means little to the inexperienced observer but delights the heart of "an exceeding cunning" worker. Bookmaking goes steadily forward both in quantity and quality under the careful application and love of two Germans—Kinder and Swartz—probably the best bookmakers in America at this time. Their pride and joy is that their work is "second to none."

THE MAIN SHOP

The three magazines, *The Fra*, *Philistine* and *Little Journeys*, have a circulation that varies from the 50,000 of *The Fra* to the 125,000 of *The Philistine*. These magazines are turned out by a Roycroft force of over 500 men and women each month, most of whom are boys who learned their trade right there on the premises. "Cy" Rosen, the superintendent of printing, Elbert Hubbard and a boy were once the whole Roycroft Fraternity.

The first "little journey" in booklet form was printed at the local printing office, but G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York finally undertook the publication for a year; there was a demand for a periodical along similar lines, and *The Philistine* started some time in 1895. It was called *The Philistine* to advertise its eternal enmity against the "Chosen People" in literature and other convenient lines.

From 1650 to 1690 Samuel and Thomas Roycroft printed and bound very beautiful books at their London shop, and these rare volumes are the prototypes of the Roycroft books. When the Roycrofters printed a book, "like a William Morris book, we printed it just as well as we could," says the Fra. Their work proved so popular that it became necessary to enlarge the old barn used as a workshop, by building a chapel-like addition with a basement and one room upstairs. There were four girls and three boys then at work. Books, flowers and music were supplied and the workshop became a home in the evenings. Wings were added on either side as production increased; the carpenter, when not otherwise employed, made massive, comfortable chairs and couches, which were admired and bought by visitors and became a branch of the business. The boys built a great fireplace and chimney at one end of the shop out of the boulders that strewed the fields. This suggested the use of these "hard heads" for building material, and 4,000 loads were purchased at one dollar a load. Four buildings were constructed of these drift boulders, and an art gallery building is projected.

The Roycrofters are chiefly engaged in printing, illuminating and binding books. Ornamental ironwork, cabinet work, painting, clay modeling and terra cotta work, with the Roycroft candies and the revival of the lost art of illuminating initials and title pages make up some of the other avocations of this hive of industry, created by the individuality of the founder and the gospel of life and labor that he teaches. However much one may regret some of his utterances on churches, religion and current topics, one is compelled to admire the mind that expresses itself in such terse sentences:

"Life is expression. Life is a movement outward; an unfolding; a development. To be tied down, pinned to a task that is repugnant, and to have the shrill voice of Necessity whistling eternally in your ears: 'Do this or starve,' is to starve; for it starves the heart, while the soul and all the higher aspirations of your being pine away and die."

His work in the cause of revised spelling has left an impression more effective than presidential proclamation. He has also made some short-cut phrases in his writings which to the ear attuned to classic English sound like slang, but which may become fixtures in the language, "as she is writ and spoke."

The old chapel in the original Roycroft shop is now the dining-room of the Inn, with gabled ceiling, gothic windows and massive Roycroft furniture, and at its Round Table everybody passes food, and wayfaring strangers have a fellow-feeling for each other and for the Roycrofters. At this Round Table I sat down, with Richard Le Gallienne, to partake of a good old-fashioned dinner. Conversation began concerning Charles G. D. Roberts and wound up with Homer's "Iliad." Our talk seemed to gain brilliancy from the excellence of the food, and we were in the highest spirits from the soup to the nuts. In a far corner of the dining-room, in the shadows, a grandfather's clock peacefully ticked away the minutes.

Dinner over, Mr. Hubbard showed us the music room with its frieze depicting the wonders of Athens, the beauties of Venice, Rome, London and many another classic and modern metropolis under the softened glow of shaded lights. High in a corner of this room, in the post of honor, was a sketch executed by a local artist revealing the classic shades of East Aurora, New York, which Mr. Hubbard always maintains deserves its place on the map.

Another wing is to be added to the main shop very soon to meet the increasing demand in every department, and the Roycrofters have recently annexed sixty-five acres where a Chautauqua is to be run; there will be an auditorium, a tea house, a boat house, woodland paths and other charms that will draw wornout society people to visit Fra Hubbard and go with him to his farm to pick potatoes, hoe a field or do other necessary work. Any of the fellows who are too lazy to be useful may be dispatched on the "four o'clock train," which takes the place of capital punishment in East Aurora; the industrious and well-behaved remain among the Roycrofters and learn to "do and make things."

THE OLD WELL-SWEEP

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WHEN the contributions were being sent in for our "Heart Throbs" book, some years ago, a large number chose Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and an equally large number selected as their favorite his letter to Mrs. Bixby, throwing a new light on the growing appreciation of the nobility of the great Emancipator. This has been emphasized by ex-President Roosevelt, who says:

"The Bixby letter appeals to us and makes our hearts thrill. The mother to whom he wrote stood, in one sense, on a loftier plane of patriotism than the mighty president himself."

The burden that Lincoln constantly bore was never diminished night or day. The problems that confronted him seemed impossible of solution, and yet it is a touching thing to remember that, while being driven and buffeted under the lash of personal doubt and public criticism, he never failed to find time for acts of consideration and kindness.

Mr. Roosevelt has also said that Lincoln's Gettysburg and second inaugural speeches are two of the greatest utterances of mortal man. Wisdom, dignity, earnestness, loftiness of expression are in them, which makes them akin to the mighty utterances of the great prophets of old.

* * *

DURING the past month, the National Magazine has been honored with visits from a large number of subscribers from the far West. It was flattering to hear them say that in many instances they came around Boston way to see the home of the National Magazine. One of these visitors was a ranchman from the Rockies; another a sturdy farmer from Pennsylvania, and each insisted that the example of the editor of the National Magazine was a potential influence encouraging them to get out and travel, and see and enjoy things outside of the comparatively limited circle of country life.

The great problem of farming communities today is the scarcity of farm help, which makes it increasingly difficult for the farmer to leave home. It hardly seems possible that within a few hours' ride of our great cities, help cannot be secured, but our farmer friends assure us that it is easier to pick bank notes off blackberry bushes than to find a man to milk cows and take care of stock on the farm—and yet there are thousands in the cities who are serving long hours at unwholesome work for the merest pittance, who might regain health and manhood by taking up country work. The remarks of Cyrus H. McCormick, the head of the International Harvester Company, throw light on this situation. He says that the entire agricultural area of the United States is only half-populated, and that twice the number of people are needed to handle the work now done there, if the workers are to have fair conditions and a moderate amount of leisure.

* * *

MONTH by month I am impressed with the widely-scattered homes of the readers of the National. On a bright sunny April day the following letter came to me from a far-off place in the Philippines, 160 miles from a post office. The letter is written by a clever American boy. Young Mr. Liddell promises to send on some photographs concerning this far-off, remote section of American territory.

Dear Mr. Chapple: My father has been a subscriber to your magazine, the NATIONAL, for some time. All of us enjoy it very much and eagerly look forward to its arrival.

Mindoro is the least civilized and developed of any of the islands of the archipelago. Wild beasts of various kinds roam its forests and jungles, and some of them are very vicious.

I thought you might like something for your magazine on the wild carabao and the tamarao. I am sixteen years of age and very fond of hunting. I have killed seven carabaos. They are very vicious animals when wounded. On August 10th of this year Mr. C. A. Barber, a neighbor of ours, and a former resident of Lincoln, Nebraska, was gored through the breast and instantly killed by one that he had wounded four times with a Mannlicher rifle. He had killed more than a hundred since his residence in Mindoro, five years, and was a most excellent marksman. He had shot this animal down and thought it killed and was going up to it with some natives who accompanied him, when it suddenly jumped to its feet and ran at him. The natives ran and took to the trees, leaving him to fight it out alone. It isn't much of a fight, however, between a carabao and a human being when once they come in contact. Great care must be taken to hit a vital spot with the first fire. An ordinary rifle will not stop them unless this is done. I relate this incident to show you the viciousness of the animal when wounded. I could get snapshots of them alive in herds. I have seen as many as thirteen in one herd, but I know that there are frequently more than that.

The tamarao is much smaller than the carabao, being not more than three feet high when grown, but is exceedingly more vicious and will attack a man on sight. The natives are as much afraid of them as East Indians are of the Bengal tiger. It would be impossible to get pictures of them alive, and they will not live in captivity.

The wild boar is also plentiful here. They are very destructive to our young cocoanut trees, corn and "camotes" (sweet potatoes). Our laborers catch six or eight a week. They hunt them at night, using a "bating" or net made of rope. Ten natives are enough to man four nets. It requires two men to each net and the remaining two take the dogs and with loud cries beat about the fields, scaring the boars and running them into the nets. They are familiar with the haunts and habits of the boar, and go out with lights made of cocoanut leaves which will burn but not blaze. Where they know the boars are in the open, they stretch the nets on stakes between them and the woods. Then with the dogs they "habul." When the boar strikes the net the stakes fall, the two sides of the net come together and he is a prisoner. They kill him with spears, then hang him on a spit over a hot fire and burn the hair off instead of scalding him.

I am sure all the boys who read your magazine would enjoy hunting here, and the men too.

If Mr. Roosevelt would come here instead of going to Africa, he would perhaps not find so many kinds of big game, but enough of the kind that we have to last him a lifetime, great hunter as he is.

I am 160 miles from Manila, our post office, and there is no other white man nearer to our family than twenty-five miles. We are rather on the frontier, are we not?

I would be glad to hear from you.

Yours truly, J. M. LIDDELL, JR.

* * *

CONVERSING with Senator Aldrich on the Capitol steps, as he waited for his carriage after a wearisome day's work on the tariff bill, I felt that if people could realize the level-headed conscientiousness of the Senate in handling the final draft of this bill, letters would be written by all readers of the NATIONAL to encourage their senators to "hold fast" and give the country just and equitable tariff.

While the tariff bill was necessarily introduced in the House as a revenue-producing measure, its permanent adjustment must be secured by exhaustive deliberation in the following Senate and House conference. In their eagerness to respond to the demand for downward tariff revision, and at the same time increase national revenues sufficiently to cover the deficit which is staring the country out of countenance, the Ways and Means Committee were in the perplexing position of persons who were expected to add and subtract at the same time.

The proposed tax on breakfast table necessities—coffee, tea and cocoa—met with a protest from the people that could not be misunderstood. Especially they resented any suggestion of a tax on "that cup o' cocoa" which has become so popular in the United States that in ten years we have jumped from the fifth to the first largest consumer of raw cocoa in the world. In thirty years the buyers of raw cocoa in New York City alone have increased over 800%, which does not appear as though the trust spirit had developed very widely in this trade. To put a four-cent tax on an annual consumption of 90,000,000 pounds of cocoa would not only strike a blow at a valued breakfast table necessity, but would also threaten one of the ideal industries of the nation, compelling manufacturers to move to Canada or some other foreign country in order to meet competition in export trade.

The fact that no strikes or lockouts have ever occurred in cocoa manufacturing plants emphasizes the fact that perplexing sociological and economic problems have been successfully solved among these manufacturers. To put a fictitious value on cocoa in this country would open the flood gates of adulteration and offer a direct affront to the South American republics which furnish the raw product. It would retard trade development with equatorial countries, a movement fully as disastrous as injuring a great home industry.

From homes, hospitals, humble boarding-houses, Salvation Army barracks, from the veldts of Africa and the peasants of Europe came the protest against the tax on "that cup o' cocoa," which has a nutritive value exceeding that of tea and coffee—a fact which government medical reports and United States army rations lists emphasize. No wonder that the Senate has turned an attentive ear to the cry of protest issuing from millions of lips all over the world.

* * *

IN the early days of Massachusetts a paper mill was established under the patronage of the general court, and that august body spent several days solemnly looking over specimens of the work done by this mill. It would seem that at that time the paper was not quite right as to quality; just then a British soldier came along, who had served an apprenticeship to a paper maker; he put the mill in operation and *The Newsletter* of Boston gravely announced:

"Bill Carey will go through the streets of the city to collect rags for the paper mill at Milton; all persons who desire to dispose of rags take notice."

It certainly does not detract from our interest in this matter to know that this mill stood near the ground now occupied by the NATIONAL MAGAZINE printing plant.

During the Revolution there was a paper famine, and the general court again urged upon housewives the patriotic duty of saving rags that the mill might be supplied. The ill-sorted rags of that period are painfully apparent in the paper used in the old files of *The Newsletter;* it cries aloud the city's poverty at that time.

GRAND VIEW HOTEL, GEORGE'S MILLS, NEW HAMPSHIRE
This property is owned by Billy B. Van, the actor, and is located in a beautiful spot 2,000 feet above sea level

In 1777 Zenas Crane was born at Clinton, Massachusetts, and learned his trade in that locality. In 1799 he set forth from Worcester, Massachusetts, to search for a suitable location for a paper mill. It was thought then that he traveled an immense distance when he made his way over into the valley of the Hoosatonic, and slept one night at a small wayside inn, near the village of Dalton. Zenas Crane found in the morning, when he "prospected" for a site for his paper mill, an essential for paper-making—an inexhaustible supply of the purest water, flowing in a picturesque cascade. For $194 he purchased the fourteen acres on which are now located the beautiful residences of his grandsons and great-grandsons, and also the most famous paper mills in America.

From that time to this the Crane family have produced the finest quality of stationery. The Dalton mills were awarded a contract to supply the United States with paper for treasury notes, National Bank bills, certificates and bonds; for these purposes a distinctive paper is used which can scarcely be duplicated by any other mill, and the "government mill" which supplies this paper is located almost on the very spot where Zenas Crane found a night's shelter on his arrival in the Berkshires.

* * *

SELECTED from myriads of favorite songs, sent in by readers of the NATIONAL during the past two years, the long-looked-for "Heart Songs" book of five hundred songs is now in the hands of the printer. It is being compiled on the same plan that was so successful with "Heart Throbs," representing as does that volume the choice of the people. If for no other reason than this, it would be the most remarkable gift music book ever published, but it will also contain very many selections practically out of print, even as curiosities.

"Heart Songs" will certainly take the place of honor on the home piano, when the family gather around it in the long winter evenings, and the young men join in the dear old college songs; the gray-haired veterans and women who bore the terrible strain North or South listen again to the war lyrics of the past; or Jack back from a cruise or wanderings oversea asks for the old ocean songs. They are all there—war songs, sea songs, child songs, dance songs, minstrel songs, sacred melodies, love songs, operatic gems, concert songs and college choruses. If you want a gold mine of varied sentiment and melody, order a copy of "Heart Songs." The book will be ready for the Christmas trade, and individual orders will be filled in rotation.

If you have not forwarded your own favorite, you can do so up to August 1st, as a few selected songs will probably be shut out on account of copyright, leaving space for some others.

"Heart Songs," small quarto (9x15 inches, flat open) with gilt top and illuminated covers, containing over 500 songs, makes the most popular music book ever offered to the public, and will be sent to any address on receipt of $2.50.

* * *

"THE ISLE OF PASTIMES"

THE versatility of pleasure which Long Island affords makes it veritably the land of recreation. Its carnival of sports and amusements is continuous throughout the summer and autumn months. Visitors from every part of the United States, making a stay of even a few days at New York, rarely fail to visit some one of Long Island's inviting retreats, either to sail or golf, or for an automobile trip to country clubs or tempting road-houses; perhaps a dip in the sea at one of the great beaches.

Long Island is blessed with over four hundred miles of Ocean, Sound and Bay shore. Over twelve hundred miles of macadam and shell roads lend an infinite variety of hill and vale, land vistas and water views, level stretches and wooded slopes. The frequent hotels and road-houses provide the choice of metropolitan sumptuousness or rural simplicity of entertainment. This is the one perfect touring ground. The golfing is unsurpassed anywhere. The *bon camaraderie* of golf exists in an ideal state on the famous Shinnecock, Nassau and Garden City links, and this health-giving sport has its devotees on dozens of other smaller courses. To the fisherman and the yachtsman little need be said of the bays and back waters, with their safe harbors and open outlets to Sound and Ocean. Better than these have yet to be discovered. The sojourner by the sea may have the clean salt breeze come to him as he listens to the strains of a perfectly blended orchestra at one of the magnificent summer hotels, or he may be one of the quiet smokers on the veranda of a nearby boarding house. Every day spent on Long Island becomes a day of pleasure—in the way found pleasantest.

Long Island is the only strip of land on the Atlantic Ocean from Maine to Florida with an east and west location. This means much cooler weather than at any other similar resort section. The prevailing winds from the south insure a temperature ten degrees cooler in summer than that of the city of New York and about the same as that of the Great Lakes region and the northern border states. Transportation is to be had at any hour by hundreds of Long Island Railroad trains, which reach daily all parts of the island, and whether you go twenty miles or a hundred there are sufficient tracks to make all trains "express trains."

* * *

THE McKinley Memorial, dedicated last year in Philadelphia, is one of the most beautiful of the many tributes which have been erected in honor of the third martyr president of America. It is the work of two New York sculptors, the late Charles A. Lopez and Isidore Konti.

The memorial stands on the south plaza of the City Hall. Its cost was met by means of a fund raised by subscription, and a competition for a design was instituted, which was won by Mr. Lopez. He had begun the execution of the design when death interfered with its completion. It fell to his friend, Mr. Konti, to finish the memorial, and the delicate responsibility has been discharged in a manner most satisfactory to the committee. The statue of McKinley is of heroic dimensions, being about nine feet in height. At the base is a sub-pedestal with two figures: a nude boy representing Youth, and the figure of a woman typifying Columbia, portrayed as instructing Youth in the virtues and services of the late president.

* * *

GOURAUD'S Oriental Beauty Leaves, a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves to carry in the purse—handy for all occasions to quickly improve the complexion. Sent for 5c. in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones Street, N. Y.

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum Powder lays claim to being the most perfect powder on the market both in materials and methods of manufacture. It is the oldest of talcum powders put up for general use, and has established itself on its merits in every quarter of the civilized world.

The woman who buys Mennen's for toilet use or any other purpose may rest assured that she is getting the purest and most perfect powder that chemical knowledge can originate or skill manufacture.

There is a *difference* in Mennen's and those who have once used it are quick to appreciate that this difference is a difference of superiority which is easily perceived in comparison with any other powder.

Some people may say: "The same ingredients are open to everybody: why can't others get the same results and produce a perfect powder?"

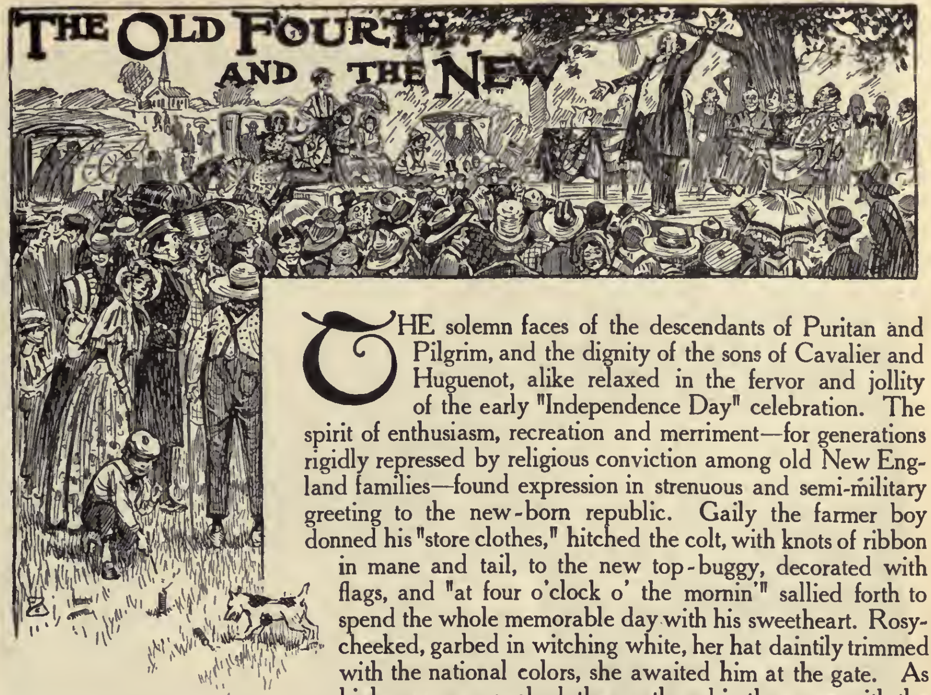
Ask the woman who is famous for her cake why Mrs. Brown, working from the same recipe, can't produce the same article. She has the same ingredients, the same directions for making, and yet she can't make good cake. It is this knack—the touch of skill and genius—which makes the difference between all original productions and imitations. It is this same genius which makes Mennen's original talcum powder superior to every other.

* * *

WHERE economy has to be included among the household virtues, the new duplicate Victor disc records will be hailed with delight, as they have the advantage of having two pieces on each record instead of only one, as in the older records. Then the combinations are always good; on 16294 one gets "Si Perkins' Barn Dance" and Schultz on "Woman's Suffrage." On another record is "I Wish I Had a Girl," by Billy Murray; turn over pancake-wise, and on the other side of the record is "Broke," by Edward W. Meeker.

Among the new records is a Scotch specialty by Harry Lauder, "The Wedding o' Lauchie McGraw"; each one of the four verses is more amusing than the last, describing what was certainly a most remarkable wedding. Arthur Pryor's Band is as good as ever; his "Frozen Bill Cakewalk," will certainly make a hit—it is anything but "frozen." There are lots of other good things; send for the catalog and see for yourself.

THE OLD FOURTH AND THE NEW



THE solemn faces of the descendants of Puritan and Pilgrim, and the dignity of the sons of Cavalier and Huguenot, alike relaxed in the fervor and jollity of the early "Independence Day" celebration. The spirit of enthusiasm, recreation and merriment—for generations rigidly repressed by religious conviction among old New England families—found expression in strenuous and semi-military greeting to the new-born republic. Gaily the farmer boy donned his "store clothes," hitched the colt, with knots of ribbon in mane and tail, to the new top-buggy, decorated with flags, and "at four o'clock o' the mornin'" sallied forth to spend the whole memorable day with his sweetheart. Rosy-cheeked, garbed in witching white, her hat daintily trimmed with the national colors, she awaited him at the gate. As high noon approached, they gathered in the grove with the crowd to listen to the Declaration of Independence, read in stentorian tones by some ambitious young lawyer, and sundry "addresses" given by aspirants for political honors.

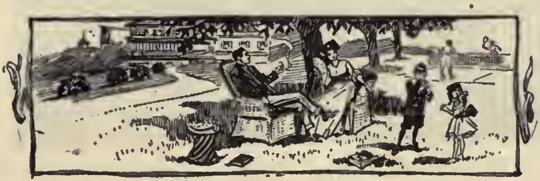
Little groups gathered on the outskirts of the grounds, the relics of the procession; girls in white, with the village belle as Miss Liberty, represented states of the Union. Pitchers of ice water and palm-leaf fans appeared on the flag-draped stand, and the platform was freighted with dignitaries wearing the uniforms of military and naval service or those of the local band.

"Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner" were sung by the entire gathering, led by the consolidated church choirs, and after a final "selection" by the brass band, merry luncheon parties gathered under the trees, while the boys whooped and fired crackers, and little ones clung alarmed to their mothers' skirts—a gathering typifying the Republic.

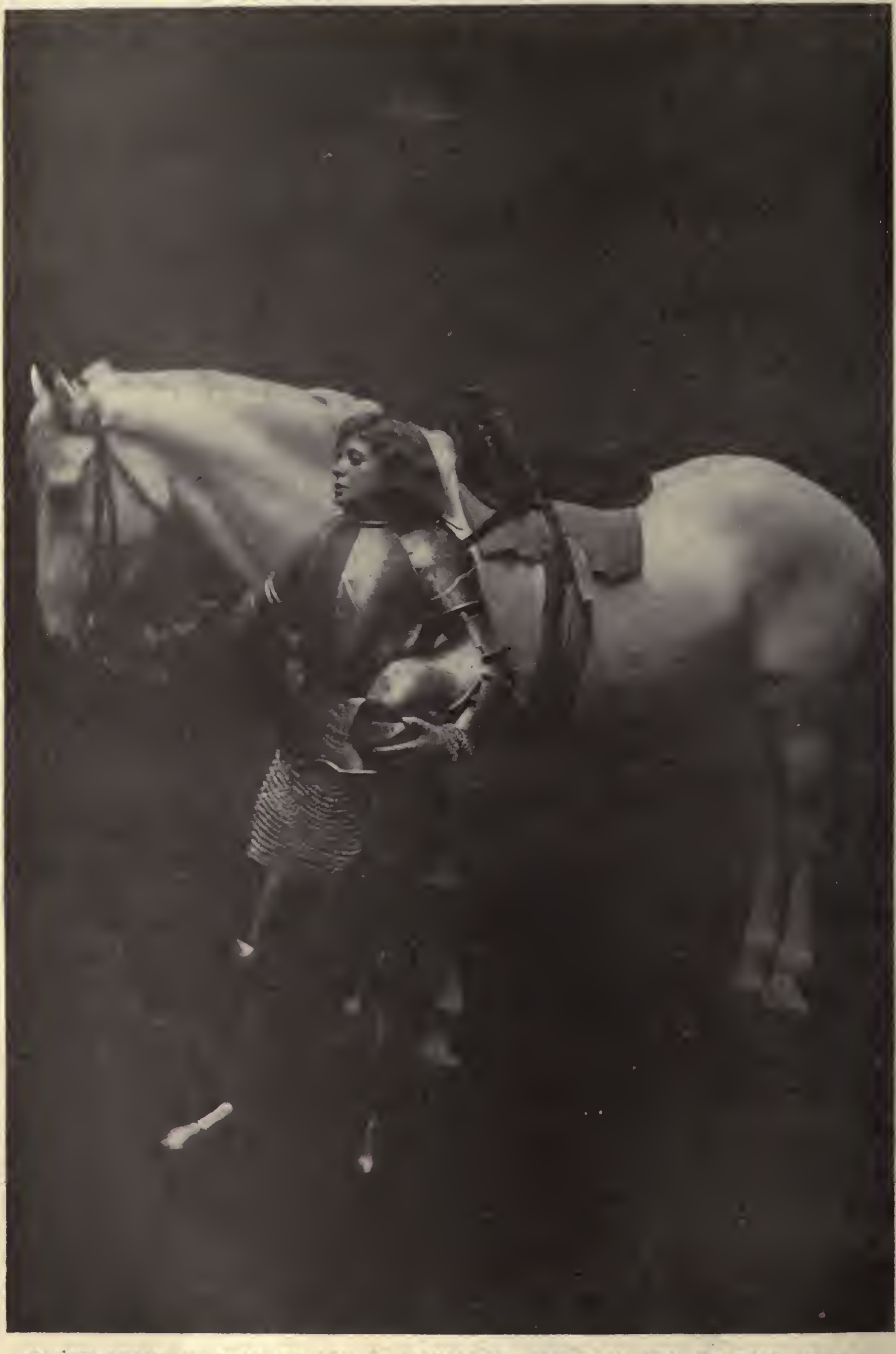
Such celebrations may be but a memory—gone with the masked and ghostly "Calathumpians"—but the small boy of today must have his "shooting pistol" on the Fourth, one that will flash "sure enough" powder and satisfy his innate martial spirit. Torpedoes, blue and red lights, tin horns, cow bells—everything that makes a noise is brought into action to echo the clang of the Liberty Bell in 1776.

In family gatherings the spirit of liberty reigns triumphant; even stringent city street regulations are relaxed, and the policeman benignly smiles as the small boy joyously shoots off crackers, nor frowns when automobile parties whizz by at more than regulation speed.

The rough-and-ready celebration of other days; the merry family gathering; the day of sports afield; the massing of the people at pleasure resorts—all are a tribute to the men of '76, for the Fourth of July has always kindled the pent-up patriotism of the American heart. All hail to Uncle Sam's birthday!



Sound the hewgag;
Beat the tom-tom,
Let the eagle scream. —Joe M. C.



MAUDE ADAMS AS JOAN OF ARC IN SCHILLER'S "JUNGFRAU VON ORLEANS" GIVEN AT THE HARVARD STADIUM, JUNE 22

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

HAD there been a Liberty Bell in the dome of the Capitol at Washington, it might have been cracked twice and thrice in heralding the relief over the approaching adjustment of the tariff bill of 1909, that will proclaim a message of "get-busy" to the industrial interests of the nation which directly or indirectly affect the welfare of all the people.

The lull in business while awaiting action determinating the tariff schedules suggested a suspense such as precedes the signing of a treaty that shall end war and forecast a future measure of values and established order.

Hot days undoubtedly had their influence on the final outcome of legislation, for the tariff debates took place in the same sultry weather that threw into bold relief the memorable picture of July 4, 1776. Peppery tempers add spice to discussions that would be more deliberate and calm if carried on in cool weather. Wordy bouts over comparative trifles sometimes influence vital decisions of epochal scope.

In the Senate, to the right of the centre aisle, Senator Aldrich, weighted with a deep frown of responsibility, was the target of the tariff discussion. At the extreme left, Senator Crawford of South Dakota stood pouring forth a long written address. Beside him sat Senator Root, a reflective listener, capable, however, of ruffling the dignity of the Senate by presuming to suggest "more action and less talk." Senator La Follette, with folded arms, watched for a chance to get into an active word duel. With a flap of coat tails, Senator Tillman injected his "asides." Walking down the aisle with his hands behind him, Senator Frye was perhaps dreaming of the fine fishing going to waste in Maine, and Senator Borah, spoiling for a good, lively debate, with plenty of tabasco, seemed to weary of the monotonous senatorial colloquy. Senator Newlands was not interrupted much—for fear he would talk longer.

Senator Gallinger threw up both hands as a final gesture when he felt he had nailed a point, and went on writing letters. Senator Lodge, toying with his watch chain, kept watching Senator Aldrich, who stood with arms akimbo ready for the "next dust." Senator William Alden Smith, hands on hips, listened attentively for his chance. The benches in the rear of the room were filled with members of the House, who have enjoyed a play spell since the Senate has been wrestling with the tariff measure.

Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court appeared on the floor of the Senate to hear the income tax discussed. From his position in the rear, Senator Dolliver has been making the chamber ring with his strong and virile speeches. Senator Paynter and Senator Rayner, on the Democratic side, have been very active in watching for an opportunity to incorporate good campaign material in the record, while Senator Stone of Missouri was waiting to "be shown."

Following the masterly efforts of Senator Borah, the legal arguments of Senator Bailey on the income tax were listened to with a great deal of attention. Every phase of the tariff bill with all its ramifications found members with expert knowledge. Senator

Scott, in the season's first white suit, appropriate adornment for the hot discussion, took up the window-glass schedule, and Senator Oliver of Pennsylvania made his maiden speech in reciting the woes of the window-glass makers. He said, among other things, that money invested in this industry in years past was like putting chips on the wrong number at Monte Carlo—so far as profit was concerned. Senator Culberson of Texas stuck to the old text that the tariff was a tax, and blind Senator Gore, from Oklahoma, made an eloquent plea for the retailers, whose ratio of profit in comparison with that of the manufacturers had been exploited in recent proceedings. The firm hand of the steering committee was evident in every vote taken. It indicated that votes were counting more than eloquence. The whispered conferences among the Republican insurgent senators gave the proceedings from day to day something of the air of an old-time political convention—there were the arm-on-the-shoulder whispered secrets, and the by-play of signs and signals that may be seen on a baseball team. In the hot, stifling galleries, one looked on the floor below, where all the windows and doors were thrown wide open to catch a vagrant breeze, little realizing that here was transpiring a scene, momentous in the history of the nation, dealing with taxation—the eternal and fundamental question of government.

HUNTINGTON WILSON
Assistant Secretary, Department of State

* * *

CURSORY readers of events at the Capital hardly grasp the magnitude or quantity of the work done there. Consider the ceaseless round of committee meetings, hearings, courts in session, and conventions, or even one item alone—the number of bills introduced during a session of Congress—and it will be understood that during every moment of the day public officials are at work all over the city, to say nothing of the social demands that make serious inroads upon the time of some legislators. It is difficult to reconcile facts with the stories told of wasted time and ample leisure in Washington official life. Over 20,000 bills introduced at one session of Congress, filling books

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington

MRS. HERBERT KNOX SMITH
Wife of the Commissioner of the Bureau of Corporations. She was Miss Gertrude Deitrich, daughter of former Senator Charles H. Deitrich of Nebraska. Mrs. Knox Smith is quite a charming entertainer and a new addition to Washington society hostesses.

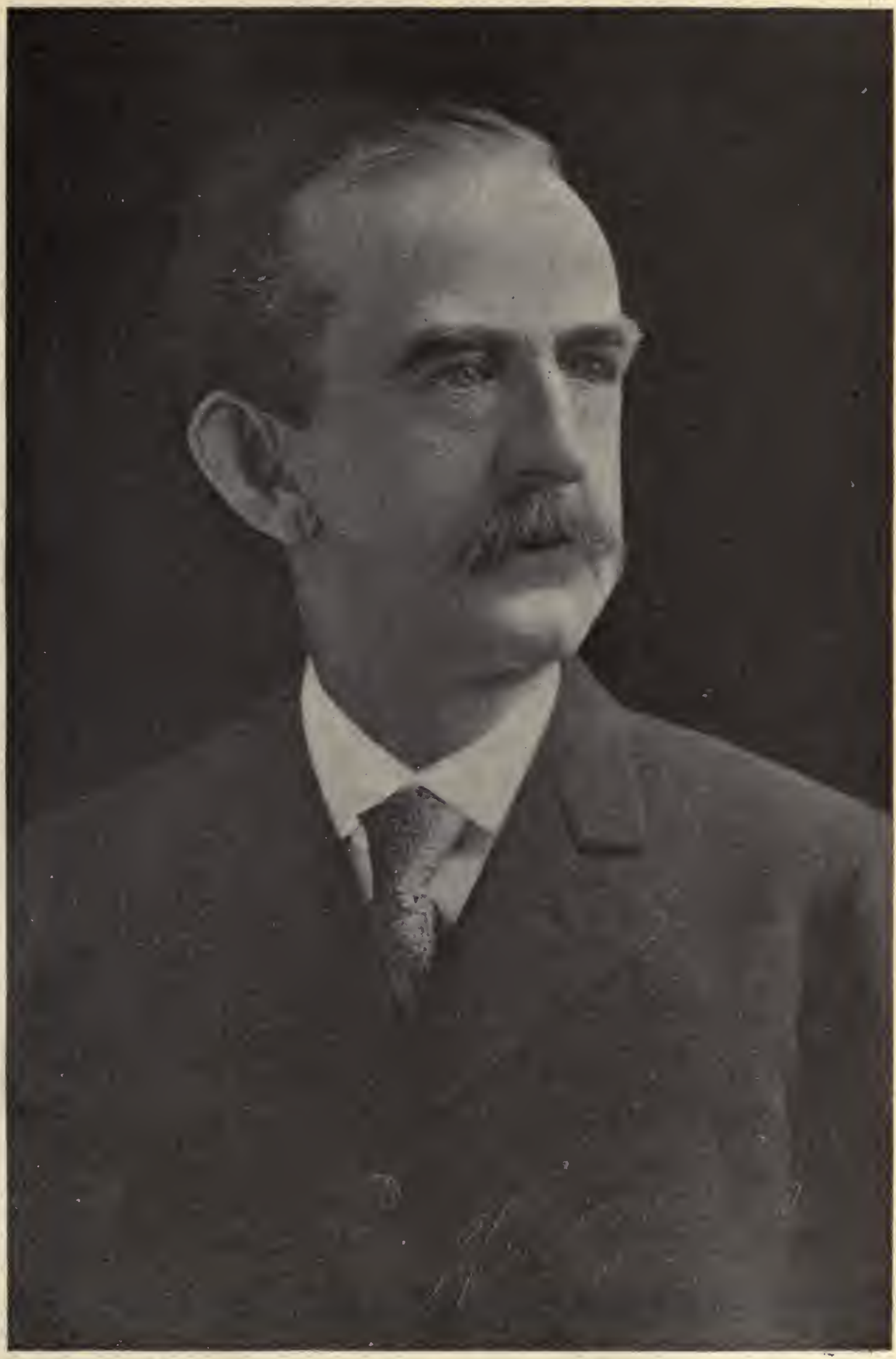


Photo by Harris & Ewing

SENATOR W. MURRAY CRANE OF MASSACHUSETTS that make encyclopedias look emaciated, indicate the gigantic grist of the legislative hopper.

* * *

ONE of the jolliest sessions of the Gridiron Club was the first official dinner given to President Taft. It was also the last "grid" of the season. The opening chorus suggested the keynote of the meeting:

SENATOR COE I. CRAWFORD
South Dakota

"Can't we call him Billy now that he is president?
Can't we call him Billy any more?"

The response indicated that "Billy" was likely to be "Billy" to the end of the chapter—and the chorus was sung over and over with great ardor.

Owing to the illness of President Henry Hall, Editor Scott C. Bone of the *Washington Herald* presided. Beside the plate of each guest was a wire letter basket, labelled "Congressional." In these were a number of interesting papers and documents, including a deck of playing cards, the "joker" being represented by a picture of President Taft. A page of newspaper report contained a suggestion from each senator and congressman as to his personal wishes on what tariff reductions ought to be made. President Taft put in a request for free golf clubs. Attention was called to the fact that while the Senate had ninety-two members—there were but six present. "But that makes no difference," replied the toastmaster, "six men run the Senate anyhow."

Finance, tariff and other burning questions of the hour were dealt with in a highly humorous fashion, and sparse-haired correspondents from all sections of the United States revelled in the paroxysms representing the tariff-torn condition of the country. Amusement rose high when Representative Fitzgerald handed Champ Clark a real, yellow lemon.

A female figure was seen struggling across the room with two calves representing the maximum and minimum on the tariff bill. The lady was speedily rescued and escorted from the room while cries resembling hungry, bloodthirsty hounds were heard.

Songs were showered, with words fitting current events, and the fun increased as the dinner progressed; the climax was reached when the cow, the family pet of the White House arrived, and was milked in the presence of the company. President Taft spoke in competition with the Gridiron minstrels, and there were also interlocutions from Vice-President Sherman and Speaker Cannon.

The performance of the minstrel show covered almost every phase of interesting current affairs in Washington at the present time; each celebrity present witnessed his own "grilling," and the fire never slackened until he was "done to a turn." The "roasting" was all taken in good part.

LUKE E. WRIGHT
Ex-Secretary of War, and prospective justice of the Supreme Court

A postal card was brought in, dated at Mombasa, and reading thus:

> *To the United States Senate:*
> *Every time I shoot anything I think of you.* *T. R.*

Members of the gridiron recalled that a few weeks before ex-President Roosevelt had been given instructions as to "broiling lion steaks and rhinoceros chops," and the absent one in far-off Africa was remembered in the passing revelry.

Photo copyright 1908, *Harris & Ewing*

SENATOR GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN
Of Oregon

* * *

OREGON has sent a man to the Senate who comes with an almost unique popular endorsement. Senator George E. Chamberlain, although a Democrat, served two years as governor of a Republican state, and has held five prominent positions in the state within the past thirty years. He was elected at the primaries by the popular vote, and although the legislature was Republican by a large majority, they carried out their pledges and the wishes of their constituents, irrespective of party opinion. Mr. Chamberlain is an ardent advocate of civic reform, and an enthusiastic supporter of the movement for the conservation of the natural resources of the nation.

* * *

THERE is a new view of the boy and a new sense of responsibility for preventing juvenile waywardness, and these were emphasized by a twelve-day campaign for boys in Boston in which Mr. John E. Gunckel, Toledo's newsboy apostle, spoke to audiences of nearly 3,000 a day for twelve days, beginning with a mass meeting in Tremont Temple and ending in Faneuil Hall, which rocked once more with thrilling appeals for the betterment of mankind. There were seventeen great meetings in Boston and suburbs.

The campaign was inaugurated and supported wholly by the public school people of Boston and the other cities in which meetings were held. There were other speakers in the campaign, such as Bert Hall, truant officer of Milwaukee; Julia Richman, Olive M. Jones and Jane Day of the New York public schools; and Dr. Luther H. Gulick and Leonard P. Ayres of the Sage Foundation. It was a great roundup of forces for the good of bad boys.

J. E. GUNCKEL, OF OHIO
The Organizer of National Newsboys' Association

Mr. Gunckel is a unique personality, and

SENATOR CHARLES DICK OF AKRON, OHIO

his achievements with wayward boys are beyond belief. Of the results of his work in Toledo, the Juvenile Court judge, O'Brien O'Donnell, speaks thus: "Mr. Gunckel has the fullest confidence, sincerest sympathy and heartiest co-operation of every high-minded citizen of Toledo, and they believe the city owes him a debt of gratitude for the great work he has done and is doing for the boys of the city, which can never be repaid." Chief of Police Perry D. Knapp says that "no other person, living or dead, has ever met with the success that Mr. Gunckel has in this kind of work. He has eliminated among the boys the use of tobacco in any form, the use of profane language, and the practice of stealing; dishonesty is not known in the Newsboys' Association. He has practically eliminated crime from this class of boys."

Photo by Clinedinst

COUNTESS ALEXANDRA VON BERNSTORFF
Daughter of the German Ambassador. She is a very beautiful and attractive young lady and a great favorite

From Brand Whitlock, the mayor, also comes an appreciation of Mr. Gunckel's work: "There is a reflection of the work on all those who have been associated with it, and there has gone out from it an inspiration which is expressing itself in the life of the city as a whole. I think we can be proud of Toledo. Did it not produce a 'Golden Rule' Jones and a John E. Gunckel to help the people to self-government?"

Mr. Gunckel began his work with boys in Toledo, Ohio, while he was traveling passenger agent of the Lake Shore Railroad, and for fifteen years the total expense to his supporters was never more than $200 a year. In February, 1907, sixty public-spirited men agreed to pay him a salary and pay all other bills for five years and have him devote his life to boys of the street; and last year the citizens raised $110,000 for an elegant newsboys' building with the best auditorium in the city, the income from which will easily support the work of the association for all time.

The city is divided into five districts, each subdivided into twelve districts, and each in charge of a boy leader. Mr. Gunckel himself never disciplines a boy, never chides or reprimands, but is always genial and friendly, leaving it to the officers to discipline in their own heroic way. He is always the embodiment of good cheer and helpfulness, getting positions and promotions for the boys and in various ways bringing to them and their homes comfort and joy.

* * *

HEARING of processes for the reclamation of waste timber brings to mind the tremendous quantity of paper daily thrown aside as useless. An office of ordinary size produces at least a ton of waste paper in a month, which is disposed of at a price ranging from five to ten dollars. The purchasers of this office by-product feed it to machines that bundle the paper by a sort of hay-press process, and the magic of machinery returns the soiled scraps in pristine whiteness. Waste paper has become so much a matter of course that new offices are built with a paper-shed, a contrivance for caring directly for this waste. In some businesses this product amounts to hundreds of tons in a year, and where the amount is large, as in a city printing office, it is gathered every day.

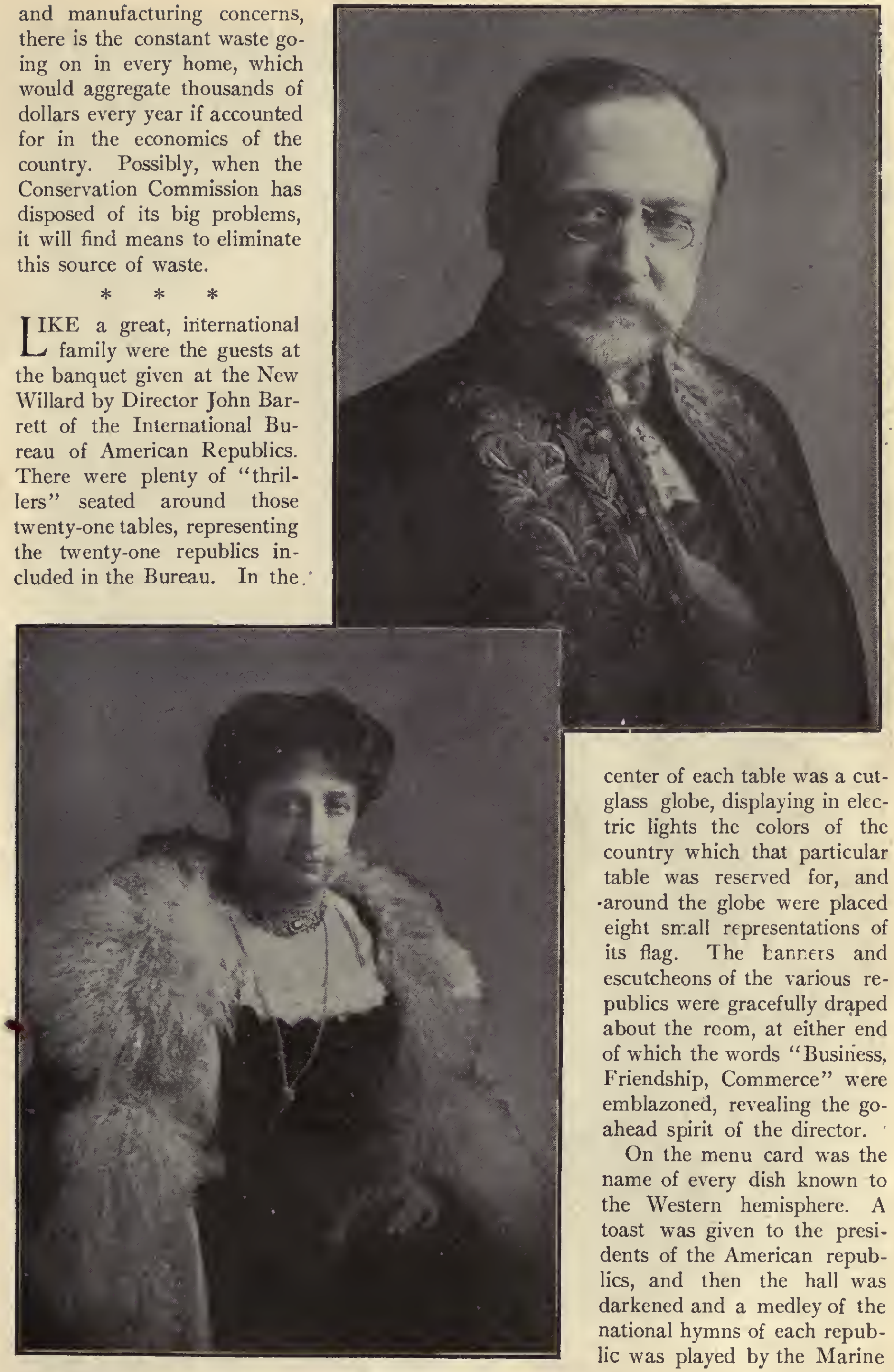
In addition to the paper of commercial

and manufacturing concerns, there is the constant waste going on in every home, which would aggregate thousands of dollars every year if accounted for in the economics of the country. Possibly, when the Conservation Commission has disposed of its big problems, it will find means to eliminate this source of waste.

* * *

LIKE a great, international family were the guests at the banquet given at the New Willard by Director John Barrett of the International Bureau of American Republics. There were plenty of "thrillers" seated around those twenty-one tables, representing the twenty-one republics included in the Bureau. In the center of each table was a cut-glass globe, displaying in electric lights the colors of the country which that particular table was reserved for, and around the globe were placed eight small representations of its flag. The banners and escutcheons of the various republics were gracefully draped about the room, at either end of which the words "Business, Friendship, Commerce" were emblazoned, revealing the go-ahead spirit of the director.

On the menu card was the name of every dish known to the Western hemisphere. A toast was given to the presidents of the American republics, and then the hall was darkened and a medley of the national hymns of each republic was played by the Marine



BARON AND BARONESS MAYOR DES PLANCHES
Italian Ambassador and his wife

Band, as the light was thrown on the screen at the end of the hall. When the fluttering colors of the various countries were shown, the amalgamated patriotism of twenty-one republics was voiced in hearty applause. The stereopticon views which followed flashed upon the canvas pictures from each of the countries represented in the Bureau.

SENATOR DANIEL OF VIRGINIA
As he rises to score a point during the tariff debate

Secretary Knox, in his address, called attention to the fact that ninety per cent. of the inhabitants of the Western half of the world were represented at that banquet, approximating 160,000,000 American people who maintain among themselves representative governments, cordial friendship and a rapidly growing business.

Ambassador Nabuco of Brazil made a very fitting response when he remarked that since the colonization of South America, all over the New World Blaine's prophecy forecasting the unity of American republics is being realized.

* * *

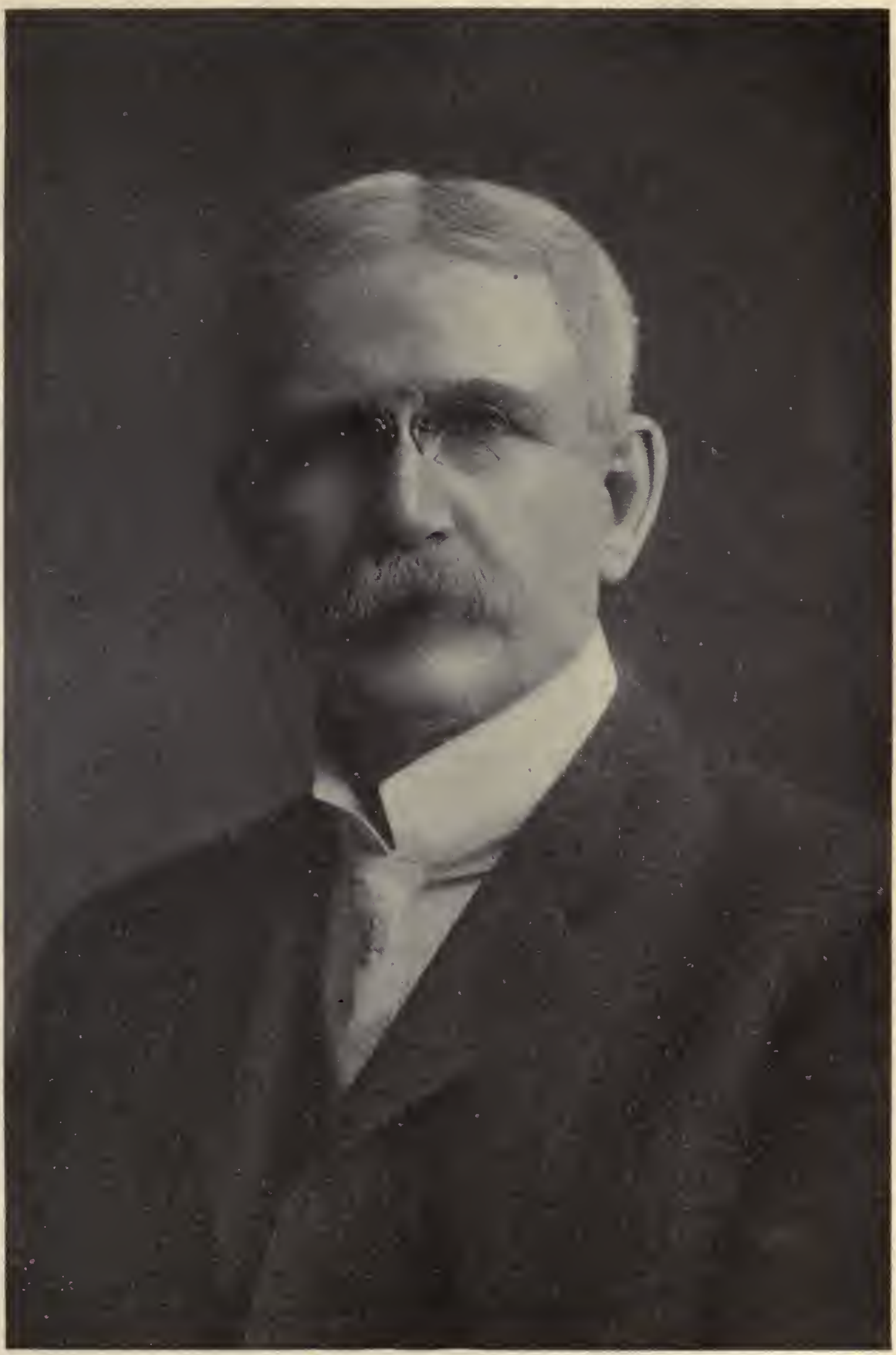
IN a pepper-and-salt suit, eschewing the formal black frock-coat, Vice-President Sherman, with the historic little ivory gavel between his thumb and finger, presides over the deliberations of the Senate. It has required a little time for the Vice-President to rid himself of the House vernacular — often beginning for instance:

"The question now is upon the resolution offered by the gentleman from New Hampshire"—when he quickly changes his phrase to "senator from New Hampshire," for while members of the House are referred to as "gentlemen" the term "senator" must be used in the upper House.

Occasionally, at first, he found himself calling upon "the clerk" to read a resolution, when he should have said "the secretary"; apart from these little slips of the tongue, the Vice-President took a firm grip upon the gavel and his job, and has kept the legislative game progressing strictly according to rules, as the umpire of a ball game holds fast to the laws of the diamond.

* * *

CONSTERNATION reigned in the hearts of the secret service men of the New York customs department when they could not locate owers for $48,000 worth of smuggled millinery. Paris creations that would have rejoiced the heart of any woman—the very latest in gowns and hats—actually went a-begging for lack of an owner to pay the duty on them. The secret service men drove about in cabs, visiting several fashionable milliners, trying to find an owner for the bunch of finery. Enter the secret service Sherlock Holmes.



UNITED STATES SENATOR ROBERT J. GAMBLE OF SOUTH DAKOTA

"We have a trunk here for you, madam."

"I expect no trunk," says the wary proprietor. "Where did it come from?"

"It seems to be addressed to you." Brief examination.

"No this is not mine; it is not addressed to me; take it away." With disdain the lady points the way to the door. And the millinery remains without an owner.

JOSEPH STEWART
Second Assistant Postmaster General

A CHARMING scene was enacted within the walls of the Treasury Department when a handsome loving cup was presented to George Bruce Cortelyou on his retirement from the position of secretary.

This tribute to his career in the government service was richly deserved, and his appreciative and sympathetic response suggested the reason for the high degree of efficiency he has attained in the varied work he has handled. After twenty years of public service, Mr. Cortelyou has retired, bearing with him the gratitude of his country and the high regard of those associated with him in any official capacity. During one of the most important periods in the history of the nation he has served directly under four presidents and has occupied three important cabinet positions. His term of government service reveals a record such as falls to the lot of few men.

* * *

FOR years past Mr. Joseph Stewart, second assistant postmaster general, has made a minute study of the Post Office Department, and entered into his duties thoroughly equipped. Born in Humboldt, Kansas, forty-nine years ago, he took up work as a clerk in the Post Office Department in 1882. After being graduated from George Washington (then Columbian) University Law School, he resigned in 1887 to practice law in Kansas City, Missouri. He re-entered the service in 1891, won rapid promotion to assistant superintendent of railway adjustments, from which he was appointed second assistant postmaster general in 1908. He rendered extensive services as legal adviser to the second assistant postmaster general, adjusted many important matters in the federal courts, and as executive officer fulfilled many important commissions, including the conduct of the special weighings of the mails of 1906 and 1907. Since his second entrance into the service he has remained in the employ of the department up to the present time, and all his promotions have been won by merit; he is very painstaking and thorough, and his advancement is considered a proof of the efficient work done by the civil service method of promotion. Mr. Stewart probably knows more about the transportation mail service than any other man in the country. He is unassuming and practical. His eyes are dark and his mustache iron-gray. An earnest student of philosophy, he has published some able works on this subject.

* * *

THERE is one public man in Washington who has neither part nor lot in the prevailing baseball spirit, and that man is Uncle Joe Cannon. He was being shaved by the House tonsorial artist one Saturday afternoon, when I asked if he was going to the ball game. He replied in his stately and characteristic way:

"I really don't intend to go to the game. While I can see how it might be very inter-

By permission International Bureau of American Republics

SENOR DON JOAQUIN BERNARDO CALVO, MINISTER OF COSTA RICA TO THE UNITED STATES esting if one understands it, I have no desire to go, because I could not tell a fly from a foul. The fact is, I am kept pretty busy now, and even in my youth I had not time to be properly educated along this line; but I envy the boys who know the game."

A story is told of how a constituent came to visit him during his early congressional career. He sat before a plate of luscious boiled sweet corn, which reminded the good old farmer-visitor of home. Ear after ear passed under the speaker's strong teeth, while his friend from the country looked on in amazement.

SENATOR THEODORE E. BURTON, OHIO
Practicing his senatorial gestures with a real Taft smile

"Joe, would you tell me in confidence how much you pay for board?"

"Four or five dollars a day," said the future speaker, picking up another ear of corn, and putting aside an empty cob.

"I have been running a boarding-house out in Vermilion County," said the visitor, "and it costs me more for corn for my boarders than it did for my horses when I ran a livery stable with fifty head of horses. Joe, I'm glad you're boarding by the day, for corn is mighty high now."

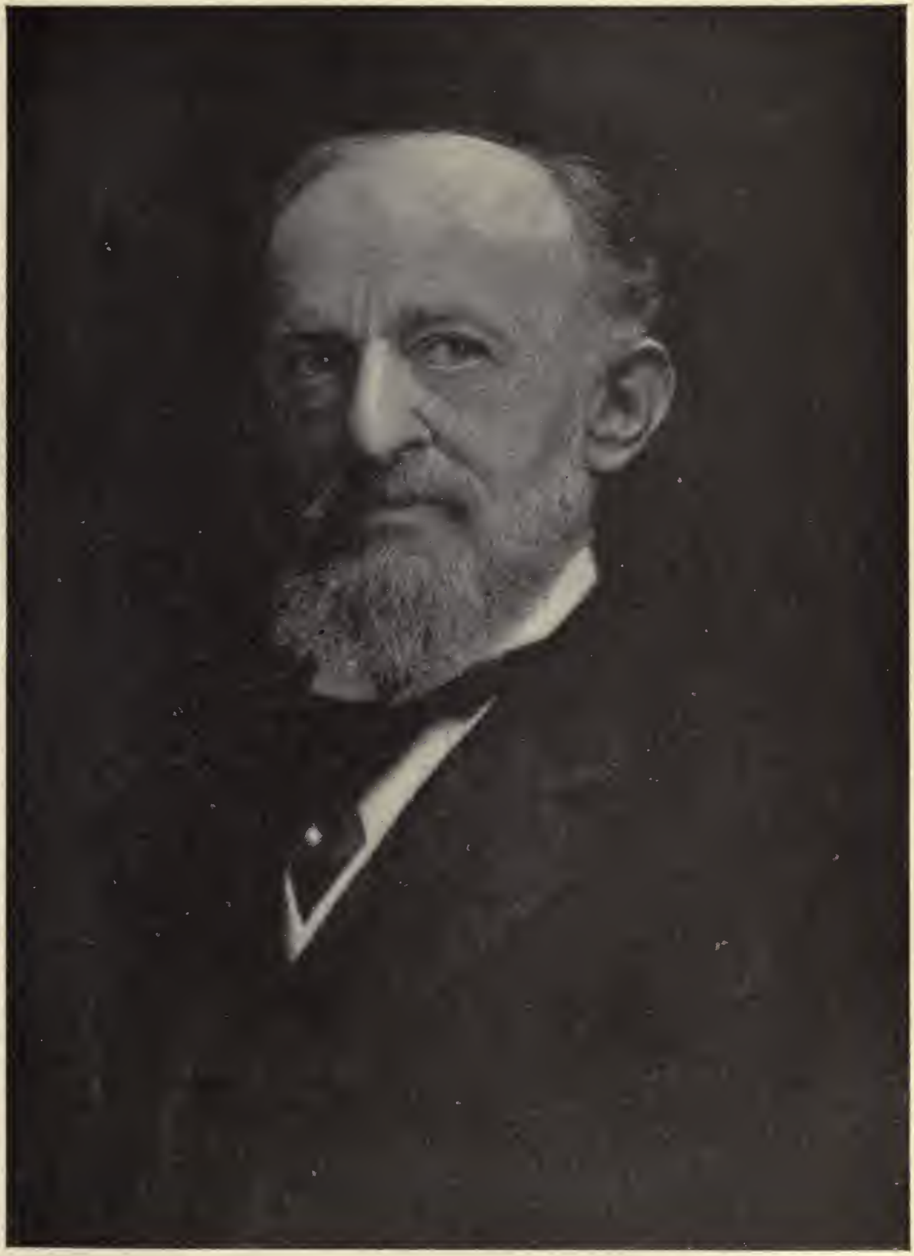
* * *

LESS than half the members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives are native-born in the states which they represent. Nothing could more clearly show the alert activities of the American people, and that constant intermingling of the inhabitants of the several states, which adds so much to the cohesive unity of the nation. The boy who goes to a distant state often accomplishes more than the one who goes straight on in the footprints of his father in the home village. Even Daniel Webster was not born in the old Bay State, whose influence and dignity he so well sustained, and whose people mourned him so sincerely when his great life closed.

This wandering from state to state has resulted in the organizing in New York City of many state societies, which aim to gather together the natives of their respective states annually to revive the pleasant memories of the old home days, with their thousand clinging ties.

What would happen if the American people should cease to wander about the country? is a question often asked. It is said that an Eastern man never amounts to anything until he goes West, and that a Western man has to come East in order to attain his full stature mentally. The Northern man is advised to go South to learn gentle courtesy and chivalric bearing, the Southerner to go North to add more iron to his blood. There can be no doubt that this constant evolution has encouraged the birth of new ideas, just as the whirling of the kinetoscope developed a toy into our present wonderful moving pictures, which give us glimpses of life in motion all over the world.

Time was when we were content to look at pictures limned for us by the sun in the old daguerreotype, shut tightly in its light-proof case; then we admired the family albums, after photography had made pictures more



OSCAR S. STRAUS
Former Secretary of Commerce and Labor, appointed Ambassador to Turkey

plentiful; later pictures were made more life-like by printing them double and putting them into the slide of a stereopticon; now the swift movement of modern life is symbolized by the life-like passage of the film across the screen.

Motion, color, fidelity to nature—what shall be the end of this constant evolution from the crude and imperfect toward the perfect and the beautiful? Only our own failure to exercise the mind and soul in concert with these wonderful achievements of the scientist and inventor can make us dull and sordid, unapt to grow into closer communion with the central good and the life eternal. As the modern priest of that great mystery, the wireless telegraph, draws from his imperfect apparatus the message of another initiate, through earth and air, fire and water, who shall doubt that in perfect harmony and accord with this all-pervading ether that we call electricity, the Great Father of all notes with ever open ears and eyes the joys and sorrows of his numberless creatures? Who can doubt that men are to draw nearer to each other, and in peace and prosperity realize the brotherhood of man?

CONGRESSMAN ADOLPH J. SABATH
Of Chicago

According to expert government reports on fuel, the gas engine is capable of generating from two and a half to three times as much power from a given amount of coal as the steam engine. It economizes in another way also by making it possible to obtain power with a low-grade coal valueless under steam boilers. Fuel with so high a percentage of impurity that it could not hitherto be used in factories can now be made to generate sufficient power, by means of a gas engine, to do the same work that otherwise would require double the quantity of high-grade coal. The lignite coal of North Dakota has thus been made to give out as much gas engine force as the best West Virginia and bituminous coal used under steam boilers.

Some sort of coal is indigenous to almost all parts of America, but the fact that in the average steam engine only five per cent. of the coal energy is transformed into actual working power made low-grade coal of little commercial value until the perfection of the gas engine, which increases the efficiency of fuel by almost twelve per cent. Time was when the big mills had to be placed beside some swift running stream to secure water power. Later on, factories sought the vicinity of the great coal fields, but today, with the generating power of the gas engine, it is a matter of little importance—so far as power is concerned—where a plant is built.

* * *

A bill introduced by Congressman A. J. Sabath of Illinois, for over twelve years a judge in the Chicago courts, provided for the appointment of a commission of injury awards, which should promptly award to persons employed in any capacity in the immense systems of interstate and foreign commerce, or to their surviving relatives, a certain amount based on the severity of his injuries and the amount of his monthly pay. Thus a man earning fifty dollars a month, if killed, would be "atoned for," to use an old Norse saying, by a payment to his family of $357.50 annually; for total disability of over six months, one-half wages; and for lesser injuries, material reductions from the foregoing, based upon the gravity of the disability and the monthly wages paid.

The law was framed to abolish old doctrines which applied when individuals hired em-

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH OF IDAHO

ployees who had some freedom of choice as to the men with whom they were to work, and some show of independence in their choice of safe or unsafe avocations. Corporations and trusts now employ armies of operatives who must work where they can and not where they would, and must meet new dangers incident to the tremendous forces and involved equipment of modern operations. The old doctrine of "contributory negligence" and "assumed risk" with the "law's delays" is superseded, owing to the apparent disparity between the individual claimant and powerful corporations.

LEANING back in his chair, evidently in reminiscent mood, with hands arched behind his bushy hair, Senator Borah of Idaho talked about insomnia, and told of a constituent in the mountains of Idaho, who was reared far above the foothills where the dashing waters of a rushing mountain stream made music in his ears for many a year and lulled him to sleep at night. In early manhood he came to the city and was advanced to a position of trust, but his nerves were affected by overwork, and he was unable to sleep.

"I had a fancy," he said, "that if I could hear again the music of that rushing stream

GENERAL JOSE GOMEZ, PRESIDENT OF CUBA

SENATOR ELMER J. BURKETT
Of Nebraska

of my old home, I should drop right off to sleep, and my ingenious wife soon found a plan to test my remedy. As I lay awake one night, tossing from side to side in a vain effort to sleep, I suddenly began to feel soothed; pausing to consider whence the source of my more composed frame of mind might arise, I seemed to hear the old brook at home, and was commenting mentally on the force of the human imagination when my wife peeped in and asked: 'Do you hear the old brook at home?"

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE
Of Massachusetts

"I listened—sure enough, there was the old, familiar, rushing, spattering sound, and while I wondered whence it came, I dropped off to sleep. You may think that when I awoke in the morning refreshed and found that my wife had turned on the water faucets in the bathroom and left the doors open, the poetic associations connected with that sound were rudely dispelled, but no; the charm of the sound remains patent, and when I cannot sleep she just turns on the faucets; I feel amply repaid for the addition to my water bill by the sound sleep I get."

* * *

STANDING by the seismograph, Charles F. Marvin, chief of the instrument division of the weather bureau, noted one day that the lines made by the little tracing pencil indicated a convulsion of the earth about 4,000 miles from Washington. No reports had been received for days after as to where this disturbance had occurred—it might have been in the Southern Hemisphere, in Alaska, or somewhere in the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans. If it had not occurred near some centre of population, it might have been years before anything was heard of it. If the earthquake had taken place at sea, it would manifest itself in tidal waves, striking against the nearest coast line. Some scientists placed the probable location of the superficial effect in Asia, somewhere about 4,000 miles from London; and later this was almost exactly verified by a dispatch from Persia stating that on that date Luristan, a savage and remote country among the ranges, had been devastated with a loss of many villages and 5,000 lives.

* * *

WHEN Elihu Root was elected United States Senator, the old Empire State once more assumed distinguished leadership in the upper house of Congress. This action was indeed a fitting recognition of the splendid services rendered by Elihu Root in the cabinets of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. His influence has been constructive and his skill consummate in national affairs. It is especially fitting that he should be given a place on the Committee of Foreign Relations where he will continue to exercise that wonderful influence in world affairs which has been characteristic of his public life.

The election of Senator Root recalled many exciting senatorial contests in years past, as when Thurlow Weed was the master mind in the politics of New York, and the fight grew red-hot as he marshalled his

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CLETO GONZALEZ VIQUEZ, OF COSTA RICA

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UNITED STATES SENATOR ELIHU ROOT
Of New York

hosts against Horace Greeley. William Evarts and Thurlow Weed ran neck to neck with forty votes each; the chambers in the old Empire State House grew dark with gloomy frowns, and Ira Harris became a prominent candidate, being used by Weed to defeat Greeley. What a scene it was when that old-time "political boss" sat smoking cigar after cigar and sending his orders: "Tell the Evarts men to go to—Harris." With every hour the excitement grew.

The battle flags of the Harris brigade, now in the State House, reveal a record of Civil War engagements on the field, but they suggest no more hard-fought fights than those in the New York legislature in the old days. Boss Weed secured his revenge on Greeley and Harris was elected.

The people's choice of Mr. Root as their senator was manifested by a gathering of legislators at the great $25,000,000 State Capitol at Albany. This structure is without doubt the most wonderful capitol building in the world, and is a reflection of the gorgeous cathedral age. The Western stairway, with its Scotch brownstone reliefs of famous historical characters, is a marvel of delicate tracery. From the capital of each pillar peer well-known faces, glimmering out from the pages of American history. On one side of the staircase the carved face of Grant surmounts a pillar, looking across in a friendly way upon Roscoe Conkling, leader of the "306," who so steadily yet vainly supported Grant's candidacy when Garfield was nominated in his stead at the Chicago Convention of June, 1880.

On another pillar is a carved portrait of Abraham Lincoln, facing to the front, and on another is William Seward and Frederick Douglass and contemporary statesmen.

Other familiar faces represented on the pillars are Longfellow, Whittier and Walt Whitman; this western stairway is a day's study in itself. Here, too, are delicately carved scenes of pioneer and frontier life, and repre-

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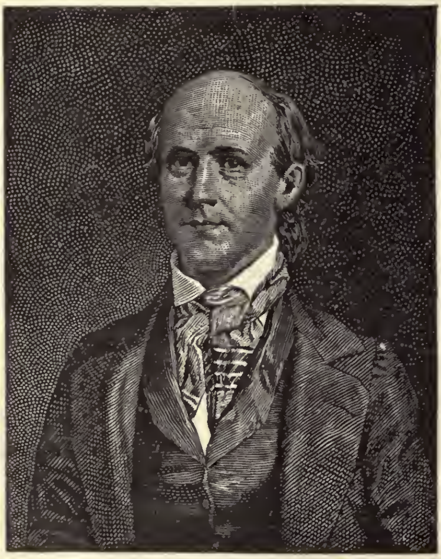
SENATOR JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON
Of Alabama

sentations of the Spanish caravels, surmounted by the profile of their Admiral, Columbus. It is said by connoisseurs in architecture that no modern building is of greater interest.

The Senate Chamber is finished and fitted up with a lavish wealth and richness of detail which is hardly equalled even at Washington. Massive brass rails and candelabra, heavy rugs, rich furniture, and a large, handsome calendar clock, all combine to impart a cathedral aspect to the Senate Chamber. The mahogany desks suggest the dignity and poise of the upper house in Washington. Here I met Senator Brackett, who has served several terms with distinction, and has just introduced a measure to protect the wonderful springs of Saratoga, his home town, which are in some danger of being exhausted by unlimited boring and unwise use.



HORACE GREELEY

New York has an annual budget of $27,000,000 and deserves to be called the Empire State. It has undertaken the great work of forest conservation on its own account, and its forests, waterways and other state resources are controlled by its own legislature. No other state government represents so comprehensive a business organization.

In the Executive Chamber, on the second floor, sits Governor Hughes, working with that ceaseless energy that has characterized his official career. The present governor of New York has always had a way of looking into the quality of things, with the same care that he exercised in probing the insurance situation. His desk looked like the order receiving department in a mail-order house. Hundreds and hundreds of letters pour in to the executive department of the New York legislature, but every one is answered in a business-like way.

* * *

WHILE watching the proceedings of the Senate, I have often been impressed with the habitudes that indicate men of the various professions. Lawyers appear to revel in talk and discussion, and are good listeners; though they seem to take a great deal of time arriving at a decision. Business men, on the contrary, quickly grasp the point under discussion, and appear to have no difficulty in making up their minds on a subject. This was very noticeable in Senator Hanna, and may be recognized in Senators Elkins and Crane. It is observable that during long debates the largest attendance on the floor is among the lawyers. Senator Gallinger, Senator du Pont and other men of business seem to feel that the real talking, the final digestion of affairs, will be done after it has been discussed by the lawyers of the Senate.

* * *

APROPOS of the franking privilege, stringent regulations are being enforced on both senators and congressmen. In this connection, it is told that some years ago a Southern congressman had an express company send for a chair, which was to be taken to his home; it transpired later that not only the chair, but his entire household furnishings were forwarded under this one order. This calls up recollections of the old joke of franking a cow, which has been told and retold until it is worn threadbare.

Conditions are changed now, and even in sending out government calendars, senators were often notified that the matter had been held for postage. Certain officials of the Postal Department are detailed to look after the tons of matter sent out under the franking privilege, which is supposed to apply only to governmental letters, and not to personal correspondence. It is something new to see the desks of the congressmen and senators illuminated by rolls of gay, red postage stamps for their personal use.

From left to right:—Captain Charles J. Badger, Vice-Admiral Uriu of the Imperial Japanese Navy; Madam the Baroness Uriu

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '81, U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY
From left to right, seated:—Charles Stewart, Rear-Admiral Upshur, Vice-Admiral Uriu, and Captain Charles J. Badger, Superintendent of the Naval Academy

LAST spring the first suburban car made its advent into Annapolis, Maryland, and whisked past the United States Naval Academy. As it rolled down historic King Street, most of the horses stepped off the street and onto the sidewalk, and everyone looked out of the windows or stood on the curb to see the sight. It was one of those happy moments of wonderment when old customs and progress join hand in hand and modern innovations sweep in triumph through historic scenes.

The dear old city has many associations to interest visitors, and that grand old man, Chaplain Clark, whom everyone knows, enjoys showing tourists about through the new chapel and pointing out where the remains of John Paul Jones will be laid in the crypt. This chapel is circular, and seats 1,300 persons, although one looking at it for the first time would say at a rough guess that there might possibly be room for five hundred people.

Here is also located St. John College, the third college in the country; here, too, is the mammoth oak, estimated to be 600 years old and famous in the annals of the new country since the time of its possessors.

When we approached the place where John Paul Jones' remains were lying, the old chaplain removed his chapeau and bowed low. The only English visitor also paid his respects to the dead hero of the country whose victories on the seas in 1812 make a tender spot in English history. He was a son of Bernard W. Toldhurst, ex-mayor of Southend-on-Sea, England, and he insisted that he was glad they "found John Paul Jones in Paris, and rejoiced that Jones has real British blood in him."

Here in Annapolis, at the close of the Revolution, Washington gave up his sword and the command of the continental army, which he had assumed under the old elm at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Here, also, are the old State House and the old Senate Chamber, with the same desk that stood there when Washington made that famous farewell address. We took lunch in old Carvel Hall, made still more memorable in modern romance and lately converted into a hotel.

On this little plat of ground the government has spent twelve million dollars in erecting the best naval academy in the world. Unlike West Point, with its citadels on the Hudson, it stands in a park nestling back as if to form a fitting place for the school boys who are to make their name upon the vasty deep.

COUNT JEAN DE NAZIMOFF
Of Russia, who made a careful study of American printing offices

* * *

AN engaging hearty personality is Baron Rosen, the ambassador of Russia to the United States. He speaks English fluently and is a talented musician; his closely cropped white hair and beard make him appear somewhat older than he really is, but in his maaner there is all the fire and enthusiasm of youth. A Russian by birth, his ancestral estates were in Esthonia.

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ALFREDO ZAYAS, VICE-PRESIDENT OF CUBA

Baron Rosen was one of the Russian peace plenipotentiaries in Portsmouth, and has always been a keen observer of American affairs from the Pacific to the Atlantic. While a man of moderate means, the Baron has made the Russian embassy one of the eminent diplomatic centers in Washington, and has always been accounted one of the best posted men in Japanese and Russian affairs, having seen a great deal of service in the Orient.

THE STATELY COLUMNS OF THE INTERIOR OF THE NATIONAL CITY BANK, NEW YORK

ONE more impressive scene has been added to the many recorded as having taken place in the historic East Room of the White House; here, at eight o'clock, P. M., on May 15th, President Taft was initiated into the Associate Society of Farnsworth Post, G. A. R., of Mount Vernon, N. Y. General Horace Porter officiated at the initiation and about fifty members of the society witnessed the ceremony which made President Taft a member of their organization.

In a pleasing address the chief executive expressed his regret that he had been born too late to take part in the great struggle, and that his only recollection of it was his transient memories of the martial music of the war times. He said that he felt especially honored that he could be received *nunc pro tunc*—now for then — into the grand old body through its associate organization, into which President Roosevelt was also initiated during the closing days of his term of office as president of the United States.

* * *

CONGRESS is agreed on the desirability of establishing a Lincoln memorial, but as to what form it should take there is a great diversity of opinion. The most popular project is "The Lincoln Way," a great national road from Washington to Gettysburg, a distance of about seventy miles.

Such a highway might be embellished with trees, suitable monuments and other decorations commemorative of Lincoln. Along this road each state and territory could be represented by some appropriate structure or beautiful feature, making this Lincoln memorial a veritable Appian Way, worthy of the great republic of modern times. It is believed that no part of the road would be unmarked by some loving tribute from the people. There is little question as to the location of such a highway, because no other spot of earth is so closely associated with Lincoln's public career as the great battlefield on which were spoken those memorable words that were a veritable torchlight of freedom.

Japan has a great national road, leading out to Tokyo and extending sixty-five miles; Senator Scott tells of how this memorial road was originally built to reach a great Shogun; this highway is centuries old, and looks as though, like the Roman roads constructed in Great Britain and elsewhere, it might endure for centuries after the people who built had ceased to exist as a nation. Trees grow all along the road, and are the growth of hundreds of years; such memorial trees could be planted along the Lincoln Way as tokens of the love and veneration of those who are unable to provide a more costly remembrance of the beloved president. No one is so poor in the United States that he cannot secure a seedling of some sort. School children could be encouraged to plant trees, and generations to come would have as their heritage a road made beautiful and memorable by magnificent specimens of native and foreign trees.

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GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU

Who, before becoming president of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, served under four presidents of the United States and held three cabinet positions

Secretary Knox has pointed out that the Appian Way is the prototype of such a road, which ought to be something that could be participated in by the whole nation. It was proposed to have an electric car route run from the Capital City to the field of Gettysburg. By others it was suggested that an automobile road would also be a good addition; whether these suggestions are considered or not, it is felt that a national highway of some kind would utilize the people's offerings to a practical purpose; the road would be open to all and the scenery among the Maryland hills, from the northwest to the capital, is so beautiful that it is fitting it should be forever associated with the name of one who "wore the white flower of a blameless life," and who well deserves to be enshrined in the hearts of the American people.

* * *

BEVERLY and Manchester-by-the-Sea, on the north shore of Massachusetts, are likely to become the combined summer capital of the nation in 1909. President Taft has chosen to spend the summer months on that historic rocky coast where for years past many prominent members of the diplomatic corps have had their rendezvous.

Environment has a marked influence on opinions and decisions, and prophetic and imaginative souls predict great results when the executive department is companioned for months by the ceaseless ocean-roll that breaks in storm and calm all along the north shore from Gloucester down to Marblehead and Swampscott. The vivifying breezes of that New England coast may induce a breadth of view wide as the great ocean and vigorous as the salt breezes.

* * *

NOW comes the great question that is agitating social Washington. Erudite authors and ambitious newspaper-men are contributing a symposium on "how to choose a wife." The old and yet ever new story of love and mating is aways a popular theme for discussion.

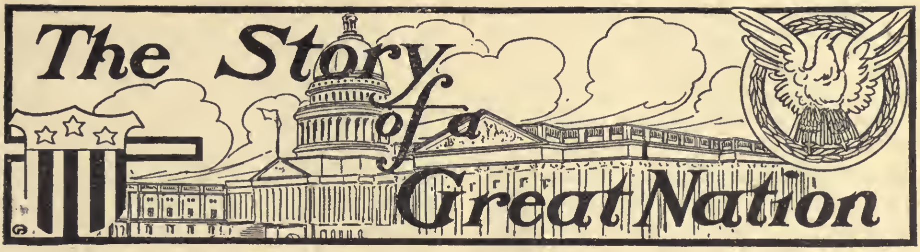
The conclusion was reached in one corner of the press gallery, during a special discussion of this question, that "not one man out of 3,000 who marry actually chooses his wife." He thinks, it is true, that he is courting a girl, while, as a matter of fact, it is the girl who is courting him. When he thinks he is claiming her for his own, as a matter of fact she is making him a captive for life. Of course, it was admitted, there was a sort of charm in such captivity, even for the most freedom-loving man; still no amount of discussion appeared to bring any real solution of the way a man chooses his wife, or the way a wife chooses a husband. In fact this complicated question promises to take rank with the old query, "How old is Ann?"; the true authorship of "Ain't it awful, Mabel?" or the unanswerable problem, "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

It has been suggested that if the government would take a hand in the solution, as it does in Japan, it might be possible to marry the right women to the right men—train up a lady, fit her in every way for wifehood, then shoot her home with a dispatch authorizing her to marry some distinguished man, much in the same way that these affairs were managed—or mismanaged—in the days of the grand old Spartans.

* * *

EVERY new arrival in Washington from Panama reports the work on the Canal as proceeding at a rapid pace. Many Panamanians desire to see a sea-level canal built, and predict that the present work will not be a success, but every official report proves emphatically that the canal is there, that it is safe, and that despite the croaking of the natives, emitted between whiffs of their cigarettes and shrugs of the shoulders, it will be finished in good season; had sea-level plans been adopted, the big job would have lasted considerably longer—hence Panamanian interest in this long, hard job.

With the decision and energy characteristic of his administration, Colonel Goethals keeps on digging. The Gatun Dam has been the storm center of interest, especially among non-resident engineers. The serious obstacle offered by the porous nature of the strata at the bottom of the dam has been surmounted by depositing there huge quantities of stiff clay, which has sunk and now forms an impenetrable floor for the dam, through which the water cannot percolate. Americans have a way of finding out what is needful to their purposes; if it is not where it ought to be, they seek the right material and transport it to the spot where it is wanted. As the white-clad employees of the I. C. C. sit on the verandas at night, they already see in fancy the leviathans of commerce gliding past their doors, bathed in the light of the tropic moon, passing safely and easily along a watercourse that is a triumph of man's ingenuity and a nation's pluck.


The Story of a Great Nation

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE

By HUNTINGTON WILSON

Assistant Secretary of State

EDITOR'S NOTE—Huntington Wilson was appointed second secretary of the legation at Tokyo May 4, 1897; appointed secretary of the legation October 10, 1900; charge d'affaires from January until June, 1901, September, 1902, from February 24 until June 2, 1903, and from November 19, 1905, until May, 1906; secretary of the embassy May 26, 1906; appointed third assistant secretary of state June 22, 1906; designated chairman of the consular board of examiners under Executive order of June 27, 1906; appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Roumania and Servia and diplomatic agent in Bulgaria December 17, 1908, but did not go there; appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic January 11, 1909. When about to proceed to his post was offered and accepted the assistant secretaryship of state under President Taft; March 6, 1909, was appointed assistant secretary of state.

TO describe the particular work of a higher departmental official at Washington would be hardly practicable, because the attention of all the principal assistants extends in a consultative general manner to the whole range of subjects which is the scope of the heavy and exacting labors of the head of each department. To describe the work of the responsible officials of lower grade would be like describing the cogs of a machine which, however well wrought and indispensable to its work, would still be unintelligible unless to the mechanic, when viewed apart from the rest of the mechanism. Each department of the government tends to be a type in miniature of the government itself, and to fall into shapes imperfectly analogous to the legislative, executive and judicial branches, a division which seems to rest upon some wise natural principle.

Viewed for a moment upon this theory, the functions of the head of the Department of State, while executive in such momentous affairs as call for action by the secretary himself, may be found to correspond in a way to those of the Supreme Court. In the exercise of his huge responsibility in deciding what attitude shall be assumed upon a diplomatic question, or in considering what sort of a treaty shall be laid before the Senate, the secretary bears in mind not only our Constitution and laws, but also what may perhaps be called the peculiar constitution of the Department of State, that is, the fixed foreign policy of the country, which has gradually been built up by many wise presidents and able secretaries of state. In the light of these he must scrutinize all that is to go out from his department.

On the other hand, the assistant secretaries, chief clerk, law officers and certain bureau chiefs, in fact, those charged with diplomatic, consular or administrative supervision, or those charged with the relations with particular parts of the world, usually make, under the secretary's direction, the preliminary drafts of various treaties, correspondence with foreign governments, recommendations to the Congress, et cetera. These functions may be very roughly compared to legislative ones.

The drafts are in turn worked upon and put into form by that body of officials who actually execute the tangible documents, but whose functions in the degree of accuracy and responsibility required call for abilities far greater than those necessary to mere routine work.

Considering the Department of State as

The "Story of a Great Nation," describing all the departments and bureaus at Washington, began in the NATIONAL for January, 1909, and will continue throughout the year. Twenty-nine articles, including those that appear in this issue, have already been published.

a ministry for foreign affairs, which indicates its principal but not its only duties, every important official utterance put forth by the Secretary of State in the course of correspondence or negotiation is important to all the American people. This is true of the Department of State to a much greater degree than of any other department of the government, for the Secretary of State speaks for the whole country to the whole world.

In the early days our commercial, and especially our merchant marine interests brusquely launched the little "Office of Foreign Affairs" of that day into a series of difficult diplomatic questions. These were skilfully handled and for years received much public attention. Later, the intense internal development of the United States so completely absorbed public thought that foreign relations, and with them the Department of State, fell rather far into the oblivion which might envelop this branch of government in that theoretical happy country without a history. Finally, however, the country has been, by the weight of its own greatness, forced into a prominent place in the field of diplomacy. Mr. Hay's Far Eastern policy, the questions growing out of the Spanish-American War, and Mr. Root's splendid emphasis of the happy relations nature has intended us to have with our sister republics in Latin America, have all ushered in a new era. It is now much to be hoped that the Department of State will increasingly receive that support and that intelligent public interest in its work and in the work of the foreign service under its command, which were for a long period so sadly lacking.

The work of a foreign office is so varied and so greatly fluctuates in subject matter and amount with the changing conditions in every quarter of the globe that a great degree of flexibility is required. This department is thus placed in every country in a class by itself, and its efficiency must languish if it were given by the legislature treatment upon which a department dealing with purely domestic concerns might thrive. Clearly to understand these things would be fully to appreciate foreign relations and their conduct. Without entering into the study of this great subject it may be possible to give some loose outline of the practical working of the department.

The personnel serving in Washington under the Secretary of State consists of three assistant secretaries, one chief clerk, a solicitor and two assistants, nine chiefs of bureaus, one chief of division, two translators, five private secretaries, 153 clerks and other employes. There serve in the foreign field 113 diplomatic officers, representing the United States in forty-nine countries and 975 consular officers, distributed among 607 cities. These two services work together in looking after American citizens abroad, and in keeping the government through the Department of State informed of foreign conditions. The consular service gives its attention principally to commercial matters, and the diplomatic service mainly to political ones.

The present organization of the Department of State comprises among other offices the Diplomatic and Consular Bureaus. These, as their names imply, execute two divisions of the correspondence. There are also the Bureau of Appointments, which is charged with correspondence touching personnel, and keeps the Great Seal; the office of the solicitor (the law office of the department); and the Bureaus of Trade Relations, Accounts and Citizenship. These are offices charged with the subjects which their names indicate, and usually prepare for the proper correspondence bureaus data for the drafting of instructions and despatches. The Index Bureau has the important and very heavy duty of registering, briefing, distributing and filing the incoming and outgoing correspondence. The Bureau of Rolls and Library is the custodian of the original texts of Statutes and Acts of Congress, of all treaties and state papers and of the department's reference library.

The volume of the correspondence reached in the fiscal year 1908 a total of 161,846 letters received and sent, 3,098 telegrams sent and 3,068 telegrams received.

For the past two years and a half there has been a gradual tendency to introduce into the organization of the department a distribution of the work upon the principle of politico-geographical division. The idea of this is to bring to bear upon current relations with particular groups of countries the knowledge of specialists conversant with conditions in those countries. The idea involves the detail to the Department of a few members of the diplomatic and consular services who are especially well versed in the affairs of the countries concerned. This tendency has resulted in the creation of the division of Far Eastern Affairs as a new office for the preparation of correspondence and for special study. Another result is the recommendation now before Congress that authority be given to detail for duty at the department three secretaries of embassy or legation and three consuls.

With reference to the volume of work of the department and the diplomatic service, it may be mentioned that during the last year twenty-eight treaties were signed, and that nine more were signed in the first half of January, 1909, while during the previous two years, 1906 and 1907, the number signed totaled thirty-three, ten of which were Hague conventions.

Among the activities of the Department of State in furtherance of the commercial, industrial and scientific interests of the country, perhaps those results most evident to the public are the Consular Reports, published through the Department of Commerce and Labor for the information of American firms, chambers of commerce and others, and the arrangements for foreign participation in American expositions and scientific congresses, and for the reciprocal participation of this country in similar gatherings abroad.

Having thus endeavored to give some very meagre indications of the Department's work as a foreign office, there must be added a few words upon its other phase. First of all, the Secretary of State is the first member of the Cabinet and, after the vice-president, is next in succession if the presidency become vacant. These facts naturally place upon him the heavy burden of being in effect Prime Minister, an office which is separate in other countries, as well as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Corresponding to this dual duty of the Secretary is a branch of the Department's work which is quite distinct from its scope as a foreign office. The Department publishes the official texts of the laws of the land and, as above stated, keeps the Great Seal. It is also not infrequently engaged in elaborate domestic correspondence with the governors of the various states upon matters of mutual concern and occasionally on the subject of contentious matters arising between foreigners and the state sovereignties of the Union, matters of extradition, et cetera. The heterogeneity of the Department's work also naturally involves it in a continuous correspondence with the other branches of the Executive.

Finally, there may be mentioned among the domestic functions which survive in a department which is now usually thought of as exclusively a foreign office, the quaint formality by which the governors of the different states inform the Secretary of State of the vote cast for the presidential electors, and the Secretary in turn communicates this official information by a certified copy to the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, all of which happens some two months or more after everyone is perfectly well aware who has been elected President.

At this point a few words upon the much misunderstood diplomatic service may not be amiss. There is an ancient tale of a treaty between two Greek states by which one was to return to the other, as a condition of peace, the half of its captured navy. The implementing of this treaty was accomplished with the sawing of each trireme in two. Whether all the bows or all the sterns were given back does not come down to us in history. Some people probably think this might be done today; but diplomacy is as good as the national conscience.

The welfare of peoples rather than the ambition of rulers is the basis of the diplomacy of modern times. Mediaeval trickery has almost disappeared. What is wanted today is a good case for one's country and an able man to advocate it. It is very surprising, then, that there should linger as a heritage from the days gone forever the superficial and conventional idea that diplomacy is polite dishonesty. That the idea does linger in the minds of persons unfamiliar with the subject is fully shown by the absurd use of the word "diplomatically" as almost synonymous with "disingenuously," and the survival of all such canting and misleading dogmas as the remark that "a diplomat is an honest man sent to lie abroad for his country."

Another singularly distressing fallacy in regard to the diplomatic service is that of the man who thinks of diplomats as creatures fashionably attired (preferably in gold lace exclusively), whose occupations are hobnobbing with royalty and aristocracy, quarreling about precedence, and gossiping at afternoon teas; whose chief accomplishments are bowing beautifully and speaking foreign languages well, while forgetting their own; and whose diet consists entirely of truffles and champagne. Persons of the degree of ignorance so to regard the service then ask naively, "What do diplomats do?"

Of course, the American diplomat should be a plain American gentleman who sets right values on things, avoids affectations, and eschews ostentation. Instead of the foolish attributes he is gratuitously supposed to have, he will have patriotism, education, industry, intelligence, tact and sagacity. These telling qualities he will devote day and night to the advancement of his country's interest.

How important are the political phases of diplomacy should be self-evident to anyone who knows the difference between peace and war. What is not generally realized is the fact recognized in every foreign office that the diplomacy of the twentieth century is largely occupied with the extension of trade, and the work of the diplomatic service, certainly no less than that of the consular service, is most intimately connected with the industrial and commercial progress of the nation. Indeed, the diplomatic service is at work in creating and maintaining those conditions under which is possible the trade upon which the consular service reports.

A BIT O' GREEN A-GROWING

By GRACE G. CROWELL

I GET a moral uplift when I watch the setting sun,
And the chasing o' the stormclouds when the storming o' them's done;
And the very thought o' mountains melting high against the sky
Makes me feel sort o' majestic,—and I often wonder why
I cannot keep my thoughts up on that higher, holier plane,
And my spirits singing always in a grand, uplifting strain.
But I'm out o' sight o' mountains,—and I cannot see the sea,
So I just enjoy the little things a-nestling close to me;
And I think of all the many—that my soul enjoys the best—
A bit o' green a-growing in my window.

Just a bit o' green a-growing, but enough for me to see
The hand o' God a-working and a-doing things for me;
It's a-showing and a-teaching me the whole creation plan,
For I see the life was started long before the world began,
And the life o' man and flower is identically the same—
Just a difference in the make-up and a-calling o' the name,
And God is mindful of it—and He's mindful o' me too,
And the green just keeps on growing, and that's what I will do,
I'll just keep on a-turning o' my face toward the sun,
Like the bit o' green a-growing in my window.

TRANSPORTATION OF THE MAILS

By JOSEPH STEWART

XXIX—THE STORY OF A GREAT NATION

A LETTER addressed to any post office in the country or to any country in the world will be conveyed immediately to its destination by means provided by the department. The fact is so commonplace that its significance entirely escapes notice. Between every post office throughout the extent of our states and territories, and between our country and our possessions and foreign countries, the department has provided an established means of transporting the mails, and has prescribed the routes over which they shall travel to reach destination. The modern postal transportation system has developed into gigantic proportions since the establishment of the first post route, in 1672, between New York and Boston, with a monthly schedule.

In the division of the department's work the duty of providing for and conducting this transportation is assigned to the second assistant postmaster general. Besides his immediate office there are six divisions in the bureau under the charge of appropriate officers—namely, railway adjustments, contracts, foreign mails, railway mail service, inspection and equipment. Under his direction and supervision they arrange the routes, contract for the service, adjust the pay, provide equipment, direct the dispatches of mails and their distribution *en route*. This transportation service costs over $84,000,000 a year.

Generally, wherever there is a railroad, arrangements have been made for mail service by its trains. Service is authorized over 213,220 miles of railroad. The department utilizes for mail purposes the regular train service and arranges for special fast exclusive mail trains between important points.

The Congress fixes the maximum rates at which this service may be paid for, based upon the average daily weight of mails carried. The country is divided into four contract sections, and the mails on each route are weighed once in every four years and the pay fixed thereon. All routes in a section are weighed at the same time, and the sections are weighed in rotation. The cost of mail transportation on railroads is about $45,000,000 a year.

One of the greatest advances ever made in the postal service was the origination of the traveling post office. This was started in 1862, and has developed and grown into the modern railway mail service. Instead of transporting the mails in bulk and assembling them in large distributing post offices for separation and dispatch, they are sent directly to the railway post office to be distributed on their way to destination. This post office is a car or cars operated in trains between important terminals, fitted up and furnished with distributing cases and sack racks, in which railway postal clerks distribute and handle the mails carried. Here the mails are made up for local delivery *en route*, and for dispatch to connecting lines.

This railway mail service directs the dispatch of all mails, determines the routes over which they shall be carried, and distributes them *en route*, so they are ready for delivery to offices along the line, and in some cases makes separations for city delivery upon arrival at large terminals. To conduct this service there are 15,295 officers and clerks employed in it at a cost of over $18,300,000 a year. The railway post office lines cover 208,481 miles of steam, electric and steamboat routes.

The training of the railway postal clerk is acquired by constant study of the names and locations of post offices and the schemes of distribution, and by the performance of his duties. His vocation is a hazardous one. Last year six clerks were killed, 104 seriously and 536 slightly injured in 405 railroad accidents.

Where this distribution space needed

exceeds thirty feet of a car, the office authorizes the company to furnish a specially built railway post-office car and allows additional pay for it. The cost of this car service is over $4,600,000 a year.

The full advantage of this rapid transportation by railroads and of the excellent service in railway post offices would not be realized if the connecting link in the cities and towns were not adequately provided for. This is done by electric car, wagon, pneumatic tube and mail messenger services.

The department avails itself of the advantages of improved means of urban and suburban transportation by electric roads. This is mainly between post offices and postal stations in cities. Mails are carried on 6,764 miles of such roads, whose mail cars travel annually 11,716,416 miles.

The service between railroad trains and the larger post offices and between post offices and postal stations not covered by electric car service is provided for by wagons specially built. This is contract screen wagon service, and costs $1,520,000 a year. Between the railroad trains and other post offices, the companies carry the mails in some cases, and in others the department provides a messenger service. There are 7,654 of these government messenger routes, costing $1,480,000 a year.

The department endeavors to secure the greatest expedition in transportation and therefore has contracted for a pneumatic tube service in Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Saint Louis. There are sixty-three miles of double lines of eight-inch tubes under contract, forty-five of which have been installed and are in operation. The mails are conveyed through the tubes by carriers, propelled by compressed air, at thirty miles an hour between the post office and postal stations and railroad depots. The department pays $17,000 per mile a year for the service.

Mails destined for, or originating at post offices located off of railroads, are conveyed by means of carriers using wagons, horses, sleds and dog teams in Alaska, or traveling on snowshoes in the mountains. This is a contract service, and each route is let to the lowest bidder furnishing sufficient guaranties for its performance. The mails are not only carried to the post office, but if any patron on the route desires to put up a box he may receive his mail therein or have it collected therefrom. There are 14,000 routes of an aggregate length of 182,286 miles and costing $6,967,000 a year. This is the original type of transportation service. The foot-carrier, the post-chaise, the stagecoach, the pony express, the famous overland mail, have all been a part of its historic development. It is popularly called "star route" service, and derived its name from the early custom of placing three asterisks on the register to indicate the three conditions prescribed by the law, *i. e.*, that the mails shall be carried with "celerity, certainty and security."

Whenever an office may be reached advantageously by steamboat, the mails are conveyed thereby. There are 215 such routes, covering 29,870 miles, costing yearly $763,000.

The plan of a universal postal union originated with our own department. Its development into the splendid foreign mails service of today has brought the whole civilized world into intellectual and commercial touch. Mails are exchanged at established and reasonable rates of postage with all foreign countries.

Our department dispatches all mails addressed to foreign countries either by the steamship lines under contract, or by the fastest vessels, giving preference to those of United States register. Under the Ocean Mail Service Act, we have a contract service by United States vessels convertible into cruisers. Sea transportation in all other cases is paid for on weight basis.

Parcels may be exchanged between this and thirty-eight other countries and colonies through our international parcels post.

We have a sea post service on the transatlantic steamers carrying the bulk of the mails, in which sea clerks distribute mails.

The cost of the foreign mail service in 1908 was $2,875,900.

Without the transportation of the mails the service would be a local collection and delivery function. The vast commercial enterprises and activities would be largely limited to meet local demands and confined to the radius of a personal acquaintance. As commerce contributed so largely to the civilization of the ancient world, so the transportation of the mails is making thought cosmopolitan and unifying the social and commercial interests of the entire world, and is one of the most potent forces for peace and progress.

AUDITING UNCLE SAM'S ACCOUNTS

By BYRON J. PRICE

Deputy Auditor Navy Department

XXX—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

SYSTEM is everywhere predominant in Uncle Sam's business methods. The government is carried on through the legislative, the executive, and the judicial departments, each absolute in its own domain and possessing the functions which its name implies.

The executive head administers the nation's affairs through nine great departments—the state, treasury, war, justice, post office, navy, interior, agriculture, and commerce and labor. Each department has its own particular official duties and powers.

The legislative branch of the government, composed of the House and the Senate, has to do with all enactments, laws, new and old, and more particularly with the raising and appropriating of public moneys. Not a dollar can be levied or expended without the sanction of Congress.

The judiciary interprets the laws.

When Congress meets in annual session, it receives from each and every department of the government estimates of their needs for the forthcoming fiscal year. These estimates are considered long and laboriously in committee before being ultimately adopted by both houses of Congress, and put into the table of appropriations as the life blood of the nation for a given fiscal year. Take, for example, the Digest of Appropriations for 1908. This forms a volume of nearly 600 large pages,—containing estimates aggregating almost $556,000,000. Every dollar to be expended is assigned to a particular department or bureau, and in most cases to the actual person or thing intended, and can be used for no other purpose whatsoever. The secretary of the treasury is the custodian of all these vast sums of money as a trustee for the government and the particular department for which any portion of the money has been appropriated by Congress.

When funds are needed in due process of business by the head of any department of the government, he issues a requisition on the secretary of the treasury, asking him to issue a warrant for the amount—say, by way of example, for $150,000, against a certain appropriation or appropriations in favor of a certain named paymaster or disbursing officer. This sum is then placed to the paymaster's credit in some subtreasury of the United States or in some convenient national bank for the specific uses named. His original requisition is signed by the secretary of the department, countersigned by the paymaster general (or an equally high official if in other than the war and navy departments) of the department and indorsed by the auditor of the same department before going to the secretary of the treasury as a basis upon which a warrant can be issued for the $150,000. The paymaster or disbursing officer's warrant has now presumably been honored, and he proceeds to disburse the money intrusted to his care on proper vouchers. Now right here comes another chapter in the government's fine system, the particular part about which I was assigned to write, viz., the auditing bureaus. As the secretary of the treasury is responsible for a proper legal expenditure of the vast sums appropriated by Congress for running the government, it is necessary that the accounts of all disbursing officers be investigated with great care.

For obvious reasons, the auditing officers are therefore all under his control. These are six in number, well enough understood by a mere statement of their names—auditor for the Treasury Department, auditor for the War Department, auditor for the Post Office Department, auditor for the Interior Department, auditor for Navy Department, auditor for State and other departments. The last-named bureau takes all accounts not specifically assigned to the other named bureaus in addition to those of the Department of State. The office of the auditor for the Navy Department, with which, as its deputy auditor, I am most familiar, is in routine a fair example of all the rest.

The auditor for the Navy Department,

with the aid of his one hundred clerks, receives and examines all accounts of salaries and incidental expenses of the office of the secretary of the navy and of all bureaus and offices under his direction; all accounts relating to the naval establishment, Marine Corps, and Naval Academy; and to all other business within the jurisdiction of the Department of the Navy; and certifies the balances arising thereon to the division of bookkeeping and warrants of the Treasury Department, and sends forthwith a copy of each certificate to the secretary of the navy.

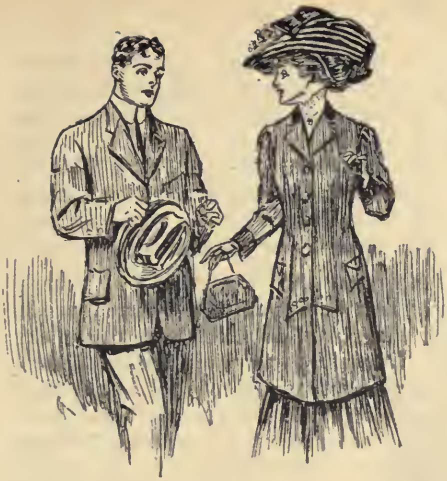
Paymasters send their accounts to this office—a few monthly, but most quarterly—where they are examined and reviewed with thoroughness. The work is divided into three divisions—claims, paymasters' accounts, and navy pay and allotments. There is also a law section. Each division is headed by a veteran grown gray in the service of Uncle Sam; first on the tented field, and later at the desk. The auditor is the responsible head of the bureau, and the deputy his lieutenant, having authority in the absence of the auditor and his general assistant at all times.

The appropriations for the navy aggregated for the fiscal year 1908, $100,500,051.55, which is below the average of recent years. This sum is divided as follows: salaries and expenses, $788,420; naval establishment, $93,954,484; public works, $5,570,287; miscellaneous, $197,860.

The work of auditing is becoming constantly more voluminous and intricate in this office, partly by reason of the enlarged and enlarging navy, and partly by enforced need for simplifying details in the naval establishment, only to throw them in more troublesome form upon the accounting office. A recent order relieving paymasters from securing signatures of men to payrolls and ship rolls for moneys has alone brought upon this office for extra examination annually some 650,000 petty subvouchers or receipts; while a later order to pay civil employees of the navy weekly, instead of semi-monthly, has doubled the work of auditing the rolls, containing, as they do, the names of from 26,000 to 30,000 men. A further idea of the growth of things will be appreciated when I state that we are now handling more allotments in a single month than we did in a year prior to the Spanish War. There are at the present time some 14,000 persons upon the allotment list of the navy, which means that that many persons are sending home monthly installments of money to their families or creditors through the agency of this bureau. The men of the navy also deposit with Uncle Sam hundreds of thousands of dollars upon which they draw 4 per cent. interest as long as they are in the service.

In disbursing appropriations for the navy, there are engaged at the present time about 200 paymasters or disbursing officers of the various grades, in public offices, at navy yards, naval posts, and on board ships. Congress designated 227 distinct objects for which certain fixed amounts of the $100,000,000 appropriated for 1908 could be expended. The paymasters were bound rigidly by these lines, and no appropriation could be exceeded under penalty. The auditing office kept a rigid check of all accounts to know that every dollar was rightfully placed and statements of the same properly rendered.

It is plodding, responsible work for the clerks engaged, with no large hopes for reward or glory, aside from such as come from a consciousness of duty properly performed. While Congress has been generously mindful of itself and of the nation's public servants in the army and navy in the way of recent advances in salary, the poor clerks in civil life, who have been in many cases the "watch dogs of the treasury," feel that they have been sorely neglected in the way of adequate compensation, now that living is so high and general expenses in the Capital city so out of proportion to the size of a dollar's purchasing power. They are all living in hopes that the Fathers of the nation will speedily become wise to the pressing need for a betterment of the civil-service family by an adequate pension roll for the old, and more lucrative salaries for those who are pulling the laboring oars.



RED BLOOD

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

IN the distance the diminutive disc made a glistening pool of gold against the drab stone pavement. The block was deserted, and Ravenhed quickened his footsteps, picking up the trinket with some curiosity. It was a dainty Swiss watch, and ticked aggressively as he held it an instant to his ear. Then he turned it over in his palm, scanning the jewelled back for some traces of identity. At first the old English monogram tantalized his memory and completely baffled his ingenuity. But abruptly, with a rush of crimson to his temples, the crest above it made clear the initials: L. G. C. Lucye Gordon Chesterton!

The coat-of-arms was that of the Flying Spur—he would never forget *that*. When Lucye Chesterton was ten, and he fourteen, in the grammar-school days, he had saved his pennies and bought her a little cheap ring on which was engraved the emblem of the noble family of Chesterton. The little girl had accepted his offering delightedly, only to bring it back the following day with her "mamma's" message that "she must not accept presents from boys." Translated by the light of later events, that meant "a Chesterton could not take favors from a Ravenhed."

For a moment he recollected with vivid keenness that day twelve years ago; the exact way his heart had dropped down to his little rusty boots, and his eyes clouded with disappointment—the sensitive child's words: "Never mind, Billy, some day I shall be a grown-up girl, and you will bring me a *real* ring and put it on my finger—and I shall wear it always."

Young Ravenhed smiled bitterly as he recalled the rapidly-widening breach between them of late years. *She* was to the manor born, while he was, well, merely of the masses. But all this was distinctly unprofitable, and thrusting his rebellious thoughts into the background, he swung on buoyantly down the gleaming avenue.

Suddenly the familiar sweep of a green tailor-made gown ahead caused him to draw in his breath with a swift heart-beat. He hurried after the owner of it, and lifting his hat, said formally: "Pardon me, but I think I have something that belongs to you. Am I not right?" He held out the timepiece with a hand ruled into steadiness.

But Lucye Chesterton was not looking at the watch; her eyes, deeply, darkly blue as the Adriatic, were gazing straight into Ravenhed's.

"Why—why—Billy!" was all she said.

"So you recognize me, Miss Lucye?"

"*Recognize* you! Why shouldn't I? I've seen you a thousand times in imagination since those dear old grammar-school days, and wondered if *you* had forgotten. You're not a bit different to look at, Billy, only a bit older; a bit bigger, and—" she bit her lips with a faint rise of color—"yes, I will say it: a deal better-looking."

Young Ravenhed smiled and reddened. His face, thin, keen, expressive, showed suddenly grave the second afterward. "And I," he answered, "have seen you a thousand times, not only in fancy, but in the flesh."

"And yet you never even spoke—"

"This is the first time I've been fortunate enough to have a pretext."

"Had you overlooked the fact that we were once the best of friends—pals?" She smiled half-wistfully at her familiar reference to the old dead days.

"That time will always be green in my memory, Miss Lucye." Then, abruptly: "You're at Wellesley now?"

"I graduated in June. I watch the papers, and I see that you are a 'post' at Harvard."

"Going in for the law."

"I'm glad you're going to be a professional man, Billy. It suits you."

This tribute of personal interest caused Ravenhed a subtle heart-throb. "I only hope that I shall make good," he said.

"You'll come up to the 'Meadows' to see me, won't you?" the girl asked suddenly.

"If you will let me—"

"I shall be very much provoked if you do not."

They had been walking leisurely down the avenue, and at the next corner, Lucye stopped and held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said softly, "I shall be looking for you, and—thank you very much for my watch."

Ravenhed held her little gloved fingers close for an instant, then lifting his hat, turned briskly into the intersecting street.

* * * *

That it should have fallen to his lot to be thrust into the limelight of heroism seemed to Ravenhed more a favor on the part of chance than any particular merit in himself. True, he had saved Vickers' life at considerable risk of his own; but what other man would not have eagerly embraced the opportunity?

The fact that Lucye Chesterton had gone to the trouble to send him a little note of congratulation made him, now for the first time, proud of having done something sufficient to elicit her praise. He re-read the lines she had written at least twenty times. And long before the twentieth he knew *why* it was he read them. He loved her. He had always loved her, and perhaps he had always realized it in a vague, hopeless sort of way; but never until today had he stood self-confessed.

"Dear Billy:" she had addressed him in her eccentric little scrawl, "I want to congratulate you—to tell you that I am proud of you; proud that I know you. Tom told me everything. Few men would have shown so much nerve and genuine courage. Why have you never been to see me? I am still waiting. Sincerely, Lucye."

Thomas Vickers belonged to the same family of "bluebloods" as the Chestertons. His aloofness among his college mates had made him anything but a favorite. But he was a friend of Lucye's, and Ravenhed let that weigh more in his estimate of the fastidious aristocrat than the combined dislike of all the rest.

Two days after he had saved Vickers' life, the post brought him an unexpected letter from Vickers' father, which he read with incredulous, half-amused eyes.

"My dear Mr. Ravenhed:—I scarcely know how to express my gratitude to the man who risked his life to save that of my son. There *is* no way to express it. But it has occurred to me that if you are a sensible fellow, you will let me show my appreciation in a substantial, *if* inadequate, manner. Therefore, I take the liberty of enclosing my check for one thousand dollars. My son tells me that it is your intention to perfect yourself in the legal profession, and knowing your circumstances, I feel that the amount will not come amiss. Now, I beg, Mr. Ravenhed, that you will not misunderstand my motive, and furthermore, that you will do me the honor to call that I may thank you in person, and assure you of my everlasting indebtedness. Cordially,

"Seymour Vickers."

Ravenhed crushed the letter in his hand and thrust it impatiently into his coat-pocket. Then a quick smile made its transient passage across his wholesome young face. "Blue blood—and red!" he laughed softly. It was not the first sting of the sort under which he had been made to smart; but a tough skin and a sense of humor, assiduously cultivated, had made a broad sweep in the ever-shifting angle of vision. And presently he withdrew the crumpled letter and check from his pocket and smoothed them out almost tolerantly. "At least he's generous," he mused whimsically. He was on his way from the post office to his rooms, but he wheeled suddenly and quickened his steps toward the Pretorian Building.

Judge Vickers' office was on the fifth floor, and he went straight to number 444. The Judge was seated at his desk, and he turned a scowling face at the sound of footsteps in the outer office. As the visitor was ushered in, he swung round in his chair, regarding him first with annoyance, then with professional inquiry, and finally with unconcealed curiosity. The other did not leave him long in doubt.

"I am William Ravenhed, Judge Vickers. Your letter reached me in the noon mail. And as you see, I took immediate advantage of your invitation to call. Here is your check, sir," and he laid it on the littered table by which he stood. "You must not think me unappreciative of your generosity. But to be honest with you, I cannot see that I quite deserve it. My act was merely one of humanity, opportunity—and duty. Good-morning, sir."

"Stop!"

Ravenhed paused.

"I like you, young fellow. And if ever you're in need of a friend—"

"I shall remember, Judge Vickers. You are very good."

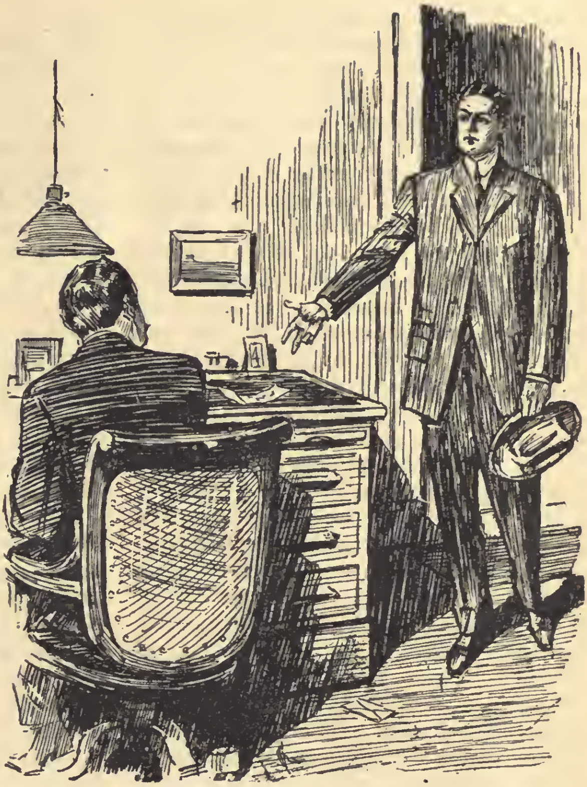
"Sit down."

Ravenhed complied in some constraint. The interview was anything but a pleasant one to him. But there was no alternative.

"Just a word about my boy, Mr. Ravenhed. You mustn't think I don't realize his failings; I do, perhaps more than anybody. It's all our own fault; he's been a mollycoddle all his life—only child, too much money, his head stuffed with nonsense about his ancestors, pride of birth and a lot of more rot. But for all that, the boy is *mine*, and I don't mind admitting to you that he is the dearest thing on God's green earth to me today. I've tried everything to develop him out of his tomfoolery and snobbishness, only to be disappointed again and again. I hope, though, that I begin to see light at last. He's going to marry the finest girl in Boston next winter, and if she doesn't make anything out of him—well!" The old man was obviously laboring under powerful emotions, and Ravenhed caught an involuntary breath of relief when he finished.

"The right sort of girl ought to pull Tom up all right, Judge Vickers," he said, feeling strongly the necessity for some such reply.

"You think so?" he asked eagerly. "Lucye Chesterton is a magnificent type. The Chestertons are descended from a noble line of Scottish aristocrats, and the girl is not only nobly born and nobly bred, but she's what you'd call *genuine* to her finger-tips!"



"Here is your check, sir."

Ravenhed gripped the arms of his chair. He felt the blood pounding in his temples, then racing furiously to his heart, and back almost suffocatingly, to his throat. Lucye Chesterton! And *this* was what had inspired her warm little letter of praise: her love for Vickers, whom he had saved—for her. The paper burnt in his pocket like a coal. What a fool he had been! But he surprised himself by saying quite calmly: "I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Chesterton. Tom is indeed to be congratulated. And now, as my time is limited, Judge, I must ask you to excuse me."

Judge Vickers thrust out a long bony hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Ravenhed. I don't know why I should have taken you into my confidence, unless it is because I can't help liking and trusting you—and because I wanted you to think better of Tom. Don't forget what I said to you, if ever you are in need of help. I hope we shall meet again some day."

Ravenhed shook the outstretched hand warmly. He could not repress a feeling of friendliness toward the testy old judge, and knowing Tom Vickers as he did, a feeling of supreme pity, too, because of the dreams that would never be fulfilled.

He gained the open in a half stupor, but the biting air revived him, and he walked blindly about for hours, until at last, worn out in body and exhausted in mind with the tumult of his thoughts, he caught a car and reached his rooms at dark.

* * * *

"I was beginning to think you were not going to speak to me at all!"

It was "Class Day," and Lucye Chesterton laughed tremulously as she held out a white-gloved hand to Ravenhed. Her face was as delicately pink as the dawn, and the soft fall of pale yellow hair above her white temples imparted to her face a winning look of magnetic appeal.

Ravenhed made an evasive rejoinder as he gave her his arm, and they passed out of the thronged reception-room to the cool of the veranda, where a rainbow of roses in the garden beyond was drenching the air with June fragrance.

"I am not sure that I should have bothered at all, Billy, except for 'auld lang syne.' You've studiously refused to come to see me all these months."

"I've been busy—"

"Too busy to give me just one evening, really?" Her voice trembled a bit under its veneer of badinage.

"There's another explanation, Miss Lucye. But it is one I cannot give—to you. Will you accept it on faith?"

"I suppose I must," she said with a sigh.

They had gained the end of the veranda and sat down on one of the benches to rest. Beneath them, on the lawn, another couple was chatting in confidential, but distinct, tones.

"Yes," the girl went on to say, "they're to be married about Christmas, I believe. This is the culmination of both families' lifelong hope and plan. But I can't quite get it out of my head that the girl is not altogether as happy as a prospective bride should be. *I* think she likes that taciturn fellow, Ravenhed—"

"But who are the Ravenheds?" asked the man. "No one ever heard of them here, I'm sure. Plain, eh?"

"Not royalty, certainly," the girl giggled; "but a great favorite with the boys. You recollect he saved Tommy Vickers from drowning a while back.

"Pure physical achievement that. Red blood, et cetera. But if it came down to what you'd call true nobility, I guess a Ravenhed would be no match for a Chesterton. Ordinary people just haven't it in them to do really *great* things—"

Ravenhed looked dumbly at Lucye. Her face was crimson; his as white as marble. By tacit consent they rose and moved off down the veranda.

Plain! No mate for a Chesterton! The man's blood tingled with mortification, with latent fury. It was *true*. He had known it always, almost from infancy. But in the pitiless mouth of the public! The words ate into him like poison, and in that instant of his humiliation before the eyes of the girl he loved, he knew that nothing could ever ameliorate the bitterness of their sting.

"Billy!" Lucye's gentle, low-toned words interrupted his thoughts. "Don't pay any attention to their silly talk. They—they aren't worth it."

"What they said was true enough, Lucye." The name escaped him unconsciously. And when he looked again into Lucye Chesterton's face, the mist of vanishing tears was in her eyes, and the pretty color had fled from her cheeks.

Ravenhed caught himself together by a tremendous effort and said lightly: "I had at least one noble ancestor, Miss Lucye. He was a politician, and he never accepted a bribe."

Then both laughed, each trying to set the other at ease.

"I am very democratic, personally, Billy. But I've had the blue blood seal upon me—my every action and thought—since the day I was born. I used sometimes to think when I was a child that I'd a hundred times rather be one of those ragged Bowery waifs than the pitiful little marionette they made of me at home."

Ravenhed turned eagerly, but checked the words that sprang to his lips.

At this juncture, Mr. Chesterton came upon them suddenly, and with a look of frigid apology to her companion, bore Lucye off to their carriage.

Ordinary! Unfit for true nobility, even of spirit! Ravenhed clenched his teeth, the angry red dyeing his face. For once his sense of humor was gone; no laugh to be wedged in here. His brain was in a seething agony of rebellion, of fierce, impotent conflict; his very heart-strings torn and bleeding.

* * * *

Ravenhed gazed grimly through his office window at the hurricane of white feathers just released by a sullen December sky.

Beaten—defeated! Just another manifestation of the uneven race of Push and Pull, with a dishonest referee to boot.

Vickers had everything else: money, social position, *blood*—and Lucye! It seemed a little too unbearable, this last triumph—just a bit unfair—

His reverie was broken in upon by a quick, imperative rap on the door. He rose wearily and opened it.

"Ah! glad to find you in, Mr. Ravenhed. Important information for you."

Bolton, of the *Dispatch*, walked in briskly and took the chair indicated.

"Mr. Ravenhed," he began confidentially, plunging at once into the subject, "I shall come to the point without delay. It may surprise you to learn that I've *bona fide* information as to the election returns that will give you a clear majority over Judge Vickers."

Ravenhed listened passively. When the reporter had finished, he lifted a deprecatory hand. "I perfectly understand, Mr. Bolton, and I thank you. But it will be out of the question for me to do anything; I'd rather not, you see."

"I distinctly *fail* to see, Mr. Ravenhed. Perhaps you'll explain?"

The defeated candidate drew a deep breath before he said:

"Only to the extent of assuring you that I do not care to follow it up. That would mean disgrace to—Vickers. Silence will injure no one's—honor."

"But my dear fellow, this is quixotic—absurd. Think of your prospects, your rights—"

"I've a reason that means more to me than either of these, Mr. Bolton. Will you respect it, and keep faith with me?"

The reporter nodded dimly.

"Of course I shall remunerate you in just the same proportion that the *Dispatch* would for the scoop. Is this satisfactory?"

Bolton rose with a curt nod and bowed himself out of the room.

Alone, again, Ravenhed sat down at his desk and began to sort out his papers preparatory to a long absence. For more than an hour he worked resolutely, with automatic precision. At the end of that time, he was again interrupted.

Haggard of face, and with lines of anxiety about his usually stern, noncommittal mouth, Seymour Vickers presented himself at the young lawyer's desk.

"What are you going to do about it, Mr. Ravenhed?" he asked dully.

Ravenhed responded by a look of polite inquiry. His lips relaxed toward a smile. "Why," he said cheerfully, seeing that the old man was on the verge of breaking down, "I'm going to do the only thing left to do—seek fresh fields."

Judge Vickers stared at him searchingly. "Let's have no preliminaries, Mr. Ravenhed, if you please. We both know what's in the wind. I—I didn't come here to ask for mercy at your hands. We already owe you too much—"

Ravenhed picked up a paperweight and turned it over in his hand reflectively. "My answer is the same, Judge Vickers."

"I merely wanted a truthful reply. We must know what to expect, and in what form to look for it. Is this asking too much?"

"I go South by tonight's train, sir. I believe there's a place for me somewhere in the world, and I must find it."

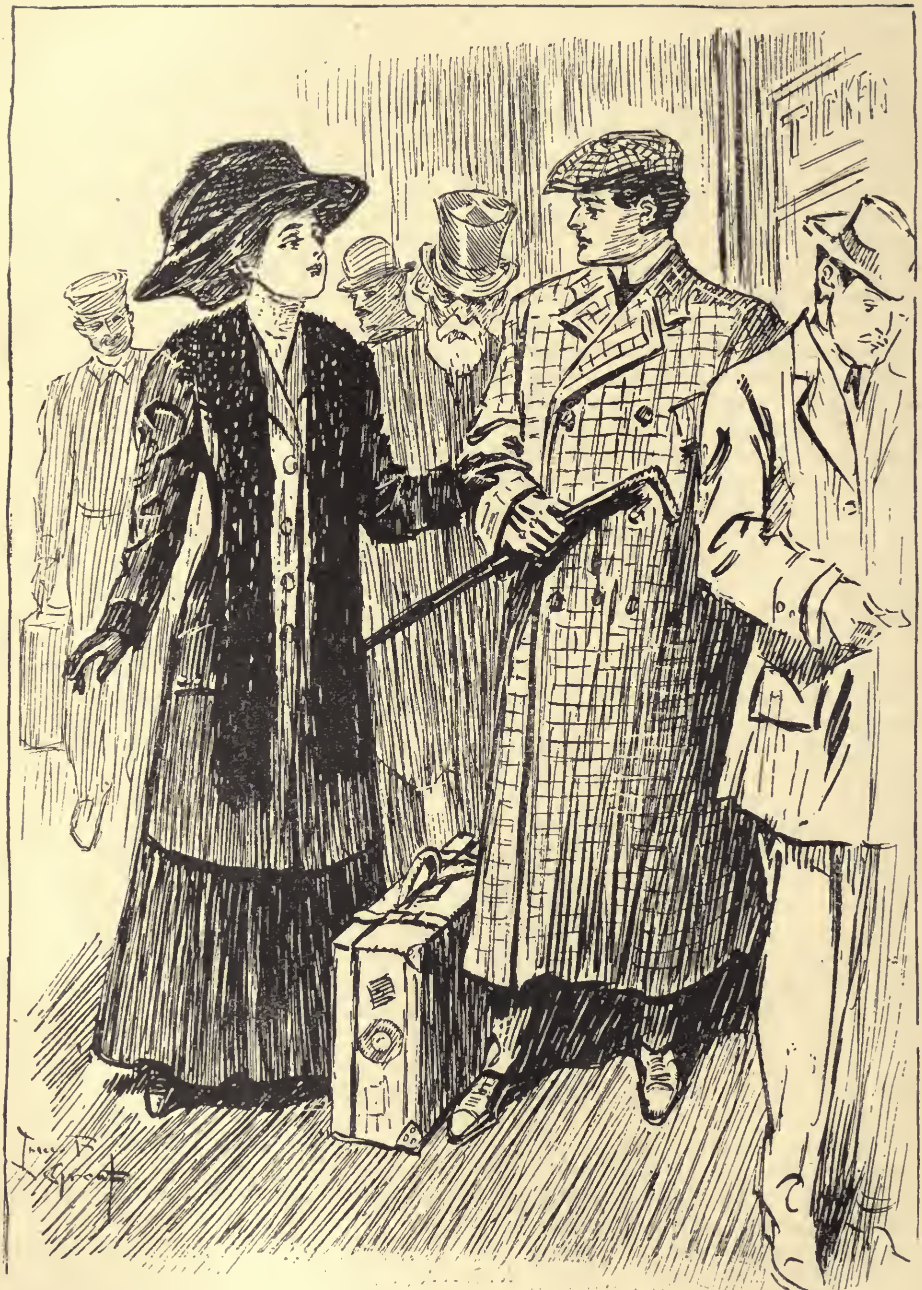
The two men locked eyes. In the older one's face was a mute, puzzled look; in the younger, one of iron determination.

"There's a reason for all this, William Ravenhed, and—I think I have a right to know it. You may trust me."

"Lucye Chesterton," Ravenhed said simply.

A swift light swept into the other's brain; for a second a troubled, wounded look crept into his keen old eyes. Then he held out his hand. "God bless you, boy," he said brokenly.

Ravenhed followed him to the elevator,



"Her small gloved hand rested on his coat sleeve."

and shook hands with him. Then he went back to his office and wearily resumed his occupation.

* * * *

The platform was thronged with the deposit of incoming trains and the restless crowds impatient to be off.

Ravenhed pushed his way through to the ticket window, and stood in line behind some dozen or more that had gained a place ahead of him. No one had noticed him so far, and he thanked heaven from the bottom of his heart for at least this much of freedom from the old life so soon to be wiped from his slate forever. Perhaps no one thought of connecting the pale, silent man with the sanguine, energetic candidate for Congress of the late campaign!

But as he turned from the window, a sudden change flashed across his white face; his gaze trembled bewilderedly into the large, soft, entreating eyes of the girl for whom he was taking this step into exile.

"Billy!" Her small, gloved hand rested on his coat-sleeve. She drew him away from the crowd, with the blood deepening in her cheeks, and her eyes bright with held-back tears.

"I was at the Vickers' when Tom's father came home to lunch. I accidentally overheard a conversation between Tom and Judge Vickers. And I know the whole truth. I learned not only of *his* dishonesty, but of the sacrifice you propose to make, and—and I came to ask you not—to go."

Ravenhed looked at her dazedly, a mad, undreamed-of joy throbbing in his heart. But he crushed down his feelings and answered her calmly enough.

"Don't ask that, Miss Lucye. I have decided ultimately. Believe me, everything is for the best. The families of Vickers and Chesterton—"

"Can never be united. I have today slipped the armor of conventionality and *blood* forever. My heart and my brain and my soul have found the light at last. I—am —*free*—Billy!"

A quick glance into the girl's earnest, upturned face told Ravenhed the truth at last. The train-bell rang. Impulsively he caught her hands in his. "I must go now," he said, "it's the only thing to do. But—I'm coming back, Lucye."

She gave him a look that was like a caress, and with the memory of it irradiating the drab vista of years that had gone before, and shedding a light divine upon all eternities to come, he turned an illumined face to the great white way of the future he had unhesitatingly chosen.

AMBITION

From the book "Heart Throbs."

"The narrow vale is not for me!"
Cried one aflame with youth's fierce fires.
"I'll climb a mountain-peak, and see
The world and all my heart desires!"

'Twas long and hard. On bended knee
He reached the top. What mournful cry!
He could not see—
Age dimmed his eye!

—*Truman Roberts Andrews.*

The Doctor's Trust

—By—
CHARLES MILLER

(FOURTH ARTICLE)

AN eminent Iowa physician, whose professional ability has won him recognition far beyond the borders of his state, has written a letter congratulating me upon the fairness with which I have stated facts and drawn conclusions in the previous articles of this series. While he flatters me with the assurance that the articles are "going to be of value to the public at large, and of still greater value to that portion of the medical profession which is opposed to the trust methods of the American Medical Association," I detect in his letter a note of complaint, if not of criticism, in the following paragraph:

"You single out Iowa. That is all right, because this is the state you are particularly interested in, but already the American Medical Association has a greater hold upon some of the eastern states than upon our own."

We of Iowa like to think well of our state and of each other. We have been taught to believe that "in all that is good Iowa affords the best." It is but natural that an Iowa physician, compelled to admit the blight that organized medicine has placed upon his state, should find some satisfaction in being able to point to other states which are suffering more from a like cause.

During the past few weeks, however, the conclusion has been forced upon me that my distinguished Iowa correspondent voices the truth, for letters from every point of the compass indicate that the medical octopus has its grip upon most of the states of the Union, and that, wherever this grip is strengthening, medical greed and stupidity flourish.

And with this conclusion has come also the understanding that the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, in inviting me to write on this subject, had more than an inkling that, in addressing myself to conditions in Iowa, I would be hitting like conditions all over the country.

It is difficult to realize, however, that trust-inspired medical greed is running riot in many other states as it is in Iowa. I can hardly believe that the organized doctors of any other state feel so certain of their power, and so sure of their ground, that they would dare to propose an agreement by which a critically sick child shall have a diagnosis value to the attending physician of a cool one hundred dollars!

But this outrageous proposition was made in the address of President L. W. Allen at the annual meeting of the Second District Medical Association, held at Davenport on November 10, 1908, and the plan was received in all seriousness as was shown by the appointment of a committee to urge it before the state and county societies. The address is printed in the January number of the *Iowa State Medical Journal* (the trust organ) with editorial approval, indicating that the leaders of the state society, whose views are reflected in that publication, expect to establish the $100 diagnosis fee as a rule of the whole organization.

Elaborating upon the McCormack order "suggesting" increased fees all along the line, Dr. Allen said:

"In any event his (the doctor's) fee for the diphtheria case is not over twenty or thirty dollars. Should he be a man of quick action, with the early use of antitoxin he may cure the case and be dismissed with some six or eight visits, or a charge of ten or fifteen dollars. I wish to say right here, that our profession by its slumbering business methods is endangering the public every day; a child's life is worth more than the price of a few yards of silk, and the public should demand that we make a diagnosis as soon as scientific methods allow possible, and for that diagnosis we should be paid adequately—not one or two dollars per visit, but a sum commensurate with the responsibility of a diagnosis where a life is involved, and such fee should *be not less than one hundred dollars.* Such a fee would allow the average man to give more time and attention to such a class of cases and would allow him to live without dividing his time to such an extent as to neglect these and other serious cases. Suppose the case is one of scarlet fever—how many of you are satisfied with your knowledge and skill in handling these cases when of a severe type? How many of you would feel as much worry and responsibility with three ordinary cases of appendicitis as you do with one severe case of scarlet fever, and yet you receive two dollars per visit, or thirty or forty dollars for the latter, while for your appendicitis cases you would receive between six hundred and one thousand dollars. Is it any wonder that our young men rush into any abdomen that contains an aching appendix without fear or trembling, and avoid the anxiety and lean purses which follow the devoted attendance upon ordinary diseases of childhood?"

A child's life is worth more than a few yards of silk, for a verity. Your child's life is worth more than all the yards of silk that have come from the looms of the world in a thousand years. Your child's life is too precious to be measured in money or worldly goods, and since you would sicken at the thought of so measuring it, by what right, human or divine, may another predicate the value of his skill and services upon the value of a life that means so little to him and so much to you?

His is the "responsibility," the doctor will say, but that, to my mind, is at once his hypocritical manner of describing your dire need and his excuse for taking advantage of it.

This spirit of greed, as instanced in the proposal to magnify a case of contagion to the financial importance of a surgical case, is a distinctive feature of the modern Iowa medical fee bill, and that it is of recent origin is shown by its absence from the fee bills of some years ago.

In the Iowa fee bill of 1906 the maximum fee for an operation for appendicitis "during attack" was $500, while the same service "in interim" was listed at $300. Since between the two conditions there can be but little difference as to time and labor for the operator, it is plain that the extra $200 charged "during attack" is because of his "responsibility" or the patient's dire extremity, whichever way you may regard it. I am compelled to regard it as a species of extortion so immoral as to be utterly indefensible. The gouge spirit of the medical trust fee bill is again flagrantly revealed in the following item:

"Cases involving unusual responsibility, as of poisoning, apoplexy, concussion of brain, resuscitation in drowning, or injuries by lightning,—$5 to $50."

This demonstrates again how closely associated are "unusual responsibility" and the extremity that makes the services of a physician an absolute necessity.

Apply this same principle to the transactions of business men and see how reprehensible it becomes.

A man goes to a merchant to buy a length of rope. Asked as to the purpose for which he would use it, the would-be purchaser states that he desires to lead a cow home. Under the circumstances the merchant fixes the price at twenty-five cents a yard. A little later another man rushes to the merchant's store to buy rope and in considerable of a hurry to get it. Down at the river the boat of a fisherman has drifted into a dangerous position, and his life is in peril. The rope is furnished with proper alacrity and the rescue made. A few days later the grateful fisherman calls to pay for the rope, and learns that its price has advanced to a dollar a yard. The merchant has taken into consideration "unusual responsibility" attaching to a life line, and has adjusted his business methods to the basis of the Trust Doctor across the way!

Again, a man calls at a drug store for a bottle of paregoric. The druggist ascertains that his patron does not need the medicine for immediate use, but to meet a possible emergency, so the sale is consummated at the ordinary price of twenty-five cents. A little later along comes a man whose baby is ill with colic and in great agony and he also wants a bottle of paregoric, but the price for him, under the circumstances, immediately jumps to one dollar a bottle. Yet the druggist has but imitated the ethical (trust) doctor and applied the "in interim" and "during attack" principles to the two transactions.

It may be argued with some plausibility that a man who would complain of the price of a rope which had saved his life would be considerable of a "piker," and that a man who would begrudge a few shillings to alleviate his child's suffering would be a heartless father. But such arguments would have little weight in the case of a tradesman who would take advantage of situations involving suffering or loss of life, and a man who would practice extortion under such circumstances would soon encounter a public sentiment that would drive him out of business. A like fate would overtake any physician who *in the absence of the support, example and co-operation of the Medical Trust* would take advantage of dire necessity and grave emergency to practice extortion. But when extortion is the basic plan of the organization, it is soon established as a custom and made respectable by professional approval and support. All in all, there is seldom so much "respectability" concentrated in a single individual as in an up-to-date "ethical" doctor, and when the majority of the members of a medical society agree upon a schedule of fees, the stated charges, however exorbitant, become at once the usual and proper ones, and there is nothing left for their patients to do except to meet the demands made upon them or be denied medical attendance altogether, for the county medical societies of Iowa, and probably of most other states, maintain a blacklist, which is corrected at stated intervals by each member of a society, reporting those of their patients who are too poor to pay or who decline to be robbed. The following resolution providing for such a blacklist was adopted by the society of my home county on December 13, 1905:

"*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Bremer County Medical Association, in order to more thoroughly regulate the 'dead beat' and pauper practice in this county, will send to the secretary of our society upon June 1 and December 1, each year, a corrected list of names occurring in our practice that are included in these classes. And when completed list is furnished by our secretary, we further agree we will not render professional services to any person or persons having a number following their names indicating that they have been reported by two or more physicians unless, in pauper cases, the proper order from trustee or county board be furnished, and in 'dead beat' cases, unless the cash or proper securities be furnished."

Trusts dealing in the grosser necessities of life, in the things we eat and wear and use as essentials to our everyday existence, take considerable account of public opinion. They know that, dealing as they do only in cold, economic propositions, involving concrete values and closely scrutinized dollars and cents, there are limits beyond which their greed may not be safely carried. No commercial trust has ever dared to practice such monstrous and uncanny processes of extortion as the meanest of all combines—the Doctors' Trust.

This trust, however, knows no limitations. It only knows that human sympathy is boundless and that, along the avenues hallowed by love and tenderness, greed may be carried far. It knows how dearly life and health are valued and that in "the valley of the shadow of death" gold loses its glitter and becomes mere dross. It knows these things, and greedily takes advantage of them. Moreover, it knows that it is the only trust that can, with any success, palm off greed for altruism or masquerade cupidity in the attractive garb of yearning beneficence. The alleged interests of humanity are advanced as its paramount concern, and the selfish interests of the doctors are ingeniously kept in the background. The Doctors' Trust can do this, and no other trust can, for no other trust promoters have been sufficiently greedy and audacious to trustify a great profession which has back of it a century of beautiful traditions, replete with examples of self-sacrifice and noble endeavor. Other trusts levy tribute on weak and strong alike, while the Doctors' Trust preys only on the sick or afflicted.

Note well that even the proposition to make a sick child yield a sure profit of $100 instead of one or two dollars for each of the doctor's calls, is wholly in the interest of the public—so plainly that Dr. Allen is emboldened to say that the "public should demand it!"

As yet the public has not demanded it, so far as I have heard, but has remained quiescent, and the Doctors' Trust hopes it will continue to acquiesce until the proposed fee is established as the usual and ordinary one by general agreement among the doctors. After that, the matter is expected to take care of itself, as it undoubtedly will, unless the public wakes up and recognizes the fact that medical extortion is at least as despicable as any other form of greed. That the public has slept so soundly in the past, gives the Doctors' Trust confidence that it will not awake until it is safely enwrapped in the tentacles of the Trust.

But I hear some reader say: "A diagnosis fee of one hundred dollars would be an unspeakable outrage and I would never submit to it"; but he will not say it very loud or very often. He is not expecting any contagion in his family, and it really is a matter of no immediate concern to him. Besides, he knows a lot of doctors who are splendid men —men who have more thought of the measure of service they can render mankind than of the number of dollars they can add to their bank account; and these he would not like to offend. And no more would I. My protest is laid against a predatory trust and my condemnation against the big and little Janus-faced leaders who out of one mouth direct their followers to extract more and more of profit from the calamities of the people, and out of another undertake to beguile the people with plans for making the public health so good, and the necessity for medical service so rare, as to reduce the whole profession to penury!

In the light of such elaborate processes of medical extortion as the Doctors' Trust is now engaged in, I hope my readers will agree that it is time that delicacy should give place to plain talk and vigorous protest. It may easily be assumed that the "Iowa idea" of what a sick child should be worth to a doctor is so monstrous that it must fall of its own weight, and that assumption would be entirely plausible but for the ease with which even more extortionate fees have been established and maintained in cases involving the use of the knife. The tremendous fees in surgical cases were made customary, not because of any economic principle, but solely because the greed-inspired and organized doctors knew that, as a general thing, when surgical service is necessary, the patient and his friends are in no frame of mind to haggle over fees. In a vague sort of way the public feels that a surgical operation is too often part of a process of extortion infringing hard upon the domain of robbery; but since there is never a time when more than an infinitesimal portion of the public regards the necessity for an operation as either imminent or remote, there is no general protest. If a dozen years ago anyone had predicted that the time was approaching when the ordinary country doctor would feel justified in taking from his moderately circumstanced neighbor the sum of two, three or four hundred dollars for a service that might occupy him only while the hands of the clock passed and met again, his prediction would have been looked upon as altogether unbelievable; but we have already reached that condition, and suggestion of a $100 diagnosis fee now appears as a natural development of what has gone before.

As may be inferred by the remarks of the Doctors' Trust magnate previously quoted, the rewards of surgery are regarded as fairly satisfactory. In job lots of three, he approximates appendicitis cases as having a value of between six hundred and a thousand dollars, and because the rewards of nonsurgical cases are so small by comparison, he gives more than a hint that many doctors are cutting into abdomens that ought not to be explored. He also hints at a growing professional indifference, if not contempt, for the cases that require only medical treatment, and it may be remarked that this tendency has been noticed by the laity for some time past, especially in communities where the operation-mania has gained a firm hold. The rewards of a few appendicitis operations make a budding surgeon look upon a mere medical case as something hardly worth while. To visit a sick child in a workingman's home, feeling that he can claim as his fee only a sum equal to his patron's wages for a day, or for two days if the summons be in the night time, seems to partake of the character of drudgery. President Allen's remedy would make medical cases almost as extortionately remunerative as surgical cases. My remedy would reduce the fees for laparotomy to such a figure that anywhere in this broad land a man might accumulate $200 and still be safe from the wiles of the conscienceless or ignorant surgeon — the one impelled by the same instinct that prompts the thug to lie in wait for his victim with a piece of gas pipe, the other self-educated to the belief that the Creator made a gross error in anatomical construction, and self-persuaded to the conviction that it is worth several hundred dollars of any man's good money to be rid of his appendix or any other pesky thing, whether there is anything the matter with it or not. My plan, instead of that being urged upon the Iowa doctors, is one which the public should demand, for it would modify one evil of commercialized medicine without creating another. And such a plan ought to, and probably would, meet with the approval of all conscientious physicians, who know that the lure of the appendix is doing more to bring shame and reproach upon a great profession than all other things combined.

"YO TAMBIEN"

By Will Gage Cary

THE streets adjacent to the Alameda, that wonderful tropical park extending through the center of Mexico City, were lined with the booths of the Indians from all the country surrounding, who, during the days of the Christmas festivities, sell their pretty little statue figures, gaudy-colored pottery and curiously contrived toys to the throngs of tourists sojourning in the city at that gala season.

At a cursory glance, all the booths seemed to display identically the same wares; but a more careful survey showed that each possessed some feature peculiarly its own, especially in the style and coloring of the pottery, by which means the initiated could readily determine from what particular portion of the country the owners of each booth hailed; and one bent on seeing the display in its entirety must needs pass along the whole length of the busy, litigious line.

This much John Graham had accomplished in the course of an idle, sight-seeing afternoon, and he now stood before the last booth, watching intently the motley crowd that surged about him. An Indian woman in the booth, catching his eye, held up a gaudily painted vase before him, and with many gestures and insistent tones she exclaimed:

"*Thirty centavos*, senor! muy bonito! *ver* boo-ti-ful!"

Graham shook his head in reply to her earnest appeal, and turned to leave; with imploring tones she still entreated him to purchase the vase: "Senor! excelente y bonito! *tres* centavos, senor: only *three* centavos!"

Graham paused, then suddenly turned and re-entered the booth. It was not, however, the drop from thirty cents to three in the price of pottery which caught his attention; but a face—a face peering out stealthily from the semi-darkness in the rear!

What a picture it formed there! A countenance beautiful—almost divine—yet every line now portraying abject terror! Drawing closer, Graham discerned in the shadowy background the frail figure of a young boy, his gaze riveted upon the Indian woman, who as yet was unaware of his presence. Graham beheld the face in silent rapture; never had he seen one so exquisitely molded. The dark, soulful eyes glowing with suppressed emotion; the rich olive complexion clear and delicately tinted, and clustering locks, black as midnight, overhanging the well-formed brow. He was fascinated by its beauty and intensity; yet its utter sadness and the air of hopelessness of the slight, pitiful figure standing there in affright and consternation filled him with pity, and a strange yearning pressed his heart.

At that moment the Indian woman turned and beheld the trembling lad. She walked slowly toward him, then seeing from his manner that something out of the ordinary had befallen him, she spoke a few low, hurried words of inquiry; at his mumbled response she suddenly burst into a furious rage, and in high, shrill tones hurled a storm of abuse and invective against the cowering child!

Though he knew but little Spanish, Graham was able to gather from such fragments of the tirade as he understood that the boy had been sent out with a small basket of toys to sell; that he had disposed of all, but while passing along an unfrequented side-street, he had suddenly been thrown down, and the money from the sale of the toys stolen. As she talked, the woman became more and more infuriated until she worked herself into a frenzy, screaming shrilly and shaking her clenched hands in the pale face of the terrified boy. Many in the crowd outside the booth stopped, through idle curiosity, to witness the scene; the owners of the surrounding booths were too accustomed to the like to give much heed.

Suddenly the Indian woman stooped and picked up a piece of rope, with which she struck the boy a stinging blow across the face. He cowered lower in the corner, but no sound escaped him now, either of pain or entreaty. Graham felt that he could remain a passive onlooker to the scene no longer, yet he scarcely knew how best to interfere; then an artifice crossed his mind, which, for the moment at least, would relieve the suffering and torment of the child.

Here, senora!" he exclaimed quickly, "I want the large vase on the upper row; be quick, please: I have but little time!"

At this prospect of an advantageous sale, the woman's manner underwent a wondrous change; a smile, intended to be ingratiating, but which served only to intensify the cruel, crafty lines, o'erspread her swarthy countenance.

"Ah, senor, thees vase? Ees it not boo-ti-ful? You see the glaze it has? Only we of the Gaudalajara deestrict make dat kind!—only *dos pesos*—two dollar, senor!"

The purchase of the vase having been transacted, Graham feared that her knowledge of his own language would suffer a sudden relapse; that the questions he was now so eager to ask would be answered merely by a shrug of the shoulders and the inevitable—"*Quien sabe!*" (who knows?) but to his surprise, the woman seemed in a most loquacious mood, and seeing his apparet interest in the pitiful figure at the back of the booth, she said dolefully:

"Ah, that boy, senor; the trouble he gif me! No one knows!" She lifted her eyes imploringly to heaven. "An' the expense he ees to us: he eat *so* much!"

"I'm sure he must!" Graham responded consolingly, "and he is not your own child, either, I take it?"

She glanced at him sharply, but his face portrayed none of the emotion which filled his heart, and with no further trace of suspicion she replied readily:

"My child? *Madre de Jesu*—no, senor! We found him, four, mebbe six years ago, when we cross the big desert; he nearby water-hole, when we found him. We stop for water; he crawl up, mos' dead from the thirst! We begin to drink; he crawl up, an' he begin cry, '*Yo tambien* (I also) *yo tambien* '—all time he cry 'yo tambien!' Den we all laugh, an' laugh; cause ev'ry time he try get drink, he fall over, he so weak! It was such fun to see him fall like dat, senor! an' all time he keep cry out, 'yo tambien—*agua*'" (water).

"And you gave him water?"

"Si, senor; after while, when *we* done drinkin', an' laughin' at him! Den we take him with us—an' we name him—what you t'ink? We name him '*Yo Tambien.*'"

She paused to wait upon a prospective customer, and Graham stood silently by, meditating o'er the strange recital. He felt that the woman's story was probably true; the fact of their having taken the boy with them, however, he knew was prompted by the hope of obtaining a reward or ransom for him, as undoubtedly the child came from the better class. Disappointed in not getting the looked-for money for him, they were now taking their vengeance upon the frail, unfortunate boy!

"Poor little 'Yo Tambien'!" Graham thought to himself; "it might have been better for you had the water for which you cried in the desert never reached your parched little lips!"

Since the interruption of the torture occasioned by the loss of the money, the boy had gazed steadily at Graham with grateful, wondering eyes; only when the Indian woman looked in his direction, or spoke his name, did he cower now. The sale finished, the woman returned to where Graham stood deep in thought and resumed her story:

"An' so we take him with us to the Gaudalajara country, an' never know where he came from; perhaps he stolen for revenge, an' left by water-hole, *quien sabe?* But he ees so bad, senor; an' he eat *so* much!"

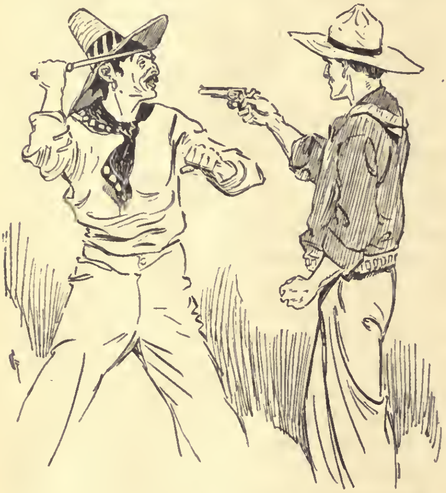
At that moment a half-drunken Mexican—the woman's husband—slouched into the booth, his breath reeking with the fumes of pulque. The woman paused abruptly in her story, and drawing the muttering Mexican to one side, quickly imparted to him the details of their loss! The man's anger and sudden fury were even more terrible than her own had been. Going up quickly to the boy he struck him a savage blow upon the side of his head with his fist, knocking him senseless to the floor.

The brutal, cowardly blow given the frail child sent the hot blood tingling in Graham's veins; with voice choked with anger and indignation he exclaimed fiercely:

"You brute! You coward—to strike a child like that!"

With a snarl of rage like a wounded beast at bay, the Mexican turned upon him.

"Ah, it ees the Americano, ees it?" he sneered. "Well, what *you* want, trouble? You get him mighty queek!" He drew his long, glittering stiletto, and advanced with a rush upon Graham, but paused as he saw the glance of cool defiance in the face before him; then his anger over-reaching all bounds of restraint, he sprang forward and raised the stiletto to strike.



"He sprang forward and raised his stiletto to strike"

"Why not I keel you, eh!" he hissed, flourishing the weapon wildly. "Why not I keel you, right now?"

"Why not?" replied Graham quickly. "Because I'll put a bullet through you in a holy minute if you come a step closer!" Like a flash he thrust a six-shooter in the face of the advancing Mexican. "Now, you leather-faced son of a bandit," he exclaimed coolly, "you drop that dagger—*drop it!*"

The blade fell clanking to the floor. The face of the Mexican assumed a sickly yellow hue, and he was trembling in every limb.

"Don't shoot, senor," he gasped, "don't shoot; I not hurt you!"

"No, I rather think myself you won't," replied Graham, replacing his revolver. "You wouldn't hurt anyone but a little helpless child! You're just about the lowest-down 'greaser' unhung!"

Seeing that he was no longer in immediate danger of the promised bullet, the Mexican once more became threatening.

"Mebbe *some* time I see you 'gain; mebbe some time, den good chance come, *ze-eep! ze-eep!*" and he drew his swarthy fingers across his throat significantly.

"Any old time, my Aztec!" responded Graham cheerily. "Mebbe some time I see you, too; and I promise you I'll be right there with a little of that 'ze-eep! ze-eep!' business myself!" Then realizing that a continuation of the quarrel could result in no possible good, he made his way hurriedly out through the crowd, followed by the bitterest sneers and threats of the infuriated Mexican.

Throughout the whole long evening the sweet, sad face of little "Yo Tambien" came ever to the troubled mind of John Graham; he pitied the delicate, sensitive child left helpless in the hands of the ruffian, and he felt that his interference during the afternoon had in no manner bettered conditions for the boy.

The days following were busy ones, replete with business engagements and details. A week passed before he again found time to visit the Alameda; then, at the first opportunity, he started out to look for little "Yo Tambien." He walked hurriedly through the park until he came to the outer edge, then stopped short in amazement; his heart sank within him, not a booth remained where last he had seen them.

The Indians, one and all, had left for their homes in the wilderness.

* * * * * * *

In a week, his business in Mexico City finished, Graham began making preparations to return to the States. He had even started packing, when the clerk at the hotel handed him a letter, which resulted in the changing of his immediate plans materially. It was from a friend of his college days, who had recently purchased a large stock-ranch in southern Mexico; he scanned the first pages of the letter with only moderate interest, then came to a part which compelled his attention at once:

> " . . . Why can't you come over and spend a few days with me? No finer scenery, no better hunting and fishing anywhere than right here in this Guadalajara country."

"Guadalajara!" wasn't that the country of the little "Yo Tambien"? If he could find *him* there; could rescue him from his life of misery! Well, he needed just such a trip anyway; it might as well be Guadalajara, and the boy was there somewhere!

In order to guard against too great a disappointment in case his quest proved futile, as he feared it must, he endeavored to persuade himself that it was not for the sake of the boy alone he was making the trip, when the following morning found him on board a train speeding westward, with guns, rods and sporting regalia complete; and yet, down in his heart was a tiny spark of hope and belief that he would see or hear something of the child who had so won his affections, even in the few short moments he had been near him; the only being he had ever seen who could—even partly—fill the lonely void left when his own little boy—apparently of the same age—had been called away from him forever. He felt that his only course was to search for the lad, even though hoping against hope; and it was on these thoughts and plans alone he pondered, as the train bore him swiftly onward to the wonderful Gaudalajara country—perhaps to little "Yo Tambien."

* * * * * * *

At the *hacienda* of his friend, Graham received a royal welcome, and before many days had passed, he was well convinced that the hunting and fishing promised him was all that could possibly be desired. Day after day he tramped through the forests and followed the winding streams, returning at night to the *casa* tired and hungry, to enjoy food and rest to an extent he had never before known. In one respect only was he disappointed: he could find no trace whatever of "Yo Tambien," or even of any Indians resembling in any way those he had seen in the Alameda. With the meager information he possessed regarding them, he knew that his search was well-nigh a hopeless one; still he did not entirely despair.

One morning he started out long before daybreak, with the intention of exploring a range of low, purple hills which lifted their rugged tops invitingly over toward the western horizon. He had never ventured so far from the *casa* alone before, but by getting an early start, and taking as direct a route as possible, he believed he could traverse the slopes, and return to the *hacienda* by sundown, or early twilight. He had told his friend nothing of the particular quest he had in mind, as yet; not wishing him to conceive the impression that such was his only reason for coming to visit him; neither did he confide in him his plan to explore the foothills, as he was now attempting to do, merely stating that he was going upon a little longer jaunt than usual, and for him not to feel uneasy in case he didn't return until a late hour.

The cool, crisp morning air brought a feeling of exhilaration and buoyancy to his whole being; he felt that soon he would tramp those alluring wilds ahead, and perchance, find there some trace of the Indians, for whom his search in the lowlands had proven so futile; on he pressed eagerly, making straight for the hills, whose purple tops the rising sun was now fast changing into gleaming pinnacles of gold.

For hours he walked on and on with rapid strides. The sun, now high in the heavens, beat down upon him relentlessly. He knew that he must have covered a considerable distance, and yet those enticing slopes appeared not one whit nearer. By noon, their outline had become a trifle more distinct, but he realized now, that because of the clear, rarefied atmosphere, he had underestimated their distance from the *hacienda;* still he pressed on, with no thought of giving up, determined upon accomplishing a search of the region, even if he had to spend the night in the hills.

Once he passed close to an adobe hut, and from the squalid inmates endeavored to learn something which might assist him in his search for little "Yo Tambien"; he could learn but little. He was told that certain Indian families from the vicinity went to Mexico City with pottery and toys each year; as to the present whereabouts of these Indians they were unable, or unwilling, to state. Further on, he came across a lonely goat-herder, who gazed at him in astonishment, but from whom he finally gained the information that Indians who made pottery lived in the hills ahead; confident now that he was at last upon the right track of those he sought, he hurried on.

Twilight was beginning to fall by the time he finally reached even the first of the slopes. At the base of a huge boulder he found a clear, crystal spring; seating himself comfortably by its limpid depths, he took out the remainder of his cold "snack," and ate it ravenously. Then for the first time, he began to realize that the day's journey had worn him out completely; he arose, and looked about him for some sheltered spot in which to take up his abode for the night, intending, after a good night's rest, to resume his search at dawn on the morrow. At length he found a great crevice in the side of the boulder, into which he carried a pile of leafy branches for a bed; then throwing himself down upon the rustling leaves, tired and exhausted, he was soon wrapped in sweet, dreamless sleep.

At the gray dusk of breaking day Graham awoke with a sudden start. He threw aside the light blanket with which he had covered himself, and which he was grateful he brought with him, as the night had been cold and chill, and sat up listening, wide awake on the instant. He had heard no sound that he knew of, and yet a strange feeling of uneasiness, a sense of some imminent peril hung over him. He glanced up at the opening of the crevice above his head; in the soft gray light he beheld an evil face peering down upon him! It leered at him covetously, gloatingly —the dark, swarthy face of the Mexican with whom he had quarrelled in the Alameda!

He reached stealthily for his revolver. It was still where he had placed it under the branches, and he clutched it eagerly. A low, mocking laugh came from the top of the crevice; he glanced quickly at his weapon; the cartridges had been removed! His belt, gun and hunting knife likewise were gone; he was helpless in the hands of the villain who had sworn to kill him! He jumped quickly to his feet; the head suddenly disappeared from above, and the next second the bulky form of the Mexican blocked the entrance of the crevice, where he stood, pistol in hand, a wicked smile o'erspreading his sinister countenance.

"So! the senor Americano, he com see me, eh! Ver kind for heem, *ver* kind, an' I sure glad see heem!"

Graham made no reply. Coolly he stood waiting, every nerve and faculty alert and intense, watching for an opportunity to spring upon him. The Mexican eyed him with deadly hatred, his rage and malignity increasing each moment.

"The senor Americano!" he sneered. "Bah! the senor *dog!* You 'member what I say 'bout the *ze-eep! ze-eep!* eh? That time he come now; he come right now!"

He gave a low, sharp whistle.

A number of skulking forms darted out from the bushes nearby; he spoke to them hurriedly in Spanish, and spreading out they quickly rushed in upon Graham, and in spite of his struggles overcame him, binding him securely with thongs of rawhide. Then lifting him upon their shoulders, they followed in silence their leader, on up the rugged slope. Higher and higher they carried him, the way becoming steeper each moment, and more precipitous. At length they reached a long shelf of rock, o'erhanging a deep gully; a lofty wall of granite arose from the inner edge of the shelf, and jagged peaks towered on all sides. Here they paused and flung him roughly upon the rocky surface of the shelf, still bound hand and foot. He noticed the Indians moved about with caution as they walked around him; the cause was soon evident: the smooth shelf upon which he lay was literally covered with great, glistening snakes! They lay in slimy coils now, benumbed with the cold and inert, but the mere sight of the loathsome, venomous reptiles caused Graham, who so far had been able to keep his nerve, to utter a low exclamation of horror.

The Mexican heard him, and his loud, brutal laughter echoed among the crags.

"*So*, you see dem, senor dog? Soon the sun he com up over ledge; he warm up snakes! Den they crawl, *crawl;* den soon they strike—so—*h-issst!* Now I go get the senora! She glad see you, too, ha! You no be lonely; you have pleen-ty comp'ny; I soon com 'gain; den when snakes they all strike, *I* finish! Den com dat ze-eep! ze-eep!" He drew his hand across his throat, then doffing his wide sombrero, and bowing low, he sneered mockingly: "Adios! *Adios, senor dog!*"

With his face resting within a few inches of a great, glistening reptile, they left him. He heard their footsteps rattling on down the slope; fainter, fainter came the sound, gradually dying away in the distance.

* * * * * * *

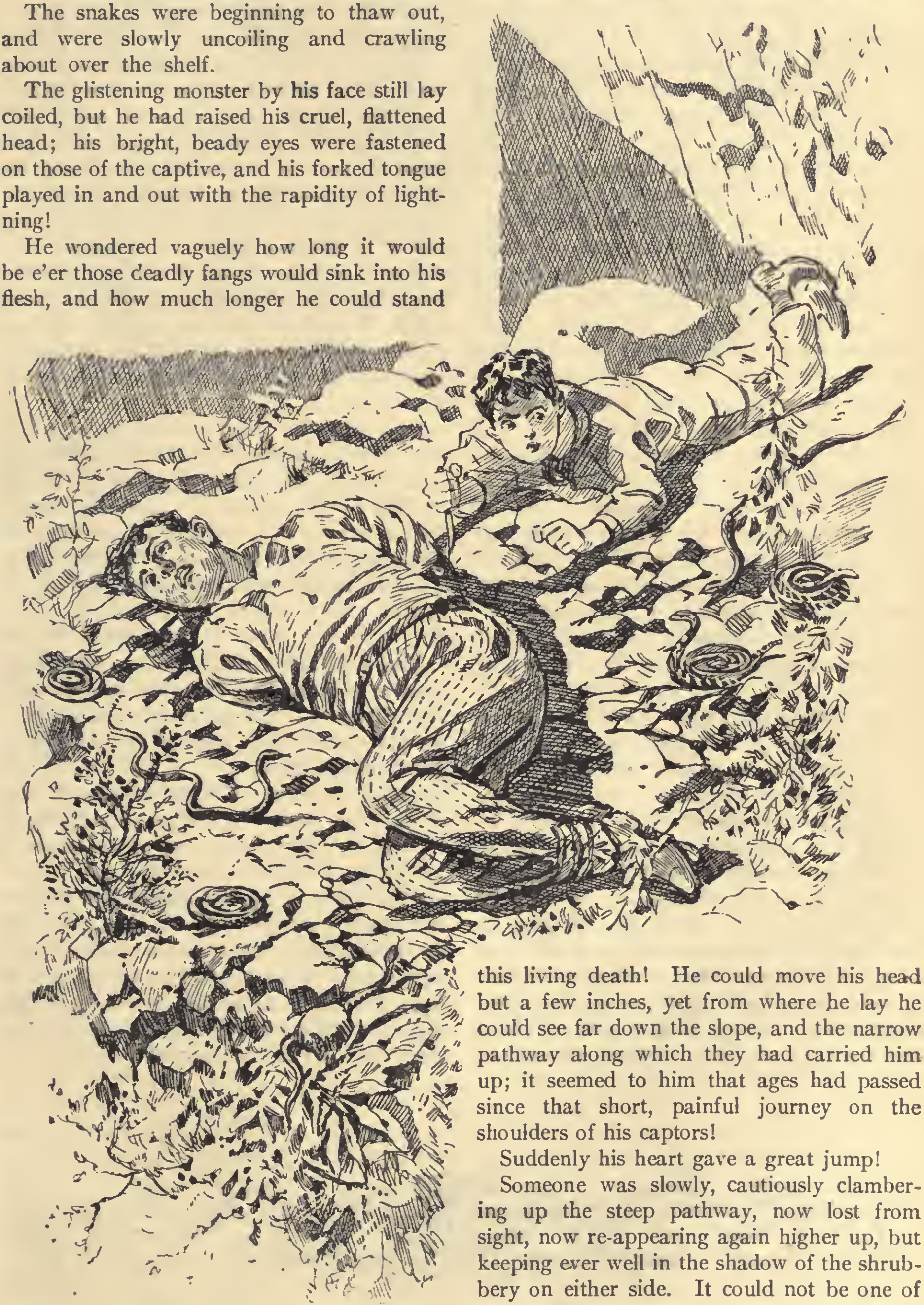
Suffering torment from the rawhide thongs cutting deep into his flesh, together with the mental agony of his awful position, Graham had sunk into a listless stupor from which he partially aroused as the bright rays of the sun began beating into his eyes.

He glanced about him.

The snakes were beginning to thaw out, and were slowly uncoiling and crawling about over the shelf.

The glistening monster by his face still lay coiled, but he had raised his cruel, flattened head; his bright, beady eyes were fastened on those of the captive, and his forked tongue played in and out with the rapidity of lightning!

He wondered vaguely how long it would be e'er those deadly fangs would sink into his flesh, and how much longer he could stand the strain of waiting! He even prayed that the Mexican would return and end it all with the sharp steel; anything were better than this living death! He could move his head but a few inches, yet from where he lay he could see far down the slope, and the narrow pathway along which they had carried him up; it seemed to him that ages had passed since that short, painful journey on the shoulders of his captors!



"'*Yo Tambien' reached at last the form of the captive*"

Suddenly his heart gave a great jump!

Someone was slowly, cautiously clambering up the steep pathway, now lost from sight, now re-appearing again higher up, but keeping ever well in the shadow of the shrubbery on either side. It could not be one of his enemies, or why such care to escape observation; a feeling of hope sprang up within him; someone was coming to save him from the awful death; would he be in time? Then he closed his eyes and shuddered as he realized the folly of still hoping; who could come, who in all that wilderness would want to save him? At that instant he opened his eyes and gazed again down the trail; a short distance from the shelf, motionless as a statue stood "Yo Tambien."

Concealed with the men in the bushes, the boy had witnessed the capture of this man, the only being from whom he had ever known a kindness in all his life—the man of whom he had thought constantly since the day in the Alameda, and at whose shrine he had ever worshipped since, by day and by night, with all the fervid idolatry of his emotional nature! This man he had determined to save, though he knew well his life would pay the forfeit should he be detected.

Graham's brain was in a whirl of conflicting emotions. At first he was thrilled with joy at beholding the boy again, and the faint hope that he might have come to save him; then he thought of the deadly peril the child would be in should he come upon the shelf; he must not permit him to come!

"Go back! Go back, Yo Tambien!" he shouted hoarsely, "you *must not* come nearer!"

The great snake raised its head high in the air, swaying to and fro in anger, and hissing loudly close to Graham's ear!

The boy paused but a moment, then gradually began creeping closer to the ledge; he beheld the snakes, now becoming restless and active; he fully realized the danger, but he never faltered. Arriving at the edge of the ledge, he drew himself slowly upon it, and lay flat on the smooth rock surface; with an almost imperceptible movement he worked his way slowly and carefully toward the helpless captive. In breathless anxiety, Graham dared not cry out again, besides, he was beginning to feel that the boy knew what he was about, that they might both yet be saved!

Avoiding the deadly coils, "Yo Tambien" reached at last the form of the captive; quickly he cut the thongs which bound him, then slowly worked his way to the edge of the shelf again, and dropped safely off. For a moment Graham lay motionless, too numb to move a muscle; then the blood began to circulate again, bringing strength to his limbs and courage to his heart. He waited a moment longer, to be sure of his strength, then he sprang to his feet, cleared the ledge with one spring and fell in a heap beside "Yo Tambien," who, knowing that not a moment was now to be lost, fell to rubbing vigorously the stiff and benumbed limbs of his friend.

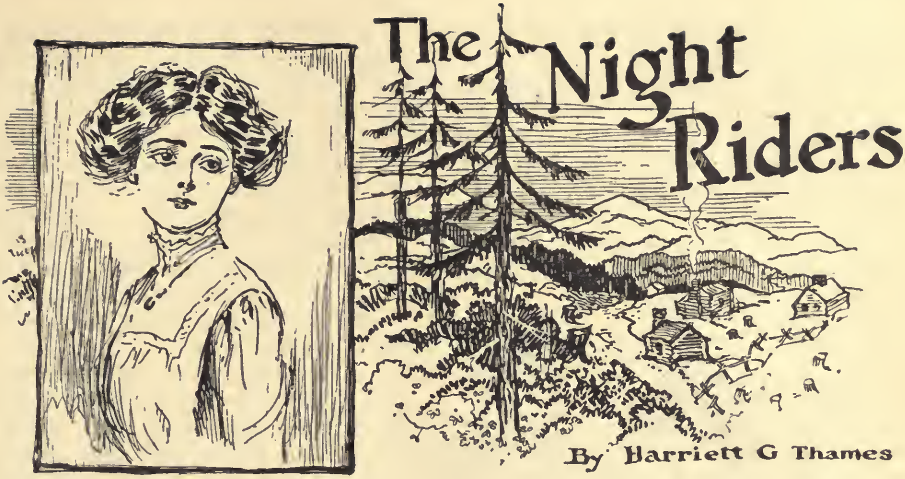
Suddenly they heard the sound of voices and coarse laughter, and the shuffling of feet ascending the slope. Grasping Graham quickly by the hand, "Yo Tambien" darted into a narrow path leading off through the thick shrubbery; in another moment, still hand in hand, they disappeared within the forest.

* * * * * * *

Ten days later, John Graham boarded a steamer at Vera Cruz, direct for New Orleans. As he landed at the wharf of his native city, he was greeted by a party of his old friends and business associates.

"Bless me, if it ain't John Graham!" exclaimed one of the party, grasping his hand warmly. "Why, man, you're so brown I hardly knew you!"

"Well, I'm John Graham all right," he responded cheerily, "of 'Graham & Son, importers,' and gentlemen," he added, turning proudly to the handsome, smiling boy at his side, "allow me to present our latest importation from old Mexico, the Senor 'Yo Tambien,' *late of Guadalajara!*"



The Night Riders

By Harriett G Thames

WITH an anxious frown, Edith went to the door and looked down the road. Crookedly it wound its boulder-strewn length over the noisy brook, up, up, until it lost itself in the narrow gorge between Twin Mountains.

The late autumn sunshine had at last dispelled the damp morning mist and hills and valley stood forth gorgeously ablaze with rich crimson and vivid yellow.

The girl, however, paid slight heed to the flaunting sea of color, but leaned far out and again searched the road with even greater care, only to find it still wrapped in mystifying silence.

"It's long after time," she murmured slowly, withdrawing into the bare, unpainted schoolroom whose empty log benches looked peculiarly lonely and desolate. What had become of the frowsy, sallow-faced children who had sprawled therein during the four months she had been the "school-marm" for these Tennessee mountaineers.

She felt herself seized with a sudden nervous trembling, a desire to be gone, to escape from the unaccountable loneliness that began to grow dreadful and menacing. Hurriedly catching her hat from its nail she ran out the door and down the road until lack of breath compelled her to fall into a walk.

"What is the matter with me?" she thought impatiently. "Am I going crazy that I behave like a child? Why should I feel so alarmed and uneasy?"

She could recall no overt act from the brooding, taciturn people around her—people whose confidence she had made fruitless efforts to win, and who were still as much utter strangers as when, painfully frightened and shy, she had first ventured among them. That their silence hid something strange and peculiar, she had realized from the first. An air of constant watchfulness and of fear seemed to brood over the land like a threatening cloud, and within the last week the sullen eyes about her had filled her with inexpressible dread.

Mechanically she turned into the by-path leading around the foot of the mountain, when she heard behind her a sudden shout. Looking around with a start she saw, with a half sob of relief, Luke Holloway's stalwart frame coming toward her. She liked the tall blue-eyed mountaineer. He was one of the few who had given her a friendly word, had tried in his rude way to relieve her loneliness, and she now waited his approach with distinct pleasure.

"Where you-uns goin'?" he asked, as he reached her side.

"Home," she answered briefly, then yielding to a sudden impulse added: "There was not a child at school this morning. Is anything wrong? What can be the matter?"

The man stopped short and looked at her with a clouded brow.

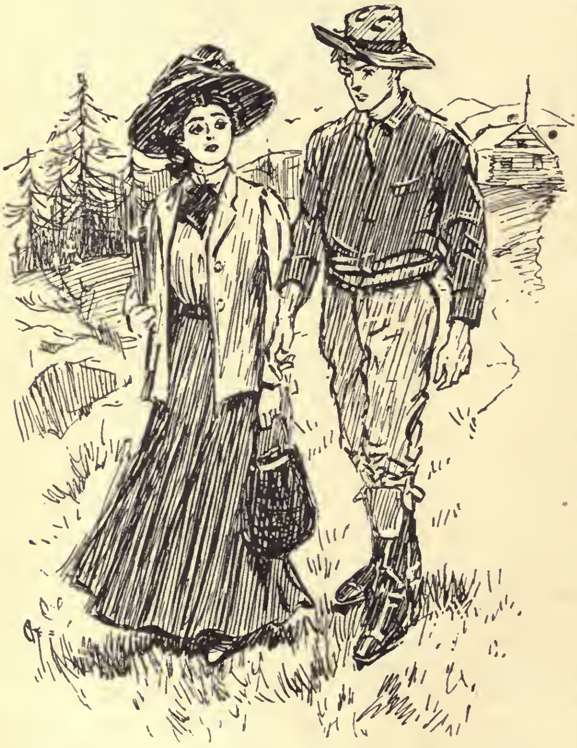
"Nary one, you say?" he asked.

She shook her head.

He gave a low, inarticulate murmur and walked on in silence.

"I've been to taown," he said abruptly at last, "and don't know what's been a happenin'. But Miss Bly, if I were you, I'd go home for a spell or so. Times are sort of wearin' 'ound here naow, and if I were you, I'd go daown the road for a while."

"I believe I will," she answered hesitatingly, overcome by a wave of homesickness. Oh! to be among her own kind, away from these stony, threatening mountains, this savage people, so grim and silent.


"*Miss Bly, if I were you, I'd go home for a spell.*"

They were passing scattered one-room cabins now, perched helter-skelter on the mountainside. The women lounging in the opened doors deliberately ignored her timid salutations, and gazed at her with half-shut, sneering eyes that brought the blood to her cheeks. Occasionally a former pupil grinned sheepishly from the midst of a bevy of ragged children, but she wisely asked no questions, and passed quietly on.

The man, with curt, angry nods, defiantly pressed on with her until she stood before the low gallery of a large log house that set close upon the road. Here Edith turned and with a grateful smile stretched out her hand.

"Luke, you have been very kind," she said. "I think I will take your advice, and I shall always remember your thoughtfulness."

The man grew red and not daring to touch the extended fingers, with a bow and a scrape turned on his heel, when a jeering laugh caused him to abruptly face about.

A girl, tawny, and beautiful as some woodland goddess, stood in the open-shuttered window. Hands on hips, she surveyed them deliberately and mockingly: then, overlooking Edith, said: "Howdy, Luke.".

The man with gaze as steady answered, "Howdy, Liz."

"You made a peart trip," she went on, "and got back in good time. They'll need yer tonight. There's work for yer to do; some that yer'll sure enj'y too," and her eyes smiled cruelly on Edith's downcast face.

The man whitened under his tan, then without reply turned quickly and strode down the narrow path.

But the girl's stinging laugh followed him long after the brown cabin was hidden from sight, and it still rang in his ears when, coming to the narrow crossroads, he entered the weatherbeaten little store. He found it, as usual, nearly filled with loungers, who were lolling on goods boxes and log ends, and filling the air with smoke from their short corncob pipes.

A subdued stir of excitement followed his arrival, and from the stiff nods and brief greetings vouchsafed him, he discerned an illy concealed distrust and antagonism.

Ike Stevens, the proprietor, a tall, thin man with a shock of fiery red hair, was leisurely filling a jug with molasses for a restless small boy. Waiting until the urchin had shuffled out, Luke leaned over the counter and broke the embarrassing silence by asking with apparent indifference: "Well, what's the news from the brotherhood? Any ridin' since I've been gone?"

Ike spat vigorously on the dusty floor, and with a meaning glance at the group of attentive listeners drawled: "Nothin' sence you left, but there'll be a heap tonight, you bet. Have your hawse and dress ready and be at the pine tree at nine. We've already sent a summons to you-uns' haouse: the others didn't need none"; a hoarse laugh from the circle of smoke emphasized the last remark. When it ceased, Ike resumed: "For we're a goin' to whip that spy of a schoolmarm, as sure as buzzards fly."

Luke straightened up as though he had received a blow.

"By God! what for?" he faltered.

"She's been a spyin'," spoke up a little undersized man behind him. "Will Perry's cousin sent him word five days agone that the grand jury had five of us names that whipped that black nigger son-of-a-gun last month. Someone's told on us: someone," he repeated menacingly, "and it couldn't a been anyone but her. The sneakin', low-down ornery—"

"Shet up!" said Luke with sudden fierceness, bringing his huge fist down with a bang. "Be ye all crazy? She's nothin' but a gal: she don't know nothin' about our band. How'd she tell on us?"

"How?" Ike replied contemptuously. "Why, with her cussed writin'. Liz Hornby says she's been a writin' letters steady for mor'n two weeks. The officers sent her daown here to land us in the jail over yonder; I knew it. I always said no good 'ud come of that gal with her meachin' ways and book-larnin'; she ain't one of us. What'd she come for? To spy—but we'll send her home tonight with a striped back."

"We sure will," unanimously echoed the others.

"You won't," thundered Luke, facing them with blazing eyes. "I didn't join this band to whip no womenfolks, Ike Stevens, and I tell you-uns, she didn't do it."

Ike gazed at him a moment with eyes like steel.

"She did," he reiterated. "There's no one else. No one else in this valley can write, and there's no one been out of it in a fortni't 'cept Lige Allnays and you, both dependable men. As fer sayin' yer won't see her whipped, I think yer will," he said with sinister emphasis. "Yer know this here band don't take kindly to no traitors and cowards."

An ominous silence ensued.

"What Liz Hornby says about yer bein' sweet on that schoolmarm is pretty nigh true, I reckon," sneered Pete Larkin, raising his huge bulk with effort. "Better go slow," he urged, as Luke made a quick step toward him: "we ain't goin' to stand fer no foolishness and yer'll be there tonight or we'll know the reason why, sure."

Clinching his hands in impotent anger and turning his back on the threatening eyes bent upon him, Luke strode swiftly out of the store and turned into the narrow path that led toward home.

Shaken and trembling with the tumult of anger and fear that raged within him, he walked blindly on. That frail girl to be brutally whipped! He shuddered with horror. That she was guilty, he refused to believe for a moment. She knew nothing of their organization, its plans or methods, but he realized the utter futility of convincing his neighbors of the fact.

The very grace and refinement, the delicacy that had given the little teacher her charm for him had aroused a latent antagonism in the rough mountaineers that had but needed Liz Hornby's skilful fanning to break out into the open flame of hatred.

As Liz's vindictive black eyes rose before him, he groaned despairingly. How could he have ever thought them beautiful—have almost loved their owner until the town girl with her anemone face had appealed to him with overmastering force?

Now she hated them both with jealous, pitiless fierceness, and would never rest until she had destroyed them. And they were helpless, so helpless: he cursed aloud as he thought of the futility of resistance. He would rather die than see her tortured, but he knew that he would be dragged there by main force by his unyielding neighbors.

Why had he not foreseen this, discovered the carefully hidden plot before, he asked himself despairingly. How could he have been so blind? His slow wits, unaccustomed to quick decision, to plan, floundered painfully.

"Ten hours," he said slowly, stopping a moment on the top of the hill. Dumbly seeking help, he turned his eyes almost instinctively toward civilization, toward the far-away town.

Hitherto, with the sturdy pride of the

mountain folk, he would have bitterly repulsed the mere idea of such assistance, but now his natural inclinations and the habits of years were all overshadowed by anxiety for the girl.

Far on the horizon he saw the faint smoke arising from the tiny railroad station; ah! if she were only there!

He threw up his head with a sudden start. If she could reach it by nine and catch the friendly train, she could be saved.

She must reach that train, she must if—he drew a quick breath of comprehension, if he himself had to carry her.

He stood there long, thinking deeply with eyes lingering wistfully on the gaily colored valley and hills, whose every stick and stone he had learned when a barefooted boy, on the smoke-wreathed homes of his one-time friends, his own people, and then he wearily turned away.

Mam Holloway, bending over the smoky fireplace, looked up as Luke entered the door and said with a grunt: "Well, son, yer back."

"Yes," he replied, and flung himself in a rushbottomed chair.

Mam glanced at him keenly out of her faded blue eyes. They were very like, this mother and son; the same large firm chin and curling hair, only the one was white as the cotton bloom, the other reddish brown.

With deft hand the woman lifted a smoking hoe cake and laid it on the coarse yellow plate.

"They've sent for ye tonight," she said briefly.

Luke answered with a nod of assent.

Divining her son's bitterness of heart and knowing its cause, for the flying gossip had already reached her ears, she spoke no further, only motioned that he should bring his chair to the rude table.

But the boy did not stir, and with his head drooped on his breast maintained a gloomy silence.

The woman gazed at him steadily for several moments, then fumbled in her pocket and producing a short cob pipe lit it carefully: pulling slowly, she placed herself in a chair beside him. The hours passed by and still the two sat there like graven statues, immovable save that the woman's hand, gnarled and brown, now clasped her son's.

Her wrinkled face gave little indication of the foreboding and grief within her. She had detected his love for the soft-eyed schoolteacher and was sure that he would never believe her guilty; she also knew the punishment arranged for the night and the relentless discipline of the night riders' organization. Would he bend or break? There was a sudden stiffening of the gaunt form: he was of her blood; he was her son; and she knew he would never yield without a struggle.

Thus they sat until the night fell swiftly upon them; until the dark of the mountain was heavy and impenetrable; then, with a low exclamation, the man rose to his feet and hurriedly left the room.

His mother followed to the door and heard him saddling his horse. In a moment he stood before her again, and mounting the low steps, took her in his arms and gravely kissed her.

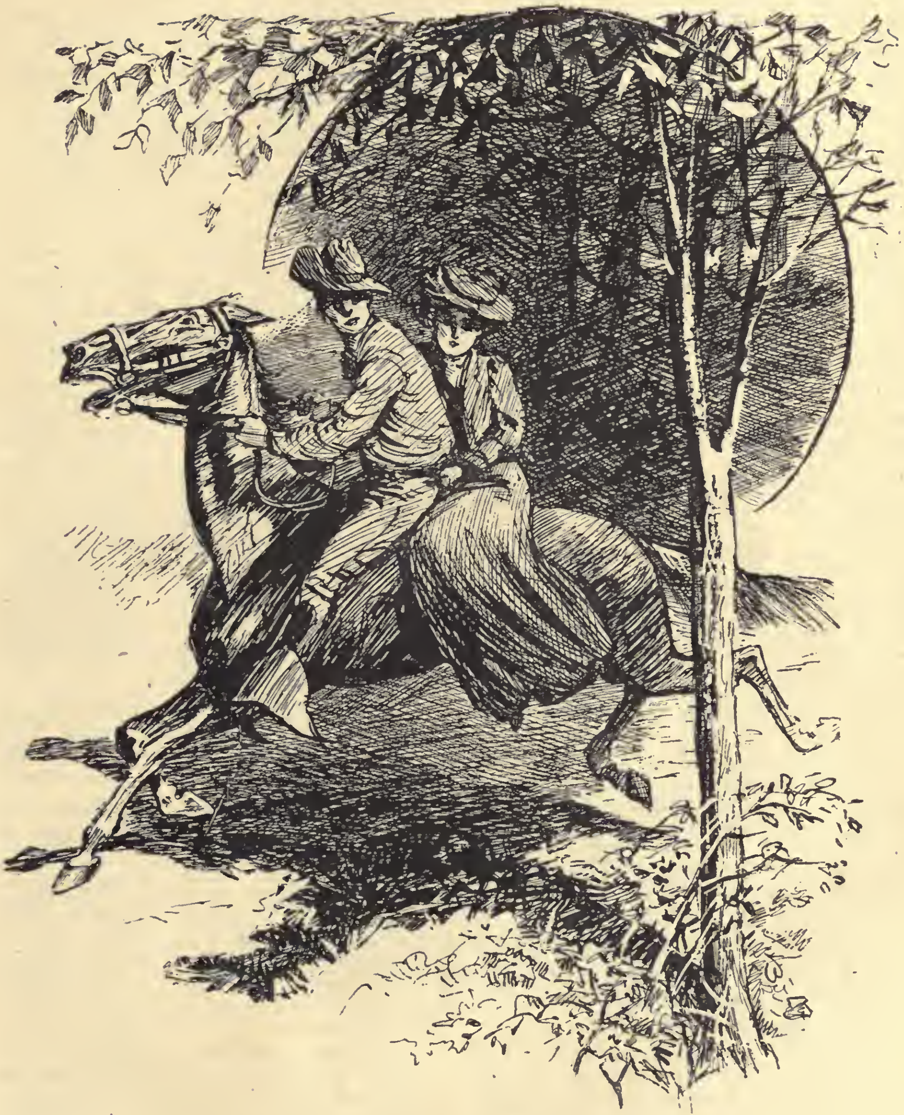
Caresses were a startling rarity between these two, yet now she clasped him again and again, and as she heard the hoof-beats of his horse grow fainter and fainter in the night, she groaned aloud in anguish.

As Luke felt the cool night air on his aching head, he began to think clearer. To fail now was to lose all, and he realized that he must proceed with the greatest caution. To carry Edith away, under the keen eyes of the Hornbys, from Liz's gloating surveillance, would require nothing short of a miracle; furthermore, the two girls roomed together, making his task still harder.

Cautiously circling round the gleaming lights that shone like impish stars, he drew near a dense thicket directly back of the Hornby house, dismounted, and hitched his horse.

The rest of the way must be traversed on foot, for it would never do for the keen ears of the Hornbys to distinguish the tread of a horse that early in the night. Evading the numerous boulders with practiced feet, he drew near the house itself. It was well lighted, and through the opened doors he could discern the mountaineer's numerous family: with a throb of joy he noted that Liz was among them.

Now was his time, and he stealthily approached the open-shuttered window where he judged Edith should be. Carefully grasping the sill he raised himself to where he could gaze into the room. The girl was there, and he noted with compassion the



"With eyes strained and ears alert, he rode on."

reddened eyes, the forlorn droop of the slender shoulders, and with alarm Bud Hornby's broad back placed directly in front of the half-opened door.

Well, time pressed, and he must chance it. A sudden burst of loud laughter arose within and he quickly whispered, "Miss Bly, Miss Bly!"

To his inexpressible relief the girl turned quietly and started toward him.

Placing his finger on his lip and with a significant glance at the door, he waited until she stood under the window; then extending one sinewy arm, he lifted her through it and noiselessly ran toward the thicket.

How long before Bud would turn round? How long? The question beat through his brain like a hammer.

Reaching his horse, he paused with ears strained and alert, but no sound of pursuit reached him yet, and with a sigh of relief, he placed the girl in the saddle, sprang up himself and rode rapidly away in the darkness.

Clasping him closely, Edith commenced to cry softly.

"Oh!" she sobbed. "I am so glad, so glad that you came and took me away. Liz said such horrible things to me today. Horrible, horrible—" she paused with a shudder.

"Well, well," he replied soothingly, "don't let them fret you. I got to thinking about it, and I made up my mind that you orter take that night train and get home. These folks round here have got the notion that you told the officers yonder somethin' on 'em and they're liable to do you harm."

"I know it, I know it; Liz said so," she answered, breathing fast. "But what could I tell? It is some awful mistake."

"Course, course," he replied gently. "I knowed it; but you're better at home."

Silence fell upon them as they rode swiftly in the cool night air and through by-paths in order to avoid detection.

The nearness of the girl's soft cheek and the fragrance of her hair filled Luke with inexpressible rapture. He had never, in his wildest dreams, thought of this, and he rode on with ears strained, intent but in ecstasy.

A twig snapped and he reined in his horse in an agony of fear for the precious burden behind him; but the forest about them remained quiet, and with a sigh of relief he went on.

Freedom from pursuit could not continue long, he knew. He could imagine the rapidity with which the alarm would be spread, the hasty gathering of the band and the reckless ride for the railroad station, the one avenue for their victim's escape.

Two miles more; they would be in time. Ah, if the train were late. He felt himself breaking out into a cold sweat: it must not be: it could not be, tonight.

With eyes strained and ears alert, he rode cautiously on, guiding his horse by instinct. Every few moments he glanced toward the west, hoping to see a welcome red light approaching.

Now they dipped down into the valley, and the little station lay directly before them. Oh, would the west give no sound? As if in answer to his cry, out of the night came a faint, shrill whistle.

"Thank God! Thank God!" he exclaimed. "It's the train, Miss Bly, the train."

The girl answered with a cry of joy, and putting the spurs to his horse they fairly flew to meet the approaching engine.

Train and horse reached the station platform together. Flinging himself off, Luke grasped the hatless girl, and running across, deposited her on the car step.

Here, however, she turned, and seizing both his hands cried, "Oh! how can I thank you? How can I thank you?"

Luke's eyes grew soft and misty and he muttered bashfully: "It's nothin', it's nothin'. Don't you think of it, Miss Bly, don't you think of it."

"But I must," she said earnestly. "I shall always think of you. I can't half tell you how grateful I am. You must come to my home and let me thank you again."

A shadow fell upon the man's face and his eyes met hers with inexpressible sadness; then bowing awkwardly, he said: "Good-bye, Miss, good-bye," and with a snort and a puff the train started on its way.

Luke stood motionless, watching its crimson light twinkle down the track, nor did he move when out of the darkness rode a dozen mounted figures.

He heard the sharp, curt command: "Fire": his ears rang with a furious crash, and a moment later, he fell pierced with a dozen bullets.

A choke, a moan, then quiet—save far, far away the faint, shrill whistle of the speeding train.

"THE CHURCH OF THE OPEN DOOR"

By MITCHELL MANNERING

A GREAT church and a man capable of making it greater—fitting each to each as if originally designed for a common career—fitly describes the Metropolitan Temple, Seventh Avenue, New York, and Rev. John Wesley Hill, D.D., LL.D., its pastor. No other Methodist church in New York, that four-million center of American enterprise, is so widely and emphatically known as the Metropolitan Temple. Erected fifty years ago, virtually in the outskirts of New York, and a purely residential district, it is a downtown church today; all about it stand business structures, and in every surrounding street is the ceaseless roar of traffic. Great preachers have filled its pastorate, among them such men as Rev. Bishop John P. Newman and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. As "The Church of the Open Door," it long ago gained a national reputation, and under its present administration, that reputation stays at the meridian.

REV. JOHN WESLEY HILL

On every evening, something is happening under its roof; Monday evening, open parliament; Tuesday evening, illustrated lecture; Wednesday evening, gospel service; Thursday evening, current events meeting; Friday evening, the pastor opens the "question box" and wrestles with every poser thrown at him, or some invited celebrity delivers a lecture on a timely topic; Saturday night, a grand concert delights the throng sure to assemble on such occasions. There is no busier center of Christian influence on the Atlantic coast than the edifice on the corner of Seventh Avenue and Fourteenth Street, which it is planned to enlarge into an eight or ten story building, with dormitories, baths, rest rooms, gymnasiums, library and reading room; just the place the country boy can go and feel perfectly safe and "at home." The Metropolitan Temple is not only a church, it is a forum, where famous men and women debate vital questions, and grand causes register themselves and sound the keynotes of irrepressible conflicts. For instance last February the Merchant Marine Congress met there for a week, and the multitudes who attended were privileged to hear men of national

DR. HILL
Speaking from rear of Taft Special in Iowa

reputation planning to revive the glories of the American flag on the high seas. When such authorities as ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Hon. John Barrett, Director of the International Bureau of South American Republics, Mr. Edward S. Cramp, the noted ship-builder, ex-Governor Myron T. Herrick of Ohio, John J. McCook, Hon. James T. McCleary, Congressman William Humphreys, and Mr. Henry Clews, the great New York banker, stand on any platform, who can afford to stay away, no matter what the subject?

On still another occasion the pastor announced that he would discuss the theatre question, which was then agitating the pulpits of New York. Dr. Hill appeared in the pulpit with Mr. William Hodge, the star in "The Man from Home," a clean, patriotic and uplifting play. At the conclusion of Dr. Hill's sermon, Mr. Hodge was presented to the audience, and requested to speak from the standpoint of the theatre. The effect was instantaneous and powerful. The man from the "footlights" at once secured the good will of the audience, and addressing them as "brothers and sisters," pleaded for the observance of the Sabbath, and for the maintenance of the good and the destruction of the bad on the stage. A few days later, the following letter was received at the Temple:

> "*My dear Dr. Hill:* Since I spoke from your pulpit I have thought a great deal of you and of your church, and of its open doors, its free pews and the honest, friendly atmosphere I found under its quaint old roof. I am sorry, awfully sorry, that a free-thinking church, fighting such a free, honest, open-handed fight, and doing such a great, practical work, should be in debt; but it makes me very happy to be able to chip in my bit for such a cause. Enclosed please find check for $1,000.
>
> Faithfully yours,
> WILLIAM T. HODGE."

At the close of one of Dr. Hill's impassioned appeals for the enforcement of law, Police Commissioner Bingham was introduced, and endorsed all that the pastor had said, closing with an eloquent tribute to the work of the Metropolitan Temple.

Last December a great organ, whose purchase was made possible by the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, was dedicated to the memory of the martyred McKinley. The dedicatory services continued for an entire week, and certainly no such array of representative men was ever brought together to officiate in the same pulpit. Sermons were preached by the Rev. Bishop Daniel A. Goodsell of New York; by the versatile editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, Dr. J. M. Buckley, and by Dr. Hill. The dedicatory oration was delivered by President William H. Taft, and there were addresses by Governer Charles E. Hughes, Vice-President James S. Sherman, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Col. John J. McCook, Hon. Henry W. Taft, Commissioner Robert Watchorn, President Reed of Dickinson College, and others.

Last May a week of services dedicated two additional memorial windows, one in honor of the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, and the other in memory of Abraham Lincoln. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. George Edward Reed, President of Dickinson College. The names of Hon. Oscar Straus, Hon. John Barrett, and Congressmen Cole, McKinley and Watson, and many other distinguished men, appeared on the programme. On Sunday, May 30, the dedicatory sermon of the Lincoln window was preached by Dr. Hill, Lafayette Grand Army Post being in attendance.

The pastor, Rev. John Wesley Hill, was born at Kalida, Ohio, May 8, 1863. His father, Rev. John Wesley Hill, D.D., a Methodist preacher of the heroic type, served in the active ministry for half a century. Having graduated at the Ohio Northern University, Dr. Hill studied theology in the Boston Theological Seminary, and while a student in Boston became pastor of the Eggleston Square Church, which during his pastorate was enlarged to accommodate the increasing attendance.

In 1885, Dr. Hill arrived at Spokane, Washington, with only a few pennies in one pocket and a recommendation for admission on trial to an Annual Conference in another. Alighting from the train on a cold, windy spring morning, he paced the platform, oppressed with a sense of loneliness. Just as he was about to surrender to the attack of melancholia, he observed a gentleman looking about with an air of disappointment. The embryo minister at once took courage and approached the apparently disappointed man.

"Were you expecting me?" He was answered by a surprised glance and the question:

"Who are you?"

The young man made his identity known, and the stranger, smiling genially, grasped him by the hand and exclaimed:

DEDICATION OF McKINLEY ORGAN IN METROPOLITAN TEMPLE
Sunday Evening, December 13th

"I guess I must be looking for you, for the people whom I expected have not arrived, and besides, my home is the headquarters for all the preachers in this part of the country."

A few minutes later, the young man was bowling along the streets of Spokane behind a span of handsome black horses. They paused a moment before the picturesque falls, and Mr. Hill was told that visitors to Washington were never allowed to feel homesick. He was taken to the residence of his new friend and afterward became a sort of godson.

WILLIAM H. TAFT
Leaving the Metropolitan Temple, Sunday morning, December 13th

The founding of a new society at Sprague was one of his first labors in the Northwest. In 1888 he was appointed to the First Church at Ogden, Utah, where he soon inaugurated a relentless warfare upon the Mormon Hierarchy, and during his five-year pastorate Ogden ceased to be politically controlled by the Mormon Church. During Dr. Hill's pastorate one of the finest church edifices between Denver and San Francisco was erected.

His next charge was Helena, Montana; it is still said that no man ever preached to such large congregations in that city. In 1893 Dr. Hill was transferred to Minneapolis, where he organized and founded the Fowler Memorial Church, subsequently completed at a cost of $150,000.

In 1896 the active young minister took the platform in advocacy of the election of William McKinley to the Presidency and at the close of that memorable campaign was appointed to the pastorate of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Fostoria, Ohio, where he sustained his reputation for successful leadership. In 1899, he was appointed to Grace Church, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. During a pastorate of six years he greatly increased the membership, and thoroughly renewed and adorned the historic old church on State Street at a cost of over $40,000. He was also chosen chaplain of the State Senate. From Harrisburg he was appointed to the Janes Church of Brooklyn, and within three years added 600 members to the church roll and installed a $10,000 organ. He was called from that church to his present post.

Dr. Hill is alike at home in "roughing it" among the pioneers of new states, or where the pastor "quietly lures to brighter worlds and leads the way"; his characteristic methods are vigorous, strenuous, full-blooded and aggressive. He is happy when towering difficulties confront him, and knows not cowardice or flinching, but delights in winning victory from adverse circumstances. Just such exhilarating conditions confronted him at Metropolitan Temple two years ago, when someone described the church as "practically without membership, with but few influential friends, without resources of any kind, and with a debt of $40,000 shutting out the sunlight." The new leader said, "Right about face!" and within three months welcomed 185 recruits to the membership, which today numbers over seven hundred names. An $8,000 organ has been installed, extensive repairs have been made, and the burden of indebtedness has been practically provided for. A memorial Peace window has also been dedicated to the memory of General Grant, who once occupied a pew in the church. In his time many wealthy persons were connected with the society, but most of these had moved away.

Dr. Hill at once secured lists of all the people residing within half a mile of the Temple, to each one of whom a cordial invitation to attend the Temple services was extended; but no offensive proselyting has marred the home-coming of thousands who have found shelter in a church where democratic ways and a genial atmosphere are al-

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE

ways encouraged by a pastor who is at once a brother to all—unaffected, approachable and everybody's well-wisher; the stranger of yesterday is today his warmest friend.

In pulpit and platform Dr. Hill is an orator. He paints word pictures; tramps impressively along the highways of fact; or seizing a sublime principle, he soars into the upper air of thrilling oratory. Now he is sternly logical, reasoning as if he had fed on syllogisms all his life. Now he is all pathos and sympathy, and every heart melts before him; now he denounces with lightnings of righteous wrath, and again he lifts his audience to heights whence they can see the solution of some long-vexed problem of human life. Seldom indeed does this master of speech use other than short sentences, compact and forceful as maxims or oracular utterances. He almost shortens a straight line in order to reach the target of his thought. Not tall, but square-shouldered and massive in build, he looks the embodiment of physical and mental force. Whoever listens to that voice of richest tone and ample compass enjoys new revelations of the range and beauty of the English language.

An incessant demand is made upon Dr.

Hill's time to address audiences beyond the horizon of his church work. If he would give up his pastorate for the lyceum platform, he might easily lead in that line. He has lectured on such subjects as "The Reign of the Bráin," "National Perils," "Abraham Lincoln," "Puritanism in the New World," "Humor, Pathos and Tragedy of Life among the Mormons," "Politics and Religion" and "The American Volunteer Soldier," and a profusion of eloquent tributes to his success before audiences has been showered on him.

Dr. Hill for some years past has taken part in all the national contests. On the political platform, all his great powers to enchant or persuade have free play. "What business has a preacher out of politics?" is Dr. Hill's invariable response to the question so often heard—"What business has a preacher in politics?" In the last campaign, he received the unique compliment of being invited to accompany William Howard Taft on his journey through the West.

Forty-six years old, in the height of his powers, with an extraordinary training in the school of varied experience, and with a record of successes in all his noble activities in the service of the church, public morals, exalted citizenship and disinterested patriotism; the pastor of the Metropolitan Temple is one of the forces to which the great city looks for suppressing evil, uplifting stricken humanity, promoting civic righteousness and securing better and more permanent prosperity for the millions of inhabitants of the great metropolis of this Western world.

IN MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
FEB 12 1809 APRIL 15 18
IN MEMORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT
SEPT 14 1901
MARCH 4 1909
EQUAL JUS ALL

TWO MEMORIAL WINDOWS

NATIONAL CITY BANK

By FLYNN WAYNE

WHAT the Bank of England is to the British Empire, the National City Bank of New York City is to the United States of America. This great financial institution of the United States occupies the largest and handsomest bank building in the world. Impressive and picturesque, its great Ionic columns peer out from the end of Broadway, as one walks from Trinity Church down that world-famous thoroughfare into what was formerly known as the "walled street" of ancient Manhattan.

The bank building, formerly the custom house, faces on lower Wall Street; though it has undergone many vicissitudes consequent on fire, damage of various sorts and alteration, it retains all that was characteristic of the original building, having suffered no disfigurement during its transformation from a custom house to the largest bank building in the world. The architects rendered a noble service to architectural New York in adapting the interior to its new uses, while preserving the beautiful and historic colonnade. The building is now a fitting home for an institution with fifty millions of capital and surplus, and immense connection with all the smaller cities, towns and villages throughout the republic; the bank is looked upon as a financial Gibraltar, as well as a strong bond of interest and protection.

Following the skyward tendency of the celestial-minded people of New York, four new stories were added to the old custom house; a Corinthian colonnade placed above the Ionic monoliths gave a combination which added grace and beauty to the severe stateliness and strength of the original edifice; this unique method of doubling the capacity of this great building, without changing the character or spoiling the effect of the architecture, has been pronounced a triumph.

The charm of the interior inspires in the beholder that indescribable spell that is thrown over the tourist when he first surveys the beauty and grace, the variety and warmth of coloring, "the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," the unbroken distances of the ancient cathedrals of Europe. The public banking room occupies 25,000 square feet, and overlooks four streets, Wall, William and Hanover streets and Exchange Place. While rectangular in shape, the corner angles are utilized for three mezzanine floors, which are concealed by bronze grills, covered with satin finished glass.

In the center of the building is a great steel vault, which is as secure as human hands can make it. The safe is two stories high and has an open space on all sides. Beginning at the interior wall, the first layer is of armor plate five inches thick; then follow a layer of railroad iron and cement five inches thick, one-half inch of steel plate and one-half inch of gauze wire mesh, which might be called the nervous system of the safe. Above these is another layer of ten and a half inches of steel, and the outside of the safe is surfaced with a veneer of one-half inch thick polished steel; the whole is surrounded with brass pipes containing superheated steam which, if turned on, would kill anyone within twenty-five feet of it, and if allowed to remain in full force would in a short time destroy any living thing in the building.

On all sides of the main hall extend mezzanine floors, screened by scroll work in bronze and glass, and occupied by those departments of the bank which do not have direct business with the public.

On the top floor are three dining rooms, one for the officers, one for the women, and one for the men employes of the bank, supplemented with kitchen and laundry, making it a complete establishment like the old English institutions, such as "the old lady of Threadneedle Street." On the other side of the building is located a library, supplied with the best books obtainable on banking and business procedure in general.

The old custom house was purchased by the National City Bank from the United States government in 1898, for the sum of $3,265,000, and the services of the best archi-

MR. FRANK A. VANDERLIP, PRESIDENT NATIONAL CITY BANK, NEW YORK tects were secured to remodel the building, while one of the bank officers made a tour of the United States to study up-to-date banking appliances. The cost of remodelling was $2,500,000, but its projectors achieved the feat of making a massive and stately building of the old order into a modern structure of great architectural beauty, and of proportions suited to the demands of America's greatest metropolis.

In the president's room of the National City Bank sits a man in the prime of life, Frank Arthur Vanderlip, whose iron gray hair and moustache and keen, blue eyes suggest the truly Americanesque type of aggressive business ability which has developed from the erstwhile farmer boy of Aurora, Illinois. His close study and keen analysis of financial topics, while in Chicago journalism, marked him early as a man of unusual ability in matters of finance. He went to Washington as secretary to Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage, and later was appointed first assistant secretary of the Treasury by President McKinley; in both positions he increased his influence and reputation.

Mr. Vanderlip not only understands the intricacies and labyrinthine windings of modern finance, but is a broad student of human nature and of international affairs. Whether conferring with Japanese, Russians, Germans, English, French or canny Scot, he is recognized as a financier of tremendous force and sagacity.

His brilliant career is an epitome of the history of his nation, passing rapidly from youthful obscurity to a position of trust and importance. Although born on a farm in 1864, young Vanderlip served as apprentice in a machine shop, and in his workman's overalls eagerly learned all he could about cogs and cams; he was not afraid of grease and grime; like Samson, "a strong man not accounted lazy," he was quick to seize the splendid possibilities that lie before American youth. Educated in the public schools, the ambition for a higher education instilled by his mother and grandmother impelled him to enter the University of Illinois, and later to take another course in the University of Chicago,

THE NATIONAL CITY BANK, NEW YORK, THE LARGEST BANKING INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD but he never was a "book man," and always kept in touch with practical affairs.

Mr. Vanderlip joined the *Chicago Tribune* as a reporter. He was soon promoted to the financial editor's desk. In 1894 he was associate editor of the *Chicago Economist*, and his articles in that paper attracted widespread attention among financiers all over the country. He has always been an optimist, and yet is ever ready to lift a warning hand when rash speculation threatens to interfere with the welfare of the country. The personnel of the National City Bank comes close to the people, and the president never loses his inbred cornfield common sense amid the maelstrom of Wall Street speculation. The directness and simplicity characteristic of the man prevails in his office. There is never hurry or confusion. He is a splendid type of the strong young leaders of finance—men of force and high character—who have been recruited by New York from the prairie farms of the Middle West.

Mr. Vanderlip is in great demand as a lecturer on the topics of which he has so masterly a grasp. To his many friends in every state and territory and throughout Europe, he represents substantial worth, and it is not surprising that his administration has already meant so much to the great institution he represents. He sees beyond the red lines of a routine statement, and gets at the live essence of a proposition which a mass of figures sometimes obscures. An attentive listener, a man who gives broad-gauged counsel, he has solved many a vexing problem.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NATIONAL CITY BANK, WHERE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ARE HANDLED IN A DAY

Mr. Vanderlip's contributions to leading magazines have attracted wide attention, and he is regarded as one of the great thinkers and philosophers, as well as one of the strong financiers, of the American school. There is the old-time infection in his cheery laugh, the old-time sympathy in the clasp of his hand, and to those who know him personally he will always remain just "Frank" Vanderlip, even when he has won the many distinctions that are predicted for him, and that seem to be his inevitable lot in the future.

HOW BLUEJACKETS MAKE MONEY

By JOHN R. COX

SEVENTEEN dollars and sixty cents a month does not seem like a very generous stipend for an able-bodied man, but that is the initial wage of the unskilled youth who dons the blue blouse, the bell-shaped trousers and the pancake hat. It is only after the prospective recruit has had explained to him the maze of extras and the many opportunities which are open to him, that he realizes that the Navy is a pretty good paying proposition. For it must be understood that the pay, though small at the start, is practically all clear money. The recruit is provided with a liberal supply of plain but wholesome food and a comfortable berth, which cost him nothing; if he needs any medicine or the services of a doctor, he has but to make his wants known. The government starts him on his naval career with a free outfit of uniform, blankets, overcoats, underclothes, etc.; and as the first supply needs replenishing, he draws his clothing from store at cost to the government. As he becomes proficient in his duties, his pay is increased; and with each re-enlistment he receives a material addition, so that it may be said that the average pay of our bluejackets compares very favorably with prevailing wages in civil life for skilled workmen.

But there is many a way for our bluejacket to add to his income, if he is of a frugal turn of mind. Some of the methods employed depend for their success upon the lack of frugality and foresight on the part of their pleasure-loving shipmates. Most sailors are proverbial spenders and the men who have the cleverness to cater to their tastes have a ready market for their wares.

* * *

Nor is it a difficult matter to keep money in the service, once it is accumulated. The government authorizes the deposit of savings with the navy paymaster, for which our good Uncle Sam pays four per cent. interest; and the savings are as secure as the government's own money. Or, if the man-of-war's man prefers, he can make an allotment to his "home folks," or to one of the numerous savings banks in seacoast cities which make a specialty of handling sailors' accounts by mail.

The possible methods of making extra money on shipboard are manifold. "Tailorizing" is one of the most profitable. While a ship's tailor is detailed to most of our ships, his duties are limited to making necessary alterations in the uniforms which are issued to the members of the crew. Many enlisted men own sewing machines, upon which they do repair work, and they also do odd jobs for officers, such as pressing and cleaning. A handy man with the needle can also make a handsome sum by doing fancy work. Some of the most delicate embroidery work has been done by sailor-men.

The ship's barber also makes a comfortable living in addition to his regular pay; and the distribution of prizes at target practice enriches the coffers of the gun crew by a considerable sum. Men who are detailed to duty on board submarine boats are allowed an additional five dollars a month, and, besides, a dollar a day for every day the boat is submerged. Bluejackets detailed as signalmen, as coxswains of power boats, or in charge of holds are allowed extra pay. A crew messman receives five dollars a month for performing that somewhat menial function; and the man who is not ashamed to "take in washing" can

THE YACHT "MAYFLOWER"

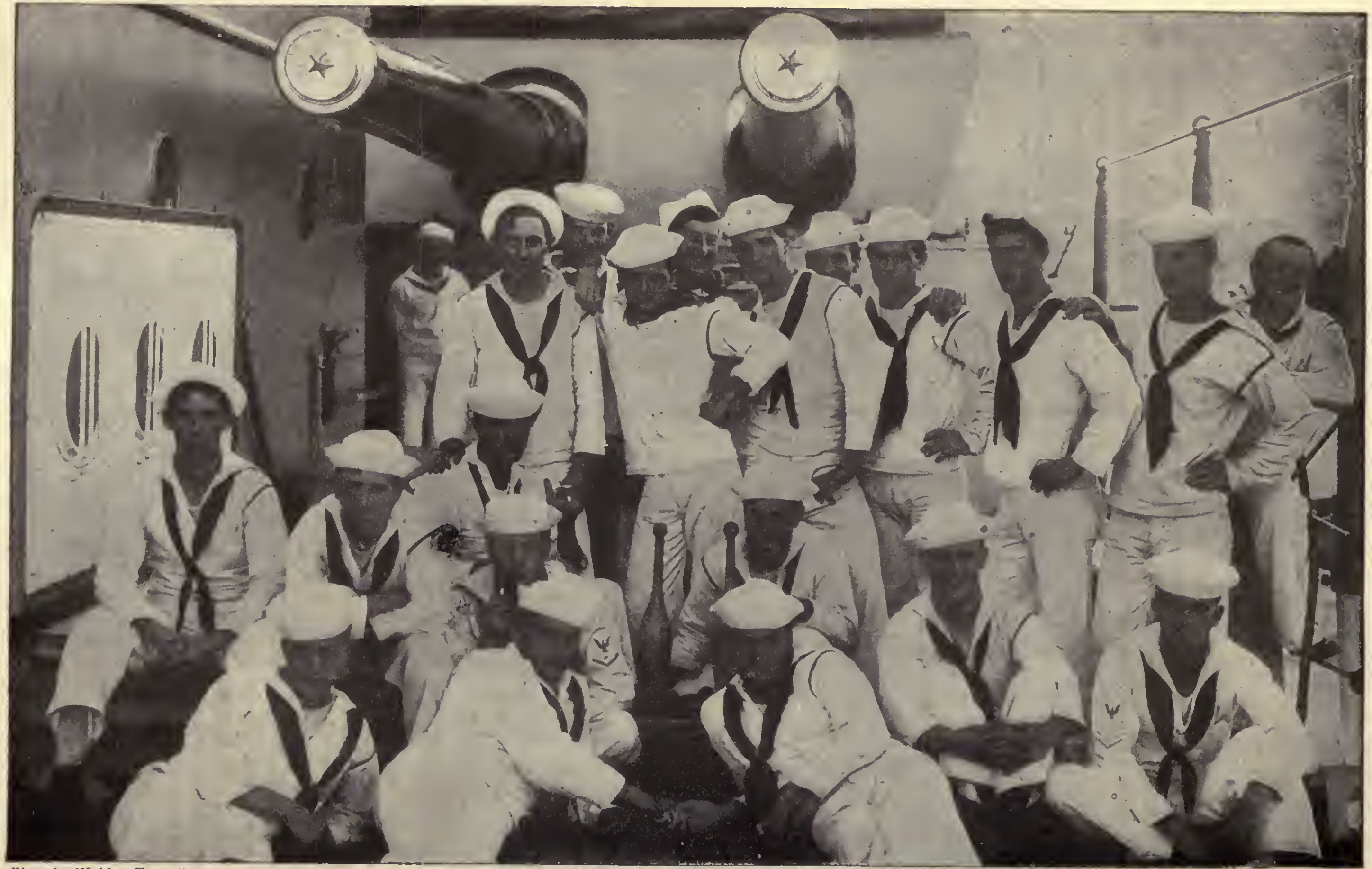


Photo by Waldon Fawcett

THE 8-INCH GUN CREW ON THE "LOUISIANA"

Photo by Enrique Miller

SPORTS OF THE BLUEJACKETS ON THE "FLORIDA"

easily double his navy pay. Every bluejacket is expected to keep his clothes clean, and is supposed to perform the laundering himself; but there are always men who prefer to pay for having the service done.

* * *

All service men are keenly interested in athletic contests, and oftentimes a prize amounting to several thousand dollars is won in a boat race—a purse being made up among the shipmates of the competing crews. A champion boxer is frequently enriched by several hundred dollars by his share of the "gate receipts."

The man with a camera can always earn sufficient spending money to pay his expenses ashore, by obtaining views of places of interest and selling copies to his shipmates and to magazine writers. The bluejacket who is shrewd enough to buy souvenirs and fancy articles in foreign ports for the lowest price can always dispose of his stock at a profit to his shipmates who prefer to pay him a percentage rather than risk being swindled by the foreign shopkeepers.

One of the novel methods of earning an honest penny is for a man with a descriptive knack—usually a yeoman—to prepare an interesting letter upon the cruise of the ship, or some of the strange ports visited, the honors paid the vessel, the entertainments offered, and describing the customs of the inhabitants. These letters are manifolded and sold to the members of the crew for fifty cents to a dollar a copy—and usually cheap at that. The parents or relatives of the sailor-boy thus are kept informed of his adventures and experiences, and he is relieved of a task that is irksome to most boys.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN FRANCIS WESTON

By EMMET HAMILTON

GENERAL WESTON is one of the most widely known and popular officers in the United States Army, and his friends are legion, both in military and civil circles. He is among the few remaining examples of the "old army," and is perhaps the only officer of distinction now in active service who links the memories of the Civil War with the military spirit of a later generation. It is doubtful if there is any officer on the active list today who has a record which compares with his. While a mere youth he participated in many of the great battles of the rebellion — from 1861 to the tragic close at Appomattox—and over thirty years afterwards, as a grizzled veteran, was engaged in the Spanish-American War. In the interval between the two struggles, he took part in many of the Indian wars and outbreaks that marked that troubled period.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN FRANCIS WESTON
Who links the memories of the Civil War with the military spirit of a later generation

He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on November 13, 1845, and comes of English and Irish parentage. The sturdy and light-hearted characteristics of these two races are happily blended in him; and his spirit of comradeship and sunny disposition won for him throughout the army the sobriquet of "Happy Jack" Weston. When the Civil War broke out, though only a boy of sixteen, he eagerly enlisted in the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry as a private. Wherever this renowned regiment went, it was always in the forefront of the fight. During Sherman's march to the sea, the Kentucky brigades of cavalry were always at the head of the column and had many a hard-contested battle with Wheeler and Forrest.

He participated in the action at Lebanon, Tennessee, where he had a horse shot from under him, but mounted another and continued the pursuit of General Morgan's command. He was in the Perryville campaign, and subsequently in the battles and campaigns of Lavergne, Brentwood, Spring Hill, Franklin, Triune, Shelbyville, Chickamauga, Caperton's Landing, Atlanta campaign, and Resaca, where he was complimented for gallantry on the field. The occasion was when General Raum was hard pressed, but holding Resaca, and General Sherman hurrying forward to his relief. Some distance to the front of the northeast fort was a ridge or wide hill from which the Confederates, who gained possession of it, opened a galling fire upon the fort commanded by Colonel Watkins. Captain Weston asked permission to head a storming party and capture the hill, and two companies were assigned for the duty. The forces left the works and moved forward briskly to the assault; reaching a skirt of timber, they paused to reorganize their line, when they rushed forward at double quick across the level and up the slope, carrying the summit with a shout. They at once opened fire to the right and left and drove the enemy from the position. This act of gallantry was witnessed by the entire federal force and elicited great praise; and he was complimented for gallantry on the field.

He was in the Nashville Campaign, Centreville, Montgomery, and Wetumpka, and was awarded a medal of honor for clever and daring conduct at the latter place. It was while in command of a battalion ordered to destroy steamboats loaded with supplies for the enemy that he was stopped by an unfordable river; but with five of his men he swam the river, captured two leaky canoes and ferried his men across, encountered and defeated a force of the enemy, and on reaching Wetumpka found the boats anchored in midstream. He lured the captain ashore, and with the boat thus secured reached the steamers and demanded and received their surrender—the supplies of which were intended for the command of the Confederate chieftain, General Forrest—thus rivaling a deed of the noted Sergeant Jasper in the Revolutionary War. Wetumpka was his last engagement in the Civil War, which he entered as a private at the age of sixteen and came out of as a major a little over nineteen years of age. During three months of Thomas' campaign against Hood he commanded his regiment when only eighteen; and it is a remarkable circumstance that during the entire period of the war, in which he was so often under fire and continuously conspicuous for his bravery, he was wounded only once. He was honorably mustered out with his regiment in 1865.

Owing to the outbreak of the war, his education had been interrupted, and at its close he returned to St. Mary's College in Kentucky to continue his studies. But the lure of the army was too strong, and after a year or two at college he secured an appointment as a lieutenant in the famous Seventh Cavalry with its record of pathos and distinction. No command of equal size in the world ever had so much hard fighting—not even the old Dragoon regiment of 1846–1847—and such a death rate in its officers. For several years after joining the regiment, it was but a battle and a march, with the daring and lamented Custer the leading spirit.

Lieutenant Weston was in the campaign against the Cheyennes in the Indian Territory under Sheridan, whom he admired immensely and considered the greatest cavalry commander the world ever saw—not even excepting Murat.

Before the completion of the railroads to the Pacific, multitudes of immigrants and trains had to be guarded across the plains where the Cheyennes and Comanches were tomahawking and murdering the travelers in great numbers. The torch and scalping knife were in evidence everywhere. It was on this strenuous and dangerous duty that Lieutenant Weston was engaged and in which he had many close calls.

He was in the Big Horn fight in Montana, was in the Yellowstone expedition, and was complimented personally and officially by Custer for services in the relief of that ill-starred commander. It was in the spring of 1873 when he went with Custer's expedition to guard the surveyors on the Northern Pacific Railroad west of the Missouri River. The details of that expedition have been told and retold. There was the time when Custer, out in advance of the rest of the expedition, came near being surprised by the Indians. Surrounded by the hostiles, and with his men in blue being picked off one by one by the circling, hideously painted redskins, he saw galloping to his relief and saving him from massacre a straggling troop of cavalrymen, at whose head rode a sturdy figure, with a saber wildly waving over his head and a big Colt gun barking savagely at the Indians. Custer could not but admire that coming figure, and, turning to an officer near him, said: "I'll bet ten to one that is Weston and his troop in the lead." But the general found no takers, for all believed that if any one came through that horde of encircling savages, it would be "Dare-Devil" Jack Weston.

In speaking of those times and of many Indian chiefs he had known, General Weston remarked:

> "I have always considered old Satanta and Sitting Bull as the ablest Indians I have ever known. Satanta was a great warrior, the first man of his tribe. The other, Sitting Bull, was not a warrior, but a 'medicine man,' a sort of conjuror, who, nevertheless, wielded an immense influence with his tribe."

Once Satanta was close upon him. Lieutenant Weston had but fifteen men, but they were all old soldiers of the Civil War. He took refuge for defence in an old corral, built up of adobe, and got upon the roofs of the houses. The Indians swarmed in, but with their seven-shooting Spencers the troops were able to stand off sixty or seventy desperate warriors, led by Satanta himself, until two other troops of the regiment came up.

He also had some narrow escapes from ambuscades. While on the Yellowstone once, he and his party were resting near a spring. Although they would have very much liked some of the cold water, they deemed it too dangerous to send for it. There was a civilian in the party named Badderly, from Memphis, Tennessee. He determined to go to the spring for water. No Indians had been seen, and so far as outward or visible signs went, it seemed all right.

Still, it was unsafe to take any chances. It was in a dangerous Indian country. There were but fifteen soldiers, the region ahead was unscouted, and was new to all the party. So they cautiously went into camp without making any fires. Badderly and one or two others went down to the spring. In fifteen minutes he was dead. As feared, the Indians had laid a cunning ambush there. They knew the white men were almost certain to go to this spring after water. It was the shrewd and wary Satanta, as usual, who was at the head of this devilment.

In 1875 General Sheridan made a personal request of General Grant, his old comrade but then President, to appoint Lieutenant Weston a captain in the Subsistence Department, which was done; and he rose by degrees through the various gradations, becoming a major in 1892, a lieutenant colonel in 1897, a colonel in 1898, and commissary general in 1900.

When deluged with telegrams of congratulation on his promotion to the latter office, a glimpse of the real man was obtained as he sat at his desk and stuffed another telegram into the spacious drawer already crammed full, and said to one of his assistants:

"This touches me. Here's a dispatch from Blank. Do you remember him? Why, he used to hold our horses away out there in Nowhere land, and to think he scraped up money enough to wire me congratulations! Well, I must acknowledge that right off." He loves the old soldier, the old friend, no matter how humble. Rank and riches count with him for only what they are really worth.

During the disastrous overflow of the Mississippi River in the summer of 1890, the secretary of war placed him in charge of the relief for supplying food to those rendered destitute and starving by the flood. At the conclusion of this onerous and difficult duty, it merited such praise that Governor Nichols of Louisiana forwarded him an engrossed copy of a joint resolution of the Legislature of Louisiana tendering him the thanks of the legislature for the services in the relief work during and following the disaster; and he also received the highest commendation of the secretary of war.

In the beginning of the Spanish-American War he went to Cuba as chief commissary of the United States forces under the command of General Shafter and achieved great distinction; and for the services rendered in the campaign was in 1898, near the close of the war, made a brigadier general of volunteers, and complimented in a formal letter by the secretary of war. General Shafter, in recommending him for promotion, stated:

"To him, perhaps, I am more indebted than to any other officer for the successful issue of our operations. Often when it seemed impossible to overcome the difficulties in the way of bringing forward supplies, his indomitable energy and good judgment have triumphed over all obstacles."

Day and night he pushed on, going about in a pair of old white trousers and a flannel shirt. He let his beard grow because he did not have time to shave; sometimes he forgot to wash his face; he ate his meals in a most irregular fashion, and he slept anywhere, some time between midnight and daybreak, now on the deck of the lighter and now on a sack in a corner of the old sawmill, where he had taken a bench for an office desk. But men would have perished in the trenches before Santiago—they were sick and spent already—if the commissary department had not kept working away at rush orders. While he worked as hard as any pack mule in the army, he always had a joke to crack. Through all the strain and struggle he kept as sound as a nut and as cheerful as a cricket.

When General Miles sent for him to come aboard one of the transports to have a talk with him, he looked, when he appeared, more like a tramp than an army officer, so black were his linen trousers from sitting on sacks and boxes, and so frayed at the bottom. He wore no cravat and his beard was ragged; but General Miles knew him for his true value. He was General Miles' commissary while engaged in the exhausting chase of wily and ferocious old Geronimo through the southwest and Mexico, and who was finally run to earth and captured.

At Santiago, when he was doing all mortal man could do to discharge the cargoes from the ships and bring up rations to feed the soldiers and the starving, the commanding general was nervous and uneasy, his temper was almost at the breaking point, and he was finding fault. Colonel Weston exclaimed in the midst of it all: "Don't shoot the fiddler, General, he is doing his best." This happy shot, fired at the fateful moment, restored equilibrium. This fine judgment of time and measure, this instant and delicate adjustment of the powder to the ball—the gift to say the right thing at the right time—amounts to genius. Oftentimes it turns the scale at critical moments when it is a question whether it is to be fight or fun, a cross or crown, shipwreck or the harbor.

He showed his knowledge of men and his facility to meet emergencies when he carried out packages and boxes on his shoulder through the surf at Santiago, when in a desperate strait, in order to help and encourage his weary and disheartened men, who brightened up when they witnessed this striking spectacle and went the limit of human endurance for him. He knew well men could be led but could not be driven.

In a great stress at Santiago while turning out vast quantities of rations, a timid subordinate who had only been commissary in time of peace, and had known nothing but red tape and a quiet life, suggested that accounts would be held up if requisitions and receipts were not secured for the supplies. He was met with a bluff but kindly exclamation: "Hell," said Colonel Weston, "I can feed an army in the field on pig and beans without a scrap of paper. There is no time to wait for blanks and paper; these hungry men want bacon and hard-tack." This was characteristic of his method; he always met emergencies. In a state of confusion and pressure he cut red tape and fed Roosevelt's Rough Riders in this prompt and common-sense fashion. By his solicitude and untiring efforts he won the heart of the celebrated Rough Rider who appreciated his capability and mentioned him frequently in his book on the Rough Riders; and referred to the incident when later, as President of the United States, he congratulated and handed him his commission as a major general in the army.

He was always kind and considerate to subordinates, which counts for so much in the come and go of life and is an unerring test of the heart of the man. As he himself once remarked: "Nothing can convey more pleasure nor is in any measurement more correct than the esteem of those with whom you are thrown." No matter how humble the subordinate, he would listen to his little stories of hope and trouble with sympathies easily enlisted. Though at times quick to flame, it was soon over and the sky clear. As an illustration of this, and of his kindly impulse and fondness for his employes, it is related that on one occasion he spoke too sharply to one who felt it keenly. In a few minutes the General went out into the room where the employe and others were, and said: "I spoke sharply just now and am sorry for it. You must not feel badly, for, believe me, it pains me far more than it does you." Such a quick and manly expression of regret betrays a magnanimous nature, which men have always loved and always will.

A laughable incident occurred one day when an employe, who was something of a chronic complainer, was in gloomy spirits, largely because of too much ardent spirits. He was telling his tale of woe and giving a minute account of nervous symptoms, foremost among which was a tingling sensation he said he felt at the base of the spine. The description was minute, the tone was doleful, with heavy harping on the tingling sensation at the base of the spine. The General listened long and patiently, and then exclaimed in a jocular mood: "Bless my soul, Billy, you are sprouting a tail." This sally cut short the tale of the complainer.

In 1903, several years after becoming Commissary General, he was stricken with a grave illness and his life despaired of. The news evoked a remarkable demonstration in the widest circle. The *Baltimore American*, in referring to the announcement that he was dangerousy ill at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, and not expected to live, said: "The news of the General's serious condition created as great a sensation in Washington as if the President had fallen seriously ill." His ruddy cheeks, bright eye, and snow-white hair made him a noticeable figure anywhere, and presented a picture seemingly of perfect health, which made his sudden illness all the more difficult to realize. An old comrade tells this story of him while he was so desperately ill, and everyone except the General himself thought he was going to die: "There was more genuine sorrow and solicitude from every part of the army than was ever seen before. Everyone thought it was only a question of hours with him. One day I dropped into the hospital to see him and was so shocked at his emaciated and drawn face that I showed it in my face. Then it was that he spoke up with a suggestion of his unworded thought. 'Not on your life, old man; not this time, and don't you think it. You just go back and tell the boys I'll work out of this and be back measuring out hard-tack and beans at the old stand.' His prophecy came true."

He is free from vanity, selfishness and snobbery, and dwells apart from the intrigues, the jealousies and petty struggles for favor and advancement. His handgrasp is hearty, his manner cordial, and he is one of the most approachable men living—a true democrat in all save politics. The admiration and respect in which he is held were won by lovable and manly traits. He is the beau ideal of a soldier — brave, warm-hearted and cool-headed.

General Weston is a student of mankind and of books—touching elbows with all manner of men and reading many kinds of books —military science, history, biography, poetry. With the aid of a tenacious memory he has stored away a vast fund of information—historic examples, apt quotations, philosophic illustrations—all of which take wing at will. Perhaps it is not singular that he loves the writings of the great poets, since Caesar, Frederick the Great, and other soldiers did, though it is true that Frederick's poetry was poor and his generalship great.

When ordered to Boston for station, he thought it afforded an excellent opportunity for culture, and availed himself of it by taking a course at the Boston School of Technology. Among the studies pursued was that of chemistry, in which he is as proficient as a professional. He featured this study to meet the requirements of his profession and because of his love of the science.

He flashes and sparkles as much as Douglas Jerrold did. If anything, his range is even wider than the gifted Englishman's was, for in his armory are not only wit and humor, but satire, ridicule, mimicry, and he is a rare raconteur, there never being a dull moment in a circle which includes him. His humor is sunnier than Jerrold's was and his wit not like his, forever barbed, but when stirred to anger, it is doubtful whether Randolph of Roanoke, or Ingalls in his prime, had a keener tongue or wider vocabulary.

A remarkable thing about his stories and bon mots is that they are not like those of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Chauncey Depew and many other masters in this line—studied out in the closet — but spring from the inspiration of the moment.

He married Miss Sallie Garvin, a Louisville belle, and a member of one of the best-known families in Kentucky.

General Weston has taken part in three wars—the Civil War, Indian War and the Spanish-American War—bridging a period of nearly forty years. He has fought in some of the greatest battles of modern times, been severely wounded, been complimented more than once, and also brevetted, for bravery on the field, and won a medal for skill and daring in the face of difficulty and danger. During his entire service in the Civil War he was never absent from his command, or exempt from any duty, or missed a fight if he could find a foe. The larger portion of all this achievement and this brilliant career was crowded into the brief span of four years and before he had attained the age of twenty. Not only did he display rare courage and judgment in the field, but later exhibited the highest order of administrative talent, his conduct of the Subsistence Department being characterized by the highest efficiency and absolute integrity.

He is a unique figure in the military history of the time. He has had a busy and eventful life all given to the army and his country—from the beardless boy to the gray-haired veteran; from the private to the major general. And now at the approaching close of his official activity, his army comrades, his newspaper admirers, and a host of friends in civil life are hoping to see him retired as a lieutenant general in recognition of splendid service and unfaltering devotion, and to round out a long and distinguished career.

DAYLIGHT AND CLOCK-TIME

By C. W. HALL

GENERAL wonder is expressed that the "daylight" bill, in charge of Congressman Peters, at Washington, has never been thought of before. When understood, it will be considered an innovation of great importance. While being freely discussed, changes and improvements are incorporated in the plans. The latest bill introduced in the English Parliament has been amended to avoid the complications which raised many objections to the earlier one.

The present British plan is on the third Sunday in April to set all the clocks forward to 4:45 A.M., when the hands according to present schedule would point to 3:45 A.M., which would practically put the clock an hour "fast," as we say, and get workers and the people all over the country to rise an hour earlier than usual, without knowing it after the first day. This would move all time schedules along one hour without requiring any change of railroad time or schedule, because the advancing of the clocks one hour would be universal. We should emancipate ourselves and live, labor and enjoy by the natural, or sun, time, if we adopted the plans proposed in Great Britain.

Many objections have been raised to the new time-schedule in England, where everything moves along conservative lines, and the novel plan is somewhat opposed. There is in reality no difficulty about it, as may be witnessed in such places as Pittsburg, where there is a change of time. In other words, the Eastern time might be used instead of Western time, and people would keep in touch with the movement of the sun by adopting such a schedule.

The English originator of this reform, William Willitts, claims that it would save thousands of dollars by eliminating the need for burning electric and other artificial light in the evening hours, because it would be possible to utilize daylight instead; the change, it is claimed, would add many years to the active lives of the working people, by giving them a chance to get fresh air during the witching hours of sunset and afterglow, when they are usually pent up at some sedentary occupation.

On the third Sunday in September, when the days have shortened, the clocks would all be put back again to the present schedule of time, but really to agree with the rise and set of the sun. If a land of such conservatism and tradition as England can give us the initiative in this matter, it is certain that the United States will not be far behind in adopting such palpable benefits.

It has been said that, owing to our briefer daylight hours at the close of the day, we should gain less than England. While this may be true of the evening, we should gain far more in the morning, because, though our summer is much warmer, our morning hours are cool and much better adapted for work than later in the day, whereas the climate in Great Britain is never trying, so far as heat is concerned. Every effort should be made to secure those precious hours of cool morning, and escape from work during that last trying, stuffy hour in the late afternoon, when city offices and stores become almost unbearable during the warm months.

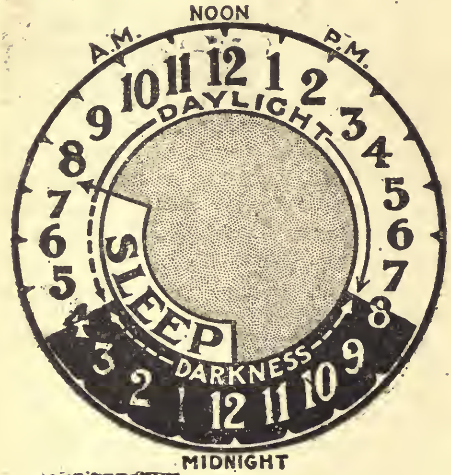
Business men in many cities have taken the matter up, and the National Daylight Association is entering upon a vigorous campaign, which will be continued until these more reasonable methods of regulating working hours are secured. There is no reason why clock time should not be adjusted to suit us, when greater health and convenience may be gained by readjustment and by regulating the clock by the sun and the seasons. All brain specialists agree that the best work is done in the morning, so that the adoption of the new schedule would not only increase the quantity of work, but would improve the quality.

The opposition of the English railroads to this innovation has been withdrawn since the simpler plan of making the change all at one time has been adopted, and the astronomers at Greenwich and Washington think there would be no trouble. There are already three computations of time: sidereal—according to the stars; astronomical, beginning at noon, and civil, beginning at midnight. They do not think it at all a difficult proposition to put the clocks forward an hour in April and back an hour in September, making the arbitrary adjustment of time more in harmony with sunrise and sunset, while leaving business schedules practically untouched.

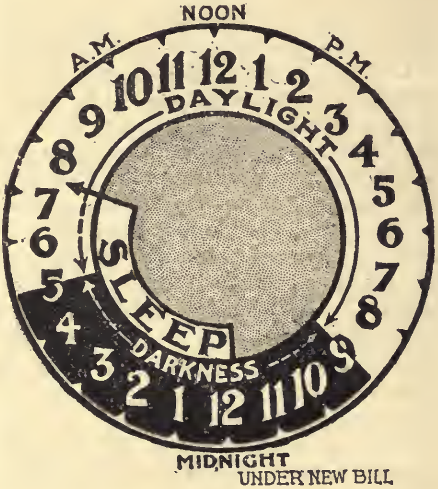
Some objections were brought forward by theatrical managers, who said that the changed hours of the evening would be too early for their performances. Upon consideration it seems unlikely that the change could in any way affect them, in view of the popularity of the matinee. The good attendance at Saturday afternoon performances proves that people will go to the theatre when opportunity offers, whether it be daylight or dark. As all performances require artificial light, the change of schedule can be of little consequence to the theatres. In Sweden and Norway places of amusement open at 6:30 and close at nine, and people are home again before ten o'clock. In fact, the hours of amusement are very easily regulated.

It has also been objected that fashionable people will dislike to appear in daylight in evening dress, and that the change would have the effect of tacking on another hour to the day of caterers, because, while they would go to work earlier, they would have to continue until after dark just as under the old schedule. This may also be questioned. The present fashionable late hours are comparatively a new growth. Julia Ward Howe, in her reminiscences, remarks that two o'clock was formerly the fashionable hour for dinner, and most of the truly "stylish" parties occurred during the afternoon. Even this was a change from the schedule of an older time, when twelve was considered the most fashionable hour to dine. Doctors agree that the earlier in the day one eats heartily the more likely it is that "good digestion" shall "wait on appetite." So a benefit would be conferred on fashionable people by getting them to dine an hour earlier than they now do.

When the matter was talked over in committee with President Taft, it was suggested that there might be some difficulty in regard to the mails, if the time were changed; but if the change can be made to occur all over the country simultaneously, it is believed that it would not interfere with the postal service, but would merely bring the mail around an hour earlier, according to the sun, than at present.



AS AT PRESENT



UNDER NEW BILL

NOTE—In order to get a consensus of opinion on this subject, we have decided to offer a prize of $10 for the best 500-word sketch, giving reasons why the change should or should not be made. It is desired to have every possible point, for and against, covered, and to this end we have placed a coupon on one of our advertising pages.

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MISS ADAMS PLANNING THE PERFORMANCE FOR THE STADIUM

MAUDE ADAMS AT THE STADIUM

By EDWARD CONGDON KAVANAGH

WHEN a few years ago the Kaiser expressed the idea that an exchange of university professors would strengthen the intellectual tie between Germany and the United States, it was considered by many to be an excellent suggestion, but somewhat Utopian.

The actual adoption of the idea, has, however, proved easy, and its effects have been far-reaching and potent. The number of universities in both lands exchanging professors has increased yearly, and their audiences have grown in proportion. What is even more of value than the mere academic activity of these university men, has been their appearance in public, where their views on all kinds of topics—educational, political, ethical and aesthetic—have been presented to the great mass of the people whose interests and activities lie outside the universities. A better understanding, a livelier and more sympathetic interest between two great nations, has thus been engendered.

With the entrance of these university teachers into the public forum, it was inevitable that discussion should not be confined to educational or scientific subjects. There is no better or more vital educational factor than art, no more facile medium of sympathy between alien peoples than that vast and intricate thing called "culture." All educated Americans recognize the debt of their own institution and life to German culture. Not all of the many millions of Americans are familiar with the sources of German art or culture, or, indeed, the intimate and formative relation it bears to their own standards and aspirations. Hence comes the value of the pioneer work among the general public by these lecturers who have come to America as a result of the Kaiser's unique and colossal plan. The recent exhibition of German painters in America and the sympathetic interpretation of these works, together with the public appreciation of their value, indicate how successful like attempts to exhibit the art of Germany to the American people may be made by bold and well-devised plans.

The gratifying results of this exhibition of German paintings have suggested the value of making the American public acquainted in a similar way with German art of an older period. This purpose is now being served, in a measure, by the Germanic Museum in Harvard University at Cambridge. It was the Kaiser who first grasped the significance of the establishment of the Germanic Museum, and his donation is the nucleus of the art collection which will make it the chief permanent exhibit in America of the source of German culture. For some time it has been the desire of those interested in the museum to secure a building worthy of its object.

The most popular of all arts—the dramatic—will be the means of initiating this movement. Charles Frohman, America's leading theatrical manager, and a figure of international prominence in the drama, and Maude Adams, America's leading actress, are the projectors of this idea. Mr. Frohman, a splendid type of the German-Americans who have done so much to develop the Young Republic this side of the Atlantic, has proposed to the authorities of Harvard University that Miss Maude Adams appear in the Stadium of the university in a performance of Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," Miss Adams to assume the rôle of "Joan of Arc," a rôle that peculiarly adapts itself to her temperament and artistic abilities. The Harvard authorities have eagerly availed themselves of Mr. Frohman's offer, and details for the performance are now in definite shape. The so-called "bowl" of the Stadium will be used on the occasion of the performance by Miss Adams—June 22nd—and will give a seating capacity of 10,000 persons. A special scenic setting, adaptable to the Stadium

THE PRESENT GERMANIC MUSEUM, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, WHICH WILL BE REPLACED BY A LARGER BUILDING TO ACCOMMODATE THE KAISER'S ART COLLECTION alone, is being constructed under the direction of America's most eminent scenic artists—and the whole effect of the Stadium on the night of the performance will be that of an amphitheatre.

The vast proportions of the Stadium peculiarly lend themselves to an adequate representation of the story of Joan, especially as treated by Schiller. The details of the pageant and the clash between the French and English soldiery contained in the text can be worked out on something like satisfactory lines of proportion only in a place like the Stadium. In the ordinary theatre these would necessarily be curtailed to almost ridiculous dimensions. The Maude Adams' "Joan cf Arc" will be unlike any attempt hitherto made to represent the heroic Maid. The Stadium performance will not only contain Joan, but the country of Joan, with her contemporaries, humble and great, and all the commanding figures in her absorbing story, shown in their proper and distinctive proportions. The fault of most stage representations of Joan will be avoided—viz., Joan will not be overemphasized to the artistic and dramatic detriment of the character, but every essential detail of the environment that should surround the Maid will be preserved, and she will be represented graphically as the chief figure, with a background filled with the atmosphere, the color and the life of her time.

At first it was decided by the college management to use the undergraduate body to make up the army of a thousand, to act as "supers," but later it was thought that it might be better to secure more experienced soldiers than the excitable and enthusiastic undergraduates. An appeal was made to the graduate body, and Captain Shelburne, commander of Battery A, National Guard of the State of Massachusetts, the banner command of the old Bay State—which is composed almost entirely of Harvard graduates—was requested to furnish horses and men for the event. Captain Shelburne called for volunteers and met with a ready response among the members of his outfit.

Since then the men have been in active training, giving all their spare nights to the

Photo by F. A. Olsson

STUDENTS IN GREEK PLAY AT THE STADIUM

preparation, and are now in such shape as to win commendation from officers of the regular army who have witnessed their efforts. Joan of Arc is to be congratulated in having a well-trained and chivalrous band of warriors at her command.

Among this outfit are many past heroes of the Harvard athletic world; arrayed in the antique armor of those old days they present a fine spectacle, and it has been said that if the Maid of Orleans had possessed an army composed of such doughty warriors as those that will appear in the Harvard Stadium on June 22nd, she never would have perished in "cruel, timeless death" at the stake.

The student body, denied the privilege of offering Miss Adams their histrionic talent, immediately turned their thoughts to the social side of the question. Miss Adams was deluged with invitations to teas and receptions by practically every society and fraternity.

With the limited amount of time at her disposal, after the serious theatrical work should be completed, and in view of the heavy tax on her strength which such a performance as "Joan of Arc" must be, Miss Adams must have been a little embarrassed as to accepting the hospitality so freely offered.

The members of the Harvard Dramatic Club were assigned the management of the seating arrangements for the vast throng that were to listen to "Joan of Arc." Mr. David Carb, vice-president of the Dramatic Club, was given the management of this part of the work, being ably supported by the officers and active members of the club. In addition to this assignment, which is regarded as a privilege, the club was awarded the honor of entertaining Miss Adams at a tea at the Harvard Union. While many of the other clubs and societies have coveted this distinction, the members have sufficient chivalry

Photo copyright 1909, *F. A. Olsson*

THE STADIUM, AT HARVARD, AS SEEN FROM THE CHARLES RIVER
Where Maude Adams will appear in Joan of Arc

to believe that Miss Adams made a wise and very natural choice in selecting the Dramatic Club for the disposition of her favors, and their college spirit is gratified by the honor conferred on the University in securing the opportunity to entertain so distinguished an artist as Maude Adams.

* * *

Charles Frohman has given his representatives carte blanche in the matter of outlay, and the performance will easily take its place as the most magnificent and lavish, as well as the most artistic, dramatic undertaking ever attempted in America. The proceeds of the performance will go to the Germanic Museum. The details are in charge of the members of the German Department of the University. It is confidently anticipated that through Mr. Frohman's generosity the existence and needs of the Germanic Museum will be given the most widespread publicity and enlist a cordial and generous support throughout the whole length and breadth of America. A large number of the general public, as well as the total Faculty of the University, not to mention thousands of Harvard men, will witness with delight this epochal dramatic performance and stupendous effort toward the popularizing of the movement for better and more sympathetic intellectual and political relations between America and the land of the Kaiser.

Photo by H. William Tupper

MR. DAVID CARB
Student-Manager of Maude Adams' Production of
Joan of Arc at the Harvard Stadium.

Photo by W. C. Ryder

AN OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE STADIUM

The Glorious Fourth

* * *

OH! get up early when you hear the sunrise gun,
  Remember 'tis Independence morning.
Let the roaring of the cannon, the rolling of the drum,
The blazing of the bonfire ere the first faint sunbeams come,
The tocsin of the bells, as they speak with iron tongue,
  Tell the glorious anniversary's golden dawning.
Up! up! and get around,
And with no uncertain sound,
  Rouse the sleeping, greet the waking, in the dawning.
Get out! and help the boys
Make a loud and joyful noise,
  And paint the town vermilion in the morning.

* * *

Oh! let us ever honor the wise and gallant men
  Of that first grand Independence morning.
How feeble were their numbers; how small our country then;
How brave their hearts in battle; how wise with tongue and pen;
Scarce five generations back in the history of men,
  To that glorious, bright sunburst of Freedom's dawning.
Let the memory of such sires
Light anew the beacon fires,
  That they set ablaze forever in the morning.
As men light them by the sea,
On the frontier so do we.
  Ere the sunrise on this Fourth of July dawning.

Oh! the sheaves of their sowing are gathered now by you,
Arouse ye! 'tis Independence morning.
The reapers count by millions, though the sowers they were few,
But when once they took the job, you can bet they put her through,
And we're bound to give their work and their memory just due
Every year on this anniversary's dawning.
Their war-worn swords are rust,
And their gallant hearts are dust,
Awaiting the great resurrection's morning;
Their souls with God we trust,
Joy with the brave and just
In the light that glows forever like the dawning.

* * *

Where their boldest scout ne'er trod o'er the far-off prairie sod,
Dew-laden spread our grain fields in the dawning.
Our happy children play where then the savage trod;
Where the bison fed in thousands, the filling wheat ears nod;
Where the scalp dance wheeled its circle, now stands the house of God,
'Neath the banner of the stars in the morning.
Whate'er be your creed or race,
Whether nobly born or base,
When the east flushes faint in the dawning,
Thank heaven for its grace
That with cheerful heart and face
You again greet a Fourth of July morning.

— *Charles Winslow Hall*

Our Country

(FOR MUSIC)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Our Country! whose eagle exults as he flies
In the splendor of noonday broad-breasting the skies,
That from ocean to ocean the Land overblown
By the winds and the shadows is Liberty's own—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! bright region of plenty and peace,
Where the homeless find refuge, the burdened release,
Where Manhood is king, and the stars as they roll
Whisper courage and hope to the lowliest soul—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds, and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! whose story the angels record—
Fair dawn of that glorious day of the Lord
When men shall be brothers, and love, like the sun,
Illumine all lands till the nations are one—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

The above poem is from "Songs of America," by Edna Dean Proctor, and is reproduced by courtesy of the author and publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company.

A TYPICAL SPRING HOUSE, SARATOGA SPRINGS

THE SARATOGA OF TODAY

By THOMAS DARBY RICHARDSON

WHEN the governor of New York recently signed the Brackett-Whitney Saratoga Springs reservation bill, his act was of an importance to the health of the nation that is yet to be fully appreciated.

Canfield's gambling palace—where once the epicure, in the beautiful dining hall, satisfied his gastronomic cravings; where, in adjoining room of gold the callow youth and hardened player tempted the croupier's art at rouge et noir, faro, and roulette—Canfield's, with its spacious dimensions and beautiful grounds of many acres, is to become the "Kurhaus" of the great American spa.

The muckraker, it seems, has left the national capital of government and politics. Neither does he find a place at the national capital of health. Saratoga Springs has been mucked and raked from without and within, but her regeneration is assured by the enactment of this reservation bill.

The vicious influences that have for so many years discredited Saratoga Springs have disappeared; hers is now truly a renaissance period, and her citizens have but a single thought in carrying out this spirit of rebirth to a higher plane. Hers is a constructive era and the building up is being done with no hurriedness, but surely and persistently, upon a solid foundation.

Before the Civil War, Saratoga Springs was a favorite resort for Southerners, and was considered the most fashionable watering place of the United States. War naturally interfered with and prevented the coming of the people from the South, but Saratoga Springs continued to hold her place as a prominent watering place, even during those exciting times. The waters have never deteriorated, nor has their efficacy ever been questioned.

SENATOR EDGAR T. BRACKETT
Of Saratoga, the father of the Reservation Bill and an enthusiastic Saratogian, first, last and all the time

Today the increasing wealth of the country is creating a large leisure class, which has never before existed to any such extent. The desire for country life and for the possession of country estates is being developed, so that the younger generation, whose fathers were accustomed to spend a month or more at the Springs, now go to various seaside watering places—Newport, Bar Harbor, the Adirondacks, the White Mountains and other resorts. With ample leisure and money at their disposal, they not only acquired country homes, but the less desirable gambling propensity..

The awakened public conscience has successfully grappled with this question of public gambling, not only in this country at Long Branch and even in New Orleans—the last place to hold out — but also in Europe, where, despite centuries of popularity, it has been discountenanced and finally abolished at Baden-Baden, Weisbaden, Aix-les-Bains, Carlsbad—names always associated with games of chance. Notwithstanding this aroused public conscience, which had been at work throughout the world, both in Europe and America, the people of Saratoga continued and sustained, by their local public sentiment, the only public gambling house in the United States. The efforts of a few loyal citizens to dislodge the evil produced no appreciable results, owing to conditions that may be readily understood in a community where influences as prodigal as they were undesirable were firmly established.

The race track, started in the early sixties, and officially designated as the "Association for Improving the Breed of Horses," fulfilled the purpose suggested by its title. But very soon it came under the control and ownership of the parties who possessed and managed the notorious Guttenburg course. The two became auxiliaries. When New Jersey arose in righteous indignation after years of endurance, and compelled the closing of that track, Walbaum, the "King of

CONVENTION HALL, SARATOGA SPRINGS

Guttenburg," discovered that the only place in the United States which would tolerate and protect him and his ilk was Saratoga. So he bought the Saratoga race track from Spencer, who still remained in control of the gambling house. The combined influence of the track and the gambling house began to drive out of and keep away from Saratoga much of the better element that had theretofore been in the habit of spending the season at the Springs.

When, later, William C. Whitney and August Belmont and their gentlemen associates of the Jockey Club gained control of the race track, it was hoped that an entire regeneration, so far as racing was concerned, would take place. In a measure these hopes were realized, but the malign influences and baneful effects were so deeply seated that in time even the new element in control of the racing saw that it was almost impossible to suppress the gambling Frankenstein created by their predecessors. Their influence, however, and the indictment in New York of Canfield, combined to compel the final closing of the open gambling house.

William C. Whitney, whom Canfield regarded as his best friend, was, I understand, directly responsible for the closing of the famous gambling establishment. Mr. Whitney, though he did not gamble himself, lent his countenance and the prestige of his name to Canfield's by reserving for himself and his friends a place in the dining room; but he was forced to realize in a short two years that Canfield's must go, that honest racing and open public gambling could not longer be associated, and that the time had come for the closing of the doors. And so he gave the word by lending his influence to the driving out of Canfield.

All these undesirable features affected the public estimation of Saratoga as a family resort for mothers, sons and daughters with respectable inclinations. The attraction of the beautiful homes, walks, drives, lakes, glorious mountain climate and unrivalled health-giving waters was under an almost total eclipse.

THE SANATORIUM, SARATOGA SPRINGS

It was for the purpose of preserving to the people of the state and nation these priceless springs that the reservation bill was conceived and enacted into law. Under it the state is empowered to acquire such of the springs as shall be considered necessary and to administer them as a state holding. To this end, an appropriation of $600,000 is made and a commission of three persons created to serve without compensation. Full power is vested in this body to acquire and manage the properties deemed necessary, and a source of revenue to the state is assured through a provision for leasing the privileges of shipping waters outside the reservation.

The bill was conceived and drawn by State Senator Edgar T. Brackett and its passage was largely due to his wide influence and standing among the legislators at Albany, coupled with the splendid assistance afforded by Saratoga's representative in the Assembly, George H. Whitney.

COMSTOCK HOSPITAL, SARATOGA SPRINGS

The personnel of the Saratoga Springs Reservation Commission is of a very high character. The three members are Spencer Trask, the well-known New York banker; Edward M. Shepard, the lawyer and statesman, and Frank N. Godfrey, master of the State Grange.

In a letter to the *New York Times* of April 17, 1909, Mr. Trask said: "The state is fully protected. This is a matter entirely outside of politics and there will be no political question whatever involved, nor any opportunity, as far as I can see, for personal graft or corruption, any more than there was in the preservation of the Palisades, the Adirondacks, or Niagara; in fact, less, if any."

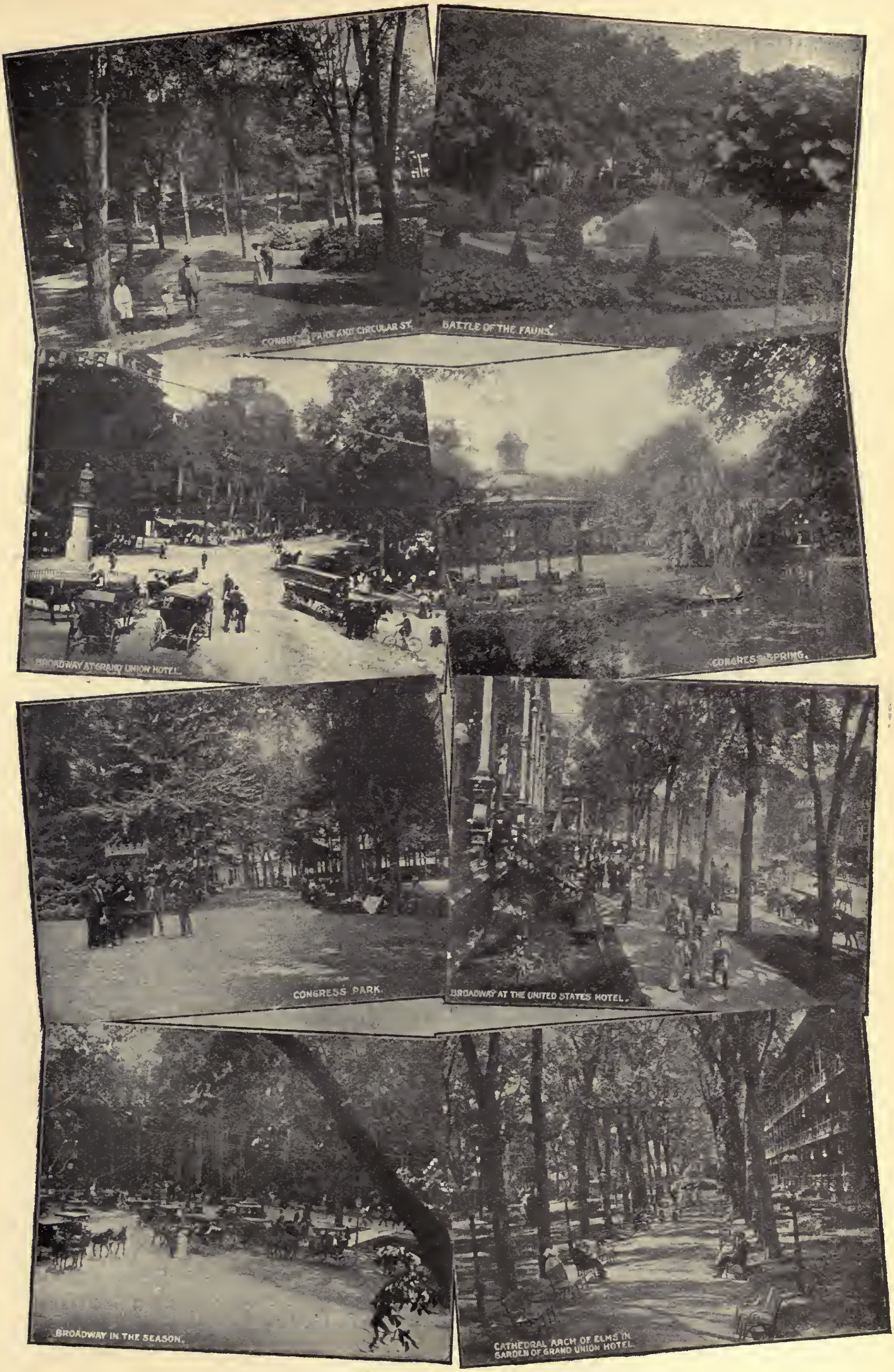
Undoubtedly many of the benefits that have been so ardently anticipated will result from the operations of the reservation bill. "But," says Mr. Trask, "it may require a long time before the commissioners will feel justified in deciding upon the necessary positive steps to be taken. The people cannot expect an immediate result from any scheme of development."

Here is something that is fundamental and elemental; it should produce great results and in time, under proper direction, bring Saratoga Springs to world-wide pre-eminence as a health resort that shall compete successfully with the foremost European watering places of similar character. Under proper direction and control, the season, instead of being, as it now is, a matter of three or four weeks, should extend through four or five months, and for many persons throughout the country it should be a year-around resort.

Colonel John I. Forniss of Alabama and New York, who is in his seventy-third year, first came to the Springs in 1854, and, except during the four years of the Civil War, has spent six or seven months here each year, arriving in February or March and remaining until October. He says: "I look upon Saratoga Springs as one of the healthiest and cleanest places in the United States. It has the nicest drives and walks and most beautiful shade trees and finest waters and everything that goes to make up the best and greatest summer resort in America, even if you don't drink the waters, which are unrivalled for many afflictions."

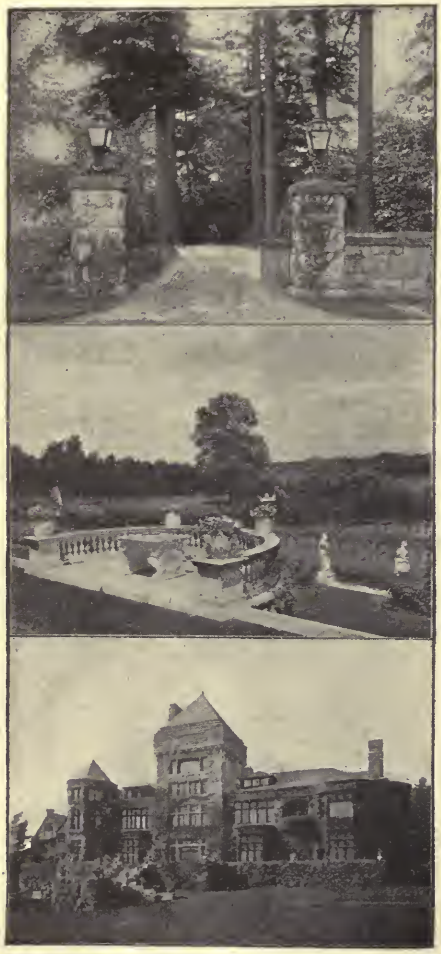
YOUNG WOMEN'S INDUSTRIAL CLUB

The Saratoga Springs "Cure" antedated the settlement of this community by the white man, when the high Rock Spring was only a bubbling springlet, drunk at first by the


CONGRESS PARK AND CIRCULAR ST.
BATTLE OF THE FAUNS.
BROADWAY AT GRAND UNION HOTEL.
CONGRESS SPRING.
CONGRESS PARK.
BROADWAY AT THE UNITED STATES HOTEL.
BROADWAY IN THE SEASON.
CATHEDRAL ARCH OF ELMS IN GARDEN OF GRAND UNION HOTEL.

SCENES IN AND ABOUT SARATOGA

Indians as a fresh-water spring. Finding that their health was improved by the water, they bethought them that it must have medicinal qualities, and from that time all sick Indians were brought to High Rock Spring for the healing of their ills. The "outward and visible sign" that impressed the red men was the deposit of the salts of the water about the spring in the form of a cone, called tufa, which still exists and from which it received its name, and through and over which the water bubbles to this day.



SOUTH ENTRANCE OF "YADDO"
THE SUN DIAL AT "YADDO"
"YADDO," RESIDENCE OF SPENCER TRASK AT SARATOGA SPRINGS

In 1800 the Congress Spring was discovered and became renowned the world over as a saline cathartic. This, combined with the sulphurous iron water of the Putnam Spring, made Saratoga Springs famous as the leading health resort of the United States. The remainder of the thirty-five mineral springs were discovered from time to time, and all have a wide therapeutic application in the treatment of almost all chronic diseases, and are divided into four groups according to their component parts. These groups are: first—sodic, muriated, alkaline, saline, cathartic; second—sodic, calcic, muriated, alkaline, saline; third—chalybeate; fourth—sulphur.

The waters are all cold, the temperature varying from 49 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and all contain carbonic acid.

The analysis follows:

	Class 1	Class 2	Class 3	Class 4
Sodium Chloride	486.79	64.79	267.00	
Potassium Chloride	33.57	5.01		
Sodium Bicarbonate ...	52.55	1.75	15.40	
Lithium Bicarbonate...	8.62	.02		
Magnesium Bicarbonate	118.17	23.61	46.71	
Calcium Bicarbonate ..	173.76	58.32	68.	
Barium Bicarbonate ...	1.76	.07		
Strontium Bicarbonate .	Trace	Trace		
Iron Bicarbonate	1.88	.42	5.58	
Sodium Bicarbonate ...	Trace	Trace		
Potassium Sulphate	0.04	1.14		
Silica	0.50	2.33	2.05	1.34
Calcium Sulphate				67.16
Magnesium Sulphate ..				30.36
Magnesium Chloride...				.86
Calcium Carbonate				6.06
Sulphurated Hydrogen .				Excess
Carbonic Acid	Excess	Excess	Excess	
Total	878.00	158.06	404.74	105.78

The Saratoga waters have a distinct and most valuable place in the prevention and treatment of diseases. Scientific investigation shows that these springs will be fully restored by proper treatment. The foreign spas, being controlled by a monarchy, have been under protection from all influences all the time. Saratoga will have to treat her springs in a way that will not only secure their protection, but also assuage the damage to private interests. The reservation commission, having first carefully noted all the bores into the mineral tract, will treat all the abandoned holes so as to prevent intermingling of surface and fresh-water veins with the mineral waters. The curative course consists of systematic drinking of the waters at the springs, and the careful taking of baths as prescribed, in regard to time, temperature and the kind of bath to be used, coupled with proper rest and exercise. Each spring in these groups has its own therapeutic importance, which is judged from chemical analysis of the water and effect produced on the system of the patient.

The medicinal properties of the first group of springs are saline, laxative and diuretic, and the waters are found efficacious in constipation, liver and stomach diseases and in some forms of heart affections.

The mineral waters of the second group are especially good in the treatment of rheumatism, diabetes and similar ailments, and great results have been secured by their anti-acid and diuretic qualities, when the waters are drunk at the proper time and in the right quantity for the individual case being treated.

The third and fourth groups are alterative in their effect, and, like all the others, are best taken slowly while walking at the spring, with about ten minutes between each draught to insure results.

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT'S RESIDENCE, SARATOGA SPRINGS

The external application of the mineral waters at Saratoga Springs, in the form of baths, is found extremely efficacious, and all varieties of treatment are available.

The regimen, as practiced at Saratoga Springs, is comprehended in, first, a careful analysis of each case by a physical examination, followed by the necessary chemical and microscopical examination; an accurate diagnosis is thus attained.

GRANT COTTAGE, MOUNT McGREGOR, WHERE GENERAL GRANT DIED

These examinations are followed out in the physicians' physiological laboratory, which is to be presided over by a highly competent physiological chemist, who has spent many years at the European spas. Having carefully diagnosed a case, the waters and baths are prescribed as indicated, together with a dietary appropriate to each case, with exercise by resistance in the gymnasium, to which is added more active exercise — taking certain walks of varied distances and grades, spending a specified length of time in horseback riding, or playing tennis, croquet, or golf. The gymnasium will be presided over by a mechanical therapeutist capable of determining the amount of exercise for each individual, and will include the Zander exercises, so much used in foreign gymnasia and other accepted systems.

One mode of using the water, hitherto largely neglected at Saratoga, will now be fully developed—that is, bathing. Thousands of afflicted pilgrims resort each year to the German spas, partly for the internal administration of the waters, but chiefly to take the baths; and to those affected with chronic heart disorders, the carbonated waters in their external application frequently offer the only means of relief.

The growth of Bad-Nauheim in the last twenty years well illustrates what may be expected at Saratoga from the development of this form of cure. The demonstration of the efficacy of carbonated baths in all disorders in which the circulation plays a part, and most especially in cardiac disorders, has been so complete that there is no longer any question on that subject. Not only is this method now regarded as the most reliable in nearly all forms of cardiac diseases, but it is considered equally effective in rheumatic and neurasthenic conditions. Thousands of people go to Bad-Nauheim every year from this country to take there what is known as the Schott treatment, while the waters of Saratoga contain every element which enters into the production of the wonderful results there obtained.

The springs in the village have normally but a small flow of water, and for the development of the hydro-therapeutic work it would doubtless be necessary to make use of the springs in the southern part of the town, whose flow is very much larger. Around the old Putnam Spring has been erected a model bathhouse, where Turkish, Russian and Roman baths, of mineral and ordinary water, are to be had, as well as all the forms of treatment prescribed by the physician, such as Nauheim, massage and Swedish movements.

"KASR-EL-NOUZHA"—THE BATCHELLER RESIDENCE, SARATOGA SPRINGS

Among the other baths which are largely patronized are the Magnetic Spring Baths, the Red Spring Baths, the Eureka White Sulphur Baths and Luther's White Sulphur Baths, which in many instances have each proven their especial curative properties.

It is very important for anyone coming to Saratoga, who drinks of or bathes in the springs, to secure the guidance of a physician. The waters all contain, more or less, the same constituent elements, but their effects are of varying degrees, and the full benefits can only be obtained by proper medical advice.

One of the best-known Saratoga physicians, speaking of the proposed conversion of Canfield's magnificent building into a prominent village feature, for the benefit of the visitor, says:

"We want a general hall, like that, called abroad the 'Cure House.' The Saratoga Springs Health Association has been formed to carry out this idea, and also the plans for completing auxiliaries. It is the plan to use Canfield's Park, in which the clubhouse would be the casino and one of the other buildings the gymnasium. We hope and expect to have several thoroughly equipped bathhouses for giving mineral baths, to perfect and complete walks and drives through the nearby country for diversion and exercise, and to gain the co-operation of the hotels and boarding-houses for providing diets, etc."

This new idea of the "cure" treatment, recently inaugurated at Saratoga Springs, is being successfully practised at the Comstock Hospital, whose managers are most enthusiastic over results already attained. They employ an expert physiological chemist, who in conjunction with the village chemist analyzes and diagnoses all cases.

The "Sanitarium," established in 1855, was the first institution to practice the "Saratoga Cure," and during the intervening years, while carefully administering the health-giving waters, has increased in scope and reputation, and compares favorably with similar hospitals abroad. The Sanitarium is situated in the midst of a small park, in a beautiful location, with pleasant, restful surroundings. It has all modern appointments, and the regimen to be followed by the patients is of the same gentle, restrained nature that characterizes the treatment administered at the European watering places.

The Saratoga Hospital is the only public institution of the kind in the village. Its object is to afford medical and surgical aid and nursing to sick or disabled persons of any creed, nationality or color, with the exception of chronic cases. It was opened for patients July 25, 1895, and since then has been of inestimable benefit to both rich and poor. It is during the summer months that most of the charity work is done, and many a "boy" from the track, a fallen rider, or the victim of disease, could tell a tale of kindly care and restoration received within its walls. The hospital is under the direct government of an efficient Board of Managers with Mrs. Mary A. Hodgman at its head. Nearly every resident physician is enrolled on the medical or surgical staff. The hospital has but one small endowment, and depends for support, outside its earnings, upon memberships, contributions and the result of entertainments. Every effort will be made during the summer to increase their building fund, with the earnest hope that a new hospital may soon become a reality.

A VISTA OF THE LAKE AND A FAMOUS ROAD HOUSE ON ITS BORDERS

Saratoga is distinctively a village, even though it has the population of a city, containing some 15,000 people. Its streets are broad avenues, and the noise of the trolley car is not upon them. It is the only town of its size in the United States that I know of which hasn't a local trolley system, and even the interurban cars, from Albany, Schenectady, Troy, Lake George, Glens Falls and other points, are not permitted to cross its beautiful Broadway, and the passenger has to make the transfer from one line to the other on foot. The streets are perfectly macadamized. The system of sewage disposal is one that might well be the model of the country, and the lighting facilities are ample. The town is now, and within two years will be to a greater extent, the center of a network of roads for automobiling, radiating in every direction. Taxation is low, being about one per cent. on the actual value of property. Broadway, the main business thoroughfare, is a wide, attractive boulevard, lined on either side with great hostelries for the summer visitors, and many modern business buildings and stores. Throughout its length, magnificent old elm trees tower to stately heights, arching the roadway.

SARATOGA CLUB

No visit to Saratoga is complete without a trip to the Lake and a dinner such as has made the "Lake" houses famous the world over. After motoring or driving over the splendid roads through the fragrant woods, the broad spacious verandas of these celebrated roadhouses are most inviting, and the cuisine and service all that could be desired.

One of the best known is kept by "Jim" Riley, who had an international reputation in the seventies as a "crack" oarsman, and his wonderful time in the exciting race with Hanlon thirty years ago still stands as a world record.

Further along toward the Lake on an imposing knoll stands Arrow-Head, another attractive place of entertainment, situated in a grove of pines, maples, elms, and oaks, where, as at the other places along the borders of the Lake, are large verandas, overlooking the dancing waters, and affording a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

Little Lake Lonely, which is about one mile in length, is just in the rear, and, close by, about a half league away, is "Yaddo," the palatial residence and gardens of Spencer Trask.

This beautiful estate with the unusual name has been described and pictured many times, and various explanations have been offered to account for the peculiar title it bears, but the true story is now published for the first time.

When the place was bought, Mrs. Trask in her New York house told her little girl about it, and she was full of enthusiasm for the new summer home.

To please her, Mrs. Trask said she might name it if she could think of a name. The child thought a moment, then said: "Oh, I know a lovely name. It makes poetry with shadow, only it will not be shadow there."

The dénouement followed several years later, when a friend of the banker's, who is something of a bibliophile and who had always been curious about the name, wrote Mr. Trask that he had found the word "yaddo" in an old English dictionary, dating back to Dr. Johnson's time, and that the definition given was "a gleam, a sparkle," truly an ideal description of this delightful home.

The question as to whether the little girl's suggestion was an inspiration or merely childish prattle remains unsolved.

The environs and scenic pictures of Saratoga Springs are unrivalled. The drives over the magnificent state road to Lake George or Fort Schuyler, to one of its exquisitely shaded lakes, to the lovely villas nestling in her suburbs, afford a paradise of travel for the automobilist. During the season of 1908 over 800 machines were kept in storage in the local garages, and the number of cars passing daily was estimated at fifty. Saratogians themselves appeciate the opportunity of their fine touring grounds, over seventy-five cars being owned by residents.

One may live in all the sumptuousness of metropolitan luxury at the grand hotels, or he may find himself comfortably placed, at most reasonable expense, in one of the hundreds of boarding-houses, where the charges are no higher than in other parts of the country. The hotel rates are the same as anywhere else, for like accommodations. If one wishes a cottage for the season, it may be had at a cost of from three hundred and fifty to several thousand dollars. I cite an example of a modern cottage on the fashionable Union Avenue, where are situated a great many beautiful houses costing from thirty thousand to some hundreds of thousands of dollars each. This particular cottage occupies a large plot of ground one hundred by two hundred and forty feet. It is three stories high, has large piazzas and is surrounded by big shade trees. Situated on the broad Union Avenue, lined with rows of maples and elms, through which vehicles of every description pass on the way to Saratoga Lake and the race track, one can see the passing show from this house. It is tastefully furnished; on the first floor are large drawing, library and music rooms, bedroom and bath, dining room and servants' dining room. On the second floor are seven large airy bedrooms with baths and linen closets, and on the third floor five servants' rooms with bath. This cottage, which is typical of the more expensive, rents for the season for only fifteen hundred dollars.

The illustrations which accompany this article can give only a faint idea of the beautiful walks and drives and the homes of Saratoga Springs. North Broadway is, in the writer's opinion, a most imposing street, and Circular Street, which passes Congress Park and Canfield's, is another almost matchless residential avenue.

On Circular Street, facing Congress Park, stands "Kasr-el-Nouzha," a unique Renaissance structure built by the late General George S. Batcheller, and his wife, a daughter of General James M. Cook of Ballston, a well-known financier and statesman and an early developer of Saratoga County. The dwelling, whose Arab name means Palace of Pleasure, bears the distinction of being copyrighted in its plans. No story of Saratoga is complete without allusion to this most distinguished soldier, legislator, diplomat and jurist. Judge Batcheller was at two different periods American representative in the International Tribunal of Egypt for nearly fifteen years, United States Minister to Portugal, assistant secretary of the treasury and president of universal postal congress at Washington in 1907. In his early career he represented Saratoga repeatedly in the legislature, and during the Civil War raised a regiment, the 115th New York, and served with distinction. He served as inspector general of the New York State National Guard from 1865 to 1868. He was decorated with many foreign orders, including the White Cross of the Crown of Italy; was Grand Officer of the Legion of Medjidieh of Turkey and Commander of the Legion of Honor of France, this latter distinction coming just at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Loyal Legion. Judge Batcheller died last summer in Paris, at which time he was one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Egypt, appointed by President Roosevelt at the request of the Egyptian government. The house is now the residence of Miss Batcheller, his daughter, who is fitting it up with the many rare curios, including his valuable Egyptian collection, gathered during his varied career in many countries.

SARATOGA BATTLE MONUMENT

Ten trains with Pullman accommodation run daily to Saratoga Springs from New York, in addition to the trains from the Hudson River boat lines. The running time from New York to Saratoga is from four to five hours. It can also be quickly and comfortably reached from the East, North, West and South, being less than 200 miles from New York, in the foothills of the Adirondacks. The Green Mountains lie twenty or twenty-five miles to the east; on the west and north the Adirondacks are eight to ten miles away. There are many points of interest near by, and the summer visitor invariably plans to see Lake George, which is reached by both train and trolley; Mt. McGregor, where General Grant died; Fort Schuyler Monument, which commemorates the surrender of Burgoyne to Gates, and the other historic attractions.

Ample accommodation is found in all the

liveries; carriages of all descriptions, traps, carts, broughams, surreys, broad guage and comfortable, and automobiles from the modest runabout to the high power touring car can be engaged at reasonable rates. The significance of the new spirit of Saratoga is nowhere more evident than in the determination to establish and maintain a standard livery scale at a fair rate in contradistinction to the exorbitant prices in effect in some other resorts.

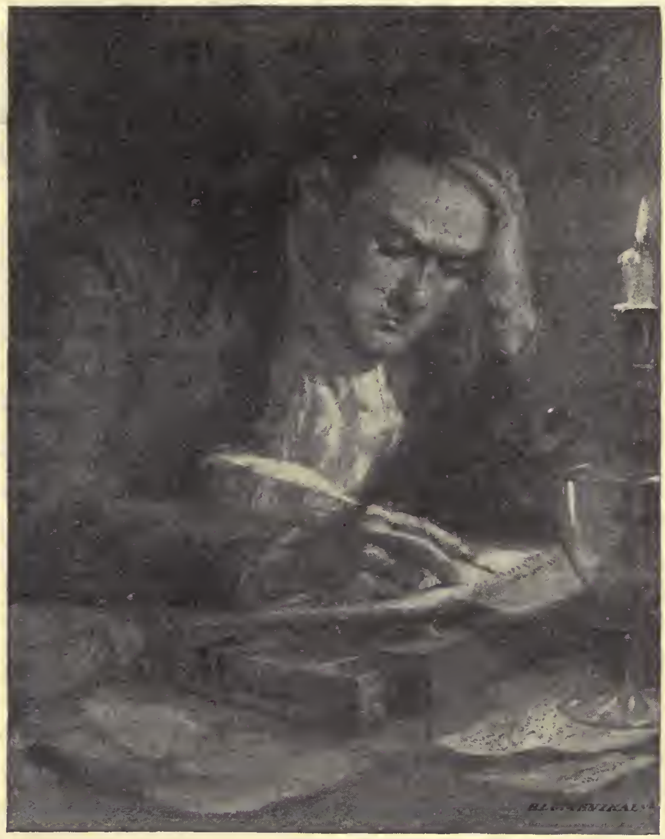
Saratoga possesses a roomy, comfortable convention building, capable of seating over five thousand people, in which have been held some of the country's biggest conventions, both political and otherwise. In 1907 two of the largest organizations in the country convened at Saratoga Springs—one, the Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templar, the other the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. While some of the members of these great bodies may have come with misgivings as to the ability of a town no larger than Saratoga to care for them, their wants were so fully met that they left Saratoga with the highest expressions of admiration of the thoroughness with which their needs had been supplied, and the hospitality with which the citizens had entertained them.

That the moral regeneration of Saratoga Springs is genuine, that the awakened conscience of its own people is surely manifest, is amply proved by the record of the Young Women's Industrial Club, founded by Mrs. J. Blair Scribner. The club occupies a magnificent three-story structure in the fashionable center on Regent Street. The first floor contains a large auditorium, the walls of which are decorated with Luca della Robbia's "singing boys" in high relief. On the first and second floors are the gymnasium, library for seniors and children, classroom where sewing, dressmaking, millinery, embroidery and domestic science, elocution; music, dancing and French are taught, social room for violin and vocal lessons; rooms for typewriting and shorthand, bookkeeping, etc.; and on the third floor the resident staff's rooms. In the basement are located bowling alleys and lockers and four shower baths. From the main clubhouse a glass-covered arcade leads to a second large building, which opens on Canfield's Park. Here are tastefully furnished rooms and a large dining room for the accommodation of forty self-supporting women. Life was made cheerier and more purposeful to over 400 girls and boys attending classes during 1908. Spacious shady grounds afford superb facilities for basket-ball, tennis and croquet. All classes are represented, and many of the children of the wealthy are only too eager to avail themselves of the instruction and privileges of this splendid, non-sectarian club. It is one of the features of Saratoga Springs that renders the village especially attractive as a resort to families desiring to spend the season at a watering place. Mrs. Scribner says that the club aims to instill in the minds of young men and women who come under its care the high ideals that make for noble manhood and womanhood.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Saratoga Springs occupies a large building, which has a splendid gymnasium equipment, and the usual reading and study rooms. Its privileges are much enjoyed by the boys and young men of the vicinity and visiting friends, and Secretary Sellers is unusually solicitous for their pleasure and welfare.

For years it has been said of Saratoga, as of certain other resorts, that only the money of the visitors has been desired. Now the spirit is changed and tourists and health seekers find they are wanted for themselves, while the citizens regard it as their especial duty to see that guests pay only a reasonable price for their entertainment.

"Come," says Saratoga Springs to the world, "drink these health-giving waters, that you may be 'Mens sana in corpore sano.'"



THOMAS JEFFERSON

WRITING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE BY THE LIGHT OF A CANDLE IN A PHILADELPHIA LODGING HOUSE

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

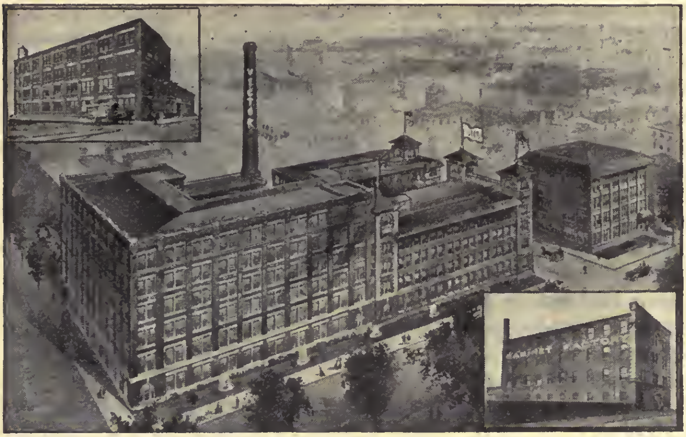
ONE of the interesting hearings before the Finance Committee of the Senate was that in which the independent oil producers and refiners of the United States appeared to take up the question of the oil tariff. At this hearing the fact was disclosed that Mexico, with its immense facilities for the production of crude oil, now threatens the oil industry of the United States. The independent oil producers and refiners practically produce eighty-nine per cent. of the petroleum of this country, and the Standard Oil Company but eleven per cent. Contrary to general opinion, the abolition of the tariff would not greatly affect the Standard Oil Company, as the entrance of free oil would benefit rather than injure them, since they are the only company prepared to handle cheap oil to advantage; they have large and well-equipped refineries at Tampico and elsewhere in Mexico.

The hundred refiners and manufacturers of petroleum, represented at this hearing, have an investment approximating $50,000,000, in no way identified with the Standard Oil Company, and they were making a veritable fight for their lives. They desired a fifty per cent. ad valorem duty on petroleum and all its products entering the United States. It was pointed out that, since the enactment of the Hepburn and Elkins law and the more effective enforcement of the interstate commerce laws, the independent oil men have greatly increased and improved their product, insuring lower prices and better oil to consumers throughout the United States. The consumer should, therefore, be interested in maintaining the tariff, because it would place the oil production on a competitive basis, which could not be hoped for without a protective tariff. It is said that if the people of the United States would do as the Germans have done, that is, provide facilities for cheap inland water transportation, while insisting on a like honest and efficient inspection service of oil, they would soon be buying the quality of oil used in Germany at a much lower rate than is possible in that country. As both monopoly and transportation abuses can be controlled by the government—namely, the people—and inland water transportation and inspection can also be provided for, there seems to be no reason why Congress should not decide to further protect the American well-owner and oil refiner. Such competition and transportation reforms would enable the American consumer to use 112 test oil, the cheapest for general use, at the lowest price possible in this or any other country in the world, instead of the less inflammable and far costlier 150 test white water oil, which the American people now generally demand.

* * *

THE Book Department of the Chapple Publishing Co., Ltd., whose announcement appears elsewhere in the magazine, was organized as a separate department and placed in competent hands in order to properly take care of their fast-growing book business. For some months the department has been at work on the publication of the "National Home Library." Other plans are in preparation which we hope will enable us to offer to the book-lovers of America a large variety of good books at very reasonable prices. We shall keep you advised of our progress. Send in your name.

But what we started out to say is that the Book Department is at the service of every reader of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. If you want to know who publishes a certain book, write us, and we will tell you. If you want to buy a certain book that your local dealer does not have, we will quote you a price on it and buy it for you if you like—in short, we will endeavor to supply information on anything related to books and reading.



THE VICTOR'S PRESENT HOME

* * *

FROM aeronautics in the "A's," with its interesting resume of the wonderful progress made in flying machines, right through to the "W's," with the record of results of wireless telegraphy and telephony, the new "International Year Book," published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, leaves no important event of the world's life for 1908 uncovered. The book is replete with handsome illustrations, and is not only a book of reference, but is strongly entertaining and readable. It is just the kind of a book to browse over, where one may nibble at any curious and interesting fact that catches the eye. The price is five dollars.

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ORIGINALLY, the reproduction of the human voice through the invention of the talking machine was so crude that it was thought to have no greater future than that of an ingenious toy or passing novelty, but the constant improvements that have been made since the first instrument was completed and placed upon the market have carried this wonderful device from the comparative obscurity of the curiosity and toy into the very front ranks of social estimation and commercial importance. Later improvements have placed these machines among the best musical instruments of the world. Up to the present time, it has been said that the organ is the greatest of all, because it embodies and combines the sounds of each one, but it may truly be said that the Victor is greater than the organ, inasmuch as it can not only reproduce all organ notes but the human voice itself with absolute perfection.

The growth of the business has been nearly as marvellous as the swift uprising of Jack's beanstalk. Only eleven years ago, in 1898, the birth of the Victor took place in a little machine shop in Philadelphia. The infant quickly grew into lusty manhood, filling building after building with his numerous retinue, which increased as the army of Julius Caesar. Now the Victor giant occupies an enormous plant of over five acres in extent. The development has been not only rapid but steady. In 1901, the year of the incorporation of the Victor plant, one four-story building sufficed, with about three-quarters of an acre of floor area to house all departments, except the laboratory and shipping department. Today the plant consists of twenty magnificent build-

VICTROLA, THE NEW STYLE VICTOR

ings for the making of the world-renowned Victor records, and the output is valued at many millions of dollars yearly.

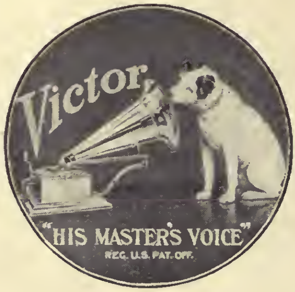
The chimney stack towers skyward 200 feet, and is the tallest in Southern New Jersey, bearing on three sides, in white brick letters the word "Victor," and suggesting that as this word is thus made visible to all the surrounding country, so the immense business is making the word equally well known to the whole world. Only one attribute could produce such success—excellence in quality; for the character of the product, from the first crude talking machine to the present faultless instrument, has always been the best possible. One purpose has dominated the energies of the Victor Company—to produce unequalled instruments. Their perfect success in sound reproduction is evidenced by their trademark—if the master's voice had not been exactly true to life that wistful, listening expression could never have appeared on the face of the little dog. All over the world today the Victor dog and the Victor machines are inseparable in the minds of men.

It is not safe to prophesy what the Victor may not do, in view of the miracles it has accomplished, but it would seem that the highest attainment in the reproduction of melody has now been reached. That is practically the verdict of the greatest singers, musicians and artists of the world, who unhesitatingly trust the Victor to reproduce every delicate tone of that sweetest, most wonderful and flexible of all instruments, the human voice.

ELDRIDGE R. JOHNSON
Birth-place of the Victor

The Victor Company have ever aimed at the highest, and every record is a masterpiece, not only in construction, but in the song, or musical selection reproduced.

At present the capsheaf of attainment has been reached in the Victrola, a new instrument absolutely complete in itself, which with its enclosed sounding-board amplifies and reflects the tone waves, pouring forth a flood of beautiful Victor music, which, by the small modifying doors, can be made loud enough to fill a *salon de concert* or as soft as a zephyr's whisper. While the public enjoy every record, every new invention of the company, they look eagerly into the future, and wonder what triumph the Victor Company will next achieve.



THE FAMOUS VICTOR DOG

* * *

UNDER the direction of General Grenville M. Dodge, the Allison committee has made some progress in providing memorials to do honor to a famous citizen. A statue of the late Senator Allison is to be erected at the national capital, and there will also be one in the State Capitol at Des Moines. In conjunction with the senators and representatives in Congress, a number of the Iowa legislators and distinguished citizens have been selected to secure funds for this purpose.

No man in the history of the state of Iowa is more deserving of great honor and distinction than the Grand Old Man of Iowa. It is indeed fortunate that the work is in charge of so able an executive as General G. M. Dodge, who was a close friend of the deceased. March the second will hereafter be known as Allison Day, and special efforts will then be made to bring in the money for the memorial to the greatest statesman of his day.

The proposition has the hearty co-operation of Governor Carroll. The legislature of Iowa has appropriated $10,000 for erecting the pedestal and will allow the monument to be placed in the Capitol grounds. The school children of the state have also generously donated small sums to aid in the erection of the statue. All citizens of Iowa, wherever they reside, will be interested and ready to send in contributions to General Dodge, at Council Bluffs, to help provide a fitting memorial of the Grand Old Man of Iowa at the national and state capitals.

* * *

LITTLE do we realize how much goes on behind the curtain of professional life, nor are adventure and singular happenings confined to the stage—they occur just as often in real life as before the footlights.

It is so in the literary realm, where the first rough draft of a "story" is arranged and rearranged and resembles its final form as little as the dishevelled, pale-faced actor resembles the gaudy, tinselled, bejewelled and stately personage appearing as royalty on the stage.

It is so in congressional work. When the first rough draft of a measure is looked over, before it finds its way to the statute book, one wonders how it ever happened that it was rubbed into the shape in which it finally appeared before the public. It looks like the notes of some celebrated writers and speakers, giving nothing but the barest details and leaving all else to the fancy. The man describing his feelings after falling on the ice on a winter's day is apt to express himself in a way that would not be suited for ears polite; and so political utterances are crude until dressed up by the hand of an expert.

That is why people are always interested in the personality of a writer or actor; they see what appears before the footlights of public criticism, but they desire to peep "behind the scenes." Quite recently I realized with crushing certainty that "all is not gold that glitters." I witnessed a scene in a play, in which a veritable glory surrounded an entrancing figure moving in the softened light of the stage or sitting in queenly state amid her Egyptian followers, who stood on the desert sand shadowed by the sphinx. At the back of the stage, half an hour later, I saw a stout woman with a florid complexion, her fair hair arranged over a marvelous bolster of "rats"; wearing a bright blue gown of surprising tightness, she moved to and fro in a dressing room, the door of which was open. A slim girl, plainly dressed, was quickly obeying the not very gracious commands of her mistress, given in loud, strident tones. While I waited, the scolding voice rose louder and louder, and the "compressed lady" soon stepped across the ante-room to call one of the theatre men. As she stumped along on high-heeled shoes, I immediately recognized the somewhat stiff carriage that I had unconsciously noticed on the stage. What a shock! This stout, red-faced, scolding woman was the beautiful Egyptian Queen, the marvelous lady who won admiration with her melodious music before the footlights. One more illusion gone!

Even in printed and written pages, disillusionment sometimes lurks—take out a letter yellow with age and reread it—does it indeed breathe the faith and hope you thought it did when you read it first so long ago? Take that old-fashioned novel that enchained your interest in youth. If it is not flat and insipid to your mature taste, it speaks well for the author.

There are writings which can never grow old—the emancipation proclamation shows the work and thought that went to its making—every interlineation means a careful consideration of the future of the nation—an earnest desire to have everything provided for the future of the document which the writers knew would have to stand not merely years, but centuries, of the glare of publicity and criticism.

* * *

EACH member of the corps of South American diplomats is noted for some special ability, aside from his capacity for public service. Dr. Luis Toledo-Herrate, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Guatemala to the United States, is a scientific writer of great ability, and has made a special study of science and educational interests. He is also a medical practitioner, and has devoted the best part of his life to that profession. He has done good service as a founder of medical institutions in his native land. The doctor was a representative of the National Assembly at several stations and served in Madrid and Brazil, being given his present appointment as a reward for distinguished service. Doctor Toledo-Herrate has advanced the interests of his country by his worthy and effective representation at Washington.

WHEN Mr. Chauncey Olcott is not delighting the public, he may often be found in his charming home at Saratoga, surrounded by flowers, trees and shrubs; it would be impossible to enumerate the legion of admirers and friends that "the sweet singer of Irish ballads" possesses.

While he was pencilling his eyebrows, arranging the captivating blond wig and completing his make-up in his neat dressing room in a Boston theatre, I met Mr. Olcott, and found him just the jolly, kind-faced, boyish, black-eyed man that an Irish-American ought to be. He was born in Buffalo, and success came early to him. The first thing he did with his "spare cash" was to take his mother to her native place, Innishannon; it seems that during that trip he obtained the material for "Ragged Robin." One does not need to be told that Mr. Olcott drew his inspiration direct from Ireland, or that to his personal knowledge, study and care, is due the total absence of the annoying errors, the over-drawing in speech and character, that render most Irish plays anything but a delight to the Celtic play-goer. "Ragged Robin" was written by Rida Johnson Young in collaboration with Rita Olcott, Mr. Chauncey Olcott's wife, and while every phase fits the singer, yet there is plenty of fun and humor and no obtrusive forcing of the star. It is based on the story of the fairy well, which is shown in the beautiful first act, and is one of the prettiest of fairy scenes, rivalling in charm and perfection the immortal "Peter Pan."

There is a dash, a verve, a pathos in those Irish songs, sung to accompaniment of harp and violin, that call up many tender memories to those familiar with the native music of the green isle—its surface gaiety and underlying sadness, truly "a smile with a tear in it." The play is peculiarly fitted for Mr. Olcott. No wonder many would rather hear "Ragged Robin" sing his lyrics than listen to grand opera singers.

"Ragged Robin's" plaintive wail of requited yet hopeless love, "If You'll Remember Me," sung in the darkened room and with the knowledge that in the apartment above him his beloved is donning veil and orange blossoms that must grace her union with another, is ideal in its pathos.

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT AS "RAGGED ROBIN"

The first thought of an audience, looking at the earlier part of the bog scene, was that fireflies were in evidence, but Irish people knew the "will-o'-the-wisp," the deceptive and elusive light that plays over the bogland of the Emerald Isle. When the dawn broke and a good view of the bog was obtained, the Celtic portion of the audience insisted that they actually felt the damp, earthy bog-wind blowing from the stage. What a contrast to that charming villa at Saratoga!

AUGUST

AUGUST, regal, imperious, "robed in the purple" like the Roman Caesar whose favorite name he still commemorates, reigns king of harvest and recreative activities. His court is gay with children freed from school, boys and girls in the full joyance of lusty life and youthful pleasures, and with millions of men and women, for a brief period of the Augustan reign foot-loose and fetter-free from the bondage of unvarying tasks, the load of conventional cares and the burden of enforced gravity.

His is a court in which all men, and women, too, admire the king's jester, and in all honesty and reasonableness are happily privileged to jest themselves, so the fun be of that childlike, gay-hearted, mirth-provoking foolery that knoweth no venom in its wit or any evil in its gayest extravagances. Happy and serene indeed is he who can join the August revels with a whole heart, and for a time be indeed a happy, laughing child again.

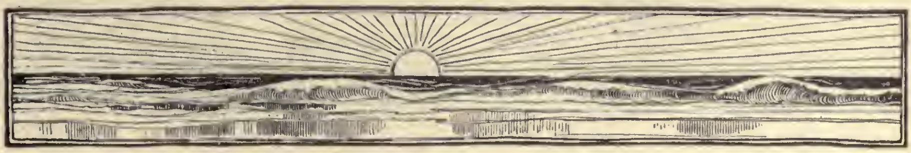
Nor lacketh King August sages and magicians of wondrous wizardry, who dwell not in darksome caverns and halls draped in black and filled with strange and fearful mysteries. White is their magic, and born of the soft radiance of the August moon, the glimmer of unclouded stars, the languorous spell of harvest suns, the sighing, entrancing spells of cool zephyrs, the monotonous iteration of summer rain and lapping of drowsy wavelets on "rocky ledge and level of bare sand."

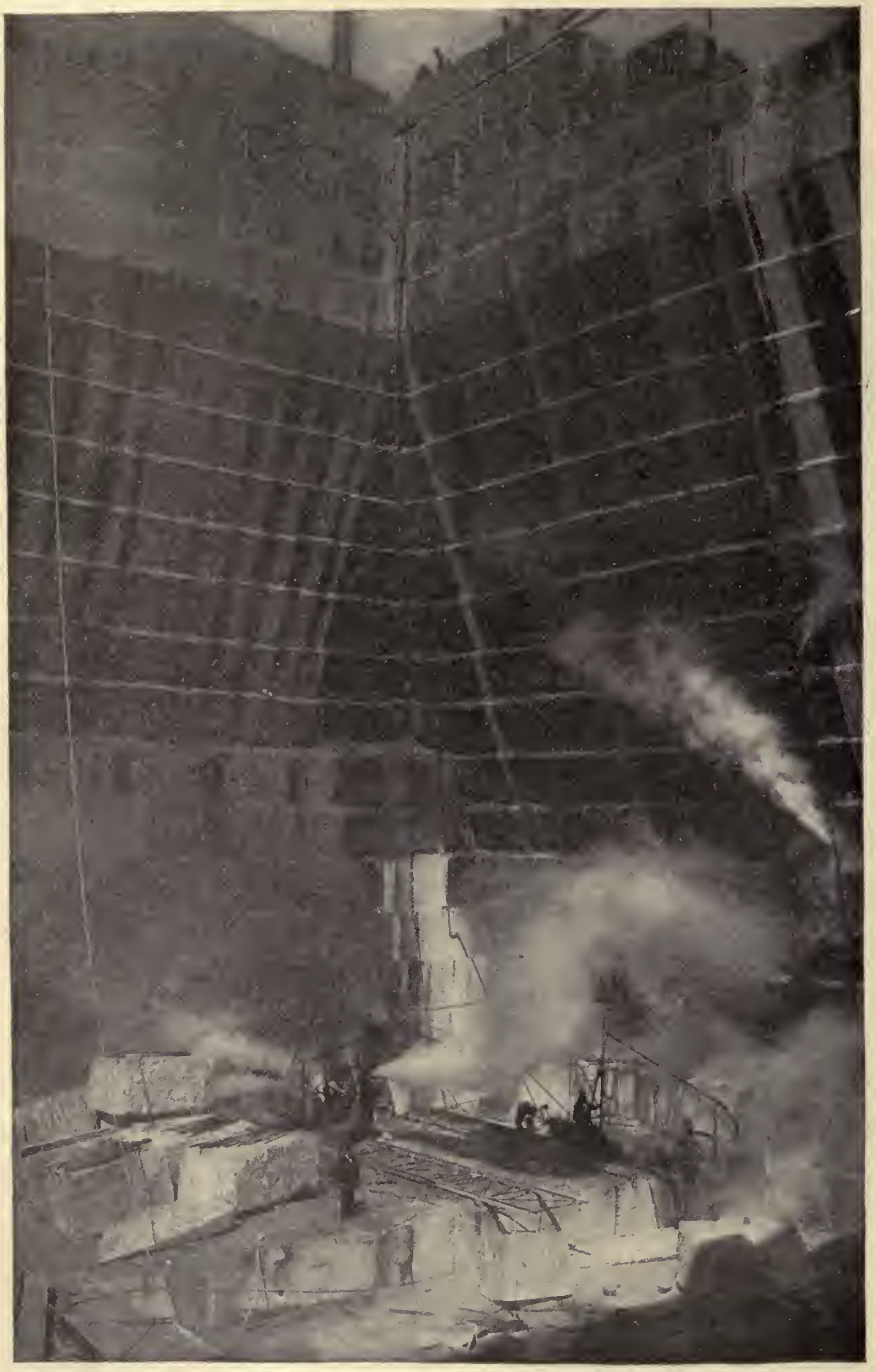
Under such spells the "Summer Girl" and her servitor, the "Summer Boy," are transformed out of tired students, weary fugitives from store and office, and temporary deserters from the rule of fashion. The quiet, lonely schoolgirl shines forth a princess; the staid, silent student is a riant queen of misrule; the homely, bashful lad becomes a leader of sports and the chivalric comrade of a bevy of laughing girls; men and women surprise the friends of a lifetime by the heartsome gaiety and friendliness that, alas, have not shone out through the dullness of their everyday lives.

* * *

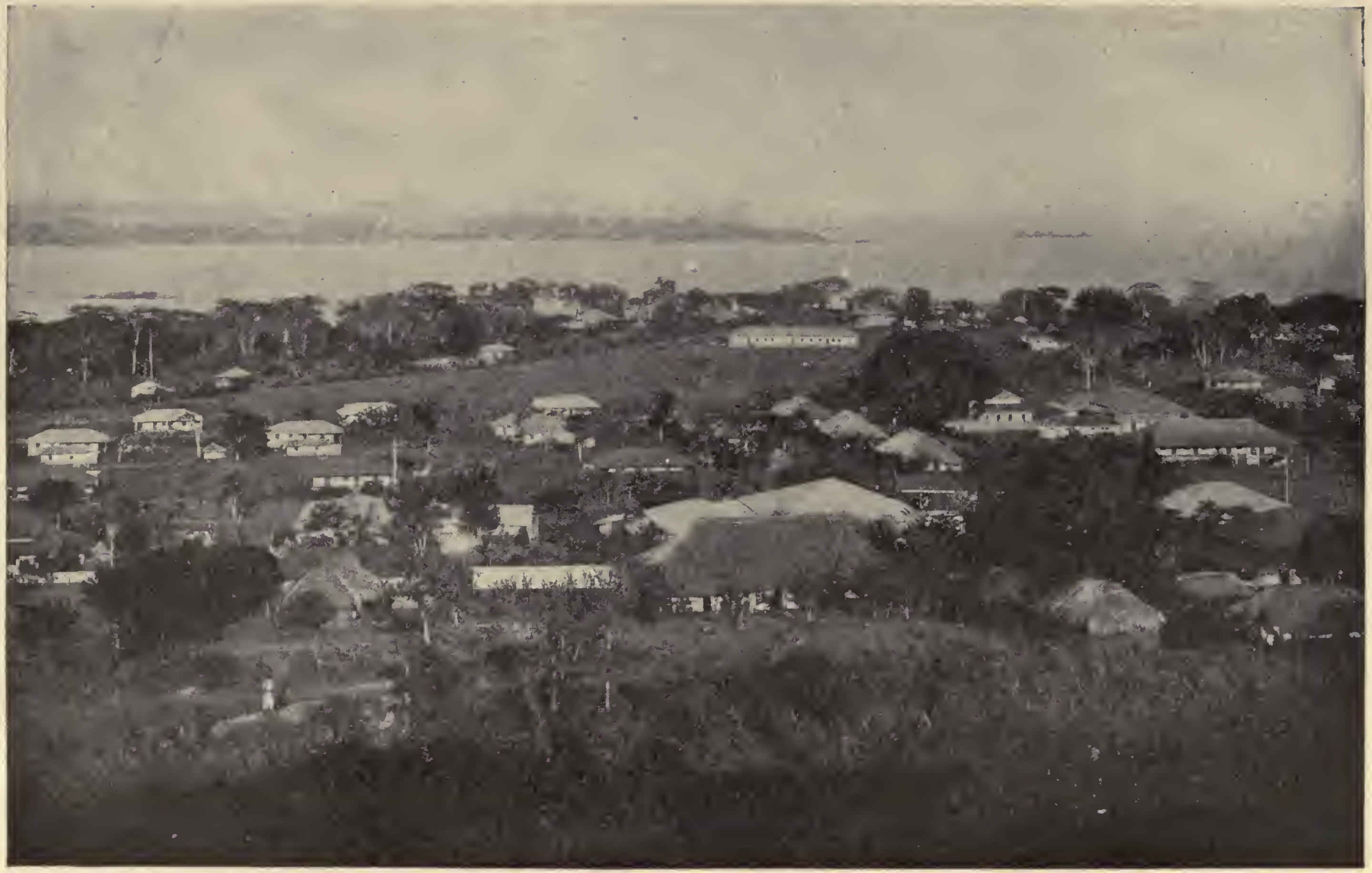
But August has his sterner side, for just as statesman and warrior have often in the past planned and achieved great sieges, terrible marches and decisive battles under his torrid oriflamme, even so today the keen observer will see that the long silent musings and vigils on veranda, cliff and lonely shore are by no means all-forgetful of present interests and great plans for the future. Here one becomes better acquainted with himself and thinks and thinks, free from the distractions of everyday responsibilities. Many a great enterprise and sudden stroke of successful policy are born of August musings and life-renewing rambles by forest, inland lake and summer sea.

JOE M. C.

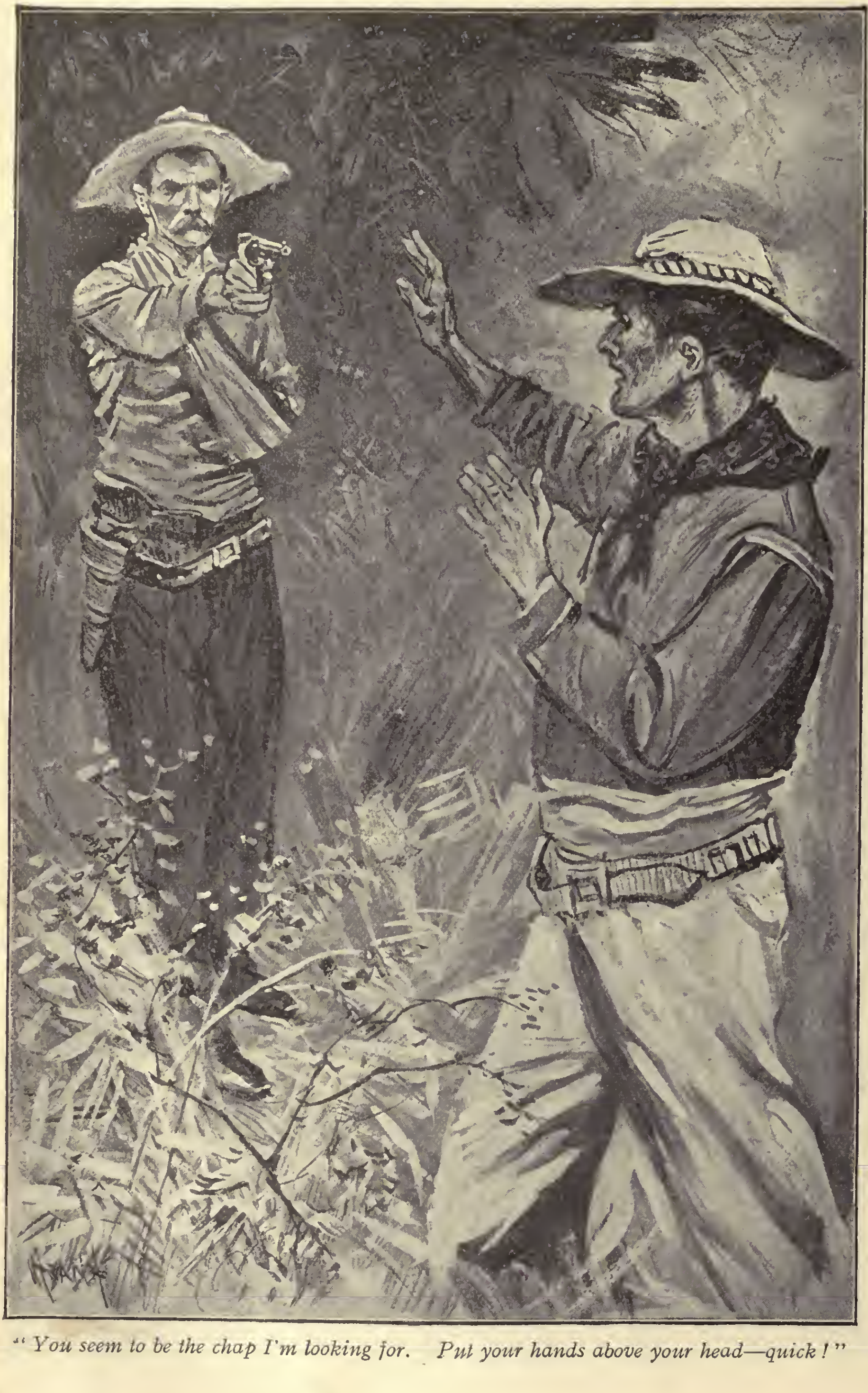




THE ETOWAH QUARRY OF THE GEORGIA MARBLE COMPANY, TATE—OVER 175 FEET DEEP AND ONE OF THE WONDERS OF GEORGIA



ENTEBBE—BRITISH CAPITAL OF UGANDA, ON LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA, WHICH THEODORE ROOSEVELT FINDS A SHARP CONTRAST TO WASHINGTON, D. C.



"You seem to be the chap I'm looking for. Put your hands above your head—quick!"

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX AUGUST, 1909 NUMBER FIVE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

AT THE SUMMER CAPITAL

THE personality of President Taft at the summer capital, Beverly, suggests the genial nature of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who spent his summers at Beverly Farms. Aristocratic friends of the North Shore would write Dr. Holmes dainty epistles from "Manchester-by-the-Sea," and like romantic addresses, to which he would reply on stationery humorously bedecked with the engraved headings, "Beverly—by-the-Depot" and "Beverly Farms by—gosh."

Though President Taft is Ohio-born and is possessed of all the fervor of the Middle West, his ancestors hailed from the state in which the summer capital is located, and this season he will inhale deep breaths of the same bracing salt air that gave strength and endurance to the colonial Tafts.

THE DEMOCRATIC STAIRWAY
Used by the President during August days in the Summer White House

When, as a young lawyer, President Taft conducted the settlement of the estate of the elder Longworth, father of Congressman Longworth, who married Miss Alice Roosevelt, he saw a good deal of the North Shore and dreamed of one day spending July and August in that incomparable summerland empire. This dream is now being realized at Burgess Point, where the summer home of the President is located.

Built by a Boston man, the house was afterward owned by the late John B. Stetson, the famous Boston theatrical manager. The estate is now held by the family of the late Robert Dawson Evans, whose recent death cast a gloom over the whole community and who resided for years at Woodberry Point, now called Burgess Point, a picturesque piece of land named for John Burgess, the yacht designer. Extensive improvements, including a new pier for the use of the President, were made this year by Mr. Evans. Dawson Hall, the Evans home, occupies the point of the promontory, completely veiled by bell-topped elms. The Taft house also is hidden from the road, although accessible from Ober Street in two minutes. The visitor passes along pretty, flower-bordered paths, where the guests are welcomed with a brilliant pageant of peonies, flanked by the dainty blue larkspur and gayer Canterbury bells, ever awaiting the nightly carnival of the fairies.

* * *

Swept at three angles by cool sea breezes, the house is an ideal summer villa surrounded by luxurious lawns, resembling carpets of living green velvet. In front, the grass-covered sea wall will doubtless recall to the mind of the distinguished golfer the bunker of his favorite golf course.

Beyond this wall is the bathing beach, and

NEPTUNE GATE, LEADING FROM THE SEA TO THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER HOME
Here is where the North Shore breakers may not enter

Neptune Gate, the picturesque entrance from the sea to the Taft grounds, surmounts the steps.

Piazzas adorn the two sides of the house; the roof recalls a page from Hawthorne's story of the "House of the Seven Gables." Through the curtain of willows nearby a glimpse is obtained of Hospital Point Light and the isle-dotted horizon. This group of islands has become historic. Big and Little Misery Islands have been rechristened "Big and Little Mystery" this year to eliminate from the President's summer days all suggestions of "misery," a popular word in old Puritanical days. Baker's Island and Egg Rock, with their twinkling lights, blink a welcome to the mariner at sea, and the entire shore gleams with revolving lights, guarding all dangerous points along the coast. Maples and oaks—of the sturdy type that know how

MAIN AVENUE AT THE SUMMER CAPITAL
The Summer White House to the left and Dawson Hall, the home of the late Robert D. Evans, to the right

to face a furious easterly gale—stand sentinel along the rocks. The Twin Lights guide to her home haven the gay little yacht "Sylph," as well as the northbound shipping that ever crosses Massachusetts Bay, bound "down East," and the historic Boston Bay lights cast their glamour over the presidential rooftree.

The shingled, olive-green mansion in which the Chief Executive is spending the summer is two and a half stories high; a vine-covered gateway guards the entrance of the private driveway, leading to an ivy-covered porte-cochere, where guests are welcomed and bidden good-bye. A curious relic of old times is a colonial grant which gives the public a right of way along the beach, from Woodberry Street to the Evans stables, but here the passer-by must change his course—all beyond that point being private ground.

* * *

Entering the Taft house on the Beverly side, the large living room on the left is lighted by long French windows opening on the veranda facing the ocean, and by four stained-glass windows over the landing on the main staircase. The sycamore paneling and wide staircase leading to the upper story and surrounding balcony both strongly suggest a typical old English countryseat, as does a cosy fireplace, over which is a mirror where lady visitors take sly peeps to see if their hats are "on straight." Opening off the balcony, and reached by the staircase from the living room, are six bed chambers, while the third story contains additional rooms which may be used for guests.

In Mrs. Taft's home one naturally expects to find a music room, and sure enough, here it is to the right of the living room. On the left is the beautiful library, equipped with telephone and telegraph service, by which routine and cipher messages will be sent this summer. Beyond the living room on the left the long dining room commands views of the ever-restless surf and the historic Marblehead shore, with its stirring memories of privateer days. This room, handsomely paneled in English oak to the height of four feet, is decorated with tapestry paper surmounted by a heavy white cornice. The solid mahogany dining table, Chippendale buffet and colonial chairs promise solid comfort as well as suitable effects, and the great fireplace foretells that many cosy chats around the blazing logs are in store for the Taft family when the autumn days tinge the foliage of the North Shore and President Taft leads with increasing ardor his cohort of golfers. The Myopia golf links are some distance from the house, but that is a small matter when there is an automobile always

THE SUMMER HOME OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. TAFT ready to dash over the dusty thoroughfares, carrying the President and his friends to the scene of contest. A dozen horses can be kept in the ample stables, as well as the automobiles, which are very popular with the Taft family.

This summer home indicates the true democracy of the President of the United States. The house is such a dwelling as will be occupied by many sea-coast sojourners at this season's summer capital, and the same cool winds that sweep the verandas will fan the hot brow of the humblest citizen taking the air on the beach at Oceanside Park.

It is not anticipated that the President will entertain much; he will probably devote his time to considering many important problems which are likely to confront him on his return to the White House. Mrs. Taft's health is already improving, and it is believed that her stay at the seaside will make her quite herself again.

Beverly has grown rapidly during the last few years and wears with easy grace the honors derived from being a political and social magnet for the summer. Historic traditions are revived. There is a Revolutionary cemetery nestling close to the old church. The cannon that were used on the breastworks thrown up on the site of the President's summer home now adorn the historic ground about the high school. The ancient bell in the old South Church of Beverly was cast by Paul Revere, and was used to give the alarm for the minutemen of the Revolution and the boys of '61. The beautiful North Shore park system affords unequalled drives, while the rocky coast, the islands and woods furnish exquisite marine views and landscapes that delight the eye of all lovers of nature.

"THE CASTLE"

Summer home of Mrs. Susan Longworth, mother of Congressman Nicholas Longworth, near the President's home

On one side of the house is Mackerel or Woodberry Cove—be sure to spell the last syllable "berry"—named after one of the first settlers in Beverly, John William Woodberry, who, with Roger Conant, came to join the Indians in 1630, and made homes on this favorite camping ground. Beverly is only a short distance from historic Salem Harbor, whence the great East India fleets sailed for many years. Only a narrow strip of land divides the President's house from the sea, and the family have been looking forward to abundant boating, bathing and other summer pleasures. Much care was taken by the late Mr. Evans that the people as well as the President might have opportunity to enjoy the most charming summer capital the nation ever had.

The North Shore in August, 1909, is truly a "transplanted Washington." Even social calls and the formalities of officialdom may continue with no inconvenience—so far

LONGWORTH'S POINT, A PRETTY PIECE OF SHORE PROPERTY AT BEVERLY

as distance is concerned. The stately coachman is supplanted by the goggled chauffeur, and many an automobile toots along Puritan Road, from Swampscott, reaches Ober Street, Beverly, and dashes beneath the covered gateway of the President's home, a contrast indeed to the old days when the Indians and Puritans blazed this road, intersected by miles of bridle paths and byways to isolated retreats. This ancient road, which has been used as a turnpike since 1638, is today one of the most fashionable seashore drives in the world; girdling the summer capital of the nation, the North Shore Puritan boulevard is more popular than ever as the thoroughfare of the summer capital

* * *

PUBLIC addresses by cabinet officers, illuminating the workings of the government departments at Washington, are in favor under the Taft administration. An

HISTORIC HOSPITAL POINT, FROM THE VERANDA OF THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER HOME
The "Minute Men" of '76 used it as a drill ground

address which has thrown much light on naval expenditures was lately made in Boston by Secretary Meyer. He called attention to the fact that the officers and men of the navy had demonstrated an efficient organization when they encircled the globe on a time schedule which excited the envy of every manager of a railway or steamship line. The fleet which has worked so successfully as a fleet ought not to be divided into the Atlantic and Pacific squadrons, but the nation's navy ought to be sufficiently large and effective to give an even force on both coast lines.

EX-GOVERNOR JOSEPH M. TERRELL
Georgia's Educational Governor

Secretary Meyer insisted that the fighting spirit, inborn in all men, is a factor in the development of science and in other forms of modern evolution, and that it is quite possible to turn the same fighting spirit to good account as a preventative of war.

Some interesting facts were given regarding the total cost of the Spanish-American War, which was declared to be $507,000,000. A further amount of $20,000,000 has since then been expended on pensions to Spanish War veterans, an outlay that will continue almost indefinitely. Secretary Meyer's point was that if our government had owned eight more battleships of the "Iowa" or "Oregon" class at an expense then of less than $50,000,000, the immense cost of the war might not have been incurred. The secretary insisted that the navy is the most effective and cheapest insurance in which a nation can invest for the prevention of war.

* * *

AT one of the opening games of the season, the President of the United States proved himself an enthusiastic "fan," in company with Vice-President Sherman, Congressman Vreeland and other diamond enthusiasts, who had two hours or so of perfect enjoyment while the Boston and Washington teams played. The President kept his own score, and watched every player with as much interest as he might have shown in youthful days on the old Cincinnati grounds. Baseball represents the spirit of democracy, and teaches the players a respect for law and order. Big crowds always assemble to watch a good game, and the "bleachers" afford examples of American wit and humor that ought to delight the heart of a comic writer.

A very successful graduate from the diamond who has entered Congress is Hon. J. K. Tener of Pennsylvania, who for many years was a champion in the pitcher's box, and knows how to "fan 'em out." He understands the mysteries of the curves and shoots, and doubtless has some knowledge of the "spit-ball." On Saturday afternoons there is a gleam of joy in the eyes of Congressmen Tener, Vreeland and other enthusiasts, as they eagerly close their desks to the tune of "Take me out to the ball game."

Mr. Tener hails from Western Pennsylvania, where a branch of his family settled previous to the Revolutionary War; he himself was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, and was one of ten children. Shortly after the death of his father the little lad came to Western Pennsylvania, eager to avail himself of the educational advantages of that time. He graduated from the high school, and found employment with Oliver Brothers & Phillips, later holding positions of trust with the Chartiers Valley Gas Company and the Chambers & McKee Glass Company.

When at school he became greatly interested in baseball, and played his first professional game with the Chicago National League Club in 1888. He proved proficient as a pitcher and made a tour of the world with the Spalding team in 1889.

For seven years Mr. Tener was cashier of the First National Bank of Charleroi, Pennsylvania, of which he is now president; he is connected with other leading financial and business enterprises. His friends urged him in 1907 to become a candidate for Congress, although previous to his election he had never held a political position, either by election or appointment. His love of fair play, uniform courtesy and pleasant personality have made him popular in his district. Physically, he is one of the largest men in Congress, and is entering into legislative work with all the enthusiasm formerly displayed on the diamond in an exciting contest for the pennant.

* * *

FEW men have done more for their state than ex-Governor Joseph M. Terrell of Georgia, who served nearly three terms as governor, retiring voluntarily, and who before that served a sixteen-year term as attorney general of the state. On account of his work in the field of education, especially in the formation of the congressional district agricultural schools, Ex-Governor Terrell is known as Georgia's "educational governor." He has many friends in Georgia who predict for him yet higher honors in the future.

* * *

"PAPERS, papers, evening papers" is a cry that makes Congressman Anderson of Ohio pause and look kindly at the newsboy on the streets of Washington. Carl C. Anderson himself was once a newsboy, and at the age of ten, energetic and hustling, he made up his mind "to be somebody," a resolution now being realized.

He was elected to the Sixty-first Congress by the Democrats from the Thirteenth Ohio District, and has brought to his work there the same nervous physical activity that marked his career when, as a boy, he looked after his newspaper patrons. Tradition in Fremont, Ohio, has it that Anderson could polish more shoes, and that he had by far the largest number of patrons of any boy in his business. Rather over medium height and somewhat slender, with dark hair and black eyes, Mr. Anderson might sit to a painter as a type of the progressive, ambitious American, the whole secret of whose success may be summed up in a little word of four letters, "w-o-r-k." As he says:

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REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM P. BORLAND
Of Missouri, who helped to draft a new and popular charter for Kansas City

"If I have accomplished anything, it is because I have always worked hard. That was the first lesson I learned as a boy, and I have been practicing it ever since." He states his solution of his life problem:

"When I wanted a safety bicycle, I worked a little harder and got it. If business lagged, I worked on a line of baking powder and sold considerable quantities. At an early age I helped to support a family, and at sixteen I owned a house and lot in Fremont, Ohio, the home of President Hayes. The best recipe I know for success is—don't worry, but work."

Later he married the girl friend of his boyhood days. In 1904 Mr. Anderson came to Fostoria, Ohio, and engaged in the manufacture of underwear. Two years later he built a new factory and started a branch at Findlay, and now almost 500 people are enrolled in his business, and strikes are unknown among his employes. Closely identified with the growth of Fostoria, Mr. Anderson ran for Congress on the whirlwind plan and secured votes in the same winning way that aided him years ago in the sale of his daily papers.

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HON. CARL C. ANDERSON OF OHIO
The newsboys' hero in the House of Representatives

He was elected mayor of Fostoria in 1905, and re-elected in 1907 and was the youngest mayor Fostoria ever had. The city has about 800 Republican majority, and Anderson carried it by over 500, and is Fostoria's second Democratic mayor in thirty years, and the only Democrat elected for successive terms.

* * *

A NOTED divine in Washington was constantly urging his flock to be more sociable, and to give a hearty welcome to "the stranger within the gates," not forgetting to maintain a proper interest in the members of their own households. After one of his most effective sermons on his pet theme, he went to the door as usual and began to shake hands industriously with the people passing out after the service.

He was much interested in a well-dressed and intelligent looking young girl, apparently a stranger, and greeted her heartily.

"I hope we may see you often here," he said. "We always have a warm welcome for new faces."

"Thank you, sir," she replied modestly.

"Do you live hereabout?" he went on.

The girl looked at him with a puzzled smile. "Yes, sir, I do."

"Will you kindly leave me your address, and my wife and I will call on you some evening?" he said.

"You would not have to go far to find me—I am your cook."

* * *

ONE of the congressmen who had just returned from Europe remarked that this story reminded him of a scene on the banks of the Serpentine in London, when a lady and gentleman paused beside a stylishly clad nurse in bonnet and floating veil, and the lady exclaimed, looking at the children of two and four who accompanied the girl:

"What charming children. Are they not lovely, Edward?"

Edward replied that they were all that the heart of man could desire.

"Will you kiss me?" said the lady.

"They don't usually kiss people, madam," said the nurse, "but of course they will you."

The kissing ceremony completed, the woman of fashion asked:

"And whose dear children are they?" as she looked admiringly at the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of the little ones.

"Madam," said the girl in amazement, "they are your own. They know you because they have often watched you from the nursery window, as you passed to and from your carriage."

* * *

THE New England conscience is personified in Congressman C. G. Washburn of Worcester. When the allotment of seats was made by the blindfolded page, his number apparently was missed, but Mr. Washburn thought he heard it and selected his seat in the middle of the House in a fairly desirable location. After some time to his surprise his name came out loud and unmistakable, giving him a seat farther back.

Instead of continuing in the more desirable seat he already held, which was his "by the right of pre-emption," as his friends remarked, the Massachusetts congressman surrendered it because he thought he could not retain it and live up to the precise intent of the rules of the House. Regardless of seat, Mr. Washburn has followed the tariff debates, both in House and Senate, very closely, and is considered one of the strong men of the New England delegation on the tariff situation.

Especial interest attaches to Mr. Washburn in the minds of Massachusetts people because he was first elected to Congress to fill out the unexpired term of Congressman Hoar, in the Fifty-ninth Congress, and has since been re-elected by a large majority to the Sixtieth and Sixty-first Congresses. Like so many legislators in Washington at the present time, he is both a business man and a lawyer, having been admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1887, seven years after he had graduated from Harvard University. He was for many years an executive officer in the Washburn and Moen Manufacturing enterprises, and in 1899 was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, having filled a seat in the Massachusetts House of Representatives the previous year.

* * *

WHEN I want special, up-to-date information and news concerning foreign affairs, I hasten to look up John Callan O'Laughlin, who was one of the popular correspondents of the *Chicago Tribune*, at Washington, and have always found him genially accommodating and invariably correct.

Scarcely thirty-five years of age, bright-eyed and gallant, Mr. O'Laughlin won his spurs early in life. He is not only especially interested in and conversant with naval and foreign affairs, but is a close observer and student along many and varied lines of research. It almost seems that his trim and supple form must have had a naval training, for he has the breezy, active carriage of a mariner of the long voyages, who has followed the sea from boyhood to prime.

Mr. O'Laughlin was secretary to the Tokyo Exposition Commission, and is better known to diplomats than any man outside actual official life. Born in Washington, he early became a close observer of diplomatic affairs and has received decorations from the Emperor of Russia, the King of Italy, the Emperor of Japan and President Castro of Venezuela. He has resided in London, Paris, St. Petersburg and Berlin, and his observations and reports on China and Japan, made in connection with his work for the exposition, have been comprehensive and interesting.

Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE C. G. WASHBURN

Worcester, Massachusetts, who comes from the late Senator Hoar's district

Educated in the public schools Mr. O'Laughlin has the degree of A. M. from Villanova College, Villanova, Pennsylvania.

UNITED STATES SENATOR A. O. BACON OF GEORGIA

He was afterward associated with the *New York Herald*, and was in Venezuela during the blockade of that nation by Germany, Great Britain and Italy, working for the Associated Press. He was one of the special correspondents during the Russo-Japanese war, when his articles attracted widespread attention. He was also in Santo Domingo, and shortly afterward reported the proceedings at Portsmouth, when the peace conference was held there between the Russian and Japanese representatives. His experiences have secured for him at first hand a budget of information concerning foreign affairs such as few men have been able to obtain. Mr. O'Laughlin has been a popular contributor to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and his article on "Why the Fleet Will Round the Horn," in December, 1907, was widely quoted. His appointment as the assistant secretary of state was generally commended as recognition of special talent and ability in a young man, that gives an opportunity for a long life of useful public service.

* * *

CRYING babies and crowing roosters in Washington may yet feel the weight of the mighty arm of the law. A prophet has arisen who says that there shall be no more unnecessary noise during the hours set apart by common usage for slumber. For the public welfare, an organization is being formed for the prevention of noises, and the Constitution has been invoked to protect citizens against needless disturbance, either at home or abroad, at unseasonable hours. The crowing of the neighbor's rooster at two-seventeen in the morning will no longer be tolerated, nor the rattle of milk cans at four-twelve, when the new regime holds sway; the slamming gate and door, the squeaking, noisy trolley car, the boisterous ice cart will never be heard in those halcyon days. To care for the nerves of the nation is surely a new phase of altruism!

* * *

WITH a glass pitcher serving as an illustration for his speech, Senator Scott the other day made a dramatic plea for tariff on glassware, showing by this object-lesson the reduction that had been made in the prices of manufactured glass since there has been a duty on such articles.

Few senators keep so close to their constituents as does Senator Scott, who retains all the freedom of his early experiences in the West. The grandson of a Scotch emigrant, settled in County Donegal, in the north of Ireland, a happy fusion of two nationalities may account for the easy way in which Senator Scott meets and favorably impresses men. He is a great favorite in the Senate, but has always much disliked "spot-light publicity," and even refused his permission when asked to allow the publication of a picture of the house in which he was born. The Senator has no desire to pose as a "log cabin hero."

A very dear friend of the late President McKinley and a most intimate friend of Senator Mark Hanna, who always familiarly addressed him as "Scotty," Senator Scott maintained the closest friendship with both of these noted characters up to the time of their death, and it is doubtful if there were many in this country who were nearer to either of them than was he.

* * *

ON its journey to Seattle, the Liberty Bell has taken another transcontinental jaunt. Next to the Declaration of Independence, it is the most precious of historic relics, and those interested in its welfare insist that it must be more carefully guarded, a new crack having been found, separate and distinct from the old one familiar in all pictures of the famous bell. This well-known crack occurred when the bell was being tolled on the death of Chief Justice John Marshall, in July, 1835.

HENRY BLUN, JR.
Postmaster at Savannah, Georgia

Many enthusiasts insist that July Fourth, 1776, would never have existed as a famous day had it not been for the ringing of the old bell in Independence Tower. Fourteen months after the historic bell rang to proclaim liberty to all the inhabitants, it made its first journey to Allentown, Pennsylvania, fifty miles from Philadelphia. It was not a triumphal march by any means, the bell being hidden in straw to escape the polite attention of the British soldiers, who were settled for the summer in Philadelphia.

The citizens were sure that the British would wreak vengeance on the Liberty Bell, that had rung from Independence Tower to proclaim liberty, and defeat to their arms. During its many journeys through the South, West and North, it has always had a warm welcome, and has been a conspicuous attraction at all national expositions.

* * *

AT last the origin of the phrase, "you can't lose me," has been determined. It is now told of Senator Zach Chandler that once while on his way to Washington, when the conductor of the train came around for his ticket, the senator searched his pocketbook and lettercase all in vain.

"Have it ready when I get back," said the conductor, as he passed on to other seats.

The senator fumbled in waistcoat, coat and trousers pockets, but to no purpose.

"Did you have it when you got on board?" inquired the impatient conductor, returning.

"Of course I had; this is not my first trip to Washington."

The conductor went off, collected the other tickets and came back again:

"Still looking for it?" said he.

"It is not a ticket, it is a pass," explained the senator.

"Are you sure you had it when you got on the train?" the official again questioned.

"Would I get on the train unless I *knew* I had it?" The senator was beginning to lose his temper over the missing scrap of paper.

"But you could not have lost it."

"Could not have lost it—you don't know me—I lost a bass drum once. There is nothing on earth I cannot lose except myself—you can't lose *me*."

The conductor passed the pass.

* * *

EVERY important section of the United States except Alaska has been visited by President Taft. This is one reason why the people of the Northwest look forward eagerly to his arrival at the Seattle Exposition, en route for a tour of Alaska. The President will see the products of mines, soil and forest, not only at the exposition but "on the spot." The visit of the chief executive to the fishing, canning and lumbering operations, and other important industries of the empire territory of the Northwest will evoke much new information regarding Alaska, "Queen of the Great White Silence," that gives to the world every year $5,000,000 of gold dust, and possesses fabulous resources in metals, timber and fisheries.

With as fine melons and vegetables as can be grown anywhere, there will be ample proof at the exposition that Alaska is not the frozen desert it is commonly supposed to be. It was planned to have President Taft arrive in "watermelon time" in the "frozen North," that will recall to his mind the days in glorious old Georgia.

* * *

WHEN a body met a body years ago on Boston Common, and was asked what kind of weather was brewing, he would peer upward through the leaves of the old elms, carefully squint at the sun and sky, and make his calculations. Now things are different; on Boston Common as well as in Washington the weather prophet seeks the "kiosk"—don't let that new word scare you!

The kiosk is made of iron, weighs about 3,000 pounds, and occupies a space about four feet square. It has four recessed panels with sliding glass fronts, through which may be seen the daily weather forecast on the maps and charts. Among the meteorological instruments displayed on one of the four sides are a maximum and minimum thermometer, and a termograph, with a record sheet which covers a period of two weeks; there is also a hair hygrometer and a tipping bucket rain-gauge with dial indicator. With these instruments meteorological observations are secured, giving data as to weather past, present and future.

Three powerful electric lights enable passersby to study the instruments by night or day. It is entertaining to see people eagerly looking at the bulletin sheets, learning details as to the force of the wind, the depth of the rainfall, and other facts which will make good weather prophets of us all. It is expected that kiosks will be established in many other cities, creating the kiosk habit, and supplanting door and window observation, thus aiding us in our weather prognostications each morning.

PALMETTO GROVE, TYBEE ISLAND, SAVANNAH

"GLORIOUS OLD GEORGIA"

By GARNAULT AGASSIZ

SOUTHWARD the wave of commerce spreads its way. The capitalist, the promoter, the scientist in every field, and the homeseeker, eager for new fields of conquest, are answering at last the call for so many years unheard. The land of cotton is becoming famous for more than its storied past. The value of its minerals, its forests, its farm products and its waterways is focusing at last the attention of the world. The new South reflects once more the pristine greatness of the old—the hour of its development is at hand.

And in this promised development no state should have a greater share than "Glorious Old Georgia," the last settled of the original thirteen states, and the largest east of the Mississippi; for Georgia, with her cotton, her peaches, and diversified agriculture, her gold and other metals, her coal and iron, her bauxite and magnesium, her marbles, granites and clays, her lumber and her naval stores, her waterways and waterpowers has more natural resources, perhaps, than any other state in the South.

The Georgia of today is a wonderful state, indeed. While her per capita wealth is not so high as immediately preceding the Civil War—when the negro was not a factor in the civil life—it has increased over a hundred per cent. in the last forty years, a truly remarkable showing when it is remembered that in the same period her population has increased over 125 per cent. The assessed value of the taxable property of Georgia for 1908 reached the enormous total of

$700,000,000, which, property seldom being returned at more than 60 per cent. of its true value, means that this property has a value of over a billion dollars.

The present actual wealth of the state of Georgia, including taxed and untaxed property, can be placed conservatively at over a billion and a half dollars.

Nothing is so indicative of the prosperity of a people as the number and condition of its banks. In this regard Georgia makes a really remarkable showing, having at the present time a hundred national banks, with a paid-up capital of nine and a half million dollars and deposits aggregating thirty million, and 468 state banks with a paid-up capital of nearly ten million dollars and deposits of forty-seven millions. The state banks alone show an increase of 239 per cent. in number over 1900. During the eight years from 1900 to 1908, the bank deposits of Georgia increased 159 per cent., as against 129 per cent. for the Southern states, 20 per cent. for New England, 29 per cent. for the Eastern states, and 38 per cent. for the entire country. In the panic of 1907–8 she had only one national and two bank failures, with every outstanding obligation secured. Few of her banks, even, had to call on the New York banks for assistance, having sufficient reserves to meet any emergency.

Her banking institutions are sound and conservative. Savannah has had no bank failure in forty years, and what is true of that beautiful city may be said of almost every important town in the state.

THE CITIZENS' AND SOUTHERN BANK OF SAVANNAH

The bonded debt of Georgia, which amounts to seven million dollars, is being slowly but consistently wiped out, over two hundred thousand dollars being annually applied to its reduction.

In the field of insurance Georgia is also coming to the front. During the last fiscal year—foreign and home life insurance companies wrote a total of $44,705,133, of which $14,530,797 was written by Southern companies, a gain of more than 75 per cent. over previous years.

Every insurance company operating in the state is under the immediate supervision of the insurance department of the comptroller general's office, and must make regular reports thereto. The insurance department of Georgia, unlike the insurance departments in some of the other states, has done everything possible to conserve and further the interests of the home and foreign insurance. It has placed no limit upon the amount of business that can be written by a company in a single year, as has the insurance department of New York, nor introduced other obnoxious and unfair class legislation. Its attitude can be summed up in no better way than in the words of Comptroller General Wright, who says:

"I believe that the province of an insurance department is to see that the policy holders are protected and that the laws are obeyed, and when that is done, to leave the management and internal direction of all companies to the properly authorized directors and officers. State government in my opinion, has no more right to interfere in the internal management of an insurance company—so long as that management is an honest one—than it has to interfere in the internal management of a department store or other business enterprise; that it has no more right to place a limit on the amount of insurance written, than it has to limit the deposits of a bank or the earnings of a railroad."

Georgia's educational system is a very comprehensive one, embracing elementary, secondary and higher education. For the education of its 325,000 white children it has some 4,500 common and 300 high schools; for the education of its 200,000 colored, some 2,500 common schools. The cost of maintaining these schools last year was nearly four million dollars, of which the state contributed two and a quarter, an increase of over half a million dollars in three years.

State aid has been a great drawback in the development of an intelligent and efficient system of popular education in Georgia, having engendered a disposition in the people to depend wholly upon it for the maintenance of their schools. At the present time the

PARTIAL VIEW OF SHORTER COLLEGE, ROME

schools of only four out of 147 counties are self-supporting. In Massachusetts, on the other hand, the Commonwealth contributes practically nothing to elementary education, and yet the school system of that state has no superior in the land.

When Georgia established her present school system, she made the fundamental mistake of appropriating the necessary money from the state treasury instead of calling upon the different counties to raise it by local taxation. The people, too, are now beginning to realize this, and a number of districts are levying a local tax to maintain a nine month instead of the four to six month school provided by the state. Georgia's educational future is assured. Little by little her people are beginning to realize that it is not only a higher evidence of a twentieth century civilization but a great deal more economical to educate the child than to maintain the criminal. In every state in the Union the prosecution and punishment of crime is inestimably higher than the cost of popular education.

This truism is well illustrated in the case of a Georgia country boy—a lad who had had no schooling whatsoever, no religious instruction, and who had been reared in an atmosphere of vice and illiteracy—accused and convicted for one of the most atrocious murders in the history of the state. This boy's trial and conviction cost his county nearly twenty thousand dollars, more by fourteen thousand dollars than the total appropriation received by that county for the maintenance of its schools. And the twenty thousand dollars had to be raised entirely by local taxation!

THE AGNES SCOTT INSTITUTE, DECATUR

Georgia is essentially an agricultural state. It is peculiarly fitting, therefore, that her last important educational step—a step fraught with greater possibilities than any she has ever taken, should be the establishment in each congressional district of an agricultural school.

These schools, the immediate result of Ex-Governor Terrell's long fight for the better training of the youth of the farm, and made possible only by generous private subscription, evince as could nothing else the new spirit of progress that is destined to play so important a role in the new Georgia.

The conservatism of the average farmer, who sees no reason for doing things differently than did his fathers, is the greatest drawback Georgia agriculture has had to contend with in the past. This spirit must die. If Georgia is to hold her own in the march of progress, it is essential that the farmer realize that the only way that his children can survive the battle of tomorrow is in being fitted, by edu-

BESSIE TIFT COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES, FORSYTH cation and training, to meet the conditions of a newer and more scientific method of tilling the soil. The agricultural school will do this as can nothing else, for it will teach the boy not only to understand the principles of good farming, will teach the girl not only the principles of good housekeeping, but will teach them both to exercise their own judgment and their own initiative. And the cost to the farmer is infinitesimal. Ten dollars a month will pay for a child's board and tuition, and as every youngster is afforded an opportunity to make money in the field while in attendance at the school, this cost is even further reduced. Of course it takes the boy's labor from the farm, but it increases his future earning capacity to an almost unlimited degree.

In the sphere of higher education Georgia also occupies a commanding position, having at the present time twenty universities and colleges, five institutions for the higher education of women, a number of first-class medical and dental colleges, numerous private academies and an agricultural college that has few superiors in the country.

Her most historic institution of learning is the State University at Athens. Founded in 1785, when forty thousand acres of land were set aside for its establishment, the University of Georgia has been maintained by private subscription, liberal endowment and state aid. From its cloisters have gone forth to every state in the Union men who have made their mark in every sphere of life—private or public, commercial, political or educational—and there are today few states that cannot boast among their distinguished citizens one or more graduates of this historic school of learning.

With the State University are federated the North Georgia Agricultural College, at Dahlonega; the Georgia School of Technology, at Atlanta, the first and the leading institution of its kind in the South; the Georgia Medical College, at Augusta; the Ladies' Normal College, Athens; and the Girls' Normal School and Industrial College, at Milledgeville.

SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TIFTON

In the education of the youth of Georgia, the denominational and private school have each played a distinct and an important role. And with good cause. Georgia's second spiritual leader was no other than John Wesley, the father of Methodism. At this time, however, the great reformer little dreamed of the important role that fate had destined him. Just emerged from the cloisters of Oxford, he was a strict conformist, an esthetic conformist, perhaps, but a dogmatic one, rigorously insisting upon the strict interpretation of canon and rubric. With Wesley came his brother Charles, the dreamer and poet, who could have gained no small part of the inspiration for his sweet verse from the grandeur of this new land, with its stately virgin pine, its spreading palms, and its glorious summer skies.

The Wesleys remained in Georgia for a year or two only, but they had as their immediate successor another great light in the history of Methodism—George Whitefield, to whom, in so far at least as America is concerned, is due in great measure the successful founding of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was George Whitefield who established, in the Bethesda Orphanage at Savannah, the first denominational school in America.

The chief denominational schools of Georgia at the present time are: Baptist—Mercer University, Macon; Shorter College, Rome; and Bessie Tift College, Forsyth; the two latter for women; Methodist—Emory College, Oxford, and the Wesleyan Female College, the oldest chartered institution for the higher education of women in the world, Macon; and Presbyterian, the Agnes Scott Institute, the leading women's college of the South. Among the private schools the best known are, the Brenau Female College at Gainesville, the Piedmont Institute at Rockmart, and Stony Mountain Academy.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD, ATLANTA

Few states, commensurate with population, have better railroad facilities than Georgia, which, with 48 distinct railroads in active operation, has more individual lines than any other state in the Union. These lines have a combined trackage of 6,829 miles, more by 1,354 miles than ten years ago. The railroad has always been a chief factor in the development of Georgia, opening up profitable markets to the farmer, creating new avenues of trade for the merchant and manufacturer, converting the "pine barrens" into fertile farm lands, and developing the natural resources of the state.

Unfortunately for the state as well as for the investor, the Georgia railroad companies have not been given a square deal in the last few years. Take the matter of taxation, for instance. The total net earnings of all the railroads in the state decreased over a million and a half dollars in 1907, and yet in the same year the physical values of those railroads for taxation purposes, which in 1902, when the Franchise Act was introduced, were placed at 56 million dollars, were increased from 90 to 123 millions. The first assessment of the Atlantic Coast Line under the same act was fixed at $3,500 a mile. By 1905 this assessment had been increased to $5,000, and two years later had been further increased to $15,000—which means that the taxation of this one road alone was more than quintupled in five years. Such an increase would seem to indicate that the property and income values of the railroad had enjoyed a steady and a sustained growth. This, however, was not the case. While it is true that the earning power of the road increased appreciably in 1904 and 1905, it is true, also, that its net earnings showed a marked appreciation in the two succeeding years.

Heavily taxed, burdened by many unnecessary regulations, and confronted everywhere with the spirit of antagonism to corporate enterprise which in the last few years has become so marked, the Georgia railroads cannot be expected to do very much in the way of further investment and extension. If Georgia is to be the state she can be, she will have to be more tolerant in dealing with her great corporations. She has neither the people nor the money to develop her vast resources, build her railroads, or extend her public services, and if she refuse to invite outside capital and labor, then she stands in the light of her own development. The spirit of demagogism that combats all corporate enterprise, whether legitimate or no, is one ill calculated to bring to a state, whose very future is conditioned on the development of its economic wealth, the capital and energy so essential to its upbuilding. When Georgians are willing to deal intelligently with the great public-utility corporations, when they are willing to encourage capital and

WHEN HARRIMAN VISITED ATLANTA

Reading from left to right—Mayor Robert F. Maddox, Mr. Harry L. Schlessinger, Major J. F. Hanson, President Central of Georgia Railway, Mr. E. H. Harriman and Mr. Samuel M. Inman immigration, then and then only will be possible the greater Georgia that has been the dream of three centuries.

Viewed today, it looks as though Georgia is prepared to be more tolerant. Ex-Governor Hoke Smith was elected to power two years ago on a platform that was essentially popular, the chief planks in it being the reduction of passenger and freight rates and the further increase in railroad taxation. His platform made a wide and an instant appeal, and he was elected to the gubernatorial chair by the greatest majority in the history of the state. His term ending, he again went to the people and on practically an identical platform. He had as his opponent Mr. Joe Brown, whom he had ousted from the office of railroad commissioner because of his conservatism in dealing with the transportation interests.

Joe Brown was known only by reputation to the people of the state; Hoke Smith had been a national and a state figure for twenty years, and yet failed of re-election, the people feeling that the state required a more conservative administration than it would have had in the event of his election.

While Georgia has not the broad rivers that many states can boast, she has a number of fine streams that are navigable anywhere from seventy-five to two hundred and fifty miles from their source; some even that will accommodate large ocean liners.

Her most considerable inland waterway is the Savannah River, which is navigable to Augusta, a distance of 250 miles. Next in order of importance are the Chattahooche, navigable from Columbus to the Gulf of Mexico by way of the Apalachicola, which also carries the waters of the Flint River, at the head of which is located the thriving city of Albany. Other important rivers are: the Altamaha and its tributaries; the Oconee and Ocmulgee, the former navigable to Milledgeville, for many years the capital of the state, and the latter to Hawkinsville, a thriving agricultural center; the St. Mary's River, which forms a large portion of the state boundary between Georgia and Florida, navigable to the quaint old town, with its

A TYPICAL GEORGIA HOME

grass-paved streets and Arcadian ways, that bears its name; the Turtle River, navigable to the important city of Brunswick, the largest lumber port on the South Atlantic, and the Coosa and Oostanaula Rivers, which give Rome the distinction of being the only town in North Georgia that can boast navigation.

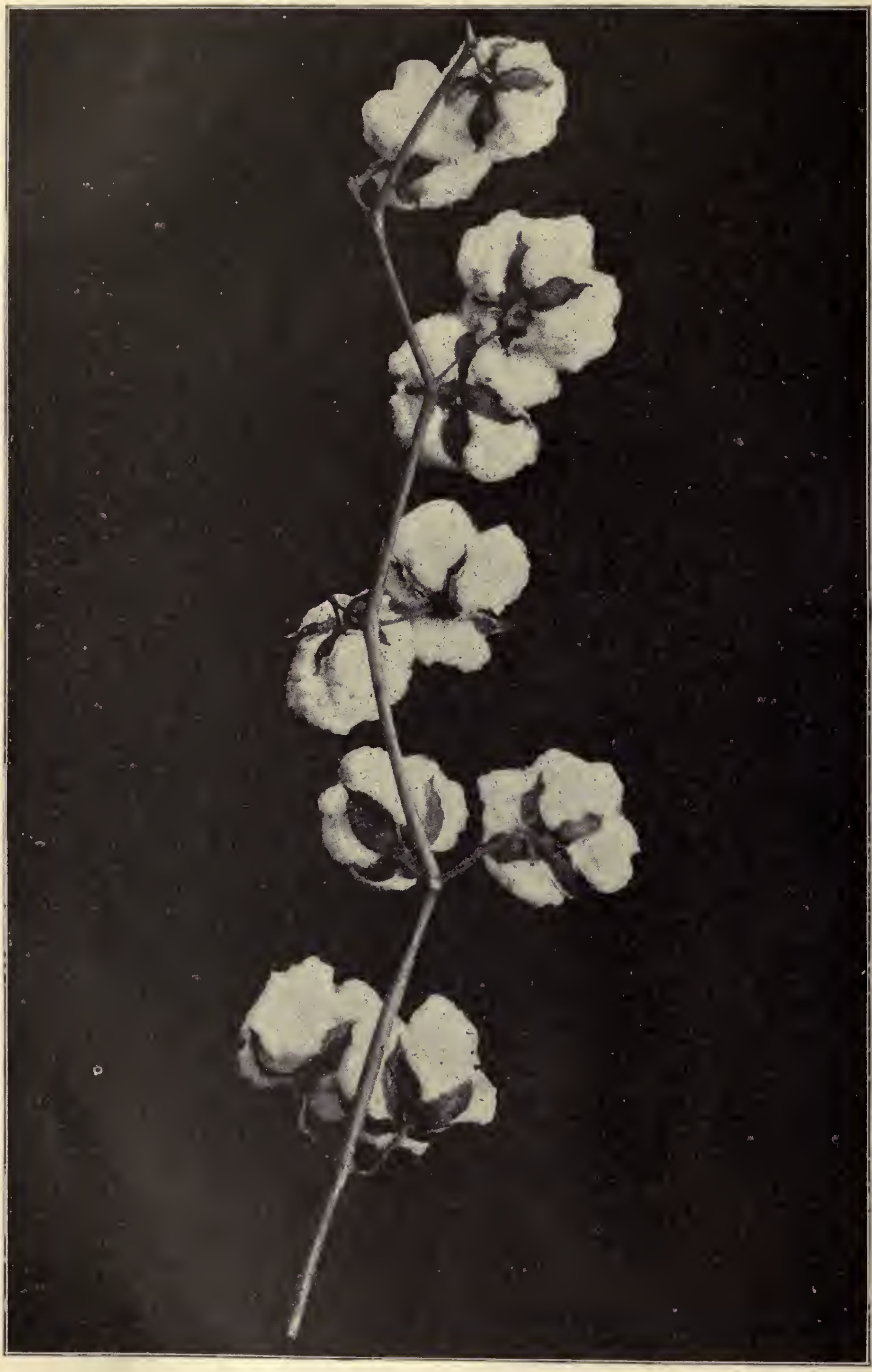
Essentially an agricultural state, Georgia can boast a greater diversity of agriculture than any of her sisters. Out of the nine climatic belts defined by the Department of Agriculture, Georgia has eight, which means that she can raise everything known to this country but the essentially citrous fruits, and even these have been grown, but not on a commercial scale, in the far southern portion of the state.

A TYPICAL HERD OF GEORGIA CATTLE

Among her more important crops are: cotton, corn, wheat and oats, peaches, melons, strawberries, figs and other fruits; sweet and Irish potatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, and the other vegetables; sugar cane; pecans and other nuts; tobacco and rice.

Chief of all Georgia's agricultural resources is cotton. Cotton and Georgia, indeed, are so inseparately connected as to make the history of one the history of the other. The first cotton grown in the state was harvested less than eighteen months after the settlement of the colony, which owed its foundation to a company of philanthropic Englishmen, who, moved to pity by the harassing tales of suffering that were said to be the daily lot of the followers of certain of the religious sects of continental Europe, especially the Salzburghers of Germany, determined to found in the new land of hope and freedom a commonwealth where every man could worship according to his own belief, where every man could have an equal chance in the strenuous battle of life.

The Crown, recognizing the strategic importance of such a settlement to the growing colony of South Carolina, constantly suffering from the depredations of the Spaniards, lost no time in granting a charter for the new colony, which was named Georgia, in honor of King George II, the then reigning monarch.



"KING" COTTON

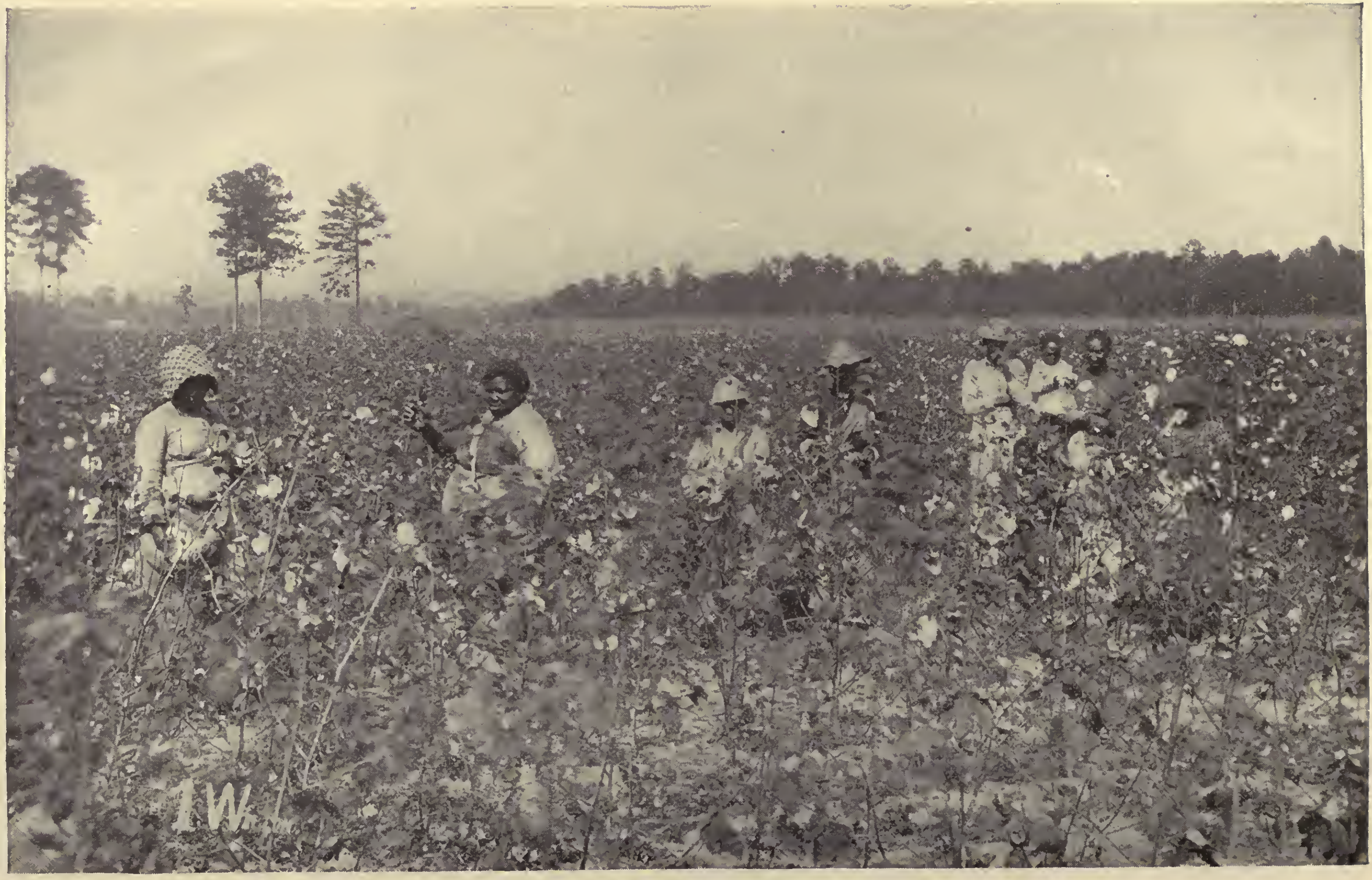
Shortly after this the scheme was evolved so as to include the worthy poor of England, and on a memorable day in January, 1733, General James Oglethorpe, soldier, statesman, philanthropist, sailed away from England with 116 English and German settlers, and landing a month later on Yamacraw Bluff, planted with prayer and chant the seed of the new colony.

To Georgia and to the South generally, cotton is what wheat and corn are to the Northwest. It is the money crop, the crop of all crops, upon the success of which is conditioned the prosperity of farmer and mechanic alike. In a sense a good yield of cotton is of more importance to the South than are good yields of wheat and corn to the West. Not that the South has only cotton to depend upon for its prosperity, nor that she has not as large, or even larger, natural resources than the bounding prairie lands, but that while corn and wheat are for the most part shipped away from the place of their growth to be consumed oftentimes thousands of miles distant, at least a fourth of the cotton crop is converted into the finished product in Southern mills, affording steady and remunerative employment to hundreds of thousands of her people.

Cotton was first grown in Georgia in 1734, when a Philip Nutter of Chelsea, England, convinced of the peculiar adaptability of the Georgia soil and climate to cotton growth, set aside a small piece of ground for its cultivation. The experiment must have been a successful one, for five years later we find a Swiss emigrant, named Samuel Auspourgeur, declaring under oath that the lands of Georgia were eminently adapted to cotton cultivation. It was this settler, also, who, by shipping from Savannah the first transatlantic assignment of American-grown cotton, gave to Georgia the honor of being the founder of the present great export cotton business of the United States.

AN EVERYDAY STREET SCENE IN ROME

Cotton, however, was not grown in Georgia at this time on anything like a commercial scale. As late as 1788 a planter named Richard Leake, in a communication to a Northern manufacturer asking the support of the Philadelphia Society for the Encouragement of the Manufactures, in his efforts to grow



PICKING COTTON IN SOUTHERN GEORGIA

cotton in Georgia, stated that he was the only large cotton grower in the state, that the following year he hoped to plant from fifty to a hundred acres to the cotton stalk, and, if given adequate encouragement, would engage in cotton growing on even a larger scale.

Five years later the need of such encouragement had passed. The gin of Eli Whitney, in many respects the greatest invention of history, had been given to the world and cotton had come into its own.

For countless ages cotton had been grown in Egypt, in India, and in other old-world countries, and no practical way of separating the seed from the lint had been devised, and yet in sixty years, by ten years less than the brief span of one man's life, the land of new thought and new ideas produced the genius who solved in a few months a problem of how to accomplish in five hours what had hitherto taken a grown man two years—the separation of the seed and lint in a single bale of cotton.

In all history no industry ever received an impetus from a new device that the cotton industry received from the gin. Cotton exports alone increased in value nearly four times in the year of its introduction. In about two years, owing chiefly to radical improvement in the gin, they increased from a million and a half to ten million pounds.

For twenty years the cotton grower of Georgia had things practically his own way. Cotton was a scarce commodity and commanded fabulous prices. The English mills were crying hungrily for it. The Georgia planter was prospering beyond his wildest dreams. Fortunes were made on every hand. Such conditions could not, in the very nature of things, last forever. Gradually the cotton belt was extended westward to Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, and the supply increasing, the day of competition dawned.

Up to this time transportation had been a small, if even at all, a matter of consideration to the Georgia planter. With six months to market his crop, it mattered little to him whether it took his wagons a week or a month to carry his cotton to market—for in those days each planter was his own transportation agent, hauling his cotton by ox-wagon over roads that were little more than trails, to one or other of the market towns that were located almost invariably at the head of navigation, where the cotton was floated to the ocean gateway in boats, that, until the successful application of steam to navigation, could make no return voyage.

LOADING COTTON AT AN INLAND TOWN

Competition, however, changed all this, and the expeditious marketing of his crop became a matter of paramount importance to the planter. At this time Charleston was the leading cotton port of the world, with Savannah in second place, and it became apparent to each that if their prestige were to be maintained, better transportation methods would have to be evolved. New Orleans had its Mississippi River, Mobile had its Mobile River; from the point of water navigation the eastern cotton belt was clearly outdistanced. Plank roads, turnpikes, canals—all were tried and found wanting. Then the news of Stephenson's great triumph reached America. Charleston recognized in it her one chance of retaining her proud position among the seaports of the world. A road must be built from Charleston to Augusta, the capital of Georgia and one of the most important markets in the cotton belt. Public and private capital was subscribed generously and the South Carolina and Georgia, later known as the South Carolina Railroad, was constructed. This railroad was the first really big American railroad enterprise.

Savannah was paralyzed. With her river trade practically killed, she knew not where to turn. Something must be done and done quickly. At this time Macon was the geographical center of the Georgia cotton belt, but, owing to poor transportation facilities, was commercially unimportant. Here then was the opportunity, and the citizens of Savannah and Macon enthusiastically subscribed the necessary capital to build a railroad between the two cities. Thus was founded the Central of Georgia Railroad, which has done as much as any other single institution to develop the natural and agricultural resources of the state.

The next railroads constructed in Georgia were the Monroe Railroad, chartered to run northwest from Macon, and the Georgia Railroad, chartered to run from Augusta to the center of the state. The pioneer lines of the South seldom had any particular objective point, the trunk lines being built into the wilderness to open up a new territory and the spur lines being run from them to connect any outlying settlements. Shortly after this a company was organized to construct a line of railroad between Augusta and Macon. The state of Georgia subscribed to none of the stock of any of these companies, but undertook to build a state railroad from Chattanooga to a point on the west bank of the Chattahoochee, to give them connection with the West. This is one of the only two state railroads ever con-

LOADING COTTON ON A TRAMP STEAMER BY LIGHTER structed by a state government in the United States.

Such a railroad was of extraordinary economic importance to the state of Georgia at this time. Cotton was so valuable that the farmers raised little else, so the question of food supply for man and beast became one of very first importance. The great West, then comprised of the states of Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, was fast becoming the great food belt of the country, and it was to these states that the South, if she meant to make cotton her great staple, must look for her future existence.

Railroads had been already projected southward from Cincinnati to Nashville and from Nashville to Chattanooga, so the construction of the state railroad to this point would give Georgia a direct and a short line to the food belt. It is to this railroad,* designated the Western and Atlantic, that Atlanta, the "Gate" City, the commercial metropolis of the South, owes her extraordinary growth, for practically every railroad in Georgia has had for its object the connecting of some outlying district with this point. When this road was surveyed, the present site of Atlanta was marked by a single log cabin. The chief engineer of the road must have been a man of extraordinary perspicacity and foresight, for instead of locating the terminus on the bank of the river as directed by the legislature, he established it eight miles north of it in one of those broad valleys that seem to have been signaled out by nature for the habitation of man.

But notwithstanding the big panic of '44 and one or two other periods of industrial depression, notwithstanding the extension of the cotton belt westward and the competition consequent thereon, the State of Georgia enjoyed a healthy and a sustained growth until in 1860, with a tenfold increase in her wealth, her name had become a monument to the commercial progress of the nation.

Then came the Civil War and the army of Sherman on its devastating march to the Atlantic, leaving in its wake barrenness and dearth where had been prosperity and plenty. No land ever met a severer blow than that received by Georgia at this time. The per capita wealth of her people fell nearly two hundred per cent., leaving her one of the poorest instead of the second most prosperous state in the Union.

But the inherent courage that had impelled Georgians to battle for liberty in the War of the Revolution, that had inspired them to struggle to the last in what proved to be a losing cause, remained with them, giving them the enduring strength that outlives misfortune and hardship, that rebuilds and rehabilitates in the face of almost impossible odds. Today the grizzled veteran, the monument, the grave, and the revered memory are the only ulterior reminders in Georgia of the bloodiest struggle of history.

In the forty years since the war the cotton production of the United States has increased from 2,366,467 to over ten million bales. Georgia, while she has had to relinquish to Texas, with her vastly greater area, her proud position of being the greatest cotton-growing state in the Union, still holds her own, having increased her output from 473,934 bales in 1869 to 2,100,000 bales in 1908. This year she expects to produce at least two million bales with a marketable value of one hundred million dollars, and Georgia has yet hundreds of thousands of acres that have never felt the plow.

Cotton is planted from March the fifteenth to May the first, according to the character of the soil. From every acre of ground, provided that ground has been prepared in an up-to-date and scientific manner, the planter may reasonably expect a bale of cotton, proper cultivation and adequate fertilization being the two fundamentals.

In late August "cotton is king." Terraced

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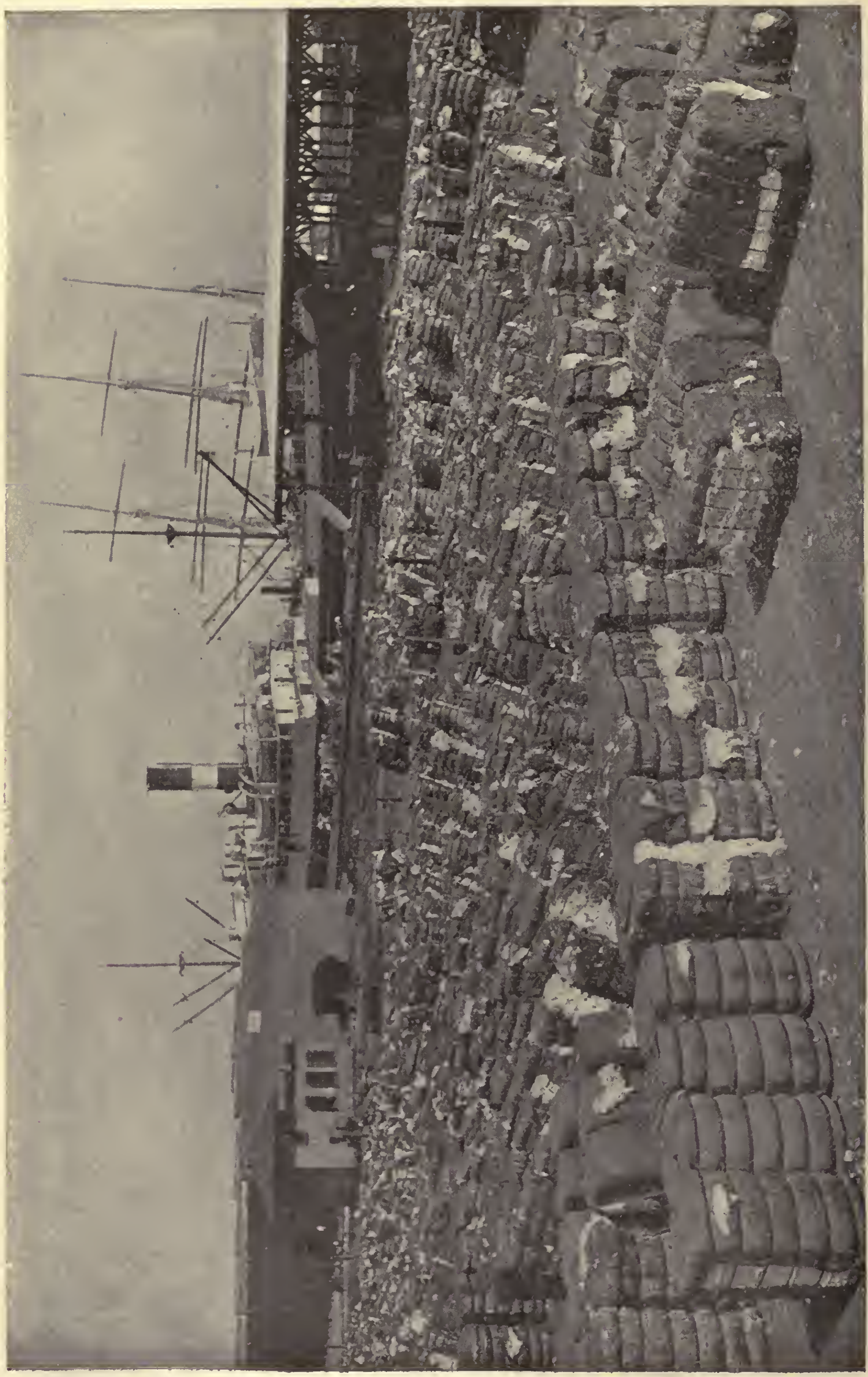
*In the course of its construction this pioneer railroad underwent many vicissitudes. A great portion of it had to be built through the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the cost enormously exceeded the preliminary estimates. Up to 1852 the legislature had appropriated three and a quarter million dollars to it, which, added to the profits of the road which were also put into its construction, brought the total cost of the line up to fully five million dollars. The railroad was not completed to Chattanooga until 1851, the great panic of 1844, in which dozens of Southern railroad enterprises met untimely ends, and the protracted period of depression following, having militated against its progress.

In 1864, just as this road was beginning to show a profitable return on the investment, Sherman, invading Georgia on his historic march to the sea, almost totally destroyed it. Subsequently it was roughly repaired by the federal government and was used for some time for the transportation of her troops and supplies. After the peace at Appomattox it was returned to the state, but was not fully rehabilitated until 1868, in which year it carried over two hundred and thirty-three million pounds of freight from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Two years later, after a peroid of gross public mismanagement, the state leased it for a period of years to a private corporation. It is at present leased to the N. C. & St. L. railroad, at an annual rental of \$420,000. The tremendous increase in the value of American railroads in the last thirty years has no better standard than this line. If sold at the end of the present lease, it would bring enough money to pay off the total bonded debt of the state, and leave a balance of five million dollars in the treasury.



COTTON DOCKS OF THE SEABOARD AIR LINE AT SAVANNAH hill and undulating valley are clothed in virgin white. As far as the eye can see, the cotton fields stretch themselves toward the setting sun, veritable banks of snow with here and there an outcropping of verdant green. There is no monotony in the landscape, even the whiteness of the cotton seeming to sink its sameness in the harmony of the general panorama. The negro cotton-pickers, men and women, too, also take on a peculiar picturesqueness as, singing their weird plantation melodies, they ply their labor from early morn to set of sun.

The scene is a peaceful one, so peaceful, so out of joint with the perennial whirl of twentieth-century life, that it is difficult to realize that with this simple stage-setting is presented the first scene in what is unquestionably the greatest industrial drama of today—the cotton industry.

The picking season extends from mid-August to the close of the year, the length of each man's harvest depending on the lateness of his crop and the amount of cotton to be picked. On the small farm the planter, his family and any colored help he may possess, pick the cotton, but on the larger plantations, ranging anywhere from 250 to 5,000 acres, the cotton is picked entirely by negroes, who work in gangs of twenty-five to a hundred to the field, over half of them being women.

After being picked, the cotton is conveyed to a neighboring gin, of which there are over eight thousand at the present time. Here the seeds, which comprise two-thirds the total weight of a bale of cotton, are deftly separated from the lint.

A WOODLAND SCENE IN GEORGIA

Up to fifty years ago cotton seed had little or no commercial value, its possibilities not having been fully realized. Even thirty years ago, there were only forty cotton-seed oil mills in the United States. It is only in the last twenty years, indeed, that the cotton-seed oil industry has become a vitally important factor in the economic development of the South. There are at the present time over eight hundred cotton-seed oil mills and refineries in the Southern States, representing an investment of over a hundred million dollars. These mills have an annual output of ninety million dollars, over thirty million of which is shipped to foreign lands. Cotton-seed oil is fast coming to the front as a food for man and beast. In Georgia alone the number of oil mills increased from fifty-eight in 1901 to one hundred and thirty in 1908, with a comparative value of five and seventeen million dollars.

Today the seed in a cotton bale is almost as valuable to the farmer as the cotton itself. What it will be tomorrow no one can foresay. Each day sees a larger field for its oil and a more extended use of its meal. For general cooking purposes cotton-seed oil has no superior. A purely vegetable fat, it possesses peculiar dietetic and hygienic properties. It is the only substitute for the olive oil of Italy. As a general food for cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, the meal of the cotton seed is unequaled. It is both a builder and a fattener, and cattle fed upon it are invariably healthy.

After being ginned, the cotton is baled and returned to the farmer, who disposes of, or retains it, as he deems advisable. Some of the more modern farmers store their cotton in bonded warehouses, which not only insures their cotton from fire and depreciation, but permits them to borrow money on their crop, meanwhile holding it for a higher market. The question of cotton storage is a very vital one to the Georgia farmer, who has never been educated to the cardinal necessity of storing his cotton if he is to receive full merit from his crop. At the present time fully three-quarters of the cotton crop is disposed of before the end of the harvest. It has been estimated, even, that less than one bale in fifty is in the hands of the grower when the new crop is planted.

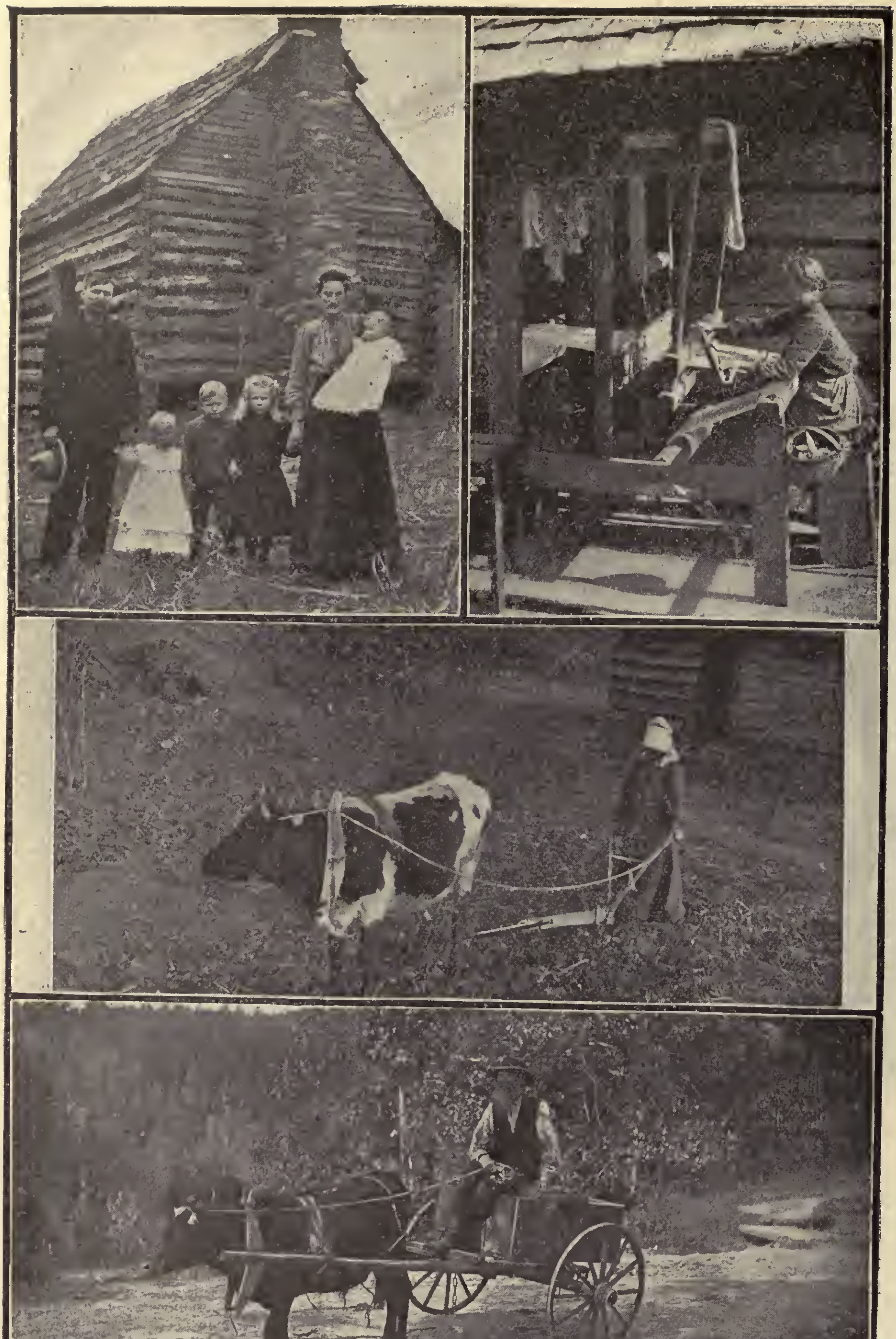
A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ATLANTA

There are at the present time few large warehouses in Georgia—not sufficient in number even to care for her crop—and yet these warehouses are hardly patronized by the farmer, who is content if he does not effect an immediate sale of his cotton to let that cotton lie in the field until he is ready to dispose of it. This is shortsighted indeed, for the average depreciation in a bale of cotton stored in the field would more than pay for its storing and insurance in a cotton warehouse.

The cotton crop of Georgia is either exported, shipped to the mills of New England or manufactured into the finished fabric within the state. Cotton has always been more or less manufactured in Georgia, the first American cotton spinners having been the wives of Oglethorpe's soldiers, who were accustomed to spin and weave their rude homespun from the cotton grown on Tybee Island. At one time the custom of home spinning became so pronounced that the English government, as a protection to its own mills, instructed the governor of Georgia to issue a proclamation against the manufacture of cotton, at the same time suggesting that the growing of cotton be suitably encouraged. Cotton manufacturing as a factor in the commercial life of the state is of very recent origin, and it has become more and more important, especially in the last ten years, until today there is hardly a large town in the whole of Georgia that cannot boast of its cotton mills. The growth of the cotton manufacture industry of Georgia has been a marvelous growth, indeed. In 1900 she had sixty-eight cotton mills, having a capacity of 817,345 spindles and 19,398 looms, while today she has one hundred and fifty-four mills with a total of nearly two million spindles. These mills use annually about two hundred and fifty million pounds of cotton, or about 30 per cent. of the entire crop of the state, and afford steady employment to several thousands of her people.

So much has been written about the Southern cotton mill and its relation to child labor in the past few years that no article on the Georgia cotton industry would be complete without a mention of the greatest factor in the industrial life of the Southern people—the cotton mill. The conditions under which Southern and Eastern cotton mills exist are so radically dissimilar as to make comparison between them both impossible and unfair. The cotton mills of New England are situated in the very heart of the most populous section of the country, and have, therefore, no great labor problem to contend with. The Southern mills on the other hand have had to bring their labor from outlying dis-

THE PLANT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COTTON MILLS, LINDALE, NEAR ROME
The largest of its kind in the state



Photographs copyright, 1909, by Hunnecutt, Tellulah Falls, Ga.

"A strange, a virile and picturesque people, these Georgia mountain folk, knowing little of the outside world, caring less."

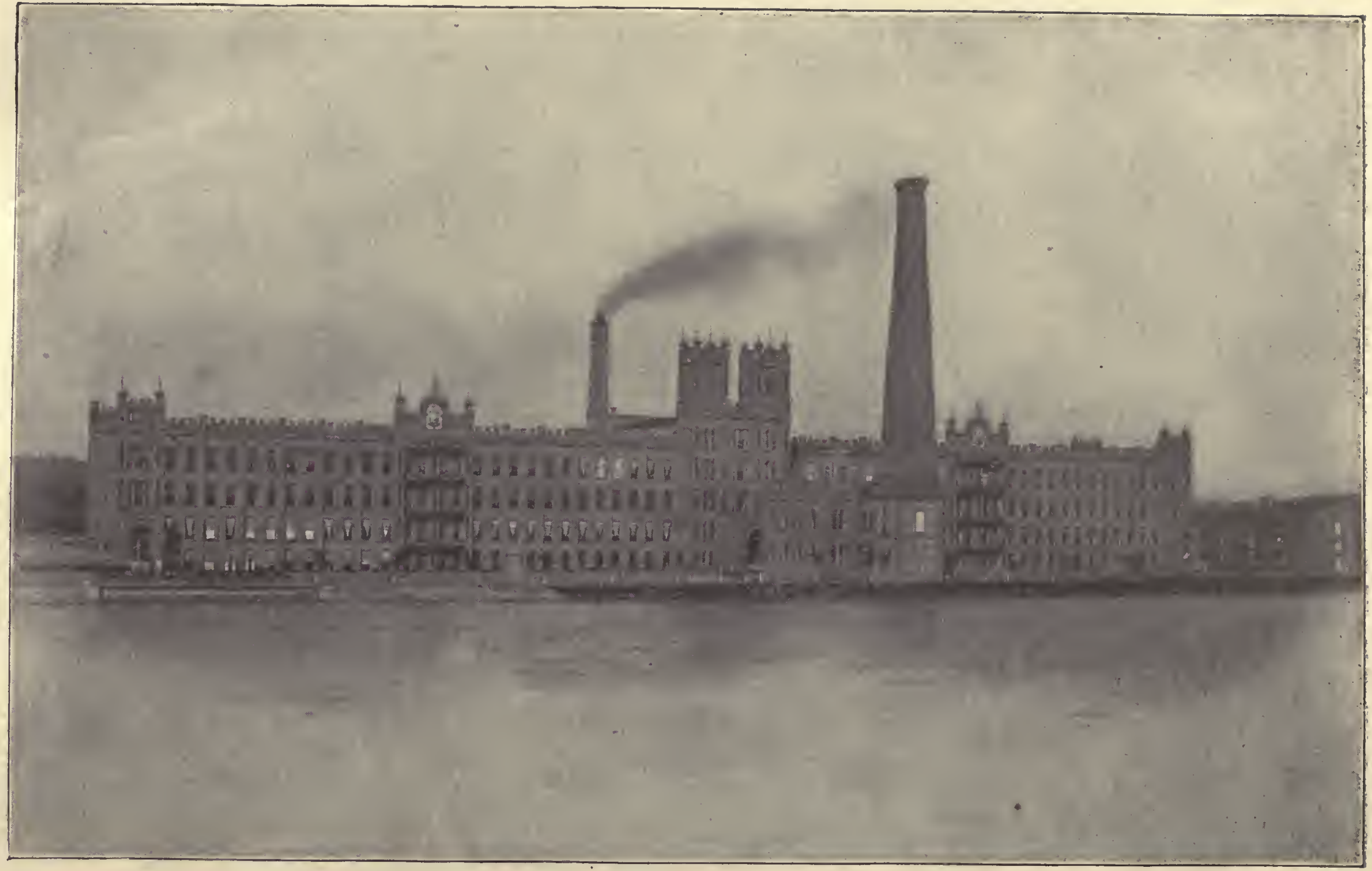
tricts, sometimes hundreds of miles from the mills' location. This is especially true of Georgia, where a great portion of the help has been recruited in the inaccessible mountain regions of the state.

From whence these Georgia mountain people have sprung is a mystery. It is said that the progenitors of many of them were among the first settlers of the colony, who had been freed from Fleet Street—the debtor's prison made famous in history by the facile pen of Dickens—on condition that they would migrate to America, and who, when the colony surrendered its charter to the Crown, fearing that the debtor's law might become operative in the colonies, trekked north to the mountain fastnesses, where, far from the zone of creditor and bailiff, they could live their lives in peace.

A strange, a virile, and a picturesque people, these Georgia mountain folk, knowing little of the outside world, caring less. Strong in what they believe to be their inherent right to live, they regard the revenue officer as their sworn foe. For the Georgia mountaineer is a born moonshiner—a moonshiner, however, by heredity, not by choice. It has been in the past practically his only way of marketing the fruits of his labors. With no home markets and the difficulties of transportation almost insurmountable, he has for centuries had recourse to what seemed to him the one practical method of disposing of his grain—distilling it.

These people, until the mills' coming, enjoyed few of the advantages that civilization offers them. Community life was to them unknown. They were essentially a shiftless and ignorant people. Negro labor denied to these the right of living on the farm; consequently, they were forced to exist on lands that were too often hardly susceptible to cultivation. The mill took them away from all this; it provided them with homes, with schools, with churches and with clubs, and pointed them to a higher life than the one to which they had been accustomed. The employment of children was an economic

ONE OF THE UPPER CLASSES IN A TYPICAL GEORGIA COTTON MILL SCHOOL



THE SIBLEY MILL, AUGUSTA. GEORGIA
Showing in the foreground the chimney of the Confederate Powder Mill, preserved as one of the monuments of war days

necessity, for these mountain people, having had no educational opportunity, saw no reason why their children should need them. The acceptance of employment was frequently conditioned upon a mill's employing not only the bread-winner, as we know him in the North, but the wife and children as well. The narrow margin in the manufacture of cotton made cheap labor a necessity, and five bread-winners in a family meant much to that family's prosperity. In the education of the Georgia cracker the cotton mill has played a distinct and important part.

As cotton is king of the Georgia farm, so the peach is queen—a beautiful queen, whose sun-kissed cheek and symmetrical form have brought to Georgia, in a reign of less than fifteen years, almost as great a fame as has King Cotton himself.

The growth of Georgia's great peach industry has been as romantic as it has been remarkable. Fifty years ago the only peach orchards in the state were a few small groves near Augusta, these groves being a continuation of the more important fruit belt of South Carolina, at that time the greatest peach-producing state in the South.

In its early days the growth of the peach industry of Georgia was necessarily slow. There was practically no home demand, and the outside markets, on account of the limited transportation facilities, were very difficult of access. To reach New York, even then the chief market for the Georgia peach, the fruit had to be shipped by rail to either Charleston or Savannah, and from there reshipped by water. The methods of packing were also very crude. Refrigeration was an unknown quantity, and the peaches being roughly packed in bushel baskets, divided in the center with a rude board, it was hardly to be wondered at that very many of them arrived at their destination in very poor condition. Prices too were unsatisfactory, a shipper never knowing until his check arrived whether he was going to receive one or five dollars a bushel for his product.

A GEORGIA PEACHERY

But, with all its disadvantages, the peach industry grew steadily in importance until

PICKING PEACHES IN A GEORGIA ORCHARD

just before the Civil War it had attained to considerable proportions, judged, of course, by the standards of those days.

The war dealt a stunning blow to the peach as to all the other native industries of Georgia, and it was not until 1871 that its intelligent reorganization was attempted. One year later, however, there was produced in Augusta, by Mr. J. P. Berckmans, who has been the president of the Georgia State Horticultural Society for the last thirty-two consecutive years, and who has done more, perhaps, than any other one man to develop the peach industry of the state, a peach that was destined to bring a large measure of recognition to the Georgia orchards. It was the Alexander.

The trees from which this luscious peach was produced came from Missouri. They bore after having been planted only fifteen months, their initial crop of less than three pecks returning to the grower the princely sum of thirty-two dollars.

Ten years later the famous Elberta peach, a peach that has done more to promote the industry than all the other varieties combined, was produced. The Elberta was the discovery of a Mr. Samuel Rumpf of Marshallville. In his search for an ideal peach tree, Mr. Rumpf segregated over 1,200 seedlings, discarding them one after the other until but one fruiting tree remained. This he named the Elberta in honor of his wife. The Elberta today is the most extensively grown peach in Georgia and has returned more money to the growers. It may not have the sweetness of some of the earlier varieties, but it grows to a very large size, is unusually showy, and a remarkably good shipper.

SORTING PEACHES IN A GEORGIA ORCHARD

From 1880 to 1887, when the first refrigerator car of Georgia peaches reached the New York market, the industry enjoyed a steady and a healthy growth, the belt being extended northwestward to Athens, Cornelia, Marietta and Rome, and southwestward to Macon, Fort Valley and Marshallville.

Within the past fifteen years the peach industry of Georgia has been completely

THE FAMOUS ELBERTA PEACH, REDUCED FOUR TIMES revolutionized, not only in the number of peaches grown, but in their cultivation, packing and marketing. Thirty years ago the largest peach orchard in the state, situated within forty miles of Atlanta, was less than forty acres in extent. The son of the very farmer who owned that peach orchard, today has over 250,000 trees in bearing.

At the present time there are approximately nineteen million peach trees in the state, the orchards ranging in size from a few hundred to three hundred thousand trees. These great peach orchards, with their individual railroads, their individual packing houses, and their individual hotels, are wonderful institutions indeed.

The largest one-block orchard in the state is the Hale orchard at Fort Valley. This orchard was established in 1891 by Mr. J. H. Hale, the well-known Connecticut horticulturist. Mr. Hale was the head of the special Horticultural Census of the United States in 1890, and it was while engaged in this work that he first saw the tremendous opportunities offered by Georgia for peach cultivation. This wonderful orchard occupies over two thousand acres, and has approximately some three hundred thousand bearing trees. A view of the orchard from the roof of one or other of the packing houses is an inspiring sight, especially in early spring when the trees are in full bloom. In its short season of less than two months, this famous orchard employs from seven to nine hundred people, ships some 200 carloads of fruit, and does a huge canning business besides. And what can be said of the Hale orchard can be said of a number of other large orchards in the state.

HOW GEORGIA'S PEACHES ARE SHIPPED

Over seven thousand cars were required last year in the transportation of Georgia's peach crop, and the cost of transportation was well over a million dollars. The difficulty, with so many shippers in the field, of so marketing the crop as to get the very best prices possible caused the formation this year of the Georgia Peach Growers' Exchange. This exchange, which is under the management of a man who has had years of practical service in the railroad refrigerator service, is handling practically the entire peach crop of the state. The exchange is run in a very systematic manner, the cars being so distributed as to prevent the possibility of any glut in the market. It is estimated that the peach exchange will save the Georgia growers many thousands of dollars annually.

With an annual crop of from five to seven thousand bushels and an aggregate value of from three to five million dollars, the peach industry of the state of Georgia easily leads the world.

In the cultivation of watermelons and cantaloupes Georgia has a great present and a still more prosperous future. At the present time ten thousand carloads of watermelons and three thousand carloads of cantaloupes are shipped to Eastern markets annually. Georgia's cantaloupe is grown from the famous Rocky Ford melon of Colorado, and while it is not so fine a fruit as the Western variety, it has, being over a month earlier than the latter, a peculiar field of its own. The watermelon of Georgia has a world-wide fame. The melon belt of Georgia extends from Augusta to Albany, the chief centers of the industry being the two places mentioned and Milledgeville, Macon, Tifton and Ashburn.

Another industry of great promise is the cultivation of the pecan, the most valuable of all the commercial nuts.

King of all the nut-bearing trees, the pecan is indigenous to the Southern states, to a few of the more northerly ones, to California, and to northern Mexico, attaining its greatest degree of perfection in the cotton belt, and being found most extensively in the state of Texas.

PICKING STRAWBERRIES IN SOUTHERN GEORGIA

A tree that will live from three to seven hundred years, that will fruit practically all its life, that will attain to a height of a hundred and fifty feet, that is susceptible to neither drought nor other climatic irregularity, that has no vital enemy, a tree that combines the beauty of the magnolia and the symmetry

THE PECAN HARVEST

of the pine with the stateliness of the oak and the fecundity of the walnut, the pecan is certainly one of nature's greatest gifts to the South.

Thirty years ago this beautiful tree was a great deal more plentiful than it is today. Then it had little or no commercial value, and, like the pine, it was ruthlessly, remorselessly slaughtered, not, as with the pine, for its valuable lumber, but to make room for King Cotton, the great staple of the South. Texas and Louisiana lost thousands upon thousands of acres in this way, and they have come to realize the extent of that loss, and their vital mistake in destroying a tree that has an intrinsic value of three to five hundred dollars to raise a commodity that can command at most from five to six cents a pound, and they are doing their best to rectify it.

This movement to restore the pecan forests of the South to their former grandeur received an extraordinary impetus a couple of years ago in the unique deathbed request of the late Governor Hogg of Texas, who said:

"I want no monument of stone or marble, but plant at my head a pecan tree and at my feet an old-fashioned walnut, and when these trees shall bear, let the pecans and the walnuts be given out among the plain people of Texas, so that they may plant them and make Texas a land of trees."

It was a beautiful prayer, and in its fulfillment should do much to beautify the state.

But whether this comprehensive attempt

THE FAMOUS GEORGIA PAPER-SHELL PECANS

A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD PECAN TREE

at pecan reforestration is successful or no will have little or no effect on the pecan industry of the future, which will depend almost wholly upon the commercial orchard.

It is only within the last few years that any attempt to commercially cultivate the pecan has been made, but the results have proved beyond peradventure that their growing will be as important to the South in the next ten years as the growing of the English walnut is to California at the present time.

With orchards aggregating five thousand acres and a constantly growing acreage, it is fair to assume that before very long Georgia will be the great pecan center of America, for the land of no other section can answer so well the peculiar requirements of pecan growth.

It was Professor John Craig, of Cornell University, one of the foremost horticulturists of the country, who first decided upon Georgia as the ideal locality for the growing of the pecan on a commercial scale. Previous to this, however, there were a number of small growers and a large well-established commercial nursery in the field.

Georgia's pecan territory is the Flint River Valley, situated in southwest Georgia and having as its tactical center the city of Albany. The land in this section is a deep sandy loam, with a sandy clay subsoil; the rainfall is regular, and the country is swept by the breezes of the Atlantic on the one side and the Gulf on the other.

The nuts produced in Georgia are called paper-shell pecans, on account of the ease with which they are broken by the thumb and forefinger. They grow to an immense size, are of a dark gray color, striped with black, and vary much in both shape and color. Each nut has a distinct flavor that is easily recognized by an expert. Forty to seventy of these nuts will make a pound, as against 150 to 300 of the ordinary kind.

The Georgia paper-shell pecan has no superior in the world. It differs so radically from the wild pecan, the nut that is sold in the markets today, that it will command a price of from one to

PRIVATE CAR OF PATTERSON & TAYLOR
Of Chicago, showing investors in their orchards. They have orchards aggregating over 2,000 acres near Albany

PECAN ORCHARD MAKES AN IDEAL PASTURAGE

RYE IS A VERY SUCCESSFUL CROP FOR A PECAN ORCHARD

six dollars a pound, according to quality, as against forty and fifty cents for the latter. A regular producer, it increases its yield annually until maturity, generally forty or fifty years.

All of Georgia's pecans at the present time are contracted for privately by the larger hotels and confectioneries, the latter using them in the manufacture of the candied pecan, a confection that has had a growing popularity in the last few years. One such confectionery house alone uses twenty-five carloads of pecans anyway.

Five acres of pecan trees will in time bring a good and permanent income, provided those trees have been either grafted or budded and properly cared for. The superiority of the grafted or budded tree over the seedling is very marked. A seedling rarely produces before the twelfth to the fifteenth year, while a budded or grafted tree will produce in the fifth or sixth, and has been known to bear in even the third. The cost of maintaining a pecan grove is quite considerable for the first five or six years, but requires little attention thereafter.

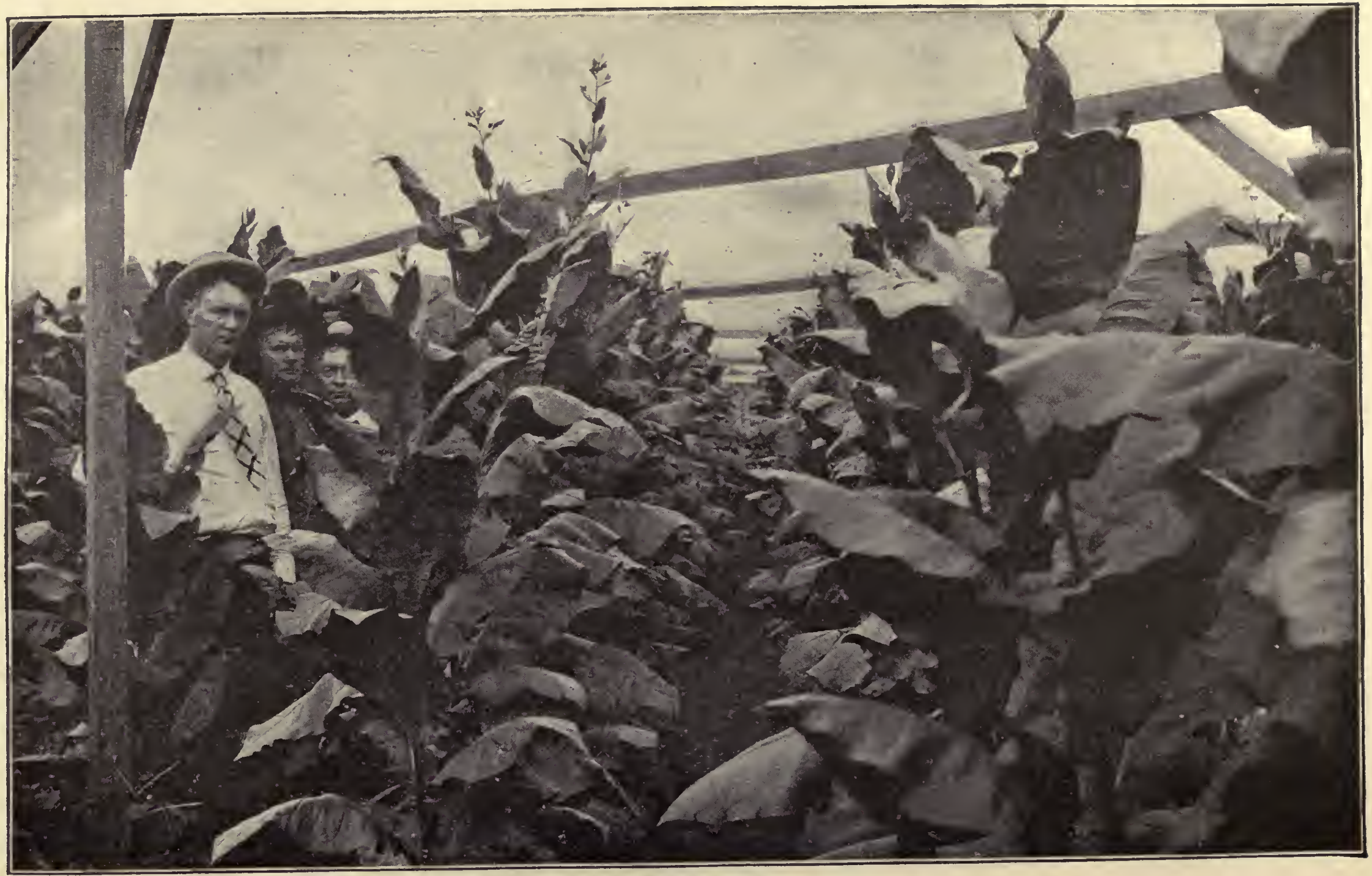
In the extreme southwestern corner of Georgia and a small section of northern Florida is produced the only Sumatra tobacco grown without the borders of the famous Dutch island from which this tobacco derives its name, and it is a tobacco that is said by experts to be equal to the imported, so probably in a few years' time it will be no longer necessary, as with the wines of California, to ship it across the ocean and back to give it the value of the Dutch Sumatra.

A FIELD OF SUN TOBACCO NEAR BAINBRIDGE, THE HEART OF THE TOBACCO DISTRICT

Tobacco growing is one of Georgia's oldest industries, before the war many of her citizens having made large fortunes in its cultivation. The profits were so large indeed that a man would rent land on which the virgin forest was still standing, clear it, plant and cultivate his tobacco and yet make a profit the first year.

The war put an effectual stop to tobacco growing for some years, and it was not until twenty odd years ago, when a New York firm bought up some of the discarded plantations, and commenced the cultivation of tobacco in an intelligent way, that the industry again commenced to be profitable. The great drawback to tobacco growing at that time was the difficulty of obtaining intelligent labor. One plantation hoped to solve the problem by introducing a colony of Germans, but these, deprived of their beef and beer, did not remain South very long, and to sow that year's crop it was necessary almost to rob the cradle and the grave.

At the present time Georgia has about five thousand acres under cultivation to the



SUMATRA TOBACCO ON GEORGIA'S FAMOUS PLANTATION AT AMSTERDAM tobacco plant. Some two thousand acres of this constitute the largest shade tobacco plantation in the world. This plantation is situated at a little place called Amsterdam, so named from the Dutch town of that name, which is the world's chief market for Sumatra tobacco. Amsterdam, Georgia, is one of the most picturesque little places imaginable. It is a principality, in which the word of the plantation superintendent is the law. Its buildings and public institutions would do credit to a very much larger place, and in every way it is a model community. Its population numbers some 3,000 souls.

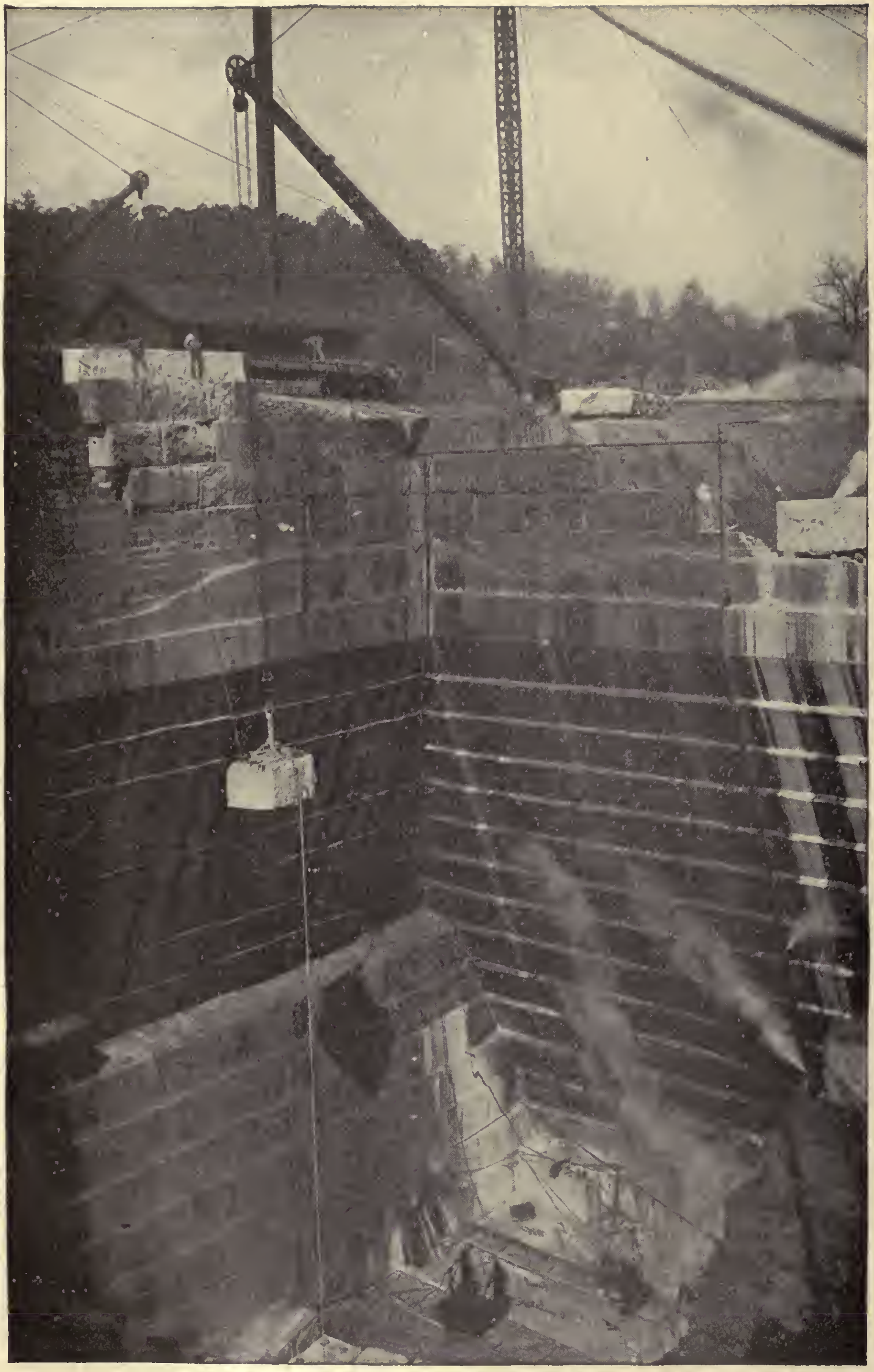
The growing of Sumatra tobacco is an industry in which everyone cannot engage, for it takes about a thousand dollars an acre to shade the land, build the curing barns, and fertilize the first crop, the cost of fertilizing and cultivating in subsequent years averaging $250 an acre. Georgia's tobacco plantations represent an investment of about $5,000,000 at the present time, an investment that is growing annually.

CULTIVATING SUMATRA TOBACCO

But if capital is required, the profits are certain and large. Seven to eighteen hundred pounds to the acre is an average crop, and this tobacco commanding, according to quality, from fifty cents to five dollars a pound, the planter can well expect big returns. One planter a few years ago realized a thousand dollars an acre on a sixty-acre plantation.

Tobacco is a very quick crop in Georgia, being planted between the end of March and the beginning of May and harvested in June and July. This enables a planter to get at least one more crop, if he so desire, and thus have an added source of income from his land.

The future of tobacco growing in Georgia is very bright. She has at least a hundred thousand acres available for tobacco cultivation. The success of tobacco growing has been proved beyond any question. No other section of the country is so well adapted to the cultivation of a good filler tobacco, its lands being just what are required, and its rainfall, the chief consideration in tobacco growing, heavy and regular.



THE CHEROKEE QUARRY OF THE GEORGIA MARBLE COMPANY, TATE

A PANEL OF GEORGIA MARBLE

In mineral wealth Georgia is rich beyond all computation, her northern mountains, still hardly accessible and but partly explored, being known to contain in varying quantities marble, granite, gold, mica, copper, iron, coal, bauxite, manganese, ocher, asbestos, corundum and talc. South of these beautiful mountains, in what is geologically designated the crystalline area, are found rich deposits of granite, limestone, and slate, while yet farther south are enough fine kaolins and clays to maintain the combined potteries of the world.

If she had no other natural resources whatsoever, Georgia, on account of her vast, inexhaustible deposits of marble, beyond question the greatest in the whole world, would still have to be accorded a ranking place among the sister states of the Union whose future is conditioned upon the intelligent development of their economic wealth.

So inexhaustible are these wonderful deposits, so peculiarly susceptible to architectural adornment, that it is estimated that all of the important monumental landmarks of the world could be reproduced from them without fear of diminution. The principal formation, for instance, a huge deposit, over sixty miles long, from two to three miles wide and anywhere from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet deep, contains at least five hundred billion feet of workable marble. The total quantity of marble used in the construction of the world's greatest skyscraper, the Metropolitan Building, New York, was only two hundred thousand cubic feet, and yet there is sufficient marble in that one building alone for the construction of three and a half miles of twenty-five foot, three-story villas, allowing eight houses to a city block, which, analyzed, means that this wonderful deposit contains sufficient marble

A MAMMOTH BLOCK OF GEORGIA MARBLE

for the construction of 250,000 such skyscrapers, or over five hundred million houses —adequate shelter for the entire peoples of the earth.

It is only within the past few years that Georgia marble has been known to the world. Many years ago, before the aborigines were removed to Indian Territory and their lands thrown open to white settlement, the Cherokee Indians were wont to carve their bowls and other rude craft from the marble that outcropped on every hand, but it was not until 1850 that Colonel Samuel Tate, from whom Tate, the center of the marble field, derives its name, by acquiring title to most of the valuable marble lands of Pickens County and establishing the firm of Tate, Adkinson & Company, laid the foundation, modest though it was, of the present great marble industry of Georgia.

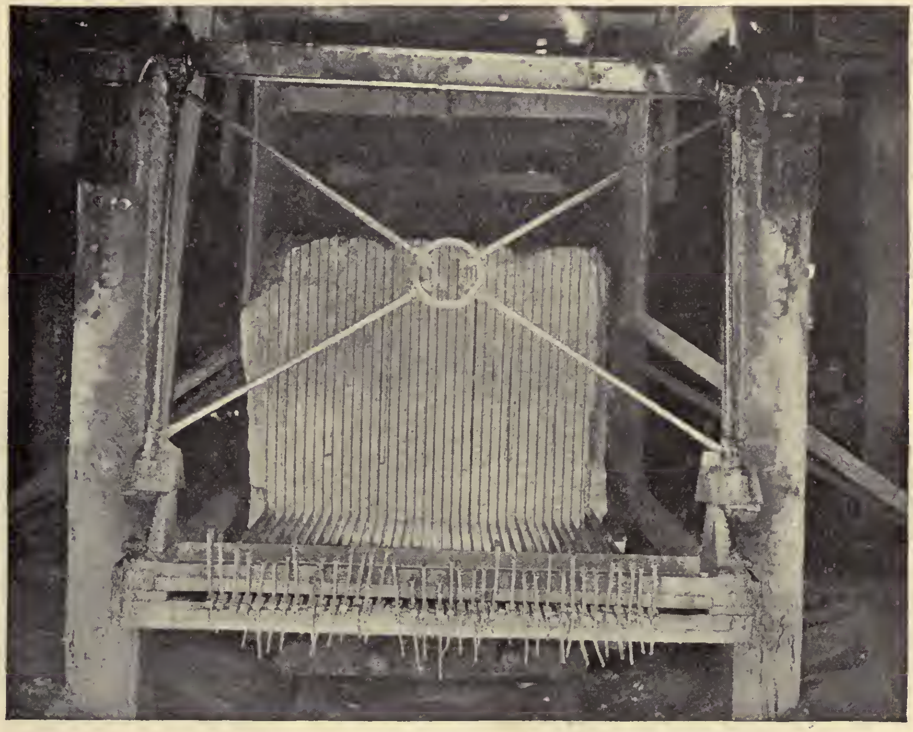
The industry of that day was conducted on a radically different basis, however, than the present one. Only tombstones and monuments of a very modest character were produced, and as hand labor and the difficulties of transportation made their purchase prohibitive, the demand was a limited one, indeed. Colonel Tate realized this, but he had an abiding faith in the future of Georgia marble, and died counselling his children to hold on to the lands that were destined one day to be valuable beyond all calculation.

Georgia marble was too valuable a commodity to lie undeveloped long. Its possibilities were soon heralded abroad, and before very long the capital necessary to its development was forthcoming. Soon after this the old ox-wagon was superseded by the iron horse, the old hand tools by powerful steam implements, and Georgia marble was given a fighting chance in the markets of the world.

KENESAW QUARRY OF THE GEORGIA MARBLE COMPANY, TATE, SHOWING STEAM DRILLS AT WORK

That it has made good its enviable record is the greatest vindication. Practically unknown twenty years ago, its popularity has increased steadily, until today state house, library, office building, bank, constructed solely or in part from Georgia marble, raise their proud heads in almost every important city in the United States and Canada, permanent monuments to the commercial and artistic progress of the nation.

Among the more important of these are the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington; the state capitol buildings of Rhode Island, Minnesota, Kentucky and Arkansas; the New York Stock Exchange, the Carnegie Library, Candler Building and Terminal Station, Atlanta; the Royal Bank of Canada, Montreal, and the Bank of Montreal, Winnipeg; the Illinois State Memorial, Vicksburg, and the L. & N. Passenger Station, Louisville.


SAWING A BLOCK OF GEORGIA MARBLE INTO SLABS

Georgia marble is peculiarly well adapted for buildings that are constructed for permanency as well as show. It has a riot of colors no other stone can boast, ranging from an almost pure white, through the varying shades of gray and pink, to a pronounced blue and black. And the marvel of it is, these colors occur in regular formations, a condition peculiar to the quarries of North Georgia and a small part of Alabama. That is to say, a quarry can be depended upon to produce the colored stone that is indicated by the surface outcropping. The matching also is perfect, making it the aristocrat of all finishing stones, whether for exterior or interior work.

A modern building must be not only pleasing to the eye, but able to withstand the wear and tear of time and the elements, and, if necessary, the ravages of fire. In the building of a modern office building one of the chief forces to be reckoned with is the wind, which subjects a tall office building at times to a pressure of twenty pounds to every square foot of surface. That is to say, a skyscraper with an exposed surface area of eighteen thousand feet has to withstand a wind pressure of four hundred to five hundred thousand pounds, equal to the combined pulling capacities of 1,700 horses.

Scientifically considered, Georgia marble is the best building stone on earth, its crystalline grains being completely interlocked, making it a very great deal stronger than the marbles

TRAINLOAD OF GEORGIA MARBLE LEAVING THE QUARRIES ON THE FIRST STAGE OF ITS JOURNEY TO THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD

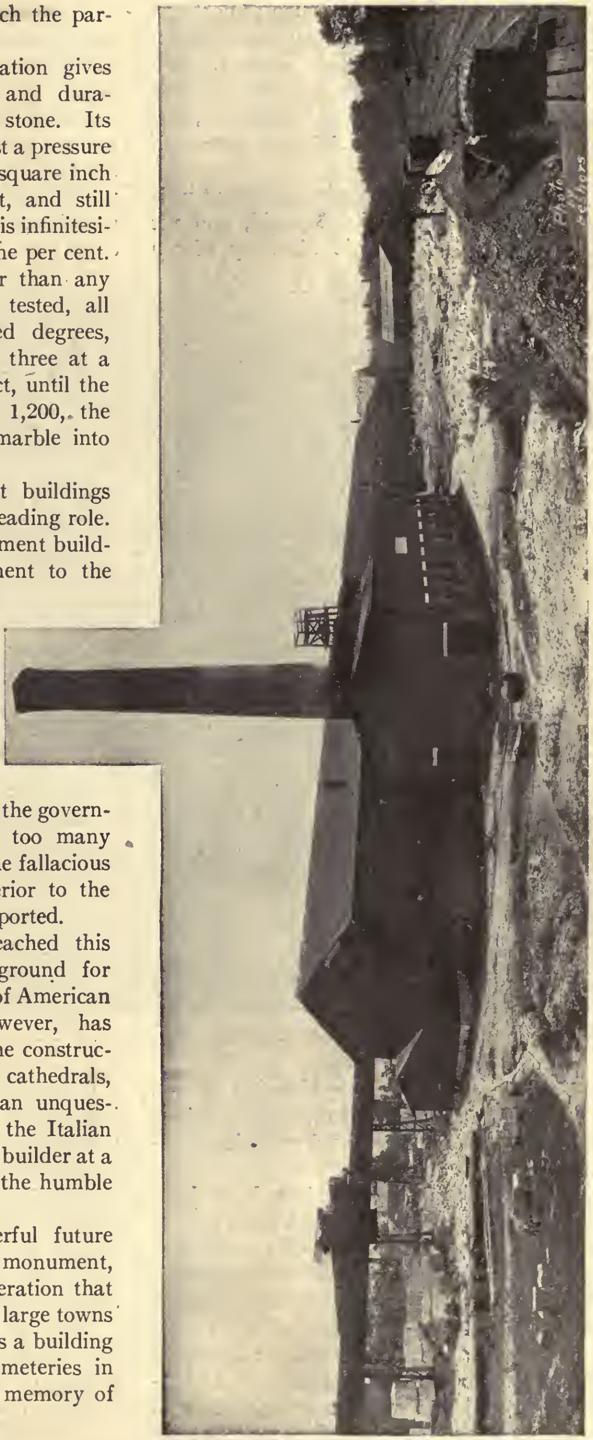
A MONUMENT TO GEORGIA MARBLE—THE GIRARD TRUST COMPANY'S BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA of New England or Italy, in which the particles are less coherent.

This peculiar crystalline formation gives Georgia marble an appearance and durability common to no other known stone. Its strength is proverbial. It can resist a pressure of twelve thousand pounds to the square inch and 850 tons to the square foot, and still remain unbroken. Its absorption is infinitesimal, less than six-hundredths of one per cent. Its heat-resisting power is greater than any other stone. Of seven varieties tested, all were uninjured at eight hundred degrees, all but one at nine hundred and three at a thousand, were not injured, in fact, until the temperature had been raised to 1,200, the heat stage necessary to convert marble into quicklime.

In the erection of government buildings Georgia marble is also playing a leading role. This is as it should be. A government building is intended to be a monument to the national life, something to serve the needs of tomorrow as well as of today. Too often in the past, government architects have designated Italian marble as the building stone to be employed in the construction of certain public buildings. Neither is this custom confined to the government. There are, unfortunately, too many architects in America who share the fallacious belief that the imported is superior to the domestic marble—because it is imported.

If the best stone of Italy reached this country there might be some ground for argument as to the relative merits of American and Italian marble. Italy, however, has hardly sufficient fine marble for the construction of her own and her neighbors' cathedrals, churches and palaces, and it is an unquestioned fact that no small part of the Italian marble that is sold to the American builder at a high price crosses the Atlantic in the humble guise of ballast.

Georgia marble has a wonderful future both as a building stone and a monument, and it can be said without exaggeration that in ten years' time there will be few large towns in the country that will not possess a building constructed from it, and few cemeteries in which it will not perpetuate the memory of some fond lost one.



THE FINISHING PLANT OF THE KENESAW MARBLE COMPANY, MARIETTA

In a far out of the way section of northern Georgia, just where the Southern Appalachian range spends itself in irregular, precipitous formations, lies in seclusion the picturesque little village of Dahlonega, the center of the oldest gold-mining region of the United States.

Georgia as a gold-producing country is little known to the outside world, and yet until the great California discovery of '49 turned the eyes of the gold-seeker to the setting sun, practically all of the gold mined in the United States came from this mountainous section of Georgia.

How long these gold mines have been worked is beyond the ken of man to tell. That long, long before the white man's foot trod these northern hills the Indian knew of these rich deposits, and worked them to a small extent, is shown conclusively in the intermittent discovery of small nuggets of gold that evince unmistakeable signs of having been subjected to some crude method of refining. It is quite probable, too, that the nomadic band of Indians from whom De Soto learned of the rich gold mines that inspired his historic expedition to this continent had Georgia rather than Florida in mind. If this truculent buccaneer had treated the red man with better grace, he might have never wandered to his death at the Mississippi's mouth, for he is supposed to have passed only a little to the south of the Georgia gold belt, of the existence of which the Indians must have been aware.

HYDRAULIC GOLD MINING IN NORTH GEORGIA

Gold mining in Georgia as a legitimate industry dates back to 1829, when the Cherokee Nation, which included practically all of the gold belt, was thrown open to the white settlement. For some years before this a more or less hazardous form of mining had been carried on, as in undeveloped and unprotected regions it will be always till man's lust for gold has ceased.

When the California gold rush, which was destined to strike such a terrible blow at gold mining in Georgia, set in, Dahlonega alone supported some ten thousand miners, while six miles to the south, Auraria, a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, dependent wholly upon gold mining for its existence, raised its proud head to the mountains. Goldsmith's Deserted Village finds a striking parallel in this quaint mining town, which today boasts only two small general stores and half a dozen houses.

The first gold issued by the United States Treasury was coined from metal mined in Georgia. This was in 1829, the gold being transported to the mint in Philadelphia by the overland route. The estimated amount of gold mined in Georgia and coined at Philadelphia up to 1838, when a branch mint was established at Dahlonega, is placed at a million and a half dollars, the amount coined at the Dahlonega mint from its organization until its discontinuance at the opening of the Civil War, at six million dollars, and the total amount coined to date at seventeen and a half millions. Twenty-five million dollars is a fair estimate of the total amount of gold produced in Georgia to date.

The Georgia gold deposits occur in a number of narrow belts running in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction in the northern part of the state. The most prominent, the Dahlonega belt, traverses the entire width of the state, being a hundred and fifty miles long and from two to five miles wide.

Up to the present Georgia has seen little more than surface mining, there being few shafts in the whole field of more than a hundred feet in depth. In surface gold she is as rich as, if not richer than any other gold region in the world, but the gold is mostly too fine to allow of its economical treatment. The black sand of North Georgia all contains more or less gold, which one day, when science has solved satisfactorily the great problem of successfully treating low grade ore, may bring incalculable wealth to the state. Some engineers, American and foreign, who have examined the Dahlonega belt, report it richer in surface gold than any field they have seen. It is an unquestioned fact that after a very heavy rain gold can be panned in the streets of Dahlonega itself.

PANNING GOLD IN NORTH GEORGIA

What will be the possibilities of vein mining no one can foretell. At the present time no less than a dozen new companies, mostly close corporations, are preparing to commence mining operations on a large scale. The history of other gold fields shows that, up to a certain distance, the vein increases in value with its depth, which should augur well for gold mining in Georgia.

Even if the Georgia gold mines are not of the Bonanza variety, they may be expected, subject to intelligent development, to return a very fair profit on the money invested in them. None of the deposits are exhausted; indeed, it is fair to say that all the ground already worked, worked as it has been in a crude and unprofitable manner, may be successfully re-treated.

Two great drawbacks to the upbuilding of the gold industry in the past have been wild-cat promoting and the gross mismanagement of incompetent and extravagant engineers. The only way to develop a gold mine, is to deal with it as with any other commercial undertaking honestly, intelligently, and conservatively. So many companies have been promoted for stock jobbing purposes, that it has given the Georgia gold field a bad name, and it is only fair to say that there are numerous mines in the state, mostly privately controlled, that have been worked intelligently for fifty years, paying good and regular dividends.

In speaking to the writer of the future of Georgia gold mining, Mr. S. T. Jones, assistant state geologist, said:

"While in recent years the gold production of Georgia has been less than at some previous periods, the future outlook of the industry is by no means discouraging. There are numerous low-grade deposits that, worked on an extensive scale, and with economical and skillful management, may be made to produce large amounts of gold. The conditions of gold mining in Georgia are very favorable indeed. There are no extremes of climate to contend with, as in most gold-producing regions, and the deposits are all very favorably situated with reference to labor, fuel, timber, transportation and the other requisites to profitable mining. The pressing needs of the industry at the present time are capital and the presence of skilled mining engineers."

CANE CREEK FALLS, DAHLONEGA—ONE OF THE GOLD FIELD'S MYRIAD WATERFALLS

Limestones, which find a very extensive use as building stone, road material and flux, are found in great abundance in northwest Georgia. The most important of these limestones is known as the Knox Dolomite. It is a magnesian limestone of great thickness, and furnishes, besides a large quantity of building stone, practically all of the lime used in the state.

Another important use of limestone is in the manufacture of Portland cement. For such use a limestone's percentage of magnesia must be very low. This class of stone is confined almost exclusively to Rockmart in Polk County, where is located the largest cement plant in the entire South, a plant having a daily capacity of over twelve hundred barrels. From Rockmart cement was constructed the new freight terminal of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad at Atlanta, one of the biggest and most modern freight stations in the country.

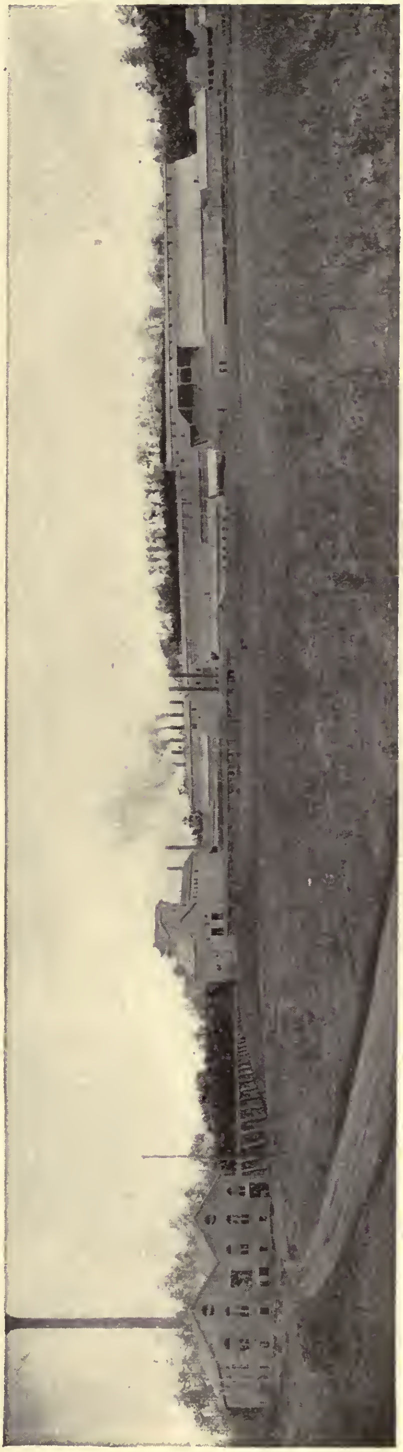
At the present time two other cement plants are in the course of construction at Rockmart, and other companies are preparing to enter the field.

At Rockmart also are found inexhaustible deposits of a very fine building slate. One of these slate formations occurs in mountain form, being the largest mountain of solid slate in the United States. This mountain is known as Signal Mountain because from its brow General Sherman, advancing to the coast, signaled his rear guard at Cleveland, Tennessee. Rockmart slate is of a fine even texture, with a uniform deep blue-black color. It is easily split and is quite free from any impurities. The slate quarries of Rockmart are the only quarries in operation in the state of Georgia at the present time.

In the manufacture of fine pottery Georgia has a future of great promise, having, as has been already remarked, sufficient fine kaolins and clays to maintain the combined potteries of the world.

Clays of one kind or another are found in every county in Georgia, but her chief deposits are confined to a narrow belt, from three to fifteen miles wide, extending across the center of the state from Augusta to Columbus, and following what is geologically designated the Southern Fall Line.

Georgia's most valuable clay is a white-burning kaolin, such as is used exclusively in the manufacture of high-grade pottery, paper



PLANT OF THE SOUTHERN STATES PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY, ROCKMART—THE LARGEST CEMENT PLANT IN THE SOUTH

WHERE A GEORGIA RIVER FINDS ITS SOURCE

filler, fire brick and other refractory clay products, her largest deposit of this kaolin, and, we might say, the largest deposit of kaolin in the world, being found in the belt referred to.

At the present time the mining of kaolin is confined to four companies, the product of which is nearly all shipped to Northern potteries. There seems to be no economic reason why factories for the manufacture of pottery could not be successfully operated in Georgia. In summing up an excellent discussion of this question, Mr. Otto Veatch, Assistant State Geologist, says:

"With an abundance of clays, the value of which in the manufacture of white-ware pottery, sanitary ware, electrical porcelain and other high-grade clay products, has been proven by their commercial use for such purposes in Northern factories, the question arises: Why not establish factories in Georgia for the manufacture of such products? The quantity of such clay and its accessibility cannot be questioned. White-ware bodies are mixtures of kaolin, ball-clay, flint and feldspar, and access to the latter materials must be considered. Flint or quartz of great purity occurs in veins throughout the Piedmont region of Georgia, and feldspar also is very plentiful. No Georgia clays have been placed on the market as ball-clays, but some of the plastic kaolins of the Fall Line have the properties of a ball-clay, except that they have higher vitrification points. Such clays could largely replace ball-clays without violently overturning the established methods of potters. It is also highly probable that other Georgia clays which will more nearly meet the requirements of ball-clays will be discovered in the future.

"Lack of skilled labor is one of the main arguments advanced against the establishment of potteries. Unquestionably skilled labor would have to be imported, but the labor problem is a problem which has to be met in the establishment of any new industry. It can only be a temporary disadvantage. To carry such argument to the extreme, would imply that no new industries requiring skilled labor could be established except in those localities where such skilled labor is most centered."

The coal fields of Georgia, too limited in extent to allow of any extraordinary expansion

THE KAOLIN INDUSTRY
(1) Mining. (2) Hydraulic Presses. (3) Drying
(4) Shipping. (5) A Typical Plant

of the coal industry of the state, are confined to three of the northwestern counties — Dade, Walker, and Chattooga, being a continuation of the coal fields of Alabama and Tennessee. They cover some 140 square miles and are thought to contain about a billion and a half tons of very excellent coking and steam coal. The chief mines, located almost invariably on the mountainside, are self-draining, and as a consequence, very easily worked. The two most important elevations in the Georgia coal field are Sand and Lookout mountains.

IRON FURNACE AT ROME

With two hundred and thirty million tons of fossil or red iron ore and with a tonnage of brown that is estimated to be even greater, Georgia has sufficient raw material to make her one of the most important iron-producing states in the Union. Her red iron ores are especially valuable, being even higher in metallic iron than the famous Bessemer ores of Alabama. They occur in regularly stratified beds, varying from a few inches to more than eight feet in thickness, the brown ores coming in pockets that may contain one or ten thousand tons, which necessarily makes its profitable mining a trifle uncertain. The red ores cover an area in the Palezoic region of 175 miles, being confined largely to Dade, Walker, Chattooga, Whitefield, and Catoosa counties. The brown ores are found most plentifully in Bartow, Polk and Floyd counties, but occur also to a limited extent in what is known as Tertiary area, south of Columbus.

At the present time there are three furnaces in Georgia, at Rome, Cedartown, and Rising Fawn, with a capacity of over two hundred tons a day each.

Before the war, iron smelting was a very important industry throughout northwest Georgia, but the furnaces of those days were very small indeed compared with the present ones, and it is probable that all the furnaces in the state at that time did not produce more than the annual output of the three furnaces referred to.

From all appearances the Georgia iron industry is entering the greatest era of prosperity in its whole history. From Rome, Georgia, there is being constructed a new railroad to be known as the Rome and North Georgia Railroad, the sole purpose of which is to connect the iron fields of Georgia and the coal fields of Tennessee.

With new furnaces projected, and a really intelligent attempt at development promised, the Georgia iron industry within a very few years should be as important in its own peculiar way as her sister industry of Alabama.

Sixteen miles from Atlanta, in a country that is peculiarly level, rises a veritable Sphinx of the desert, Stone Mountain, the largest block of solid granite in the world. This wonderful monstrosity, rising 700 feet above the surrounding plain, bare of all vegetation but intermittent pine or dwarfed oak, is easily the greatest natural phenomenon in the Atlantic states. Competent engineers have estimated that there are in this one boss at least sixteen billion feet of workable granite.

Stone Mountain granite finds extensive use in many Southern and Western towns as a building stone, probably the most pleasing architectural example of a building constructed from it being the new Federal building now nearing completion at Atlanta.

Georgia has more extensive granite deposits than any state in the South, granite being found more or less extensively in every county of the crystaline area, which comprises about one-third of the state.

Her monumental granites found in Elbert, Oglethorpe, Meriwether and Heard counties have no superior in the world, being quite the equal of the famous Bury granite of New England.

At Lithonia there are a number of other formations of the same general character as Stone Mountain, the granites of which are peculiarly well adapted for curbing and general building purposes.

STONE MOUNTAIN, THE LARGEST BLOCK OF SOLID GRANITE IN THE WORLD

In the production of bauxite, one of the most valuable of the commercial minerals, nearly all the world's supply of the metal aluminum being refined from it, Georgia leads the world.

Bauxite was first discovered in 1821, its place of origin being Baux, a quaint little village in South France, from which it derives its name. Subsequently other deposits were found in Germany, Austria and Ireland, all of which have been more or less commercially developed.

The first discovery of bauxite in America was made in 1889, in Floyd County, Georgia, a few miles from the thriving city of Rome. Some months later other deposits were unearthed in other parts of Floyd, in adjoining counties, and in northeastern Alabama, all being defined as integral parts of what is now geologically designated the Georgia-Alabama field, and which extends from Adairsville, Georgia, to Jacksonville, Alabama, the deposits following the course of the Coosa Valley. The first bauxite mined in the United States was shipped from Rome, Georgia, to a Philadelphia refinery and there converted into aluminum. In 1891 bauxite was discovered in Arkansas, now believed to contain the world's greatest deposits of this mineral. The only other known deposits are located in New Mexico, but these have never been commercially developed.

The extent of Georgia's bauxite deposits is still undefined. A few years ago they were thought to be limited to the northwestern belt, but there has recently been discovered in the central portion of the state a considerable field, distinct from the one referred to, that should be susceptible to profitable development.

Bauxite is found in different formation in different localities. In Georgia it appears in lumpy pebble form, generally intermixed with other clays, which, there being no plasticity in bauxite, are easily washed off. After the mineral is mined, it is hand picked, the adhering clay is washed from it, and it is calcined, or dried, to save freight charges, over 30 per cent. of the ore being pure water.

MINING BAUXITE IN NORTH GEORGIA

Practically all the bauxite mined in Georgia is carried to New York and Pennsylvania refineries, where it is chemically treated to separate the alumina from the iron, silica and other foreign substances that appear to a greater or less degree in all minerals, the resultant alumina being converted into either aluminum or alum. Bauxite is also used to some extent in the manufacture of high-grade emery wheels.

Another important mineral of which there are huge deposits in Georgia is mica. The mica belt of Georgia is a continuation of the famous belt of North Carolina, which today produces by far the best mica found in the world, and promises to be equally as rich.

Mica is finding more extensive use every day. It is practically the only electrical insulator on the market, being the one commodity that is not inflammable, a non-conductor of heat or cold, and practically infusable. For the purpose of glazing, especially in the manufacture of stoves and lamp chimneys, it has no superior, being easily cleavable into thin transparent plates that will withstand all ordinary heat. For purposes of decoration, mica also has a large and unique field, in this country and in the Orient.

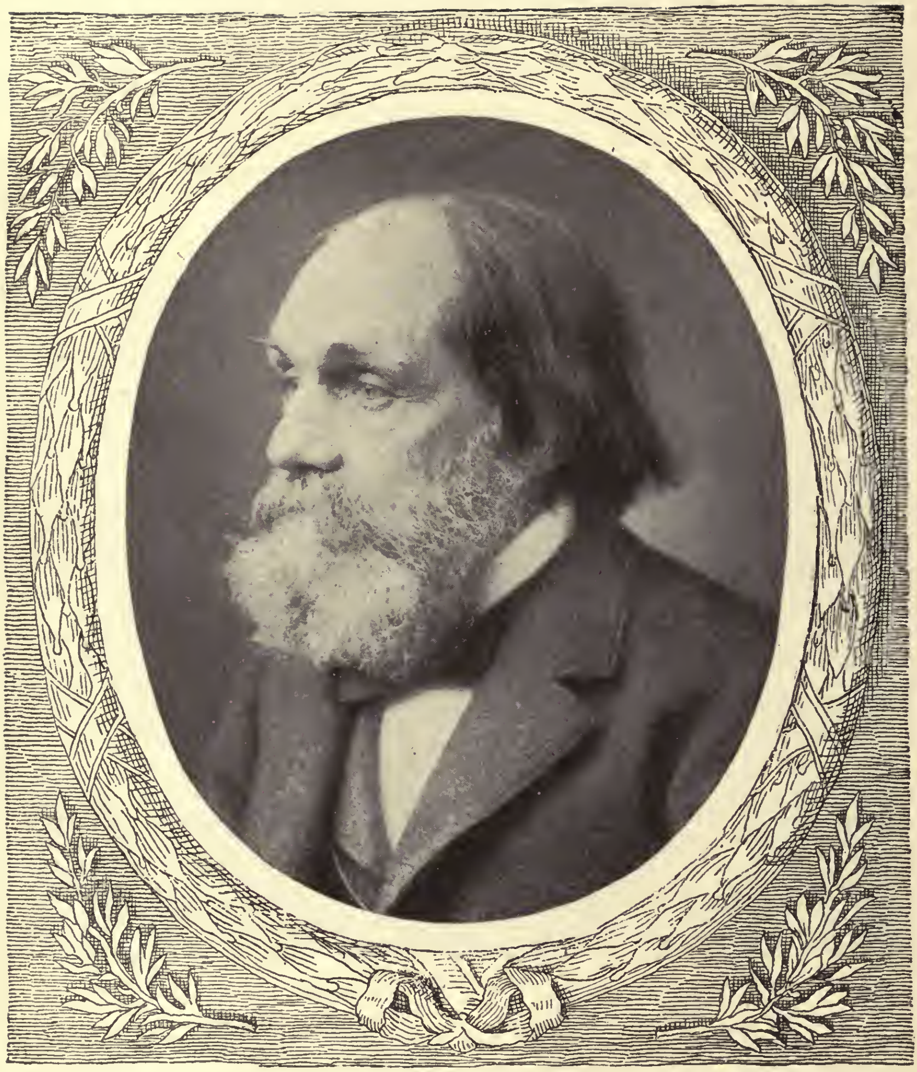
The mica industry of Georgia is only in its infancy, but the prospects for its rapid and profitable development are exceedingly bright.

Nearly the whole of the domestic supply of asbestos, a commodity used very extensively in the manufacture of fireproofing and fire-proof articles, is mined in the northern mountains of Georgia, practically in White County, while another valuable mineral is corundum, which was first discovered in Georgia in 1871 and since then has been more extensively mined.

In the production of ocher, a silicious oxide of iron used in the manufacture of paint and linoleum, Georgia is second only to Pennsylvania, and, providing her steady increase of the past few years is maintained, will soon be in first place. Georgia's deposits of ocher are confined to Bartow, Polk and Floyd counties, the center of mining operations being Cartersville, and while not inexhaustible, these deposits, at the present rate of mining, will last for many years to come.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ROCKMART, THE CENTER OF THE SLATE AND CEMENT INDUSTRY

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article will be concluded in the September issue with a comprehensive and well-illustrated account of the waterpowers of Georgia, the lumber and naval stores industry, the wiregrass section, and the present and future of manufacturing in the state.



THE LATE DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

The Grand Old Man of Massachusetts, who was chaplain of the United States Senate, and has the remarkable record of being pastor of a Boston church for over half a century. He was educated wholly in the Puritan City, graduating at Harvard. After serving two years as usher at the Boston Latin School, of which he was a former student, he took up the study of theology. His first work in the Unitarian ministry was at the Church of the Unity in Worcester, which pastorate he left to assume charge of the South Congregational Church in Boston. Here he remained until the close of his long and useful career. Prominent in educational and religious movements, he was a noted promoter of Chautauqua circles and Lend-a-Hand clubs and was editor of *Lend-a-Hand Record*. He wrote a large number of stories, among them "The Man Without a Country." His "Sketches in Christian History," "Kansas and Nebraska," "The Story of Massachusetts," and similar writings are a valuable contribution to the historical departments of all United States libraries.

THE BELOVED DR. HALE

By REV. DILLON BRONSON, D.D.

"WE have come to celebrate the coronation of a king rather than to shed tears over the end of a noble activity, for Dr. Hale is somewhere, sharing still in his Master's work, a preacher of righteousness forever. No single sect can claim him now, as no house in Boston could hold all this morning's sunshine. We Methodist Episcopalians call him ours because from the beginning of his ministry he joined with us in bitter protest against the hard teachings which a century ago were thought to be the only orthodoxy. His friend, our Father Taylor, the sailor-preacher, used to say that Calvin's God was his devil, and I think Dr. Hale would have expressed himself in about the same terms.

"He gladly preached in our Methodist pulpits, spoke in our schools and fellowshipped with our people. Some thirty years ago he strode into People's Temple, where young John Hamilton, now Boston's beloved bishop, was pastor, and going up the pulpit stairs, threw his arms around the minister before all the people and said: 'Thank God that the Methodists have such a church on this corner, and that you have been anointed to be their leader.' Once when asking for a minister to preach at Morgan Memorial, where a Methodist society worships in a Unitarian building, he said: 'We want no kid-gloved dilettante chap of our own kind, but a red-blooded, earnest Methodist, who loves folks more than books.' Our Epworth Leagues all over the world acknowledge their indebtedness to him for the motto 'Look up, lift up.'

"Seven years ago when we observed the bi-centennial of Wesley, it was Dr. Hale who brought a memorable message on 'Wesley the Prophet,' and we can still hear the echoes of his trumpet voice: 'Salvation's free for you and me, for God hath bidden all mankind.' Only a week ago he wrote to a friend concerning our minister at the great institutional church on Shawmut Avenue. 'He always speaks the truth and knows more of all sorts and conditions of men than I or the Secretary of State, and is worth walking miles to hear.'

"A few years since he preached for me in St. Mark's, Brookline; when I spoke beforehand of compensation, he replied 'I don't want your money, I want to know your people,' and that congregation will never forget the Quaker-Methodist utterance of that day on God's Holy Spirit now working in the lives of men. Dr. Hale always emphasized the spiritual life for which Methodists are supposed to stand. He always opposed with all his might the frivolity and irreligion oft miscalled 'liberalism.'

"We have reason to thank God that he spared such a prophet to be so long a time with us and show us the Father. We have reason to thank God that honor and appreciation came to him while he was alive, that the flowers were not all kept for his funeral. The love bestowed upon him during the last twenty years disproves the statement that 'in a republic only the dead are praised.' What greater monument could any man have than the sincere affection of millions of our people from the highest churchmen all the way up to the Salvation Army? Since Phillips Brooks no man has gone out from us who will be so greatly missed."

At the Memorial Services held in affectionate remembrance of Dr. Edward Everett Hale at the old Park Street Congregational Church, Boston, at the same hour as his funeral services in the South Congregational Unitarian Church, of which Dr. Hale had been pastor for more than fifty years, selected representative ministers of the Congregational, Unitarian, Baptist and Methodist Episcopal denominations united in eloquent tribute to this celebrated preacher, author, philanthropist and patriot, who had rounded out so long and noble a life, and carried his activities and benevolent interests in humanity up to the very last. A beautiful song service by the Boston Singing Club, led by H. G. Tucker, introduced and followed the several orators, and a crowded audience bore witness that, albeit Park Street Church was founded for "a frontier against the Unitarian invasion," there was nothing but hearty and warm encomium and Christian recognition of the beauty, sincerity and holiness of the life of the departed chaplain of the United States Senate. The above tribute was delivered by Dr. Bronson, who spoke for the Methodist Episcopal Church.—EDITOR.

VOTING BY MAIL

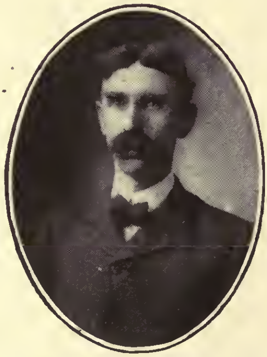
AN ORIGINAL PLAN FOR ASCERTAINING THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE BY MEANS OF POSTAL POLLS

By HERBERT CONSTABLE

POSTAL polls means that the people shall vote direct on all fundamental laws through the mails. It does not necessarily propose to supersede the present ballot-box method of electing officers. That may or may not remain as it is without interfering with the benefits which would occur through using the mails for conducting the Referendum and the Initiative.

Briefly submitted, without details and without argument, the plan is as follows:

The *Congressional Record* shall be mailed free to *all voters* as it is now to many. It shall have printed in it the laws proposed by Congress and by people through the Initiative, either with or without the arguments for and against. It shall contain ballots and addressed envelopes for the free return of the votes.


HERBERT CONSTABLE

The voter reads the proposed law, thinks it over and discusses it. At any time within say thirty or sixty days he signs the yes or no vote and, sealing it in the return envelope, drops it into any mail box. *The citizen mails the vote and the Post Office does the rest*—simple, is it not?

The decision of the people should be final, regardless of presidential or congressional action. The laws would all be known, understood and always backed by the majority. They would naturally be better observed and more easily enforced.

The president should still be the chief executive of the will of the people. Congress should retain its administrative powers, propose laws, debate upon them and also upon those proposed by the people through the Initiative; but as the people would decide upon the laws, the fate of the United States would not be at stake in every presidential and congressional election. We would thus avoid the depressing effect on business every four years.

The number of voters' signatures to an Initiative necessary to submit a law to the vote of the people should be low enough to enable the people to propose laws, but high enough to discourage the consideration of measures without any material support.

Our legislators have done the best they could or, if not, the best they are likely to do, under the present system. Legislators are not mind-readers—no one but a fakir claims to be. There is no way of knowing the minds of the people except by having them vote directly on each law and the most practical way of doing this is by postal polls. Some of the additional advantages are:

The most convenient way of voting.

Abolishing or decreasing corruption, bribery and lobbying.

Gives us the benefit of the wisdom and experience of our legislators without binding us by their mistakes or treachery. It adds to their wisdom that of every business and professional man, scholar and the entire American public.

Gets votes of intelligent, conscientious stay-at-homes who do not go to polls to vote.

Prevents hasty or ill-considered legislation.

Prevents illiterate voting or spurs the illiterates to study.

Educates and improves everybody by discussing and considering the laws.

Each law is considered on its own merits, not mixed up with a whole political platform in which it is vaguely described.

It is the only way the people can thoroughly understand what they are voting on and cast an intelligent vote that counts.

It perpetuates the great American principle of majority rule.

GEORGE WARBURTON LEWIS

By WILLIAM G. ERWIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are glad to be able to afford the fiction readers of the National a closer acquaintance with Mr. George Warburton Lewis, the distinguished young author, whose story, "The Shadow of the Thing," appears in this number, and whose many fascinating stories of adventure have graced the pages of the National during the past two years.

MR. LEWIS' career from boyhood has been as unusual as interesting. He was born at Fairview, Kansas, thirty years ago, of English parentage. As a boy he was exceptionally promising, and big things were predicted for him. Then suddenly at the impressionable age of eleven he was left alone in the world without means or guidance. He was, however, even at this "marble-rolling" age, an ardent wooer of higher education, and, undismayed, he at once began the fight to achieve his youthful dream. Alone in the world, it was a slow process—a pathway to knowledge through the gauntlet of hard knocks. But after a ten years' struggle the dream of his boyhood at last came true.

Today Mr. Lewis will tell you with a frank smile that he "stole" his later education, filched it piecemeal through the guarded medium of the private tutor and the business college. But inflexible purpose ultimately won a crown, as it always must.

Unlike most contemporary writers, Mr. Lewis did not arrive at magazine writing via the stepstones of newspaperdom. He wrote acceptable fiction before he ever saw an editorial den, and though a newspaper man of more than average ability, it was through the medium of the magazines that he first laid claim to the attention of the reading public. He has traveled almost everywhere and his receptive mind stores up everyday drama with the accuracy of an etched record-plate.

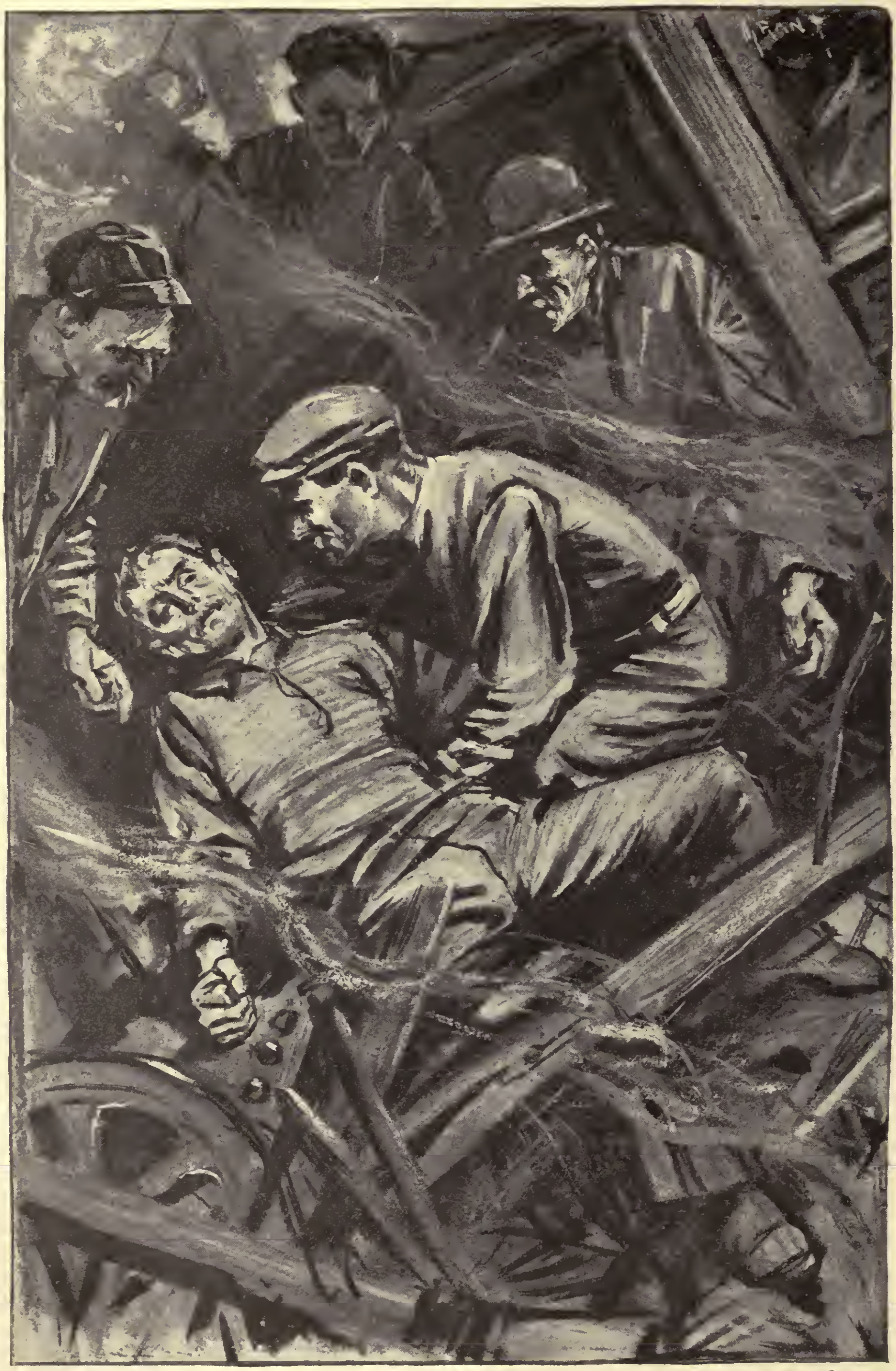
Photo by Fishbaugh, Empire, Canal Zone

GEORGE WARBURTON LEWIS

Mr. Lewis towers six feet two inches high and has won honors as an all-around athlete. In the famous Twentieth Kansas regiment he fought with Funston in the Philippines, where as a corporal he won from the Kansas Grand Army of the Republic a medal for gallantry. Subsequently, though still a mere youth, he served as sergeant-major under Liscum throughout the Boxer War in China in 1900, and later fought the furious Visayans in the jungles of Samar.

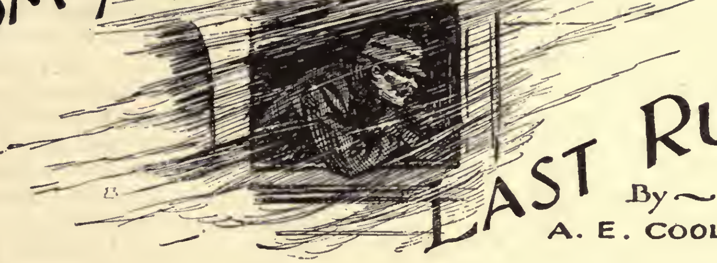
From these and similar experiences of stress and strife, with which his life has been crowded, spring the virile, human stories wherein Mr. Lewis paints with artist's touch life's glide and clash—the scorn that scathes and the love that leavens in the light-flowing and in the workaday world.

For many years Mr. Lewis has been in the employ of the United States Government. He is at present with the Isthmian Canal Commission on the Isthmus of Panama, and from the concentration of human activities in the Canal Zone, tinted with dramatic colors from the pastel of the author's wonderful imagination, comes to the readers of the NATIONAL the powerful story of Sam Colton's obsession, "The Shadow of the Thing."



"His face lighting with a smile, he whispered: 'I'm going—to—Nellie.'"

TOM McKENNA'S LAST RUN



By

A. E. COOLEY

THE wind swept over the bluffs down across the Rosedale flats, rattling the windows in their shrunken casements and driving the frozen rain against the panes with an unceasing tattoo as we sat around the red-hot stove in the train-master's office. The smoke from the briars and Missouri meerschaums curled to the ceiling, and the wind blowing in through the cracks drifted it in long narrow films here and there.

"I've noticed," said Dave Sanders, as he pressed the tobacco down in his pipe with his asbestos middle finger, "that when a policeman makes a gallant rescue, or a fireman does a heroic act, or a sailor saves a lot of people from joining 'Davy Jones' in his locker, he gets a lot of praise in the papers, and sometimes gets a medal. But did you ever hear of an engineer who saves a whole trainload of people at the risk of his own life, and sometimes loses it, getting more than a short paragraph in the papers? And if he happens to get killed, they usually put the blame on him because he is not in a position to put up a kick. Did you ever see an engineer wearing a lot of medals because he stuck to his throttle when it was about to smash into a freight caboose or try and pass a passenger, coming the other way on a single track, and he had about as much chance of coming out, except on a freight car door, as a man has of getting out of Bat Murphy's with his pay check on Saturday night? What? I guess you didn't.

"I'm not saying that the policeman, or fireman, or the sailor are not brave men or do not risk their lives. They are brave, and they do risk their lives, but an engineer does it every time he pinches a throttle. There are a thousand things that may go wrong; perhaps someone who thinks he has a grudge against the company has taken a section out of the track around the bend; maybe a brakeman has neglected to close a switch or an engineer forgotten his orders. A driving-rod may break, a steam pipe burst or a cylinder head blow out. Any one of these would make short life of a fast train. I guess it's so common people don't notice it any more.

"It's always been a question in my mind whether it's the duty of an engineer to stay at the throttle in case of accident after he has done all in his power to avert it. Some stay and some jump; they probably have it all figured out beforehand; but it may be that eternity looks pretty cold at the last moment to some that have determined to stay.

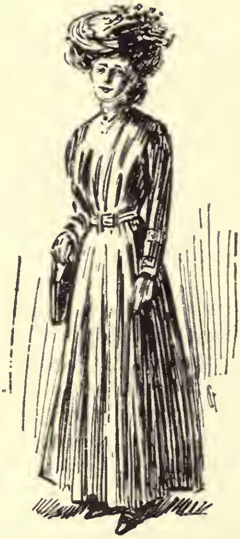
"I remember when Tom McKenna came out here to us from off the plains division. His wife was sick, and he had to bring her to a higher altitude, so he exchanged with one of our men, Charlie Dempsey, the only man I ever saw that didn't like the mountains.

"Rosedale then was just a dot on the sagebrush-covered prairie, just a hump on the sandy desert beside the iron trail that went into the mountains in one direction and onto the plains in the other. That was before the fire had wiped out the old ramshackle building that we called headquarters, which shook to the foundation every time the wind rose above a whisper, before the cattle yards had been moved across the river and the old men scattered to the four points of the compass.

"Whitney filled the division superintendent's chair, and filled it as no man has since; Pete Daly looked after the bridges and Charlie Root the yard. Roberts was the chief despatcher; Sandy Jim Cahill took care of the train service and Ed Mason the road.

"There had been a new deal at headquarters; the old deck had been cut and shuffled for the last time and consigned to the waste basket. General Manager Hanchette had been in the saddle only three months, but already we were feeling the effects of some new blood. More section gangs were being put on, bridges strengthened, rolling stock looked over, new engines were coming in, and a requisition went through sometimes without being cut and hacked all to pieces.

"McKenna was a small man and very quiet; even after he got acquainted, he never talked or laughed like the rest of us, and when he did smile it was rather a sad, half-grown affair. I don't mean he was morbid or anything like that, for there wasn't a more cheerful man on the whole division than Tom McKenna. Only I reckon his thoughts were mostly with the little wife that was sick, and that rather toned down the laugh. But we were used to big bluff fellows that stood six feet in their shirt sleeves and tipped the scales at not less than a hundred and eighty, with the alkali washed off, and with voices that rang like a spike maul on a frosty rail, and would carry a quarter of a mile through the worst storm that ever blew over the Wapiti Hills. Perhaps that is the reason he seemed quiet to us. He was very strong on duty, and we had many a good-natured argument about an engineer's place in time of accident.



TOM'S WIFE, NELLIE

"'Any man that will leave his throttle in time of danger is not fit to pull a way freight,' he often said, and I guessed if he was ever called to make a choice, you'd find him with the engine when it went to the scrap.

"He run for a few months on the Local, No. 4, but when Barnes was laid off, he took the Atlantic Limited, No. 9, to Caxton, when McMasters brought her in from Carlyle.

"She was the Atlantic Limited on the timetables, but on our division she was known as the Irish Limited. McKenna was at the throttle, Connors in the cab with him to tickle the fire, and no man on our line could do it better; Dan Cafferty carried the conductor's lantern, and had for a good many years, and the trainmen were all old tried men, Irish to the core, and big fellows, too, all except McKenna. He was small in stature, but he had showed on more than one occasion that he had the nerve of the biggest and could stay with the best of them.

"He was about the softest man at the throttle that ever pulled a train over our rail joints. He'd back down on a string of sleepers and make a coupling without jarring a salt cellar on the table in the diner; others can do that, also, but many of them don't try. But when the occasion demanded, he could make a fast run as well, and his limit was only the steam the fireman could give him, with the throttle opened to the last notch.

"His wife was a pale little creature, small like Tom, and with a voice as low and musical as a mountain brook, and he was about as choice of her as an engineer is of his split second gold chronometer.

"She had the lung disease, I think, and for the first few months she improved, and the color came back into her face. How could she help but improve here with the finest climate in the world? Of course, we have some bad storms, but the sun shines most of the time, and that is better than all the tonic the pill-rollers ever put together.

"Amusements in Rosedale then were few and far between for a woman like her, and she spent a good deal of time around the station. She'd sit up in the despatcher's office and watch the crews switching down in the yard by the hour, and the train sheet fascinated her as a snake does a bird. When any of the boys were laid up, from superintendent down to sweepers, she was always the first to go and see them, and most of them complained of getting well too soon. We all thought about as much of her as Tom did.

"When Tom was on the local, she would be down to the station when he pulled in, his head out of the cab window and his eyes searching the platform like a headlight until they rested on her. Even on rainy nights he'd look, knowing very well that he'd told her never to come out in any storm.

"We've always had two pieces of bad track on this division, and always will have. They are not so bad as they used to be, but still bad enough to make you sit up and think when you go over them, that is, if you know what you are going over. One is the Eagle River canyon, and the other lies fifteen miles east of Rosedale on Turtle Mountain. If you could get up in the air and look down on Turtle Mountain, you would see that it is rightly named. Elk River splits at the west end into two branches; one flows north around the northern side, and the other turns south and flows around the southern end. They join again on the east after having cut a deep canyon all the way around the mountain, shaping it in the blunt oval like a turtle's back. The Eagle River canyon was bad enough, but the worst five miles of track I ever saw—bar none—was that around Turtle Mountain.

"Crossing the Willow Park flats, the road swings across Elk River on a trestle, between two pinnacles of rock close to a thousand feet high, onto the face of the mountain where the road is blasted out of the face of the rock. The grade is stiff, and in the five miles there is hardly a straight piece of track, with a degree of curvature that would worry a professional contortionist. This piece of track has been before the board, practically every time they met, for betterment. But there was the question of money, always to be reckoned with in directors' meetings, and besides this the engineers could never agree on a satisfactory line to be run.

"A little this side of the last curve, which is a double one, after which the road swings across the trestle over the Elk for the last time down onto the plains, is a ravine cutting the mountain from top to bottom, and where we cross it is about fifty feet wide and half as deep. We cross on the north side of the mountain, and into this ravine the sun never peeps. It is a natural ice house, for summer and winter there is always ice and snow at the bottom. On the east side of the trestle a little spring issues from the rocks, so small that you would think a real thirsty coyote would lap it so dry that another drop would not ooze from it in a thousand years. But it's a persistent spring, and in its persistency lies the fact that it has caused us more trouble than any other single point on this line.

"In fact, this spring works overtime, and the only pay it receives for its work is an unwary track walker or a bucking outfit; once it got a freight, and once it nearly got a passenger, loaded with human freight, and it did get the best engineer we ever had on this division—bar none.

"The trouble was it wouldn't stay in one place long enough for us to get acquainted with it. During the big blizzard, when for five days there wasn't a train moved a hundred yards on the whole division, this spring flowed down, across and between the tracks for fifty yards in each direction; turning our roadbed into a skating rink and afterward some of our rolling stock into kindling wood, engines into scrap, and, incidentally, some of our train crews into angels; that is, if a railroad man ever gets to heaven, which some people doubt, I suppose. When Johnson's bucking outfit of four engines and a rotary hit that piece of track, cutting through the snow bank as if it were a feather bed, the ice was three feet high, solid; there was a crash of splintering wood, a shrieking of whistles, the head engine buckled, reared, and the rotary and engine behind, carrying Dennis Dougherty and his fireman, toppled over the cliff into the canyon, two hundred feet below.

"Then we of the operating department rose up and swore a mighty oath that no more of our rolling stock should float down the Elk for the ranchers to build chicken coops with, or that any more of our engines should go to the scrap there, or our train crews to feed the buzzards, and we remonstrated with it in the shape of steel plates and cement. It made no move throughout that summer, or the following winter, or the next summer, but it worked just the same, and what made it worse, it worked in the dark. No track walker could see beneath the ballast, or section gangs know that it was making little tunnels between the rocks down underneath the roadbed, but it was, and by the next winter it had honeycombed the roadbed and made it as full of holes as a Swiss cheese. Then one day in the spring, Jerry MacCready's freight, eastbound, ran onto a track as soft as a custard pie, the roadbed mushroomed like a burning roof, the engine tipped its nose down and butted into the wall of rock on the other side. The cars climbed on top of each other, and twenty of them, loaded with range steers, went to feed the coyotes in the canyon of the Elk.

"Then the management awoke, and they swore a mighty oath, and there was something behind theirs that was not behind ours—money; they put up the money, we put up the work, the rock was blasted out, the bridge was lengthened, and the Devil's Spring was conquered for once—and for all time. No more it lies in wait for our track walkers or our freights or our passengers. Hung up on the side of the cliff, it trickles down harmlessly and furnishes our men, hung up on a mountain siding, water as cold and pure as any in the world. But before it was conquered it got well paid for its work, good and plenty, as Charlie Root used to say, in the shape of brave men and innocent animals.

"Just east of the last Elk trestle a couple of hundred yards is Clancy's siding and a few cattle yards, built to accommodate the ranchers of the Castle Creek country. The bridge and siding are hidden by the double curve, and if there is anything wrong with the trestle or the switch, and there has been in times past, the engineer and train are in the open against it good and hard, with but a few minutes to decide how they want to take the Great Divide,' in the cab or on their feet. Everything stands on end here, even the trainmen's hair, and it takes a good deal to make a mountain trainman's hair come up.

"From the time the trains strike Willow Park until they cross the Elk for the last time, pass Clancy's siding and slip down onto the plains, trainmen sit their seats light; superstitious darky porters feel in their pockets for their rabbit's foot and keep their fingers crossed until the mountains are behind. Engineers take the grades with the steam choked, with their hands on the air and sand valves, with drawn breath, eyes on the track ahead and a hope that there is nothing wrong around the bend.

"Winter came early that year and caught us unprepared. We had an unusually long run of bad weather with a lot of rain and some snow, the air was cold and damp, and the sun did not show its face for days at a time. McKenna's wife was standing it poorly, so he had sent her south and had asked for a month's leave himself to go and see her. Traffic was running heavy then, too. People on their vacations were caught in the cold snap and were rushing home, and the westbound freight was increasing every twenty-four hours, keeping us all on the jump to keep the yards clear and the trains moving. No. 9 had been running in two and sometimes three sections, and we were pressed at times for crews to man them.

"It had snowed the previous day and in the morning turned warm. The snow was slush, six inches deep, and the wind was blowing a gale, sweeping the bluffs like a tornado. Late in the afternoon we received orders from headquarters to move twelve cars of rails down to the Junction, as the construction gang were clamoring for them and they had to go to the front the first thing in the morning. It was a beastly night to send out a freight extra, but orders were orders and they had to go.

"It was McKenna's last night's run before his vacation; he was down early and came into my office for a little chat. Owing to the condition of the yards the switching crew were late in getting the train made up, and she was not ready to pull out until No. 9 reported 'in' at Paydown. A crew caller came in for me to go out and see something about getting the train out, and I left Tom in the office alone. As I went out on the platform, I noticed that the wind had shifted to the north and it was getting colder. The rain had turned to hail and cut my face like broken bits of glass, finding their way down my neck in spite of turned-up collar and muffler. It was a night like this and a bully good one to hug the stove.

"It was a little after seven when the extra, No. 67, left the yard with McCarthy pulling, Stimson, Ed's brother, as conductor, and a crew of three men, with orders to hold at Clancy's siding for the limited to pass.

"Tom was still in the office when I went back, and I noticed he had a telegram in his hand and looked as if something had happened. He did not speak for two or three minutes, so I sat down at my desk and appeared to be busy; then he came over and handed me the despatch and said:

"'Well, old man, Nellie's gone.'

"'Gone? Gone where?' I asked, without looking at the sheet. Then I looked and saw that she had gone, indeed. Gone to the place where no one ever comes back. Tom was all broken, but I offered what sympathy I could, which wasn't much. I never was good for anything in a place like that. I asked him if he didn't want me to send Jenkins out on his run, but he said no, he'd run to the Junction and get a train for Denver from there.

"We talked for a few minutes until No. 9 whistled for the yards and then went out. McMasters had eased a bit down the grade, and she pulled up to the platform fifteen minutes late. The crew climbed down and made a run for shelter, the engine was cut off and Tom's baggage thrown aboard.

"She had picked up the private car with the vice-president and party of one of the eastern roads at Carlyle. They had been up in the park, got caught in the snow and bad weather and were hurrying east. No. 7, local, had been annulled that night, and No. 9 was to pick up one coach at Rosedale and take it as far as the Junction. After setting out the diner and putting on the extra coach, it made a string of twelve coaches and baggage cars. Tom's engine was the 876, one of the new consolidated and just long enough on the road to be running as smooth as a handcar. A hostler in bringing her down from the roundhouse had run the ponies off the track, as the frogs were clogged with the freezing slush and the contact had failed to fully close. I swore at the hostler, the despatchers swore at their disordered train sheet, and the wrecking crew swore at the weather. Swearing to a railroad man is like the safety valve to an engine; without them we would both blow up. It was half an hour before we could get her righted and coupled on.

"McKenna, with the despatch in his pocket, telling him of his wife's death, pressed my hand as he swung into the cab.

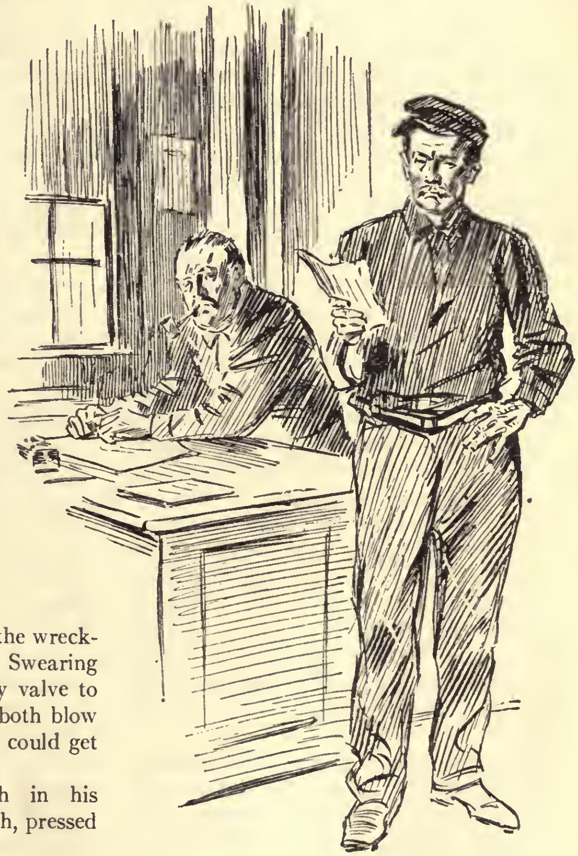
"'Well, good-bye, old man, take good care of yourself. I'll come back after a time. The mountains will always be my home, but I don't want to see them for a while now.'

"'Good-bye, Tom,' I said. 'Don't try to make up any time tonight; it's a poor night for holding your schedule.' It was a fast one on a good night, but on a night like that it was crazy to try and keep it.

"'It's too bad, Tom, that you can't show some of Turtle Mountain to the swells back in the private car. I might send some men down to let off some red fire.'

"'I guess it's just as well they can't see tonight,' he answered. 'They might think we were trying to show off, or see how near we could take them to the edge and not go over.'

"I walked up the platform as the car-tinks were giving a last thump at the wheels, and the brakemen were looking over the air couplings. It wasn't a night for anything to go wrong. Dan Cafferty swung his lantern, and No. 9 crept out of the yard into the night, forty-five minutes late.


"*'Well, old man, Nellie's gone.'*"

"When the freight extra made Clancy's siding the wind was singing down the gorge like the soul of a Cheyenne buck that had missed the trail to the happy hunting grounds. The temperature had fallen below freezing, and the hail cut the brakemen's faces like red-hot points of steel. The engine and about half the flats had passed over the switch, going slow, when one of the flanges slipped between the tongue and the rail and went pounding over the ties. A quick stop was made, but not until three or four cars had been derailed. The only thing that saved a bad spill was the reduced speed. A hasty examination showed the tongue fractured, and the hind end brakeman was sent back with a red light for the Limited.

"He started back up the track with the wind dead in his face and blowing a hurricane. He hugged the bluffs to keep from being blown over the cliff and stumbled along through the freezing slush and biting hail, scarcely making any headway at times through the storm. He made the 'Devil's Spring,' a quarter of a mile from the siding, and as he rounded the bluff the wind caught him full in the face. For an instant he turned his back to it, and as he wheeled, his feet struck a piece of ice and went out from under him as if they had been jerked with a rope. His lantern went up in the air like a rocket and came down like the stick over the cliff into the canyon, and he slid down the glassy ice, as if shot from a catapult, into the ravine. He landed at the bottom with a bruised head and a broken leg.

"The Limited was in the open with a clear track, and the freight was derailed at the switch. The brakeman told the boys, when they found him early in the morning, bleeding, half frozen and nearly crazy with fear for the Limited, how he had tried to climb the icy walls, dragging his broken leg along with one hand, but had fainted and slid back to the bottom.

"When McKenna cleared the Rosedale yards, he opened the throttle wide to gain speed across the flats for the foothills grade ahead. He sat like a statue on the bench, never giving a look as Rosedale passed to the rear like a moving picture. Connors was busy with the fire, and inside the sleepers the conductor was making his first round and the porters were making up the berths.

"The big engine was purring like a cat before the fire and lurching like a yawl in an angry sea as she took the grade with decreasing speed. Topping the foothills grade, Tom choked the steam and gave her a little air, but the heavy train sped along, scarcely noticing the change and reeled around the curves with a dizzy slue, the flanges straining at the rails, and the engine had settled down to a steady roar.

"Perhaps Tom's mind was not with the engine or the train behind, but down in the land of cactus and mesquite bushes, where the one that he thought the most of in this world was lying cold and still, and would never speak to him again or hear him speak to her.

"I don't know; but I do know that Connors said he never took the hills and curves as he did that night, and Connors ought to know, for he had made the run with him more times than anyone else.

"They got down the grade safely, however, and rolled across Willow Park onto Turtle Mountain. The powerful headlight cast the fantastic shadows of the rocks on the dark background, and as the curves were rounded threw its light far out over the canyon until lost in the gloom beyond. She thundered across the ravine trestle, where the brakeman was lying underneath with a hole in his head, all unconscious of the danger ahead, rounded the bluff with the double curve, the trestle, the siding and the flats ahead, then a straight track to the Junction and there the trainmen would draw a full breath again. The headlight threw its light quartering down across the last segment of the curve and across the trestle, lighting the flats loaded with rails. The caboose was in the background, and the two red lights glowed like the dying embers of a campfire. Tom jumped from his box and for an instant peered into the darkness. At a glance he took in the situation and cast up the possibilities. With two rapid movements, which seemed like one, he choked the steam and threw the air, and with the heavy train plunging like a frantic horse at the curb, he spoke to Connors for the first time that night: 'My God, Patsy, the freight is derailed at the siding!'

"Connors dropped his shovel, sprang to the glass and brushing off the moisture looked out. There were three or four cars lying across the track, and half a dozen more standing on the main line that side of the switch. Men with lanterns were running to and fro, and Connors, seizing the whistle cord, rent the air with short hoarse shrieks. One of the crew ran forward to the freight engine, and in a few seconds she moved up the siding, pulling the cars that had not been derailed. But there wasn't a chance for the Limited; both Tom and Connors saw that, and as she took the trestle, Tom eased the air to prevent toppling over, and as the train rode smoothly across, he turned toward Connors and shouted: 'Jump—as—we—clear—the—bridge. There—is—a—snow—bank—there.' He shook his head when Connors motioned for him to come also. Patsy was no coward, but I guess it looked pretty cold to him just then, and perhaps he thought of a little girl waiting for him back in Rosedale, so when they cleared the trestle, he jumped.

"When the train was across, Tom gave the sleepers all the air they could stand. Still the train sped on with frightful velocity, and he knew there wasn't a chance for him, but there was one for the coaches behind, and he took it. Releasing the air, the train shot forward for a few yards. There was a terrific jerk as he pulled the throttle wide open, and a frightful bumping as he threw the air again. Passengers that had retired were thrown from their berths, and the crew were buffeted about like matches in a cyclone. Again he released the air, and the train rode smoothly; another terrific jerk, and the tender broke her coupling, the air hose popped with the report of a pistol, the brakes set on the wheels, and the shoes ground into the tires with the grip of a vise, the coaches bumped the rails like a frightened blacktail buck, while the engine shot forward like an arrow from the bow. Tom locked the drivers, but the momentum was too great, and she smashed into the caboose with a ripping crash of splintering timbers, split it as if it was a match box and reared on the flats like a bucking bronco, scattering the rails like toothpicks over the right of way. The engine paused for a second high in the air, and with the hiss of escaping steam toppled backward onto the tender and lay sideways across the track. The train pounding the rails and the wheels straining in the clutch of the brakes slid along the slippery track, coming to a stop just as the baggage car touched the wrecked caboose.

"Frightened passengers, in scant attire, poured out of the sleepers into the storm; hysterical women, frightened men and wondering children. The danger had passed, however, and the crew forced them back into the coaches. The conductor brought out a sounder and a coil of wire, and one of the men climbed a pole and tried to make a connection. The wires were bad, though, on account of the storm, and he could not get a good circuit. The freight engine was then cut off and sent on a helterskelter run for the first station east, Birchwood.

"A quick inventory showed an engine for the scrap, two flats and a caboose for the woodpile, a few rails to be reloaded and one man missing—McKenna, the engineer of the Limited. He was somewhere under the cab, somewhere among the broken wood and twisted iron. Connors came running up the track, uninjured, and the boys attacked the cab. Work was slow, though, for they had no tools; there was a cloud of steam enveloping the cab coming from a broken steampipe, and some live coals had set fire to the woodwork. They put this out with water and snow, and by the lurid light thrown by the torches they could make out a form pinned underneath the debris. The storm had eased a bit, the hail had given way to soft cottony flakes of snow, covering the men and changing them into ghostlike figures, running hither and thither through the storm.

"I left headquarters as snug as a bug in a buffalo robe and went home. I had scarcely got into some dry clothes and was toasting before the fire when I heard a caller asking for me.

"'Come in here, Mick. What's the matter?' I asked, as he appeared frosted from head to foot.

"'Pretty bad, I guess, Mr. Sanders. Extra, No. 67, was derailed at Clancy's siding, and the limited smashed into her. This came from Birchwood, as they sent the freight engine on there. The wires are bad, and we haven't a clear account of how it happened.'

"I hustled into my storm clothes and made a quick run for the station. All was activity there; Whitney was down directing the relief train being made up. He had ordered the Crawford derrick and wreckers out; the despatcher was clearing the track; Anderson was urging his men on with frightful curses as they piled the tools into the car. An engine backed down and coupled on, and Whitney, shouting a few last orders at the despatcher, gave the signal, and we pulled out with Jenkins in the cab and no speed orders, except the throttle's limit.

"It was exactly forty-five minutes from the time we got the first news of the wreck until we pulled up at Clancy's siding, and five minutes later the Junction derrick whistled. The track was blocked on our end, so the

Crawford derrick was run up alongside the wrecked engine. Anderson took charge of both crews and soon had an opening made in the cab. Whitney crawled down through the hole to where he could see McKenna lying. The side of the cab had split clear across and Tom's head and shoulders had been forced through, then the cab had settled back, pinning him under with the grip of a vise. When Whitney backed out and told us he was still alive, we redoubled our efforts. A grapple was rigged, and the beams cracked as the slack was run in. The steel cables grew taut, and inch by inch the cab rose in the air. Whitney crawled in again; someone brought a freight car door covered with blankets alongside, and as Whitney backed out, carrying a limp form in his arms, willing hands took it and laid Tom tenderly on the blankets. One side of his face had been cooked by a steam jet, and one leg of his pants had been burned completely off, but he was still conscious and smiled faintly as the boys gathered around.

"He made an effort to speak, and Whitney, kneeling in the snow and slush, leaned forward to catch the words that seemed to be trying to pass his lips:

"'Is—the—train—all—right?' he asked. 'I—did—the—best—I—could. I—never—saw—a—lamp—until—the—caboose—lights—showed.'

"'The train is all right,' Whitney answered, 'and we'll soon have you all right, too.'

"Tom made an effort to raise his head, and Whitney, leaning over, slipped his arm back of his shoulders and raised him up. The snow had ceased falling, the moon, showing through a rift in the clouds, bathed the scene with a soft light, and Tom, his face lighting with a smile, whispered in Whitney's ear:

"'I'm going—to—Nellie.'

"The wind, that had lulled for a moment, suddenly rose with the violence of a tornado and went howling down the gorge. Tom's face turned as white as the whirling snow, his head fell forward, and he went with the wind—into the night."

LOVE'S MOULDING

By EMMA E. HORNIBROOK

ONLY a touch in the days that are gone,
Only a touch, but it moulded,
Only a smile through the years that have flown,
But with that smile love unfolded;
It was first but a glance, a passing glance,
And my heart was gone from my keeping;
Only a handclasp—love's advance—
Then claimed me for joy or weeping.

Only a vision that led me along,
A dream with a high ideal,
That hallowed each day with a holy song,
Though life's work was sternly real;
Only—wholly—another life given,
To strengthen, encourage, upholding,
The touch and the smile were born of heaven;
Such, O my love, was thy moulding.

THE SHADOW OF THE THING

By GEORGE WARBURTON LEWIS

Author of "The Whip Hand," "The Great Intangible," etc.

AT sunrise Colton gorged his hunger on half-ripe papayas, and again leaned forward on the trail. Through the deep tan of his face the bilious yellow of the Isthmian malaria showed faintly, foretelling that from which Colton cowered. At his back, as he swung listlessly on, the garish sun soared up from the horizon like one of the great birds that eyed him narrowly from beside the trail. Something in the steady scrutiny of his feathered companions seemed to mock his persistency, to flout as purposeless the dogged patience with which he clung to the tiny ribbon of disused trail. His resentment was great. He paused long enough to fling a stone savagely at the nearest of his tormentors. "Damned carrion-picker, you—take that!" But the missile sped in vain, and the big bird, seemingly rather amused than alarmed, flapped only a few yards farther away, whence it leered back at the man as if in derision.

The obsession of the Thing was still upon Colton. When the sweat worms crept into his eyes and blurred his vision, he caught glimpses in the trail ahead of him of a ghastly, high framework that reduced him always to an embodiment of gibbering fear; and when once a loop of a swaying devil-vine rested for an instant against his bronze throat, a gurgle of terror sprang to his lips, and he tore at the innocuous creeper as wildly as though it were a million strangling devils.

A long time Colton plodded on in silence ere a suddenly recurring thought found expression: "Lucky I got wind of their game—to keep me in hospital all nice and cozy till I was well enough to turn over to the police. Ha! ha! they found out in ward nine that four pillows with a blanket over 'em an' a bunch of towels for a dummy head ain't necessarily Sam Colton in the flesh! . . . But how in hell could they hold a poor devil of a powderman to answer for that second of hell on earth—the blow-up? An' 'twas an accident—*I swear to God it was!*"

His last words he flung despairingly to the blank blue heavens, that gave back no token of credence or of doubt. The horrible aloofness of the jungle enraged him. For the moment he would rather have stood in the bar and faced a jury. With what God-given power would he stamp the truth of his innocence on their doubting faces! But he had chosen. Juries were no part of that for which he now strove with his waning strength. The labyrinths of the law were precarious paths for unskilled feet, anyhow. The safer way were always to avoid the uncertain, as he had done. For another space he swung along in silence, wrapped deep in mental musings. But the event that had made him an outcast stuck fast in his thoughts and rose before him at intervals in horrific forms.

"Yes, it's true, McKay and I had had trouble, *big* trouble, too—but God Almighty in heaven knows, if the law don't, that I didn't know Mac and the others were anywhere around when I signaled to touch off that blast. If he had only lived long enough to tell 'em himself—"

He broke off abruptly, staring straight ahead. The Thing had again reared itself there in the trail—a sinister thing of beams and timbers and, halfway up, a floor to which was hinged a swinging trapdoor. Back at Culebra, where presided a jovial hangman in the person of Sergeant Joe Seeger, at the celebrated execution of a negro murderer, he had first beheld the Thing. It had stayed with him like a bad dream. Before him now again he saw it, reproduced in all its awesome details. He was relieved that it melted into air when he gouged his knuckles into his smarting eyes. His consuming uneasiness was that sometime it might not dissolve thus.

The fierce tropical sun mounted to the zenith, and glared down with an intensity that drew the life from vegetation and sucked up the water from dwindling streams like an invisible sponge. A season of exceeding drought was drawing to a close. Yet a few days, and the canal prism, where the burrowing steam-shovels snorted with frantic energy, would be a great river. Men would be laid off right and left. There would be an exodus from the Zone as of the Israelites from Egypt, and then, thought Colton, would be his chance to get away from the Isthmus unobserved. Could he but hold out till then, he saw a chance, though not an alluring one, of slipping through the clutches of those ubiquitous men in khaki who guarded the peace over the length and breadth of the Zone.

Late in the afternoon the fugitive made out thatched roofs in the distance. He dropped to his knees in the grass-grown trail, and clasped his heavy, red-brown hands above his head. His attitude was one of thanksgiving, but he uttered no word. When he got to his feet again, he advanced haltingly as one tipsy with drink. His lips stood apart in a mirthless grin, and his tongue, a callous, unwieldly organ now, was forcing its way between his lips. Still he tottered ahead. The phantom of hope stared wanly from the death in his sunken eyes and feasted on the miracle of the hut thatches beyond. Those thatches represented life, and two hours later he reached them. Here the trail to which he had pinned his faith ended suddenly. The huts which he had battled so valiantly to gain were only a cluster of tumble-down native habitations, long since deserted! The man gazed at the abandoned settlement as though dazed with unbelief. Then, as the horror of reality goaded his sinking senses, the old protest again broke from his lips and went out to the brown-seared jungle in a strange, wheezy voice that Colton knew was not his own. *"It was an accident—I swear to God it was!"* The tired lids fell over the glazing eyes. He collapsed on his face, and for a space lay motionless. But he lived still in the last great emotion of his protested innocence, and the failing spark of reason would not die. Inch by inch he dragged himself into the shade of the huts, and with the life-preserving instinct of a wild beast tore feebly at the sappy trunk of a banana with his teeth. And the great birds that had followed him for reason other than that of idle curiosity grew still more bold, and alighting within beak-reach of him, they cocked their heads sideways and watched with evident interest Colton's fight for life. It was a long while before he was able to sit up and fight them off. They were vastly out of humor at being thus thwarted. And it had been ordained that Colton should find water and ripe bananas and not die—yet. After three days of careful calculation, he discovered that he had swung wide of Cruces Trail, that in reality it lay leagues behind him, and that in his semi-delirious state he had actually crossed it without recognizing the deep-worn ruts that mark it as plainly as a nose on a face. Two days later he was making back over the same dim trail by which he had come, when suddenly he came upon a man—a big tanned man, he was—heading in the opposite direction. The stranger bore a small haversack and carried one arm in a sling. He was an American, anyone might see, and Colton, inspecting him closely, made of him a prospector. This was proved erroneous a moment later when the stranger, with no hostility whatever in his voice and certainly none in his manner, announced: "My friend, I'm an officer of the Zone force and you seem to be the very chap I'm looking for. Put your hands above your head—quick!"

A great gray shadow fell across Colton's line of vision—the shadow of the Thing. In his seething brain there rose the dire picture of jovial Hangman Seeger in the act of drawing the black cap over the doomed head of Sam Colton, an innocent powderman, still spluttering his innocence on the trap!

"I'll tell you, ol'-timer," said Colton, "I ain't done anything—intentional—an' 'fore I'll go with you—I'll go to hell!"

The tanned man laughed shortly. "It's all a matter of choice," he remarked. His injured arm twitched restlessly in the sling, and simultaneously Colton thrilled with the nameless sensation of one who knocks at the door of eternity. Peeping out sinisterly from the loop of the sling was the blue muzzle of a 38-caliber Colt's. However, its menace fascinated rather than alarmed Colton. To him death was no longer hideous of aspect.

"No, I'll go to hell first," he iterated with growing determination, as the man waited.

"You'll probably go there, anyhow," philosophized the tanned one, "and I'm offering you a chance to make a part of the journey in good company." He smiled good-naturedly.

Colton lost a little of his hardness at the ingratiating tone.

"I'll go with you as far as Cruces Trail—no farther," he compromised. "An' remember, ol'-timer, I'm no prisoner—yet. I ain't surrendered, an' I never will. I'm innocent. I swear it to God an' high heaven!"

The tanned one gave the other a questioning look, as though amazed with his deep sincerity of tone. He hoped that he had not bungled and gotten hold of the wrong man.

They reached Cruces Trail at morning, when the radiant sunshine of the tropics wrought sparkling diamonds of the night's dews that still clung to leaf and blade, and when countless feathered songsters were lending voice to one sustained peal of sweetest music.

The two men breakfasted on a pheasant, some birds' eggs and some fruit. The pheasant the tanned man had laid low with his revolver at fifty yards in the presence of his companion the day before. The men ate in silence to the last dwarfed banana.

"It's me for Panama now!" Colton broke the silence and stood up. There was a look in the speaker's eyes that the tanned one caught almost with a start of surprise. It was a look that plainly put all jokes aside and said as bluntly as might be: "Friendship has ceased—on guard!"

"Colton," observed the tanned one softly, straightening up, "there's no use in your trying me out. I'm out here to take you back with me—and back with me you go!"

The shadow of the Thing grew a great crimson hand that clutched Colton's throat like the jaws of a vice, and blinded his eyes to the right of the one puny man that menaced his freedom, his life. As the red-stained hand gripped his throat, and his breath caught and stuck in his bursting lungs, a wild cry—not of rage, but of terror—sent every joyously caroling songster whirring fear-stricken to cover, whence they peered out in vast alarm upon a scene such as Cruces Trail had never known since the riotous days when Morgan's raiders, passing here, fought tooth and nail for ill-gotten gains or freebooters' titles to fair captives. The contest began with shots, which followed one upon another with such irregularity as suggests a struggle for possession of a weapon. Just six reports there were in all; then, save for labored breathing, punctuated with an occasional half-smothered curse, the jungle was wrapped in a portentous silence. And the small eyes that peeped timorously from sylvan hiding-places beheld a spectacle that made tiny hearts flutter with wild excitement. Locked fast together, two red-splotched figures, that might once have been men, rocked and reeled to and fro and strained and struggled and bled. It was a weary, revolting fight. It was the kind of fight whose bald horrors will at once set a survivor's age forward half a lifetime and change the color of his hair.

The tanned man and the fever-colored man emerged from the fray the merest shreds of men, but—there had been a victory and a truce. Colton, who had faced jungle death to be free, was at last a prisoner.

Under the vertical rays of the blazing noonday sun, the two remnants of men staggered toward Culebra. One found strength in a semblance of hope, the other half forgot his weakness in a sort of admiration of the indomitable wearer of the tan, who happened to be the first type of the genus *homo* that he had ever acknowledged his master. In their sore hurts the men knew the afflictions of Job, and the weary leagues that stretched ahead mocked their pygmean efforts grimly, as a desert mirage mocks a swollen tongue.

* * * * * * *

Jolly Joe Seeger, his height slightly in excess of his ample girth, stepped out of the office of the deputy warden at the great Culebra penitentiary. He moved in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke and good humor. It was late evening, and Joe, having corraled his striped-uniformed host for the night, was taking himself off home to the good wife and the miniature Seegers. The high stockade gate was closed, and McCormack, the big black guard who carried the key, was making his round. Joe paused within the gate to await him. Then some unimaginable dark object on the ground just outside the heavy slat gate stirred faintly, drawing the deputy warden's eyes down to it in a hard stare of inquiry. Had some officer forgotten his pledge and got drunk? But that fell short of probability in these times of rapid promotion for white officers, and no colored policeman would dare—

McCormack, returning, strolled round the corner of the "gallowsbox"; then, catching sight of his waiting superior, he bounded like a black tiger to the gate, unlocked and swung it wide with the inimitable rigid salute of old England. As the gate swung inward, even matter-of-fact Joe Seeger caught his breath and recoiled a pace, for there under his wondering eyes two repellent, bloodstained things rolled over inertly and lay motionless at his feet. From one came a faint sound that was all but a croak, and Seeger, bending low with returning interest, caught fragments of extraordinary speech:

"—accident. . . I—swear it—to God—an' high heaven."

* * * * * * *

Nobody could explain why one particular victim of the mighty Bas Obispo explosion didn't die. Especially was this true of Sergeant Kennedy, who had dragged the poor fellow's tattered body from under the wreckage of a steam-shovel that lay half buried in the debris of the cut. The tattered man owed his life to the marvels of Ancon's scientific surgery, but, as is not infrequently the case, idle rumor long had him dead. There were in reality many weary weeks ere rational speech returned to him. Meantime a strange story of crime had crept abroad and was bandied about greedily among convalescents on Ancon Hill. One Colton, a powderman of passionate likes and dislikes, nay, of consuming love and violent hate, had known a formidable enemy in McKay, the tattered man. Away back in those forgotten times when seasoned Joe Seeger was but a corporal, trying to educate the motley offscourings of the earth in American manners, Colton and McKay, with typical American spirit, had gone forth on a quiet Sunday to the fastnesses of Zion Hill behind Culebra, and there fought a fistic draw. That little episode occupied forty-five minutes, and it was primitive and red and full of reflections on ancestries which, as a matter of fact, could not have been better. And that same combat, so to speak, lasted through four long years and ended only with the disaster at Bas Obispo, after which McKay consorted for weeks with death, and Colton, but slightly injured, overhearing alarming whispers of police surveillance and detectives disguised as ward doctors, left a dummy in possession of his sickbed and departed between suns—all because he knew that the law would decline to take any stock in his defense and that McKay, the mute autocrat of his fate, would carry Sam Colton's freedom to the grave with him. The most orderly happenings sometimes take fantastic turns in fevered brains. And Colton, a cold-blooded doctor had said, had a little fever.

The Zone news sheets told of a clever piece of trailing—not, as was the order of things, by Captain Shanton's man-catching bloodhounds, but by a man of tan and silence—Belknap of the Zone force. And the catch was indeed Colton, or rather a ragged souvenir of him—Colton, who had fled and whose flight confirmed his guilt.

And Colton, seemingly "accursed of all men," awaited in a neat, strong cell at Culebra the hour when he should be led forth to behold—not the shadow of the Thing, but the Thing itself! He thought of the morbid curiosity with which favored visitors would stare at him—some of them, haply, the selfsame men with whom he had toiled in the cut throughout the long blistering days. And how should he face them, standing, as he was, at the edge of life? Would they believe in his innocence? The ordeal itself though, after all, might not be so terrible as he had pictured it. And it would all be over in a trice. It was but a simple thing, this ending a man's life nowadays. And what mattered one life more or less here in the frantic rush of enterprise? So long as the work on the great canal was not interrupted, the passing of a human life was the merest triviality. He would die as had the negro murderer whose execution he had reluctantly witnessed—*only that negro had been admittedly guilty.* Sam Colton was innocent. A bitter pang always tore him at this point of contrast in his reasoning. In the solitude of his cell he found himself whispering the old protest. And now came on a new enemy. The fever that had long lain dormant in his system rose up and smote him as a Goliath. A grayish pallor crept into his face, and his eyes showed the color of over-ripe mango.

One day at mess, where speech was forbidden, a fellow-prisoner whispered to Colton that he had news that McKay was not dead. Ere Colton could check his instant passion, or before the bystanding guards could interfere, the powderman turned from the mess table and with his clenched fist swung full on his informant's mouth. For that piece of folly Colton suffered all the agonies of penitentiary discipline, but at no time during his penance could he bring himself to believe that the whispered intelligence had been other than a cruel taunt. He returned from the dark-cell more thin and drooping. The yellow of his receding eyes looked the yellow of old gold. Then one day, as he lolled on his bare, hardwood shelf of a bunk, a thought, by whatever means induced, suddenly came to him with the force of a solid shot. *Escape!* Why not? The doctor had attended him, and his fever was abating. Didn't he sit half of each long, still night and watch through the iron rods of his cell door a raw young officer on duty at the desk in the office? And couldn't he hear always the hollow tramp, tramp, tramp of the big black guard on the elevated drum-shell of the wide porch that encircled the building? What more? Didn't he march every Saturday with the striped host to wash clothes at the rear of the pen? Hadn't he noticed an unstapled strand of barbed wire draped on the inner posts of the stockade? The theory of escape was as simple as the plan of death.

Jolly Joe Seeger believed he saw a suggestion of prison reconciliation in Colton's scarred gray face. This pleased Joe; still, in a man like Colton—well, the deputy warden was by no means sure. So Colton was watched when he least suspected it.

A forger, on the way to mess one day, slipped a soiled scrap of newspaper into Colton's hand as they marched abreast. In his cell later Colton read it eagerly:

> Max McKay, the engineer who was so frightfully torn up in the Bas Obispo explosion, still lies in a semi-conscious condition in Ancon hospital. It is now believed he will live, though his doctors say that he may never regain full possession of his faculties or recover his speech.

Colton hid the scrap of paper in a chink of his cell, and lying down, stared long at the blue ceiling. Then, still staring, he addressed the blue ceiling, and a passing guard heard and smiled. "That settles it," he said. His voice was tense and low.

After that, Colton waited for wash day.

Beside the rear door of the pen, Hussey, the officer who followed canine noses along the trails of crime, was watering a brace of ungainly-looking dogs. They were great, lank animals with ears like empty tobacco-pouches and mild little gray eyes whose red lower lids drooped away as though diseased. "Odd creatures, indeed!" thought Colton, as he marched carefully to Joe Seeger's "one, two, three, four—step, step."

Close to the stockade fence, Colton washed and washed and—watched. Other prisoners worked about him listlessly, and Walker, the Irish corporal, stood among them, his right hand hanging always within an inch of a Colt's automatic pistol at his hip. After all, thought Colton, the game was a hard one to beat. Of course, Walker could not stand there always—nor did he. After a long hour there stood in Walker's place a black guard—a new one, the forger whispered to Colton between rubs.

A single catlike spring, and Colton was behind the wash-house; another, and he slipped under the draped wire, stood up, and felt his heart battering the walls of his chest like a trip-hammer. But one living soul was in sight—a man just outside the stockade, beyond the second angle, who walked very slowly and looked like but one thing in all the world—a ghost. Colton could not have told why the man made him think of an apparition, but it was true. What he saw was the mere shell of a man—it needed no critical inspection to see that. And there was something else in the manner of the man that fascinated Colton strangely. Sometime, somewhere, he knew that he had seen that shadowy man before.

The man was looking away dreamily toward the cut, wholly unconscious of the scrutiny bent upon him. A sharp command inside the stockade caused Colton to turn to his task. He stood between two high barbed-wire fences. Without the slighest hesitation, he attacked the outer fence of the stockade. The wires tightened creakingly under his weight and rasped through the rusty staples as he ascended. Heavens! He had not taken so much noise into account. He left a piece of his coarse shirt on the T-shaped summit of the fence, twelve feet from the ground, but now at last he was over. *Free!* A guard behind him drawled an order, and the fugitive darted across an open space and under a "labor camp." He went as infantry, keeping low cover, eyes ahead, half bent, at a swift run. Little rills of blood trickled down his flying limbs. The barbed-wire fence had proved a masterpiece of the designer's art. It had gouged and bit and ripped his flesh, but even now he was not aware of his red-running wounds.

A little cluster of snappy explosions pulsed upon the still air. The alarm! Pat Walker's automatic pistol was talking: Now for quick fun. He flashed between two rows of buildings and saw before him the grimy suburb of Rio Grande. He bowled over half a dozen loungers in a sleepy shoemaker's shop, and started a reign of terror in a small piled-up poultry-yard. Then, leaping a wide ditch, he startled a wide-eyed bartender in an otherwise empty saloon. In his wake he left wonderment and cries of alarm. At the door of the saloon, passing out, he faced a sawed-off shotgun and McCormack, the black guard. Colton's eyes were strange lenses now. To him this array of force looked the most inconsequent ant-hill, and he made to clear it in a single flying leap. The shotgun roared and blazed, then it changed hands, and Colton swung it by the hot barrels, crumpling up the giant black guard like a flake of tissue paper. He lay on the cement floor a quivering black lump. As the fugitive sprang diagonally across the narrow street, his fingers went to his left shoulder. The flesh at the top was raw and streaming and the rim of his left ear was ragged from buckshot.

A voice in high staccato came to him, crying: "Halt, there! Halt!" The command was accompanied by rapid hoofbeats. Colton glanced to his right and saw a mounted patrolman coming up the empty street at a gallop. It was a chance encounter, but the patrolman recognized Colton and unhesitatingly opened fire on him. Colton was not hit, but the fusillade drove him in the direction whence he had come—and then his heart sank at sight of a small skirmish-line of khaki-uniformed men with Savage rifles coming down from the station at a run. The fugitive wheeled round and sprang through the nearest doorway, but instantly he knew that he had made a mistake, for he was again in the empty barroom, and the big black guard whom he had stricken senseless was again on his feet, bloody-faced but coolly determined, his empty shotgun poised in his great hands for a clean blow. Like a base-runner, Colton dived to evade the black barrier, but a curious film was before his eyes when he again felt the earth outside flowing like water under his racing feet, and thus he knew that the blow of the great guard had not fallen on air.

But he was leaving it all behind now. *Ugh!* A gray, terrible framework suddenly rose high in his path as he ran. He forgot the pursuit, and stopping short began a wide detour to avoid the thing. His jaw dropped low as from paralysis, and his nails dug his wire-pricked palms like talons. His breathing was jerky, his lungs seemed to refuse oxygen. When he had circled round the grim obstruction and come again into the path, he ran his eyes back to where the monster had stood. Mercy of heaven! It had vanished. The path was naked of everything save three tall police officers a short distance away. They had not espied him, however, and were headed townward. Hope lived again. He lay half an hour in the rank pampas-grass, close to the smelly earth; then he rose and fled into the outstretched arms of the great, green country—a mite of humanity once more, *sans* fetters, *sans* restraint, lost in the lap of the wide world.

* * * * * * *

On the moldy earth under the eaves of the jungle, where fell the mid-day sunshine slashed into tiny ribbons of silver, Hussey followed the two sad-eyed animals of his care. They were the same slouching, elephant-eared dogs that Colton had once regarded with musing interest. They were keen-scented animals, bred to menace evil-doers. They were a desperate remedy for a desperate disease, whose ravages threatened the social institution.

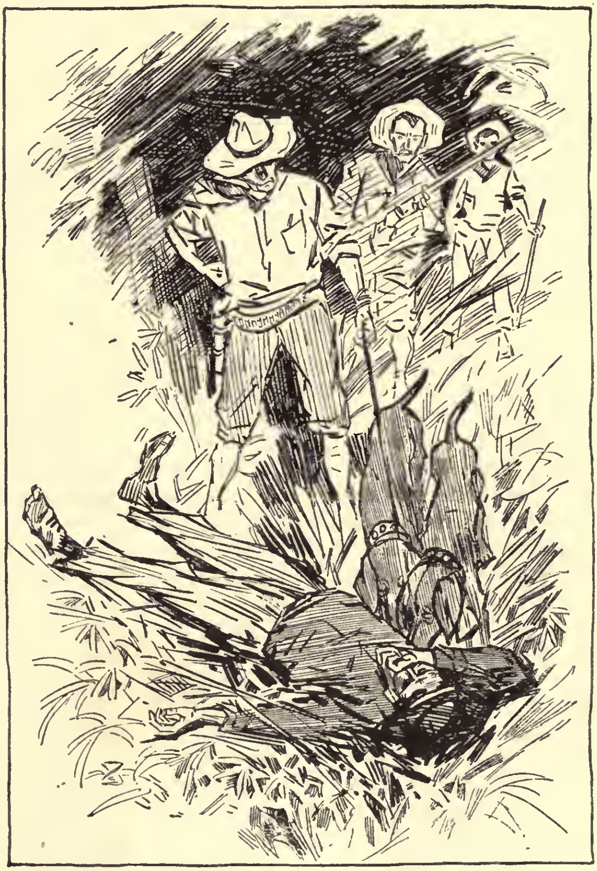
Hussey shouted to somebody coming on behind. In the soft mold among the fallen leaves were the distinct footprints of a man. Again Hussey called, and this time three officers in khaki uniforms came up at a run. Each bore a sawed-off shotgun, and the foremost, a sergeant, quickly producing a ruler, laid it over the footprints after the manner of long experience. The result corroborated what the wild eagerness of the dogs told.

"Exactly ten an' a half inches," announced the man with the ruler. "We're right. Come on."

The hounds sprang away, straining hard at their leash, the grave-looking men with the shotguns following alertly, with occasional sidelong glances that searched the jungle as the canine trailers puzzled momentarily over some break in the trail. Men like Colton sometimes doubled and "laid" for their pursuers.

One, two, three hours the grim procession swung forward unerringly upon the human trail; then came the summit of a hill beyond which the country dropped away, scantily wooded, and merged into a broad marsh a mile farther on. Straight down the slope toward the swamp the dogs led the way. They presented an impressive picture of canine ferocity. The small, inflamed eyes were dilated unbelievably; the long white teeth flashed menacingly in the powerful saliva dripping jaws; the unsightly pouchlike ears flapped like streamers in a breeze. They kept up a half-audible whining as their great muzzles skimmed the ground. By a sudden concerted rush they literally dragged their keeper a hundred yards down the incline. But the man kept his head, and, even as he was borne along, he raised one arm and skillfully threw a leaden weight fastened to the end of the leash. The weight wound the rawhide leash many times about a mango trunk, bringing the plunging animals up with a vibrating twang of the tough leather. Hussey rose from the ground with a revolver in his hand, watchful, expectant; but as he searched his surroundings, his tense-drawn features suddenly relaxed and he put his weapon back in its holster and buttoned the flap. A few yards below him, stretched at full length upon the ground, lay the still figure of a man. Hussey approached the outstretched form without caution, for already he knew. The runaway had been five days at large. The swamp below was the ill-reputed one which every native on the Isthmus feared as death itself. For miles about Death Swamp there grows no edible thing, and the swarming mosquitoes are voracious and fever-laden almost beyond conception.

Colton's arms, still red-streaked from old hurts, were folded across his face as though to ward off the attack of the myriad winged terrors. Or maybe he had tried to shield his eyes from the fate that glared at him.



"A few yards in front lay the still figure of a man."

The sergeant presently came into view. "By G—d!" he panted, "all in, ain't he? Just as I expected—he didn't know this was Hell's half acre out here."

Hussey raised the folded arms. The face that showed beneath could not have been recognized as that of Sam Colton. The flesh had sunk away until the wrinkly, parchment-like skin stretched over the bones in strange disfigurement. But Colton yet lived. When roused from the torpor that oppressed him, his lids drew away from eyes that might have been mere balls of shining glass—fever eyes, they call them; and he was greedy to converse, to talk of his friends, his enemies, himself, anything—but what astonishing things he said! It was the wild, fanciful speech of the Isthmian malaria, a madness made by mosquitoes.

Colton's captors bore him away from Death Swamp on a bamboo litter of their own improvisement—back over the new-trodden trail, along which the fugitive had fought his weary way to supposed salvation, fleeing always from the gray monster that haunted him waking or sleeping, racing onward forever from the pursuing shadow of the Thing.

* * * * * * *

At the noon hour, two men were passing Culebra Penitentiary on the way to lunch at the I. C. C. Hotel. They were fine types of the men who supervise the excavation in Culebra cut. They wore soiled overalls and blue shirts with the sleeves rolled away from full, brown forearms. As they passed the stockade, both hailed cheerily a very stout officer just emerging from the grim gallows-box with a grimmer coil of Manila rope. Joe Seeger smiled out at the two through blue rifts of smoke from a long Havana.

"The jolliest hangman ever," observed the slighter of the two.

"Yes, but a hangman still," qualified the other, suddenly thoughtful.

The bloodhounds, returning in leash from their morning practice run, came ambling down the hill toward the stockade.

"Those fellows sure put a premium on good behavior," remarked the smaller man.

"Yes," again agreed the other, curiously abstracted.

Then both fell silent.

Shortly they were seated in the hotel, and Van, the steward, passing their table, smiled his eternal welcome. Obviously the thoughts of both were far away, for neither was aware of the steward's presence. The meal was well advanced before either broke the silence.

"There's no use thinkin' about it any more, old man; we'll come round the other way after this an' avoid the pen. I know—I oughtn't to have mentioned—"

The smaller man hesitated, regarding a strange look in his companion's eyes.

"Oh, it's all right," reassured the other, "I was only thinkin' again. Maybe I was thinkin' how different you look now than when you come back—the day you come back an' I left; the day I saw the ghost mopin' roun' Seeger's hotel."

"You was thinkin', of course, I know."

"Yes, I was an artist just now, Mac—drawin' a pretty ugly picture of what would have happened if you had finished up in the hospital like everybody said you had to."

"Sam Colton, you're a fool! I couldn't have died with that load on my mind any more than you could outrun the bloodhounds. I saw you swung up just fifty-one times—every time I went to sleep, an' me a-layin' there paralyzed an' speechless lookin' on. My obligation to you was the only thing on earth that kept me alive. I just *couldn't* die! It was me talk or you swing—but the devil! that was all eight months ago now, an' our vacation's due—eighty-four days to forget it in."

Colton and McKay rose and strolled out in front of the hotel. A tall, clear-eyed man, passing, stopped to shake hands warmly with both of them. His manner was so frank, his eye so mild, that he seemed incapable of anything so ingenious as a 38 Colt's hidden in a sling with a "fake" injured arm. Yet this was the man, in everyday life, who had fought and conquered Sam Colton on Cruces Trail.

A group of prison officials from Ancon were going in the direction of the penitentiary. McKay asked a question of a bystanding acquaintance, who replied knowingly: "Oh, yes—they're hangin' that Gorgona murderer today, you know; comes off at two o'clock."

Colton heard and turned away with a perceptible shudder. "Come on, Mac," he said rather abruptly, "let's go back to work the other way round."

Detective Belknap smiled as the two moved away. He understood. The shadow of the Thing!

THE SPORTING SPIRIT

By Jewell S. Chase

"HILARY, that girl is inhuman!" cried Mrs. Wentworth.

"I do not care to question the motives of my own cousin, but her most notable one so far appears to be the landing of her relatives in various sanitariums," Serena complained acidly. But she was only the inhuman girl's cousin by marriage. The vagaries of one's husband's family are not often viewed through a veil of Christian charity.

Mr. Hilary Dane polished his eyeglasses with a sigh. As Jane Gerard's guardian, his usually well-ordered existence had been more or less uncertain.

"My dear lady, Jane's lack, with an otherwise harmonious temperament, is what we may call 'the sporting spirit.' A person of erratic impulses, she lacks the gameness to stand behind her deeds, and throws the responsibility of her acts on our shoulders."

"You mean, in plain English, that she expects other people to pull her bodily out of the hot water she is always in," sniffed Serena.

"I'll never forget the time she collected a family of Irish children and dogs on the street, and brought them home to be warmed and fed," sighed Jane's aunt. "It happened to be my day, and they gave everybody the measles; but Jane felt quite injured when *she* took them. She never could see that it was her fault, and we had to buy her a talking doll, to make up for it. Some of the people who got them—measles, I mean—haven't forgiven me yet."

"I could forgive her early vagaries," said Serena, who had been a member of the family by means of matrimony for six years only, "but I do think she is old enough not to get engaged to two men at the same time. When she was staying with us last summer, Harry Taylor and Billy Sheppard were going to fight a duel, or go to Africa for big game or do something equally desperate; and she seemed to think it was my duty to fix it up. I never heard men swear as they did, and John laughed. He always laughs at anything Jane does."

"That's all very well," wailed Mrs. Wentworth, "but it isn't what Jane has done, it's what she is going to do that bothers me! She wouldn't be Jane if she came from California to Chicago without acting on some wild impulse or other. Besides, as I told you, she is a day late now. I am worried to a state of jelly. Why, what is that?"

"It's me, or more properly, I!" cried a cheery voice, and the young woman in question blew into the room. There was about her a something that suggested irresponsibility—her fluffy hair, and her curved lips, made for laughter, not for worry.

"Jane!" Her relatives flung themselves upon her in various stages of well-bred rapture.

"Are you really here," begged her aunt with idiotic intensity, "and has nothing happened?"

Jane's face changed. An expression of mingled dismay and apprehension swept over it, and then the haunted look of a guilty schoolgirl.

"Well, maybe it wasn't much, but you really couldn't call it nothing; you see, I'm married!"

The confession over, by some strange mental process, she ceased to be concerned about her changed condition. Not so with her relatives.

First doubt, then blessed unbelief, were reflected in their faces.

But alas! they knew her all too well. She never lied about her misdemeanors. Then came fury.

"This—this is unbelievable, Jane!" gasped Serena.

"Nothing of the sort! Perfectly true! I

can produce my husband at a moment's notice—but—b-but—I d-don't want to do it!" And as suddenly as she did everything else, Jane burst into tears.

Mr. Dane looked distressed in the usual masculine manner, when a good-looking piece of femininity wails. Serena sniffed with an air of lofty disdain that said just as plainly as words: "Can't the poor man see it's just done for effect?" Mrs. Wentworth did not know exactly what to do—a state of affairs chronic with her, poor woman—so did nothing; which capacity is not always included in the wisdom of the foolish.

In the meantime, a doorbell pealed faintly from below.

The sound calmed Jane, for she stopped her tears and said, with a suspicion of a naughty smile:

"Wouldn't you like to hear about it?"

"If you feel able, dear?" questioned Mrs. Wentworth, with something as nearly like tact as she possessed. She knew that to hurry Jane would be to put off the story indefinitely.

"Oh, perfectly," cried her niece, whose tears had whisked themselves away with lightning rapidity. "You'd have to know sometime, anyway. I suppose it was a very foolish proceeding. He got on in the middle of Arizona, and he was such a good-looking man! At the beginning of New Mexico a horrid drummer person tried to talk to me, but he took him out on the back platform and shook him—the nice man shook the horrid one, I mean—and then we had lunch together. He is such a dear—big and brown and strong! His opinions and mine on everything are exactly the same, and he wore the most picturesque white Stetson—"

"Jane," interrupted her aunt, "what is he? A cowboy? A miner? Is it true?"

Jane's dreaminess broke with some irritation.

"Of course it's true," she said. "I don't know what he is or does—it has something to do with cattle in some way. We were married in Texas—"

A second interruption came in the form of a servant with a card.

"It's Courtney Van Gard," almost shrieked Mrs. Wentworth. "O Jane, we can't see him! And what will we say to him? My dear, how could you?"

"Don't be foolish, Cousin Maria," sniffed Serena. "Jane was not yet engaged to Courtney, so don't make such a fuss. Besides, let us try to get some sense out of this absurd story! Bring Mr. Van Gard up. And will you kindly tell us, Jane, where your husband is now?"

"I don't know exactly," half sobbed Jane. "In Southern Illinois a bridal pair got on, with rice and new clothes, and it suddenly came upon me what I had missed in eloping. Oh, if you could have seen my wedding, in a stuffy little office, by a justice in his shirtsleeves and with two dirty cowboys for witnesses! When I compared that to going off in a machine, with wedding presents, and people throwing confetti, I told my husband never to see me again—and—"

Her half-tearful explanation was cut short by the entrance of Courtney Van Gard, a carefully dressed, almost effeminate youth, whom Mrs. Wentworth had long looked on as a prospective nephew.

That Jane Gerard was the brightest star in his firmament was evident by his manner in greeting her.

There was an instant's lull in the conversation; then, while Mrs. Wentworth was providing the new-comer with tea and cakes Hilary Dane turned to his erstwhile ward.

"What," he asked, "is the man's name? And what are you going to do about it?"

The answer was what he expected. "That," said the irresponsible Jane, "is for you people to decide. I can't live on a ranch, in that hot, alkali country, all my life. His name is Jim Douglas."

The words seemed to be magically potent. A tall, dark man, with the tan of long months in the open, and the gypsy touch that comes to those who follow life's long, open trails, stood in the doorway.

"Jane," he cried, as he strode across the room, "I can't give you up."

"He speaks English, at least," muttered Serena in a swift aside to Hilary Dane.

The girl rose hurriedly. At first the spell of the man's personality seemed to draw her toward him; then she drew herself back, as if by main force.

"No," she cried, "no, no."

"It seems terrible to you now, dear," pleaded her husband, unconscious in his earnestness of the others in the room. "I've thought it all over; it's not right to give it up. I go on to New York on business tonight. Come with me! I can't let you stay here. Forgive me for following you, Jane, only come with me!"

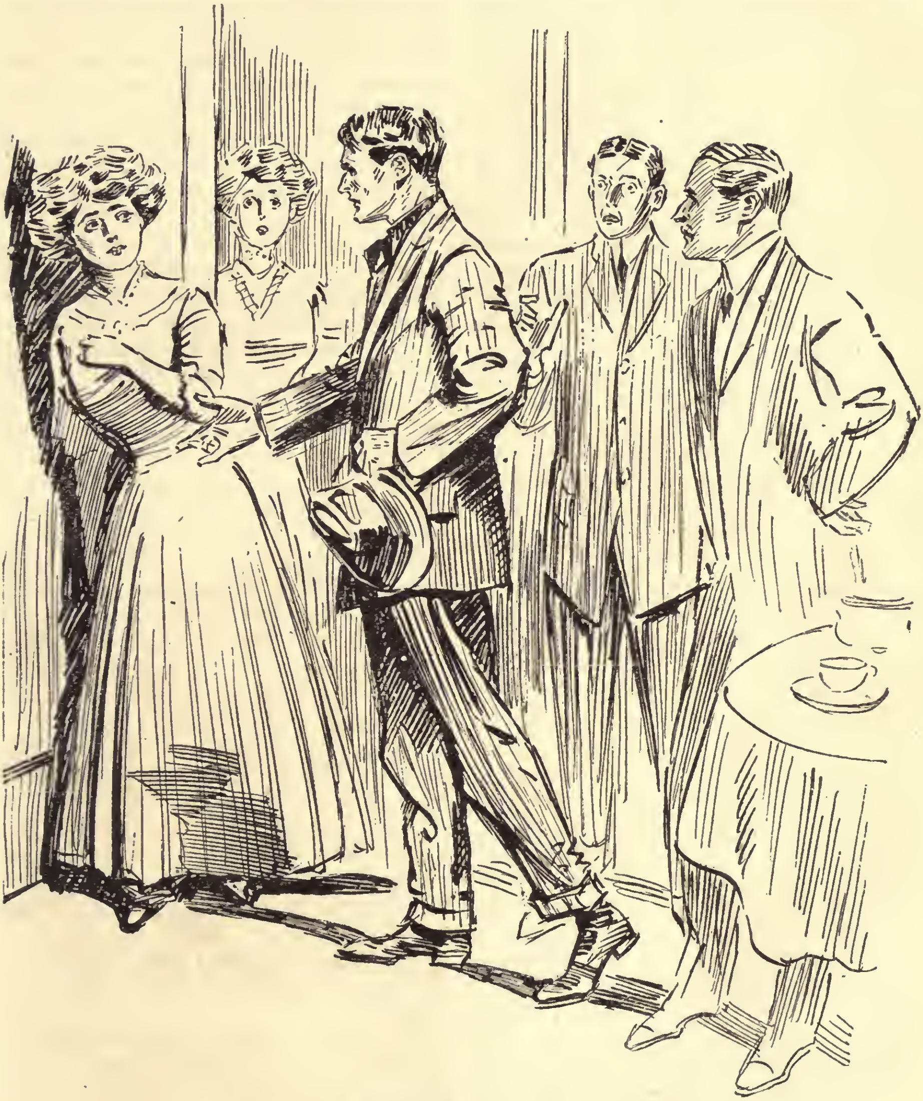
Courtney Van Gard stepped forward. Mrs. Wentworth's hurried explanations of the situation left him a trifle dazed, but he realized one thing, he must step in and fight for Jane.

"Jane Gerard," he began.

"Douglas," corrected her husband sternly.

"Jane Gerard," he repeated, "this crazy marriage can be annulled. Think what people will say if it gets around! But no one need even know! I'll keep it quiet, if you'll only marry me. You know I've loved you ever since we were children together. Send this man about his business."

"Jane Douglas," cried her husband, moving forward, also. "Don't listen to him. He speaks for just one tiny part of the world—the part that calls me 'impossible.' He says he loves you. He doesn't know what that



"Jane," he cried, "I can't give you up."

word means. Why, when I was a boy, and rode miles under the stars, out there where it was so still and lonely that even the coyote's howls were companionable, I used to dream about you. I've known you centuries, not days, and I knew you for the one girl when my eyes first met yours. Jane, you can't ask me to give you up now!"

To the girl, it was like some hideous nightmare. She was swayed by the man's words, even while she fiercely resolved to be sensible. Her mad impulses, always followed by periods of wild remorse, had brought trouble before now, but never in such large measure. The problem was too big for her erratic nature, unused to dealing even with the tiny decisions of everyday life. She turned first to her guardian, then to her aunt, and lastly to Serena; but they, figuratively, stepped outside the frame. Her picture was filled and dominated by two men—one the product of tailor and valet, neat, precise, with the habiliments of the dandy; the other produced by the great outdoor, strong and supple, dwarfing and overshadowing the other even in his clumsy, ready-made clothes.

To the girl, in her desperate, unusual mental anxiety, they were but symbols of two lives—one the round of teas and fetes, of conservatism and bridge, the world she had been reared in; the other the freedom of the wild places, some unknown heritage of *wanderlust* that answered the gypsy call in the man. She noticed vaguely that Courtney's boutonniere and his necktie were a perfect match, and that Jim Douglas' suit was ready-made, and her groping mind seized on those facts, and magnified them until her decision was forced upon her by such trivial details in the making of a man.

Unused to explanation of her mental workings, her voice was low and hesitating.

"I—I, oh, I'm so sorry, Jim!" she half sobbed. "I hate to hurt you. I really almost think I love you—but not enough! I cannot contemplate living in a barren place, with cactus tearing my skirts and rattlesnakes always creeping on the rocks, and horrible, unending range on range of flat-topped hills. I'd die of *ennui* with no one to see but the inevitable cowboys, without afternoon tea, or bridge. I—well—the other life fascinates me. I lifted the curtain, and enjoyed the peep so much that I wanted more; but when I took it for the rest of my life, like the extremist that I am, I picked too much. Guardy says I lack the sporting spirit—I know that's so, but I know, also, it is partly my relatives' fault, because they've brought me up to take the best, the sweet everything, even if I leave the bad and bitter for someone else. I am what I am—this is my world and here I must stay! You would have been woefully disappointed. You see I cannot be your dream girl, after all."

Jim Douglas' face had grown sad and half stern during her long speech. He checked Van Gard's approving cackle with a quick gesture.

"It's hard," he said, "but so are most things. I've chased the treasure at the end of the rainbow; I've found it, only to have it slip away from me. And now, as it goes, I see it's dust and ashes and tawdry tinsel. You may have your little world, Jane Gerard, and your little world can have you. I will give you what you call your freedom, though I know all the time it will be your return to prison. You looked through the bars, and the open road looked like life to you; but when you tried it you were afraid, and your prison bolts and chains looked more kind than the ways of the unknown gods. I see now my folly. I see now that you cannot awake. I had hoped to find something more under the promise you gave, but it was nothing but a beautiful husk, after all. Good-bye, Jane, I do not want you now."

"By Jove, what a rude old bounder," muttered Courtney Van Gard to Hilary Dane, but the older man did not hear him. He saw, in that mysterious man who had stepped into their lives so suddenly and strangely, no ordinary, illiterate cow-puncher. The man of the greater, wider world, that was hidden under his hopelessly inane mannerisms, recognized a kindred spirit.

"Fool woman!" he groaned under his breath.

"I have been unkind," said Douglas, at the door. "In justice to you, Jane, I would say that I believe there is that unawakened undercurrent in you that will some day give you the far horizon. I am not the right man. I am unable to do it. The fault lies with me. But I have the memory of the hours when you seemed like the very essence of dreams come true, and that is more than most men have. Adios!"

As the liquid Spanish farewell sounded in her ears, the girl took a step forward. A sudden revulsion of feeling whirled her brain so swiftly in the opposite direction that she felt strangely giddy. The purely artificial state of mind that she had forced herself into was gone; and the void was filled by a great aching hunger to feel the man's strong arms about her. Another moment and he would be gone! She took another unsteady step forward, and tried to cry out his name, until she could get her bearings, and make a more definite decision. That house of cards, her well-planned future life, came tumbling down about her ringing ears. She tried to cry out, but no sound could her strained throat make.

With a desperate gesture she flung her arm across the tea table that separated them. Instantly a tongue of flame shot up from the flickering alcohol lamp, and caught her lacy sleeve. To her it was an eternity that the fire blazed, creeping up and up towards her hair, leaving a hot and blistering brand in its wake.

She heard her aunt's moan of terror; she heard her fall fainting; she heard another sound, as Courtney Van Gard flung his hands to his face and shrieked aloud. Then someone clasped her tight, beating out the glowing sparks, crushing the livid streak and tearing away the burning lace. A second later it was all over.

He who had. cried out cowered on the brocaded couch, for he knew the last chance was gone; but the one who had saved her life for himself clasped her close as he caressed her raw, blistered shoulder.

But Jane, never more to be undecided or vacillating, kissed his burned hands and sobbed softly.

"Ah, my husband, take me if you will, just as I am, with every lacking phase, but be with me always, to supply the 'sporting spirit.'"

KISSIN'

From the book "Heart Throbs."

Some say kissin's ae sin,
  But I say, not at a';
For it's been in the warld
  Ever sin' there were twa.
If it werena lawfu',
  Lawyers wadna' 'low it;
If it werena haly,
  Meenisters wadna' dae it;
If it werena modest,
  Maidens wadna' taste it;
If it werena plenty,
  Puir folk coudna' hae it.

—*Scottish Saying.*

Extract from Speech delivered before the American Medical Association

THE following paragraph from a speech, written by Dr. Herbert L. Burrell of Boston, president of the American Medical Association, and in his absence read by the secretary, Dr. George H. Simmons, at the annual meeting of that organization held in Atlantic City, shows conclusively that the conditions complained of by Mr. Miller in his series of articles on the Doctors' Trust, not only actually exist, but that they are fully recognized by such an eminent physician as Dr. Burrell. The recommendations set forth in this extract, now in the hands of the Board of Trustees, show a praiseworthy desire on the part of the president of the association to provide a remedy for the present evils.

"There is a growing tendency on the part of certain members of the association to use political methods in influencing legislation, state and national. I believe that this movement is fraught with danger. If such work could always be done judiciously, well and good; but this influence is frequently exerted by members of the medical profession who are 'babes in arms' politically. Their motives are excellent, but their discretion is open to question. The employment of one individual to serve as lobbyist in Washington or elsewhere, is a mistake; it is the adoption of trade-union methods and will sooner or later bring the medical profession into discredit. I suggest that the board of trustees be requested to report to the House of Delegates at the meeting in 1910 their opinion as to the wisdom of separating the offices of editor and general manager and of secretary of the association. The reason for this recommendation is not far to seek. At present the office of secretary and editor and general manager are held by one man, who, by force of circumstances, has turned on him the limelight of public opinion; he is believed to be, and as a matter of fact is, largely responsible for the policies of the association. It is not right, nor is it fair to an individual man that he should have this great amount of seeming power placed in his hand. With the keenest possible scrutiny I have considered it my duty as president to observe the acts of your General Secretary during my years as president-elect and as president of the association. I can report to you only that I think his work is admirable, that his acts have always been, so far as was possible, judicious, and that he is deserving of the highest possible commendation for the remarkable conduct of an extremely trying double office. The recommendation that I have made as to the separation of these two offices may seem radical; all the more reason why the board of trustees should carefully consider and report to the House of Delegates in 1910 as to the expediency of carrying this measure into effect."

The Doctor's Trust

-By-
CHARLES MILLER

COMMERCIALIZED SURGERY: A LURE AND A MENACE

(FIFTH ARTICLE)

ONE of the heroes of the world of medicine whose name deserves to be written in letters of gold on the scroll of its famous men, but which, strange to say, rarely receives so much as honorable mention by the modern medical historian, was a modest country doctor who passed to his reward in the year 1879. Crawford W. Long was his name, and Athens, Georgia, his home. Dr. Long had a natural aptitude for surgery, but, practicing at a period when surgical operations were barbarously torturesome because the use of anesthetics was unknown, he often hesitated to apply the knife and cause the physical agony that necessarily followed its use.

Distressed by the awful suffering he had often to witness as well as to inflict, his quickened sympathies led him in a persistent quest of some method of rendering a patient oblivious to the torture of a surgeon's knife and thus grant to future generations immunity from the suffering their forbears were compelled to endure. As early as 1841 Dr. Long became convinced that the inhalation of sulphuric ether gave the solution to his long-pondered problem, but uncertain and fearful as to the effect of complete anesthesia produced by this method, he proceeded with such caution that it was not until March of the following year that he was ready to give it a practical test. The man upon whom this test was made, one James Venable, was afflicted with two tumerous growths of the neck. One of these growths, on March 20th, Dr. Long removed after his patient had been reduced to a state of complete unconsciousness by the inhalation of sulphuric ether, and the result was so satisfactory that, a few weeks later, he undertook the removal of the other. The second operation proving as successful as the first, then, and not until then, did Dr. Long modestly make known to the other practitioners of his town the wonders of painless surgery. They freely accorded to him the honor he deserved, but the world was not looking for great things to emanate from a country doctor, and consequently, when shrewd New England surgeons later conducted similar experiments at Boston, they had but slight difficulty in securing the glory that rightfully belonged to the humble Southerner.

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The above is interesting from a historical standpoint, but quite as interesting, as part of a study in medical economics, is the bill that was presented to the first man in the world's history who was privileged to lie down to pleasant dreams whilst undergoing the lacerations of a surgeon's knife. As recently brought to light by an exploration of the age-worn ledger of the late Dr. Long, the following was the statement rendered to his patient for the two operations:

Mr. James Venable to Dr C. W. Long Dr.

1842.		
March 20,	Excising tumor	$2.00
	Sulphuric ether	.25
June 6,	Excising tumor	2.00
	Sulphuric ether	.25
		$4.50

That the figures of the above bill, the first one ever rendered in a case of anesthetic surgery, are absurdly low will have to be conceded, but how much more absurd are the figures that would appear in a bill rendered for a similar service performed by an organization doctor during the present year. Could it have been James Venable's fortune, good or ill, to have lived to endure his tumors up till the present era of medical greed run to madness, the bill he would be called upon to pay for their removal would not vary far from the following:

Mr. James Venable to Dr. M. E. D. Association, Dr.
1909.

March 30,	Excising tumor	$200.00
	Anesthetic, etc	25.00
June 6,	Excising tumor	200.00
	Anesthetic, etc	25.00
		$450.00

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That the outrageously unreasonable fees that are now almost universally demanded for surgical operations were not born with the discovery of anesthetics—that which marked the first important advance in the eradication of human ills by means of the knife—is pretty well established by the modest figures in Dr. Long's ledger. Dr. Long may have been over-sensitive and over-considerate; to inflict mental torture upon his patients may have been as averse to his kindly nature as to inflict bodily pain; perhaps in the case of James Venable he scaled his bill down to coincide with a financial condition none too prosperous. On the whole, however, it is not unreasonable to assume that he charged him approximately such a fee as would have been exacted by any of the physicians of his neighborhood for the same service, adding the cost of the substance that gave the boon of unconsciousness, but scorning to turn to his own financial advantage to the extent of a single penny the fact that his patient had been spared immunity from suffering such as had been granted no similarly afflicted man before him. Grant that Dr. Long was an exceptional character, grant that all physicians of his day would not have valued even an ordinary service of the kind so lightly, certain it is that James Venable or any other man of his generation would have been apt to have dropped dead from shock had he been presented a bill for a surgical operation based upon figures such as obtain in a modern Doctors' Trust schedule of charges.

It would be idle to assume that surgical fees have reached their present proportions through any process of natural development; idle as well as vain. The casual investigator can readily ascertain that trust methods were being applied to medicine in a small way long before the idea of a national medical monopoly had its birth, and trust methods are never resorted to except to bring about trust results. County and city medical societies, devoted in some degree to advancing the commercial side of medicine, were in existence even before the days of Dr. Long, but since the organization in each community embraced the physicians of only one school and had no close relation with neighboring societies, the possibilities along the line of fee boosting were naturally limited. Some progress in this regard was made, however, as a comparison of fee bills of various periods will plainly show. The same comparison will show also that it was not until the genius of the American Medical Association had broken down the barriers that separated the practitioners of various schools and set up Mammon as the god of all, that surgery was advanced into the realm of high finance where it now is found.

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In the year 1880 the physicians of the county in which I reside adopted a fee bill, the figures of which seemed to afford them a considerable degree of prosperity, though no amount designated in it exceeded the sum of one hundred dollars. In a general way this fee bill served to regulate physicians' charges here until the summer of 1907, after resident allopaths and homeopaths had all been merged into one society, and agents of the state society had made them frequent visits for the purpose of urging the adoption of a schedule of charges such as had been put into effect in a few other counties of the state, and with which it was plainly the plan, concocted and approved by the state society, to cover the whole state as fast as conditions in the several counties would permit. It was the inauguration of this new fee bill that resulted in the Bremer County doctors being indicted under the anti-trust law. To show the extent of the recent bulge in the commercial side of medicine as relating to surgery, I make a few comparisons between figures as they appear in the fee bill of 1907, and those in the fee bill supplanted by it:

	OLD SCALE	NEW SCALE
Amputation at hip	$20 to $100	$200 to $300
Operation, fistula	10 to 20	50 to 200
Operation, strabismus	10 to 20	50 to 100
Operation, cataract	20 to 100	100 to 200
Operation, strangulated hernia	20 to 100	100 to 500
Operation, malignant tumor	20 to 100	50 to 500

The old scale does not, of course, take into account the most common abdominal operations of today, since these are the development of comparatively recent years. However, it is in the over-exploited field of abdominal operations that medical greed has made its most pronounced and rapid advances. From the time when only a half-dozen especially skilled surgeons in my state would undertake an operation of this character up till the present year, when a dozen alleged surgeons in almost every county stand ready to rush into one's abdomen on the slightest provocation or no provocation at all, the increase has been easily one hundred per cent. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is a truth that may easily be verified, and is in itself a most striking example of the manner in which organized medicine has been able to give defiance to a natural law that is inexorable as to all other lines of endeavor.

For the purpose of specific comparison I recall that in the year 1892 Dr. Reeves Jackson, of Chicago, was called to perform an abdominal operation upon a leading citizen of my town, a banker and the head of one of her prosperous financial concerns. Dr. Jackson was at that period recognized as one of the most eminent surgeons in the United States, but the bill he rendered for the service mentioned and the expense of his trip, involving over 600 miles of travel, was only $300, or just one-half of what any Iowa "packing-house surgeon" would now charge for a similar operation upon a patient as prominent socially and financially as was the patient of the great Chicago specialist.

Of all the evil aspects of commercialized medicine, the saturnalia of surgery that has resulted therefrom is flagrantly the worst. Under the inspiration of the organization leaders, who systematically belittle the surgeons who lay behind in the matter of fee boosting while exalting those who carry the banner of greed farthest into the shadow of extortion, the money demands of surgeons have grown and grown until they have so far ceased to bear relation to the rewards of any honest endeavor as to find a nearer counterpart in the demands of a Society of the Black Hand or the terms of a Raisuli ransom.

The economic injustice of commercialized surgery is not its only or its chief evil, however. There are two other and greater ones. Of these, one is the temptation to villainy that the extraordinary rewards of surgery hold out; the other, the damage to life and health that the yielding to such temptation entails upon those who are so unfortunate as to fall into an unscrupulous or morally weak surgeon's hands. A surgeon deficient in strength of character is apt to confuse his financial interests with the physical interests of his patient, and, as between two or three dollars for medical attendance and two or three hundred dollars for an operation there is such a wide range, his judgment may be easily warped in favor of the method that promises the larger reward in any case furnishing the most meager excuse for resorting to the operating table. The activities of physicians such as these—men who have become villains without really knowing it—added to the activities of the fair share of self-conscious villains with which the profession abounds, all led on by the lure of monstrous fees easily and quickly acquired, have mixed so much of fake and graft with the legitimate that advanced surgery, in the aggregate, has become a curse and a menace instead of the blessing and helpful agent that it would be if kept within honest and reasonable bounds.

The extent to which abdominal operations, and more especially appendicitis operations, are being urged upon the people of various communities of Iowa is almost beyond belief, and almost as incredible is the extent to which the people thereof have been, and are still, submitting to them, despite the evidence constantly before their eyes that surgery as it is practiced in these communities is invaliding and killing more people than it is benefiting. In such peculiarly afflicted communities it is invariably found that the slashing surgeons are plentiful and well organized. There are numerous other communities, on the other hand, where appendicitis and kindred ailments are practically unknown, and in those communities it is invariably found that the medical organization is lax on account of a leadership that is professional instead of commercial. Whole counties in Iowa thus blessed manage to go from year to year without a single fatality from appendicitis, as compared to a death rate running as high as ten a year in the counties where a stomach ache is regarded as a signal for the surgeon's knife.

In a general way the public knows that surgery is being overdone to the point of rank abuse, but through some unaccountable psychic phenomenon the public has chosen to treat the whole matter as something funny rather than serious. The appendicitis joke has run well abreast of the mother-in-law joke for quite a number of years, and it only recently has begun to fall behind.

Newspaper men, keeping close account of the doings of their respective communities, as they must, are especially well informed as to the death and damage done by unnecessary surgery, but for some unaccountable reason, alert and earnest as they usually are to other matters affecting the public weal, this is a wrong that but rarely excites them to plain speaking. On the contrary, a large majority permit their papers to be used as immunity bath tubs for surgical blunderers, or worse, as often as an immunity bath for one of them appears to be needed. For example, John Smith, in the vigor of his strength and manhood, is persuaded to go to a hospital. Something goes wrong, just what is not essential. John may have been chloroformed to death or had his throat cut. In any event the faithful chronicler writes: "The operation was wholly successful, but"—but why waste words in repeating a bit of stereotyped redundancy with which all newspaper readers are perfectly familiar. How long the newspaper fraternity will maintain this accommodating attitude toward the appendicitis spoilers is problematical, but I cannot believe it will continue indefinitely. In fact, a number of Iowa publishers have already broken away from the habit, and two of such are at present sought to be made examples of by actions for libel. Others are close to the limit of their patience. Only a week ago the publisher of one of the leading dailies in this state, a man whose word will carry as far as that of any other man in the state, told me with clenched fist and flashing eye that if the doctors of his city had their just deserts, "one-half of them would be put to death." An outburst from this quarter may be looked for at any time.

Far better than either the public or the newspaper-makers do physicians of the country know how much surgery is being abused, and though most of them would scorn to perform or approve of a surgical operation that was not perfectly legitimate, they are strangely silent, save as to private expressions, to the saturnalia of unwise, unnecessary and vicious surgery going on all about them.

Iowa, like other states, has a state board of health and medical examiners, whose deep concerns are supposed to be the health, safety and lives of our citizens on the one hand and the proper conduct of physicians on the other, and though the vital statistics in their office tell the grewsome story of a death rate from appendicitis increased *more than thirty per cent.* during the past five years, they have never seen fit to issue a note of warning to the public or a word of admonition to the doctors under their surveillance.

Below is the record of the fatalities from appendicitis in Iowa during the past five years, and since during this period this disease has had its greatest advancement with respect to the number of physicians drawn into it by the lure of its ever-increasing financial possibilities, it is a record fairly burning with significance:

1903	153
1904*	83
1905	171
1907	173
1908	197

* * * *

Since the above figures quite plainly indicate that the gross results of surgery as it is carried on in Iowa are to increase the number of mounds in her cemeteries, it would seem that medical societies, both state and national, would be active in demanding restrictive measures to correct this deplorable condition, which, it is fair to presume, is much the same all over the land. Self-respect and self-interest would seem to demand that at least a showing be made in this regard, but if any move in this direction has been made by organized medicine, it has certainly escaped public attention. It should not have escaped public attention, however, that, so far as the Iowa State Medical Society is concerned, the move has been in exactly the opposite direction. Since the beginning of the fiscal year 1908, that organization has had in force an arrangement by which the legal expenses to which any member is put on account of malpractice suits are paid from the general fund of the society, and to aid in the defence of such suits one of the leading law firms of the state is employed by the year. The effect of this arrangement, I take it, accounts in large measure for the exceptional spurt that the appendicitis death rate took during the year following its establishment, as shown in the table above. Assured of the best defence obtainable at the expense of the organization in the event of legal difficulties, it is safe to assume that the unscrupulous surgeon —the cutter for coin—increased his activities in no small degree.

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* For some reason, figures for a half year only would be furnished me.

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In bringing these articles to a close, I deem it proper to devote a little specific attention to one of the factors of the great Doctors' Trust as represented by a county medical association, according true and unswerving allegiance to the main body, heeding the teachings of its leaders and giving strict compliance with its ethics and rules. It was a study of the practices and activities of one of these county societies at close range that first excited my interest in this subject and caused me to pursue it until I became convinced of the existence of a well-organized conspiracy, not merely against the pocketbooks of the American people, but against what should be a most sacred personal right as well, viz.—the right to exercise the same freedom of thought and conscience as to the kind of medicine or medical treatment they may desire to employ, if any, as is guaranteed them by our fundamental law with reference to politics and religion.

My early impression as to the pernicious trust activities of the doctors of the county in which I reside, made manifest in the summer of 1907, was that they had become suddenly possessed of the evil one. Now I know that they were possessed only by the "spirit of the hive," promoted and given professional if not moral respectability by the leaders of the American Medical Association, who had banished the fine sentiments that had formerly ennobled the art of healing and substituted in their place the order:

> Get place and wealth, if possible with grace;
> If not, by any means get wealth and place.

I am well convinced also that when the doctors of Bremer County (Iowa) adjusted their schedule of charges "to meet changed conditions," as they expressed it, the conditions to be met were those that placed them in harmony with the great medical machine, and that the schedule of charges agreed upon was compiled at state headquarters in Des Moines or at the very fountainhead of medical chicanery and greed in Chicago.

How far this new fee bill transcended the bounds of reason my readers may judge from the items I have quoted above. As a newspaper publisher I was fortunate enough to be able to secure a copy of the schedule, and when I made known to the people the magnitude of the doctors' designs against them, town and countryside alike fairly flamed with indignation.

Right in the midst of this inflamed condition of public sentiment the organization leaders were called upon to test their loyalty to the new ethics, but they faltered not in doing so. Though they had advertised that every doctor in the county would charge the advertised fees, this was not exactly true. One young physician, D. H. F. Rubel, of my city, had held aloof from them. It soon transpired that he was called to attend the case of a woman where an immediate operation appeared necessary. Applying to another physician for assistance, he learned that the rules of the society would permit no co-operation with him unless he signed up the fee bill. He declined to sign and surrendered the case to the trust doctors' hands. A few days later another serious case confronted this marooned doctor. Two steamfitters had engaged in a quarrel, and one of them lay with a cracked skull in a delirious condition. On account of the criminal as well as the medical aspects of the case, the young doctor felt that he must have counsel, and having learned how useless it would be to apply for it at home, he arranged by telephone for the assistance of a physician of a neighboring county. The latter came posthaste as he had agreed, but trust doctors managed to intercept him before he reached the patient, and he turned back home without seeing him.

These matters being brought to the attention of the grand jury, indictments were found against the federated doctors under the state's anti-trust law. The court dismissed the cases on the ground that the law did not contemplate any interference with labor unions. So the doctors were all right as regards the law, and that they were all right as to the new ethics of medicine was shown by the fact that the state society helped to bear the cost of their defence, which was considerable on account of their having employed all the legal talent of the town.

The effect of the prosecution was salutary, nevertheless, especially with reference to the manner in which it reduced the number of cases of operative surgery. About three years previous a philanthropic citizen had given his mansion to a charitable order for hospital purposes, and from the day the institution was opened, it appeared to be the ambition of the local doctors and those of the neighboring villages who had been made members of "the staff" to keep it full of surgical cases, sufferers from appendicitis preferred. And with how many people it soon became a matter of life and death as to whether they should let the pesky little thing remain inside of them or find a place in a bottle on the shelf of a doctor's office! To look back upon those fearsome days when the doctors' automobiles jostled against each other in their hurry to get their patients opened up ere their pains subsided seems much like recalling a horrid dream! At the end of fourteen months "the staff" published a report, showing that of the 192 patients taken to the hospital, sixty-one were operated upon for appendicitis; and most of the rest were cut into for something else, for only twenty of the whole number managed to escape the knife entirely. This seemed like rather a lively beginning in a community where before abdominal operations were almost as infrequent as the changes of the season, but it was only a beginning. In the succeeding year and a half the demands of the hospital had outgrown its capacity, and the "staff" were entreating other philanthropists to come forward and build an addition. Physicians became so adept in diagnosing appendicitis that they could tell when a man had it by looking him in the eye, and "consultation" quite invariably confirmed the decision of their judgment. Some of the physicians were novices in surgery at the outset, but as one after another returned from a post-graduate course with a new set of tools, the disease appeared to increase. Such a condition could naturally not continue without exciting uneasiness among observing people, nor did it. Most of them, however, held their peace. Some of them did not. An early protester was Rev. Father Mulligan, priest of the Catholic church. In his visits among the sick of his church, he became appalled at the number of people who were having surgical operations urged upon them, and not only did he frustrate many by his personal endeavors, but publicly he admonished his people not to submit to the doctors' judgment and knives.

When the limelight was turned upon the doctors' financial schemes, the people of the community quite generally awoke to serious thinking, the result being that appendicitis soon became a rarity again. Though "the staff" published no more statements, I am convinced by my observation that during the next year the falling off was not far from sixty per cent.

This describes the results of commercialized medicine in one community. There are thousands of communities, I am well convinced, where the same conditions prevail, save that the light has not yet broken.

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That it is time a remedy be applied to improve the deplorable conditions that commercialized medicine has brought about; that it is time the Doctors' Trust were chastened instead of being given more license and power, I think most of my readers will readily agree. Reform ought to come from the inside, however, and ought not to be long delayed. Since I cannot believe that the organization accurately represents a majority of the profession, I am well convinced that those of its members who adhere to its time-honored ideals have it in their power to bring about better conditions if their power be asserted as it could and should be.

If reform must come from the outside, it may carry too far, as was the case in Germany a few years ago, when the organized doctors carried their schemes of selfishness and greed to such a point that in the reaction of an incensed public opinion practically every vestige of protective medical legislation was wiped from the statute books.

ONE WAY

By FANNIE K. REICHE

SUMMER was late in coming to Tamagami; long weeks since belated snows had left the brown earth bare and boggy; and the delicious pungency of damp bark and rich mold filled Jacques Martin with a longing for June greenness and balm and all that the south winds brought with them.

Yet summers had come and gone, bringing anew fresh hopes and longing for the fulfillment of his heart's desire, only to see both fail of realization and wane with the dying year; and long, lonely winters of wondering and worship had intervened. The woods, the hills and the marshes together with their denizens drowsed or slept, and Jacques marvelled or dreamed in his turn. But with each returning spring there blossomed into being within the woodman a strange but natural hope, questioning yet courageous, in anomalous accord with a calm renunciation of the same, out of all proportion to the optimistic tendencies that dominated him.

"Surely," he would say to himself in the solitude of his homely cabin, "it might happen this year; it didn't last year, nor the summer before that; so much the greater reason why it might come to pass this year! Holy, and if it would—!"

And as the words came back to him from the hollow echoes of his cabin walls, he looked long and with emotion into the fading embers on the rough hearth, until the ceasing of the last desultory crackles of fire logs served to arouse him from his abstraction.

From without, the sound of a newly sharpened axe as some mighty arm plunged it into well-primed logs; the howl of a hungry wolf, encroaching too fearlessly upon the territory of man; or the plaintive, heart-piercing cry of a loon, eluding an enemy or seeking its mate thus dolorously—any or all of these noises, when penetrating his cabin quiet, were everyday sounds of the woodland to Jacques, and he marvelled not, but rather at their ceasing did he regret.

And when the day's avocation was over, and the long slants of shadows merged into trespassing twilight, Jacques would tranquilly light candles, and from the shelf take his beloved Walton or Keats. Over his face came always a subtle radiance, as of the glory of understanding; and ever, as he lifted his eyes from his book, for relaxation or time to dwell upon some thought to make his very own, he would look beyond book and space to the farthest corner of the room. And after dwelling thereon long enough to say an Ave, back to the pages again came eye and thought in compelled co-ordination.

And later on, often after a visit from some habitant of the district, off into the same mysterious corner, whither his eyes first fell on entering and last dwelt on leaving the cabin, he went to kneel. Then, cautiously uncovering a small straw box, he made the sign of the cross, mechanically inclined his massive head, and knelt thus in prayer for the space of some minutes. Slowly he lifted his head—in his face, prayer, entreaty and anguish in wanton combination, quickly followed by a fixed and incomprehensible calm that transfigured the entire countenance.

But today, apprehensions and fears had somehow seemed far off, and only yesterday had they really transpired in whole or in part. Snow and cold and death were centuries past and warmth and sunshine and bud and bloom were at hand. Today was singularly different from other days—and not merely because frost had taken leave of the forests, and the last ice floes had floated downward, to be finally enveloped in swift currents, or en route to be dismembered by the persistent sun.

Soon the folk from the towns and cities would be coming to the lodge, three leagues down the lake, half the distance by portage. There would then be regattas, fishing and hunting, and the usual number of novices to instruct in angling and canoeing.

Then perhaps it may come true—the dream

of the woodman. There would be co-operative teaching, new books, new realms to explore, new thoughts, new worship—additional fuel with which to kindle the fire of this strange new idolatry.

But no alien, unless he be boatman from beyond, resting over night, to which scant lodging he was welcome, ever entered Jacques' cabin. He had come to these parts from beyond the Great Bay of the Dominion, and if Jacques was different and never admitted strangers within the gates, it was because he was Jacques, and different.

To travelers and tourists, Louis and the other guides from Port Omago would always repeat the same story: "It is Jacques Martin—the great guide, the strongest man amongst us and the best—who lives here. He is big, he has big mind, he is student, he is strange, but Jacques—he is—well, no man, unless he be of the woods, or wounded, goes beyond his door."

Straightway, all eyes inquisitively sought the interior, which was so arranged that little could be seen beside musketry, an antiquated powder horn, a calendar in French, and a sheif of rough wood on which were several pieces of coarse plate. One's inborn curiosity, finding itself thus arbitrarily balked, promptly cooled and waned, and after a comment or two of no particular significance, to which the guide replied not at all, the travelers continued their tramping, on past the little brown cabin which was soon forgotten, and its mystery never guessed.

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"What is it to be this year, Jacques? Here, close by to civilization, or back in the forests? You've never been much after the inn's patronage." To which Jacques nonchalantly replied: "No, never any more, Louis. It's too dull!"

"Dull? Why, it's a relief now and then to listen to the prattle and laughter of the baby-dolls that come to the lakes, instead of the croak of a frog or the growl of a bear. It's a welcome change to look into the faces of men and women from down yonder where they make the laws; and if the girl be pretty—eh, Jacques? Though I fancy you ain't never looked long enough to notice."

"No, not long enough," rejoined Jacques.

"There was a likely looking scamp along here yesterday, a-looking for one of us to take him back yonder for a couple o' weeks."

"Will no one go?"

"No. He went back down Omago way to hunt out someone who is not bothering about taking the chance of losing out with the inn's people."

"Yes, I know. I understand; but, Louis, I'm not bothering; I'll go, though the woods will be lonely so early, and there'll be no sport to brag on."

"Wal',—it's all right for you, big Jacques, but for me, it's harvest time and work here means coin, and that means Olive and a home—a real home, next winter. Out there in Winnipeg, Jacques, she is waiting for me! You can never know what that means until you—"

Jacques interrupted him: "No, Louis, I can never know! When the young fellow returns, send him to Jacques Martin; he'll tramp with him as long as he wants him."

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Two days later, the two set out. The air was overladen with the scent of wild leaf-bud, that mingled not discordantly with the spiciness of pine and balsam. The greens of changeless pines and cedars, and of freshly-put-forth forest trees, were in undisputed possession and undisturbed, save here and there where clumps of hardy maples flaunted their banners of flame. Far, far above the treetops, all scents and colors commingled and lost their identities in the battalions of gray and black flecked clouds that scurried in glorious disorder over the blue ether beyond.

For some time the two trudged on in silence, each absorbed in what was transpiring about him; to Jacques Martin each evidence of the approach of summer was hailed with subdued emotion and heart leaps that sent the blood tingling through his veins for very joy at the renaissance or rebirth.

To Dysart MacLaren the woods meant little save a means to an end, a place to forget, to bury what one does not wish to remember in some secret place forever. This was what had brought him hither, and already he feared lest he had erred in the selection of a companion. For this Jacques seemed unresponsive, dull and self-absorbed, almost to melancholy.

And yet there was something wholesome and gentle about this big fellow of six feet two, with breadth and bulk in proportion. Jacques' browned face, tanned rather by wind and rough weather than by frequent encounters with a tropic sun, was crowned by a wealth of dishevelled ebony hair; the face itself was not unusual, nor indeed nondescript, and Dysart, like others, need only have looked into the deep blue eyes to believe all they said, whether Jacques' arguments, usually sound and few, refuted one's own or no. There were people who laughed as the big Jacques walked among them at Port Omago, when some seldom errand of necessity carried him thither, but they were scoffers—men of ill repute, men whose powers of skill and endurance had been outrivalled by the strange Jacques, and these were discreet enough to restrain their fun-making until they were out of earshot.

Dysart, in marked contrast to his companion, was below medium height, lean and frail-looking, lacking the muscular strength that gives one the power to endure; a well-poised head above shoulders not so narrow but that they might be narrower, and still be athletic-looking; and a face, sallow yet pleasant; the whole heavy, typifying intellectual inactivity, that was directly at dissonance with the acumen that was his on the Rialto.

Two days passed, during which the two men traversed many leagues on lake and by land, and already Dysart was beginning to chafe under the quiet composure of this man of the forests. Once he could interest Jacques in himself, Dysart felt that he might remove the barrier of silence and misapprehension that to Dysart in very reality stood between them, and of the existence of which Jacques was sublimely unconscious.

And so on the evening of the third day, when the two sat down on some logs that had done a similar service to others in previous years, and the fire blazed bright and ruddy and warm before them, Dysart stole a furtive glance at Jacques, as he bent low over some meat and coffee he was preparing. Suddenly, and with abruptness, Dysart bent his head forward and placed a hand on each temple as if to lend it support, to subdue the tumult within.

"Jacques, how can a man best forget?"

"Forget what? Himself?" asked Jacques half shyly, without looking up, and apparently but little interested. "I always remember. It is a blessing or a curse—I don't quite know which."

"That is it, Jacques; when one does not want to remember, he is not sure whether he is coaxing closer communion with heaven or hell!"

"One should want to forget nothing, unless he takes a life, and then he may not. Surely M'sieu has nothing to forget?" This with inquisitiveness in tone as well, and as he poured the coffee into the tin cups, he stole a look at Dysart which the latter did not see, and would not have been able to interpret if he had.

"There is everything to forget, Jacques. God knows I've been trying hard, and, Jacques—" Dysart looked appealingly at the firm set face opposite for some look of encouragement, or some token of sympathy, but never so much as the flicker of an eyelid—nothing, save that the unflinching eyes looked hard at Dysart for a moment and then sought the dregs in the coffee cup.

Dysart hesitated, now pretending deliberation the subject required, uncertain whether to proceed. At last he spoke, hoarsely and disjointedly:

"It's not a long story, but a plagued unhappy one; it's about a woman—a man's unhappiness always is. She was the best in the world, Jacques"—the words came slow and reverently— "but she broke her promise to me." Here his voice pitched higher, and anger and resentment were plainly revealed. "All for a myth, a dream, some good-for-nothing poor devil she once saw! We were to have been married, but she didn't love me, and she told me the truth—" tears choked his voice, and when he regained poise and control of self, he added: "And here am I to forget; why, Jacques, old man, that is impossible. Fifty times today, I've looked at you—you're so bully and big and strong and quiet and I've wished I had been you, and never knew what it meant to give up the woman one loved."

Jacques made no immediate reply; his mood was introspective, and he reached in among the logs to rearrange where no readjustment was necessary. The flames were leaping skyward, and unkind winds fanned the smoke toward Jacques; but the tears in his eyes were not brought there by the aggressive smoke—his sportsmanship would have repudiated that, for his were eyes that could stand extreme heat or cold alike.

"Maybe it would have been better for both of us, M'sieu; but you have been rich, you have been loved; one envies you—that is better far than to be for—"

For a minute neither spoke; each knew that in an unguarded moment, Jacques had lifted a corner of the veil that enveloped him, and he instinctively loathed himself for the indiscreet disclosure. With a gesture of disgust, Jacques as promptly lowered the veil again, without comment from the other.

Dysart sat still. It was little or nothing to him that Jacques had never known the joy of living, the exaltation of love, as he had known—aye, and lost, too. Jacques, after all, was only a trapper, a hunter, a guide. What should he know? While, with himself, it was another matter.

Jacques had not intended to be unsympathetic, and had Dysart looked long enough into the smoke-encumbered eyes, he would have found it hard not to have recognized in Jacques the compassion and tenderness he desired. For Jacques, neither uncouth nor brusque, but merely aloof and unobtrusive, was supremely unaware of his change of demeanor toward the younger man, and the latter on his part noted it not at all. However, neither would have resented it; instead, for quite different reasons, each would have had cause for rejoicing.

The days wore on. The two were finding numberless things on lake and shore to claim their attention, and not infrequently their services.

Jacques was master of the art of evasion and elusion, sometimes clumsily though it may be, and he employed every means at his command to divert Dysart—the man who could not forget. At mid-day, when the lazy wayward currents carried them inward; toward evening, when the purple silence was broken only by the lapping of the rose-tinted ripples against lichened rocks, and one looked off shore to behold twin sunsets; and not unseldom at night, when only the light of stars penetrated the cold and blackness, Dysart would revert to the old theme, and Jacques listened or feigned sleep, as the mood seemed expedient. Jacques taught Dysart many things, but the lesson he had come to learn was past mastering.

"Almost, he might teach me if I stayed a year or more perhaps," this thought came, and with persistence, but as suddenly and more insistently, "Never, never can I forget" superseded it.

Both regretted the approach of the day when they should part, though neither admitted it to the other—Jacques, because his motive might be misinterpreted, and Dysart, because he had revealed too much already, and because he had come too perilously near doing little less than falling down and worshipping this man of iron of the woods, now because of his strength, again because of his philosophy, and still more often because of his heart.

* * * * * * *

They cleared the deeper forests three days later, just after sunset. The sun is long going down in these northern lands, and it is light or dusky here at this season, when it is the blackness of midnight in the south. On leaving the lumber road, instead of following the short-cut trail to Port Omago, which even the preoccupied Dysart remembered, Jacques struck the narrower and more recently blazed trail direct to his cabin. Dysart followed unquestioningly, though he was weary and footsore; he despaired of the unnecessary steps to be retraversed to Omago, and night was fast coming on.

Jacques would accompany him; of that he was certain, but when one measures distance by leagues, and another by steps, there is a difference.

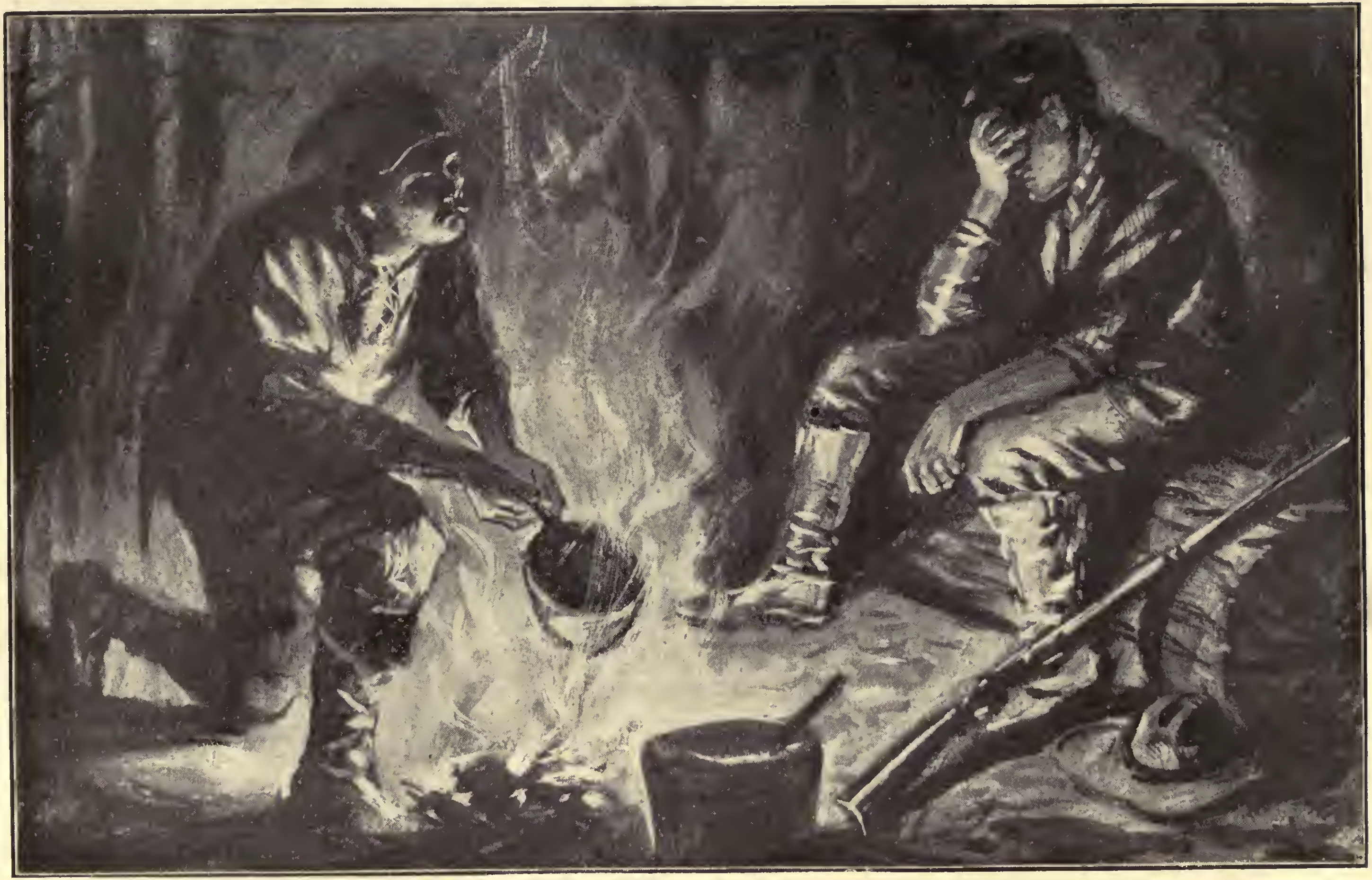
Just before they reached the cabin, Jacques turned suddenly and faced Dysart. "Wait here for a space, and when supper and your cot are ready, I shall call."

Dysart stood motionless and mute. He possessed the rare good sense to maintain silence in a situation that might be termed critical, and this unsolicited and unexpected departure from so rigid a custom as had grown out of Jacques' inhospitality, was not commented upon by Dysart.

He saw Jacques enter the cabin, first light a candle, open a window, pass and repass several times, and then all was quiet.

Dysart began to grow restless, and sauntered about, leisurely strolling to the back of the cabin.

He suddenly stood still. He was directly in front of a window, through which the unusual scene within arrested his attention and halted his step. Not for one moment did Dysart realize that his presence would be undesired, and his transgression unforgiven by Jacques. There in the corner in front of a miniature Calvary knelt Jacques, his



"Jacques, how can a man best forget?"

head bent low over a box, into which he placed something he had just kissed, after removing it from the bosom of his blue shirt. Above the box he made the sign of the cross, softly and devoutly closed the lid, covering the whole by a tiny white cloth, and quietly rose to his feet. He strode swiftly to the cabin door and called.

Dysart quickly retraced his steps to the door of the cabin, and gaily but tremulously said: "Are you ready? I'm hungry as a bear."

Jacques made no reply, save a gesture that meant "Come in," and the two seated themselves in silence, each with a consuming question in his heart.

"What is it he prays to? There is a secret. What can it be?"

And the other: "Did he see me at my shrine? The earth will tell me that—but he does himself; else wherefore the conscious look and guilt when I called, and he answered me not, but came sluggishly from behind my hut, wearing the telltale face?"

The meal was finished, as begun, in silence, and Dysart, as was not unusual, was the first to speak.

"Will you let me come again next year, Jacques? Shall we go out to the Wasacsigant, or will it be Kinikisiuk next time?"

"It will be what M'sieu wishes, if he wishes it so."

"And Jacques, think over what I've said to you and come to me this winter to the big city; you shall see everything, and her of whom I have told you."

"No, I shall never go there, not even though I may see her whom you have made me know so well. It would mean worse than death to one other beside myself, if I went—no, it could never be! Ah, if I were like you, it might be different! Holy, how happy *you* have been."

Jacques slowly pushed his chair from the table, and leaning forward to rest his head on his hands, he muttered: "And it must always live!"

"Yes, Sacriste, that is the worst or the best of it! Oh, if I could kill it; if I knew who she loves; perhaps he never dreams she cares; perhaps—God forgive me for such a thought—but because she cares, she doesn't love me; Jacques, are not women strange?"

"Yes, most strange, if they are like what you say," and he stood up erect and reassured, and deftly cleared away the supper utensils; Dysart, meanwhile, walking aimlessly about the room, glanced with pretended indifference at the few objects it contained.

His work finished, Jacques placed fresh logs on the fire, and snuffed the candles, leaving to burn the two beneath the crucifix, like beacons lighting the way to safety.

Jacques drew his camp stool close to the fire, and Dysart drew his still closer, and very near to Jacques, and slowly from an inner pocket drew forth a small locket and handed it face down to the woodman.

"I want you to look at her—I—no one has seen this but her—I have said so much to you, more than you would have cared to hear, I suppose, but I want you to understand why I am such a sufferer," and then fairly hissing the words between his teeth, "why I am such a fool."

Jacques tremblingly took the locket and, as though in a dream, looked straight at the blazing logs. Since the first days of their companionship, Dysart had interested him; some strange bond, some magnet of the spirit, had exerted its power, and Jacques knew instinctively that Dysart had leaned on him, had depended on his strength; but Jacques regretted that his over-plentiful lack of wit and humor had but poorly served to enliven the long days and nights. And this was the consummation, the climax to his confidences, the final proof of Dysart's loyalty and belief in him.

Jacques had told Dysart nothing of himself, and the mystery and the sorrow eating out his very heart; were he to herald it to the whole world, he could find no relief. It were better buried in the farthermost fibre of his being than to have the consciousness that another carried his sacred secret.

Such thoughts rushed like torrents through his seething brain, and when he presently gathered courage to turn the locket face up and look at it, his face turned livid, his head fell forward, and with a passionate cry he pressed the locket to his lips. Dysart sat motionless, stunned by such a demonstration, such a display of emotion on the part of one so reserved.

When Jacques recovered himself, he handed back the locket; his head swam; he fell to the floor and stammered:

"Holy, that face—I understand—I know!"

It all flashed across Dysart in a moment.

"It is his way, his grand big way of telling me that he feels for me. He cannot show me otherwise, and I love him none the less for it!"

Jacques lay prone but a second; he quickly stood up and staggered toward the crucifix in the corner.

With a wild gesture of triumph, he uncovered the box Dysart had seen him so reverently hide from view but a short while ago, and roughly lifting the lid, he took out a small card, and with fierceness held it up before Dysart, very close to his face.

"See, it is the same! She lost it one day, and I broke the commandment. I never gave it back. Holy, it has been over there or here," pointing to his breast "ever since. Every time I pray, I pray for her peace, and that she may forget, yet ever remember, Jacques Martin."

Dysart MacLaren fell heavily against the chimney ridge, and passed his hand over his eyes and forehead as if to brush away some obstruction that blinded his vision. He uttered never a word. Not a sound escaped him. By the sudden revelation he was dazed and astounded.

"And sometimes I pray that she may return here. It is a wicked prayer, is it not?—but I am a man. Oh, to look into that face once more!"

Entrapped, Dysart stood like some fierce animal at bay.

"Holy, but, M'sieu, you look as if you would like to choke me; maybe it were better if you did; but it would be unwise for you to try! You think I stole her love from you; no, I did not even ask it, she gave it to me, but I—I could not accept it—for her sake! Christ knows it was for her sake, not for mine! I left her for such men as you and your fellows down yonder. She was an angel—Christ!"

All trace of triumph was gone; the old reserve force that had for the first time in his life deserted him returned with renewed vigor; commiseration and gentlest pity for himself and Dysart overspread the splendid face; his features were relaxed.

"Jacques—" Dysart moved deliberately toward him, and with arms outstretched, he reached forward and laid a hand on each shoulder. The two men stood not two feet apart, and Dysart's eyes were dilating, accompanying the mad thumping of his pulse—mad with neither jealous hate nor anger toward the enemy who had erstwhile befriended him, but mad with the overwhelming sympathy and love that welled up within him, and made him its master—"God sent me to you, or sent us to each other; you've taught me much, and I'm not above learning this last lesson of renunciation. It was not you who took her from me, it was the Almighty! Beside such a man as you, I am not worthy to touch the dust under her feet—O Jacques," and as he peered into the wearied face lit up and heated by the flames from the fire at their feet, he realized over again the unfathomable gulf that separated the woodman from the woman who loved him, "can you ever understand why such things must be?"

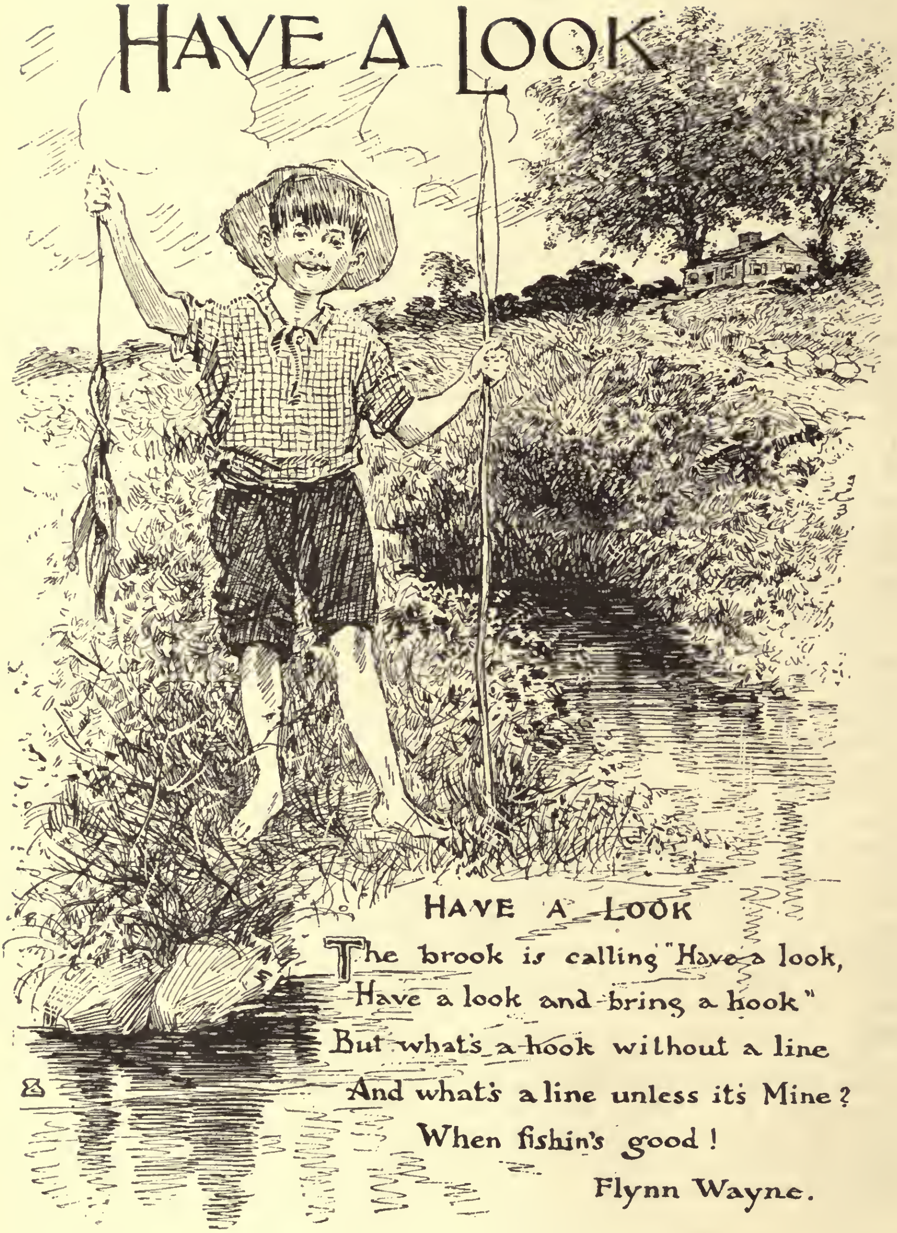
"Dysart"—it was the first time Jacques had called the other by any name than M'sieu—"it is not hard to understand. It is because we are men of clay, and she is of the fibre of fine gold! It is my life, and I would not for the dominion of His Majesty have it otherwise. Tomorrow you go back where she will be; but for me, I soon will go farther; up again beyond the Great Bay, where I belong—which I should never have left."

The two stood long thus, wondering at and trying to realize the singular fate that had ordained their meeting and guided subsequent events.

Soon into the darkness without a hazy mist crept up from the lake shore, and through the dense purple that enveloped the forest—for it was purple darkness, pierced now by faint shafts of rose—the mist wound itself like a phantom, and finally disappeared from view on the wings of the morning.

The two separated: Dysart went to the rough cot that had been prepared for him, and Jacques, when the other breathed with a heaviness that betokened sleep, went out into the forest beneath the few stars that were fast disappearing in the depths of indigo, and flung himself on the ground to pray—a prayer that was new and strange to him!

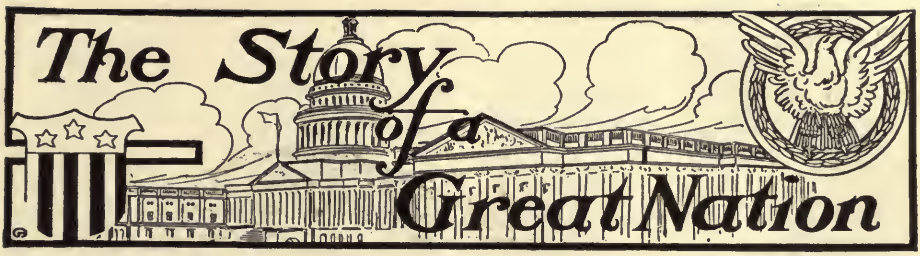
HAVE A LOOK



HAVE A LOOK

The brook is calling "Have a look,
Have a look and bring a hook"
But what's a hook without a line
And what's a line unless it's Mine?
When fishin's good!

Flynn Wayne.


The Story of a Great Nation

U. S. BUREAU OF EDUCATION

By ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN

Commissioner of Education

ACCORDING to our American practice and tradition, the main responsibility for the maintenance of educational systems rests with the several states. This gives us forty-six varieties of educational administration, to say nothing of the territories and outlying dependencies. This variety is further diversified by the practice of the states in incorporating great numbers of educational institutions under separate managing boards—colleges, universities, academies, professional schools, correspondence schools, and many others; while still others are conducted by religious denominations or are under purely private control.

The most of us care deeply for local self-government. We care for independent initiative and responsibility on the part of our citizens. Accordingly we do not look upon this variety in our educational undertakings as an evil. Except for its more extreme manifestations, we regard it indeed as a public good, and one to be greatly prized. It gives to our educational organization a high degree of adaptability, and it causes the sense of educational responsibility to be spread abroad among our people.

The states are so secure in their control of their several systems of education that they find no need of holding themselves severely aloof from one another and from the national government for fear of encroachment from without. Each year, in fact, the sense of need of co-operation among them grows keener. On the other hand, the national government, while respecting the educational autonomy of the several states, has never assumed that it could escape all responsibility in so important a matter as the education of its citizens.

There have been three stages in the history of federal participation in our public education. From the earliest days of our national life, large grants of land have been made by the nation to the states for educational purposes. In 1867 a National Department of Education, soon changed to a bureau in the Department of the Interior, was established for the purpose of aiding the states through the collection and distribution of educational information. In 1890 the Congress began the distribution of annual grants in money for the encouragement of agricultural and mechanical colleges. This article is concerned with the second of these forms of governmental activity, namely, the maintenance of the National Education Office or Bureau of Education.

It appears from what has been said above that the Bureau of Education is a provision for pooling the best educational experience of all of the states in order that it may be made most readily available for all. We have here a national watchtower, in which a lookout is maintained for educational improvement of every kind, not only in this country but throughout the world, in order that the good news may be given out to those who are working for the improvement of

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"The Story of a Great Nation," describing all the departments and bureaus at Washington, began in the NATIONAL for January, 1909, and will continue throughout the year. Thirty-two articles, including those that appear in this issue, have already been published.

HENRY BARNARD 1867-1870 JOHN EATON 1870-1886 NATHANIEL H. R. DAWSON 1886-1889 WILLIAM T. HARRIS 1889-1906

COMMISSIONERS OF EDUCATION

their own educational institutions. And the way in which the work is done may be set forth as follows:

There is a little four-story building at the corner of Eighth and G Streets, northwest, just across from the Patent Office, in which the undertaking is now housed, as it has been for the greater part of the past forty-two years. It has a floor space, all told, of less than 12,000 square feet. As watchman-in-chief, there is a commissioner of education off in one corner of this building—when he is not traveling about the country. Fifty other employes, men and women, including laborers, are distributed through the building. They are organized in five divisions, each of them under its division chief. These division chiefs, with a chief clerk at their head and an executive clerk at the side of the commissioner, constitute the backbone of the working organization.*

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN
Commissioner of Education, 1906 to date

The statistical division, of ten members, is constantly engaged in the sending out of blank forms for the statistical reports of various educational institutions, and in the tabulation of the replies to these inquiries and the reading of proof of such tables as they come from the Government Printing Office. A statistical blank is not an inspiring thing to look upon. It would be a surprise to many to know the amount of careful study that is put into the revision of one of these blanks from year to year, with a view to calling out from the reporting institutions exactly such information as will be an inspiration and help to similar institutions throughout the land. Just at this present time the Bureau of Education is getting into peculiarly close relations with the Census Office. Arrangements are making by which the experience of the Bureau of Education will be placed at the disposal of the census officials, and experts employed by the Census Office will assist the Bureau of Education in the gathering of some of the most important financial statistics relative to city systems of schools. Thus much duplication of effort and incongruity in published reports will undoubtedly be avoided, and more exact and illuminating reports produced.

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*Mr. Lovick Pierce, chief clerk, in charge of correspondence division; Mr. Alexander Summers, statistician, in charge of statistical division; Mr. Frederick E. Upton, acting chief of editorial division; Mr. William Dawson Johnston, librarian, in charge of library division; Doctor Harlan Updegraff, chief of Alaska division; Mr. Lewis A. Kalbach, specialist in land-grant college statistics and executive clerk.

Some of the statistical tables of education are prepared at five-year intervals or on occasion only, as special need may arise. But the main body of statistical information is collected annually, and the tables, summaries, and surveys of this annual crop make the better part of one volume of the commissioner's annual report. This report is now a well-known and time-honored institution, with traditions of its own. When it abandoned the black linen in which it had appeared for a generation and came out this year bound in dark green buckram, the change excited remark among its constant readers.

In addition to the part furnished by the statistical division of the bureau, the two annual volumes of this report call for a large amount of work by the editorial division. They contain running reviews of notable events of the year in the educational field, a record of meetings and movements, directories, and other matter suitable to a general year-book of education. Especial interest attaches to the accounts which this year-book presents of educational progress in foreign lands. These are prepared by several specialists attached to the staff of the bureau. Great Britain, France, and the German-speaking states of central Europe are among the countries concerning which such reports are regularly presented. The rising interest in our Latin-American neighbors has been recognized in the recent assignment of a specialist to that field.*

The endeavor of many years to bring these annual reports up to date, so that the information they contain may be fresh and suited to immediate needs, has at length reached this point, that the manuscript of the first volume is sent to the public printer in the first week of October, following the close of the scholastic year on the thirtieth of June, and that of the second volume is forwarded in the first week of January, just six months after the close of the year to which it relates. In view of the wide distribution of the offices from which statistical and other information must be collected and the lack of any statutory authority to hasten the rendering of reports from those offices, this seems to be the last degree of promptness now attainable. The finished volumes are mailed to their readers as soon after their completion in manuscript as the printing and binding can be carried through the Government Printing Office.

The publication of a bulletin, begun in 1906, provides a way of getting special reports upon topics of current interest into circulation with much less expenditure of time. The numbers of this bulletin appear at irregular intervals. Among recent issues have been those dealing with the newer developments of the apprenticeship system, the educational legislation of the past two years in all of the states and territories, the opportunities for graduate study in the government departments at Washington, the admission of Chinese students to American institutions of learning, and the meals and foods of children who are attending school.

UNITED STATES BUREAU OF EDUCATION

The documentary materials used by the editorial and statistical divisions, together with a considerable number of general works and monographs relating to education, are brought together in a collection of approximately 70,000 bound volumes and 80,000 other pieces, under the immediate care of the library division. This collection has now been brought into so close relations with the Library of Congress, that it is, in effect, the educational branch of our great national library. The catalog cards in education printed at the Library of Congress for distribution to other great library centers are prepared by experts in the library division of this bureau. This library division, of only nine members, is doing a work in the several branches of library administration which contributes directly to the efficiency of other libraries in education throughout the land.

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*The reports on foreign educational systems are prepared by Doctor Louis R. Klemm, specialist in foreign educational systems; Mr. Robert L. Packard, specialist in educational systems; and Miss Anna Tolman Smith, translator.

SCHOOL FOR NATIVES, JUNEAU, ALASKA

As too often happens in the executive departments of our government, the man who has brought the library of the bureau to its present state of efficiency, will now, after eighteen months in this work, be lost to the service, through a highly attractive call to service elsewhere, accompanied by the offer of a salary higher by more than sixty per cent. than that which can be made available here.

Less conspicuous than any of the forms of service mentioned above is that of the correspondence division, yet it is through the labors of this division that some of the most immediate usefulness of the bureau is attained. A steady stream of special inquiries is flowing into this office throughout the year. The request for information is often accompanied by a request for suggestion and advice. It goes without saying that many of these inquiries are trivial.* But a surprisingly large proportion of them are from the responsible administrators of important institutions and systems of education. Many of these come from foreign lands, or from the representatives of foreign nations at this

*Mrs. H. F. Hovey (the widow of General C. E. Hovey of Illinois and mother of Richard Hovey, the poet), who has long been a member of the staff of the correspondence division, has noted some curious specimens of such correspondence. One letter addressed a dozen years ago to the distinguished commissioner then in office, read as follows:

"i wants to no what is the price of your Butifull illustratied song Book and what is the price of your ladis speach book and what is the price of your Dictionary and your Geogrify and the price of your Pen what caris its wone Ink and i has a cordian is ought of ordor and if you can fixt it for me pleas write and let me no As soon as this letter reach you all. addrest your letter to—"

Capital. But by far the greater number are from officials and other citizens concerned with educational affairs in our own states and territories. The statistical, editorial, and library divisions are called upon daily for information to be used in making reply to such inquiries, and inquiries of unusual importance suggest the publication of special bulletins of information. While such correspondence is not voluminous as compared with that of many offices, it now involves the sending out of about 12,000 letters annually and is steadily increasing.

In what has thus far been reported, the bureau is concerned with giving out educational information but does not itself educate. But by way of sample, as it were, this office is given one remote corner of the educational field to cultivate on its own account. It is charged with the education of the native peoples of Alaska. The government says, in effect: "Here is your opportunity to show whether the educational doctrine and knowledge given out from your office has any efficacy as applied to a real situation." The Alaska division of the bureau is charged with this work of demonstration. Aside from the immediate responsibility for the welfare of the Alaskan natives, this Alaska school service is a comparatively large educational experiment station, and as such it may fairly invite the attention of educators throughout the world. It offers an experiment in education as reduced to its lowest terms, under conditions of difficulty raised to its highest terms. Only the briefest indication can be given here of the stage which this experiment has now reached.

The moral improvement of the native peoples is the end kept steadily in view, but to this end the means most immediately at hand are the improvement of their industrial and sanitary conditions, their religious instruction being cared for by various voluntary mission agencies, which work in general harmony with the school service. There have been twenty-three new school buildings erected within the past two years, making now a total of sixty-two such buildings owned by the national government in Alaska, extending in broken lines from Point Barrow, at the extreme north of the continent, to Ketchikan at the southeastern end of the territory. While the schoolhouse is the center of the educational service in each community and the little Eskimos and Indians learn what little Americans learn in their primary schools, the emphasis is more and more placed on the education of the entire village, adults and all, and the schoolhouse becomes a social center for such universal education.

The most successful branch of industrial training thus far is the well-known reindeer enterprise. This is an integral part and a highly important part of the scheme of education for northern and western Alaska. A well-organized system of reindeer apprenticeship is now in operation, and within the past two years the number of native Alaskans owning deer and making of their deer a means of economic independence has increased from 114 to 171, their holdings meanwhile having increased from 6,406 to 8,929 animals. Word has come this year from one of the far northern reindeer stations, where the number of apprentices who can be employed is less than the number of applicants, that the young Eskimos who are not apprenticed with the herd are suffering socially, the girls of the village having no favors to bestow except on prospective reindeer owners. Little by little the teaching of other industries, suited to different localities, has been extended through the several districts of Alaska.

Traveling physicians are now employed in seven different districts, who do a work comparable with that which Doctor Grenfell has carried on along the Labrador coast. They not only attend the sick, but are engaged in teaching more sanitary, and more moral, modes of living. At several other centers, a campaign against tuberculosis and other ravaging diseases, and against the moral and material conditions which foster such diseases, is now systematically carried on. Through these and other ways which cannot be described in one brief article, the 104 employes of the Bureau of Education in Alaska are bearing the white man's burden among those dependent peoples. The ability of the Alaska school service to protect these peoples and train them to self-protection and self-support, will undoubtedly be heightened by a recent act of Congress which authorizes the appointment of employes in this service as special peace officers, with power to make arrests in cases in which the interests of natives are involved.

There can be little doubt that, if the policy of the Bureau of Education in the training of the Alaskan natives shall be found effective and economical, other responsibilities of an administrative character will, from time to time, be devolved upon this office. It is already charged with one other such responsibility in a far different field, that is, with the distribution of the Federal grants to agricultural and mechanical colleges in the several states and territories. While this distribution is largely governed by statutory provisions which leave to the Department of the Interior very little of discretionary power, the relationship between the bureau and the colleges is one of great importance, and should become fruitful in a variety of ways within the immediate future.

But the main service of this office is still the disseminating of such information as will reinforce the workers in immediate charge of educational systems and institutions in our several states and territories. In order that this service may be rendered to best advantage, it is desirable that the closest possible relations shall be maintained between state and national education offices. In a variety of ways, these relations have been strengthened of late. An effective means to that end has been found in a series of conferences, in which the chief educational officers of the states and territories have met with representatives of the Bureau of Education. The first of these conferences was held at Washington two or three months before the great initial conference of the governors of the states convened at the White House. While the conference of governors commanded universal attention and the education conference was comparatively unnoticed, the two gatherings, although independent in origin, belong to the same movement in our national affairs. It is a movement full of promise, for it represents co-operation in affairs of the highest consequence to our national well-being, in which neither state nor nation evades responsibility and neither one assumes responsibility at the expense of the other.

TO A CENTURY FLOWER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHEN touched thy roots like Antaeus the dust
Then first thy fibres thrilled with magic power,
And thou didst dream and labor from that hour,
No more a thing for pity or disgust.

Thy leaves thou didst with patience outward thrust;
With wrestle hundredfold didst thou uptower,
Till, lo, a cycle done brought forth thy flower
Magnificent, and thou wert crowned august!

O soul, so canst thou draw from touch of grief
A noble strength to conquer every fate,
And hope to lift thee when thou canst not see.
So canst thou rise from thine own unbelief
To wear the coronal of all the great—
Patience, whose flower is sweet humility!

ASTROPHYSICAL OBSERVATORY

By C. G. ABBOTT, Director

XXXII—THE STORY OF A GREAT NATION

(Published by permission of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution)

IN 1887 the late renowned Dr. S. P. Langley became secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. His fame at that time rested almost wholly on his studies of the sun and moon, made at the Allegheny Observatory between 1870 and 1885. To enable him to continue these studies, the institution erected from private funds a little frame shelter south of the main building in the Smithsonian Park at Washington, and procured special apparatus for the work. In 1891 Congress, recognizing the probable usefulness to the country of researches under such a man's leadership, to increase the bounds of knowledge of the sun's rays, on which depend the heat, light and growth of all things on the earth, appropriated $10,000 for the expenses of the following year. Since then an annual appropriation averaging $12,000 has been maintained.

C. G. ABBOTT
Director of the Astrophysical Observatory

The observatory is called the Astrophysical Observatory, because it deals with astronomical objects from a physical point of view. Here are some questions now before it: What amount of energy is contained in the rays sent out by the sun from day to day, and is the amount uniform or variable? How much does the earth's atmosphere hinder the passage of the sun's rays, and how does this hindrance change at different heights above the sea, at different hours of the day, and for different times of the year? How much light and heat is there in the brightness of the sky at its different parts? How much of sun rays do clouds reflect, and how much would the earth lose if it were wholly cloudy? How is the temperature of the earth related to the heating of the sun's rays, and what changes of temperature ought we to expect if there is a variation of the brightness of the sun? Is there evidence of such changes of the earth's temperature, and can they be forecasted?

Imagine a cube of water one centimeter on a side, or about as large as ordinary dice used in playing backgammon, to be shone upon at right angles by the sun for a minute, and imagine that all the rays gathered in that time were absorbed completely and used to warm the water without loss of heat outside. If our cube was in Washington City, the greatest warming that would happen to it would never exceed one and one-half degrees, Centigrade, or two and seven-tenths degrees, Fahrenheit. But on a mountain a mile high, like Mt. Wilson in California, where expeditions have gone from the Astrophysical Observatory in 1905, 1906, and 1908, the warming might reach one and seven-tenths degrees, Centigrade. If we could make the observation outside the air altogether, the result would be about two degrees. In the latter case it would make no difference whether the time was sunrise, noon or sunset, but it is not so on the earth's surface, for the sun's rays are greatly weakened at morning and night by passing in a slanting direction, so that their path in air is very long.

Sun rays are not to be considered merely as white light, for when split up, as by water drops to form the rainbow, they are shown to include many shades of color, from violet to red. But just as the ear fails to distinguish sounds too high or too low in pitch, so the eye cannot see rays of less wave-length than violet, or of greater wave-length than red, although these invisible rays of both kinds exist plentifully in the sun rays. Some of these invisible rays affect photographic plates, but not impartially. Since the eye and the plate both fail, Mr. Langley found himself compelled, in 1880, to invent an instrument, the bolometer (which means ray-measurer), capable of measuring the heating of all kinds of rays impartially. This instrument comprises two little flat threads of platinum, each narrower than a hair, far thinner than it is wide, about a half inch long, and smoked with camphor smoke to make it black. One is in the rays, the other hidden, so that one is warmed with respect to the other. This alters the ratio of their electrical resistances and causes a tiny current of electricity to be diverted through a sensitive galvanometer, or electric current measurer. An ordinary incandescent electric light burns with half an ampere of current. The galvanometer used for our work can measure a current less than one thousand-millionth as great, and thereby detects a rise of temperature of the exposed bolometer thread of a millionth of a degree. Even with this delicacy at command, the bolometer falls very far short of the sensitiveness of the human eye for yellow light, such a highly sensitive instrument is the latter.

People think an observatory is essentially a place where there is a great telescope in a dome, and where the observers view the stars at night. There is a great telescope at the Astrophysical Observatory, but no dome, and no observing at night. Our telescope glass, which is not a lens, but a concave mirror, is twenty inches in diameter, and of 140 feet focal length. The tube always remains horizontally under a tent, and the light which comes to the glass from the sun is first reflected by two great plane mirrors, one of which is moved by clockwork to follow the apparent motion of the sun. Moreover, in the main part of the observations of the sun. we do not require this telescope, but employ only one or two plain mirrors for reflecting the sun rays through the spectroscope, which separates the different colors for examination by the bolometer. Thus equipped, we have compared the intensity of the different rays of the solar spectrum, from those lying far beyond the visible limit of the violet, to those lying far beyond the visible limit of the red. Visible rays range in wave-length from .00040 to .00070 millimeter, but the solar spectrum examined thus far by the bolometer at this observatory ranges in wave-length from .00036 to .00530 millimeter. It is convenient to remember that there are about twenty-five millimeters in one inch.

Among the more important results reached thus far in our work, are the determination of the average quantity of radiation from the sun as it would be found outside the atmosphere; the establishment of a strong probability that the actual amount there varies not infrequently by as much as five or ten per cent. around the average, and that accompanying such changes there are at inland localities on the earth changes of temperature of several degrees. We have measured the transparency of the air for all the range of wave-length just mentioned, and have found the effect of more or less quantities of water vapor and of clouds on the heat available to warm the earth. We have made many measurements of the brightness of the sky and of the quality of its light, as well as the reflecting power of clouds for rays at different angles. Measurements have been made at Washington, Mount Wilson and on Mount Whitney.

For actual utility in dollars and cents, these results are a little ahead of the times; but not much, for botanists and agriculturalists are already inquiring how far the growth and variation of plants, and the health of animals, depend on the quality and quantity of the radiation they live under; and such studies will soon be extensively pursued. Meteorologists, too, are already considering the possibility of forecasting the weather more completely by the aid of these investigations of the sun. But it would be a backward people who valued the increase of knowledge merely in dollars and cents.

PROBLEMS in MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

THE imperative necessity for extensive internal development in the great Southwest country, which is attracting so much attention, has brought about a great demand for capital, and this demand has in turn prompted a general inquiry among investors as to the real conditions affecting investments in the securities of corporations, which are of course required to carry on this work of internal development and improvements.

In considering investments in corporation securities the investor is much interested in the attitude of state legislatures and common councils toward public-utility companies, by which the more important developments are carried on. It is a well-known historical fact that states have not in many instances manifested the same respect for the obligation of a contract as is generally observed between two individuals, and it has often been considered a meritorious proceeding on the part of legislators to destroy an existing contract—as for example, franchises given by a city to its public-utility companies. There is a class of individuals in many cities who still applaud every effort to embarrass the street railway or lighting company, and it is perhaps not strange that hungry office seekers often pander to the wishes of this destructive element of the population. In the course of time such states and municipalities find themselves in bad repute in financial circles, and their public-utility companies are unable to secure capital for needed improvements and extensions, because their legislators show too plainly their utter disregard of the obligations of existing contracts with the corporations.

The evils of the days of the Confederation were in mind when our constitution was adopted. The makers of the constitution believed that states and cities should observe and have the same regard for contracts as do individuals of integrity. In the earlier days it was common for states to not only repudiate their contracts, but to destroy by legislation the contracts between individuals, and in a few instances, since the adoption of the constitution, states have, by legislation, attempted this proceeding, but in late years such attempts have become rare, more especially in the older states. But that it is one of the possibilities of the present day is a fact well-known to every public-utility investor, as well as to all well-informed attorneys.

In certain localities the commission form of municipal government has brought much needed relief. This system is clearly of advantage in cities where political contention is rampant, and where men utterly disregard existing contracts with corporations, and seek election through their championship of three-cent railway fares or reduced lighting rates. It is often the case, in the general plan of city government, that men wholly incapable of managing the smallest kind of business are given official positions in municipal affairs; as a result no well-defined policy is mapped out; ofttimes the work of one administration is overthrown by the next, and the taxpayers are plunged into unnecessary trouble and expense. As long as this is mere legislation, under our present system there is no help for it, because in mere legislation one council cannot bind a succeeding council. One can act, but the next can repeal; but it should be observed that when the enactment of a council is a valid contract, then the council cannot repeal, and it becomes the duty of courts of justice to see that the provisions of these contracts are observed. Many politicians argue that a grant given a public-utility company must be given the construction most favorable to the public when it is susceptible of two or more constructions, but they forget that neither statutes nor ordinances are to be frittered away by construction. Like other contracts, they should be held up by the four corners, examined and given fair consideration and explanation.

It is manifest that cities often do a grievous wrong to innocent people who have been induced to invest their money in corporations of a semi-public nature. Public-service corporations must build many months and sometimes years ahead of the city. They must have confidence in the good intentions of the people and also in the growth of the city, and this confidence cannot be promoted if radical city and state government impose upon the corporations conditions that are impracticable and impossible. Eastern or other investors will not loan money to the corporations that are inflicted with antagonism on the part of their city or state governments. Without new money, corporations cannot in the majority of cases do any more than keep up their equipment, to say nothing about extensions or improvements.

The rational plan for those who represent municipalities is to throw aside every vestige of politics and consider all matters pertaining to the public-utility companies in a calm, considerate manner. The public-utility companies anticipate and promote the growth of the cities. They create to some extent their own patronage by the promotion of the growth and the distribution of the population.

It is true that the people, or their legislators and city councils, in days gone by improvidently granted in many cases huge powers which are often beyond the reach of a reasonable or proper regulation, and as a consequence there is an undisguised hostility on the part of many people toward all corporations, and many corporation managers think it impossible to please; but the progressive, up-to-date manager disregards as far as possible this sentiment, and invites just criticism, seeks out the weak spots, meets the people who have complaints eagerly, cordially and honorably, rectifies errors with the utmost alacrity, removes defects when they are brought to his notice, and declares by word and act that he recognizes to the full not only his duty to the stockholders, but that great broad duty to the public which he is trying with all his heart to serve.

It is right that the people demand that corporations and public-utility companies shall adopt a higher and better standard of service to the public and to the methods of fulfilling the trust due to investors, and only men who are broad-guaged enough to recognize these facts can ever expect to place a corporation upon a pedestal of permanency that invites admiration and respect.

I am fully convinced that many of the corporation ills can be traced directly to the weak and vacillating character of the managers, and also the unsatisfactory condition of municipal government. Texas was the first state to break away from the old-time methods and introduce the commission form of government, and the beneficial results are plainly apparent. Nearly all of the large Texas cities are being governed by commissions, and in nearly every case the commissioners are men of honor and ability.

Texas has laws relating to stocks and bonds that have attracted much attention in other states, and no railroad man would want to see these laws abolished. While these laws apply principally to the steam roads, those governing the public-utility companies are considered fair and reasonable for the most part. Recent legislatures have manifested much greater consideration for public-utility investments. The state has laws that require all street cars to be vestibuled, that children between the ages of five and twelve shall be carried for half fare, and that during the school term pupils up to the age of seventeen shall be carried for half fare, in cities of 40,000 population and over. The state has rather a drastic anti-trust law which stands in the way of mergers and consolidations. Such mergers and consolidations can only be accomplished when sanctioned by special legislation. When it is for the public good, an act special in its nature is sought and enacted. The stock and bond provisions, in effect, prohibit the issuance of stock and bonds except for property at face value, money received and for labor performed, and recent legislation and construction by the courts is to the effect that stocks and bonds cannot be issued in excess of these amounts. Texas began the system of regulating corporate investments ten years before any of the other states. During that period the charge was made that the legislative bodies of the state were very drastic in their treatment of the corporation, and there was considerable truth in the accusation. Texas, however, was one of the first states to recover from this anti-corporation mania, and this is evidenced by the fact that less corporate antagonism was manifest in the last legislature than for the past fifteen years. The people of the state are waking up to the realization of the fact that they must have outside capital in order to develop railroads and other corporate necessities, and that it is impossible to get capital into the state unless it is treated fairly.

There is a necessity, however, for a change in the laws regarding the adoption of city charters. Each city should formulate its own charter, the provisions to be sanctioned by charter conventions. As it is now, the representatives in the legislature have full power to enact any charter laws for a given city they may see fit, and, as was the case when the Fort Worth charter was adopted, this system can be easily applied to work to the advantage of special interests.

Much has been written about the hostility of Texas laws toward corporations and capital. While it is true that in the past a good deal of restricted legislation has been proposed in the Texas Legislature, relatively little of it has ever been enacted into laws. In this respect Texas will compare favorably with any of the Western states. The laws in general, especially in their application, are not more severe than the average in the Eastern states.

In the past two years a decided reaction has developed in Texas toward restricted legislation of all classes. The attempt to pass a two-cent railroad passenger rate failed; the bank deposit guaranty bill, while passed at the last legislature, was so modified and hedged about by restrictions as to be shorn of its objectionable features. Many of the restricted laws of the past, especially those relating to insurance, were amended and modified so as to meet modern conditions.

As a general indication of this change of attitude on the part of Texas people may be cited the fact that the Thirtieth Legislature of 1906 passed in the neighborhood of a thousand bills, while the Thirty-first Legislature of 1909 passed a little over two hundred bills, and the vast majority of these laws were private bills relating to the internal affairs of seven counties in the state.

The Democratic party is in the overwhelming majority of Texas, and in its platform, adopted in San Antonio in 1908, emphatically declared itself to be in favor of more liberal laws and just treatment of corporations and capital. This policy has in the main part been adhered to. Financial interests generally regard the work of the Thirty-first Legislature as not inimical to the development of the state.

Much of the credit of this changed attitude is due to the Texas Commercial Secretaries' Association, an organization comprising nearly all of the commercial clubs and business mens' clubs of the state. This body has by a systematic campaign of education through the press of the state endeavored to explain the needs of Texas for more factories, more capital, more agriculture, and the necessity of legislation that will foster the development of the state. Their efforts have met with unqualified endorsement by all of the leading papers of Texas and through their support have rallied many of the influential political leaders.

The damage-suit industry gained such an impetus in the state a few years ago that the Texas railway commission, in its annual report, stated that unless the conditions were improved it would be necessary to raise the freight rates in order to enable the railway companies to operate successfully. Since that time the conditions in some sections of the state have improved, but in some of the largest cities the ambulance-chaser is still doing a thriving business. The methods pursued by the damage-suit lawyers are justified only by their own code of ethics, which are in sharp conflict with the views of the reputable members of the profession, who are not engaged in the damage-suit business. The large verdicts which are rendered against public-utility corporations in personal injury suits are, as a rule, confined to the largest cities and are due in a large measure to the fact that the average juror does not measure up to the highest standard of citizenship. The substantial conservative business man too often shirks jury duty and leaves that service to be performed by men who are not especially interested in the welfare of the community, and are too susceptible to the influences which directly and indirectly may be brought to bear upon them by the damage-suit fraternity. The wide-awake and progressive citizens of the state are beginning to take an interest in this important matter, and steps are being taken to give publicity to the frauds perpetrated by the damage-suit claimants, with a view to educating the public in reference to this matter; and those who are best informed upon the subject hope that in the near future there will be a marked improvement in the situation throughout the state.

While the attitude of the legislators toward corporate investments has recently been generally friendly, there is a notable exception in the case of a Fort Worth public-utility company. A history of the case cannot fail to be of interest, for it clearly illustrates the possibilities for successful attack upon a vested interest, which still exist under the laws of the state.

In the late seventies, when Fort Worth was a small frontier village, a gas and electric plant was built by Captain E. B. Harrold and other local capitalists. The property was not well equipped and therefore not a financial success until it was taken over and rehabilitated a few years later by some Northern capitalists, who not only improved, but very largely extended both the gas and electric service.

POWER STATION AT HANDLEY
Northern Texas Traction Company

In the ensuing twenty years, during which time Fort Worth enjoyed a small but steady growth, the mains of the gas company and the lines of the electric company, which were operated under one management, were extended considerably in advance of the town, in which the services of these utilities were a material feature. About 1904 the transportation facilities of the Southwest had become greatly improved, and with considerable advertising of that section the population of several Texas cities, including Fort Worth, began to increase rapidly. The Fort Worth Light & Power Company, under which name both the gas and electric plants were operated, began to find its distribution system somewhat inadequate and by way of preparation for extensive improvements applied for a renewal of its gas franchise, which was to expire within a few years. No special effort to discuss the franchise was made, and the vote was unfavorable by a small majority. About this time a new charter for the city was granted by the legislature, and in the publication of the new charter in the local papers it was made to contain a clause prohibiting the grant of any renewal franchise to any public-utility company until within one year of the expiration date of the existing franchise. It was later found there was no such clause in the charter, but in the meantime the Light & Power Company had taken the only course which seemed open by again applying for a renewal franchise, in the name of a private citizen not connected with the company. This proved to be an unfortunate move, and the franchise was not granted.

In 1905 Judge George W. Armstrong, a local politician, who had previously taken an active interest in franchise as well as political matters, made application for a blanket gas, electric, hot-water, steam and oil franchise. The franchise under which the Fort Worth Light & Power Company was operating permitted a maximum rate of $3.50 for gas, which was a common rate in 1882 when the franchise was granted. This company had voluntarily reduced the price of gas from time to time to a final price of $1.80 for illuminating and $1.33 for fuel. Judge Armstrong, it is recorded, in speaking concerning his franchise, promised to supply dollar gas if his franchise was granted. The grant was given, however, without any stipulation as to the price to be charged. Unsuccessful efforts to sell his franchise were followed in 1906 by the construction of a small electric plant.

The growth of Fort Worth, which practically doubled in population in five years, between 1904 and 1909, continued during 1907 and 1908, and with the unfavorable financial condition of the country and the absence of anything but a short-term franchise, the Fort Worth Light & Power Company found it absolutely impossible to make sufficient extensions to meet the demands for its service. With the improvement in business conditions in the latter part of 1908, negotiations were again opened with the city with reference to a renewal franchise, and on February 13, 1909, a thirty-year renewal franchise was granted to the company by the unanimous vote of the entire Board of Commissioners.

As a consideration for the franchise, the company agreed to reduce its gas rates from $1.80 for illuminating, and $1.33 for fuel to a single rate of $1.25, although the sworn statement of the company's officers, which were later checked by an expert auditor employed by the city, showed that the returns upon the higher rates had ranged from seven to eleven per cent. The company also agreed to bring in natural gas from the Petrolia fields, 100 miles distant, for distribution at a maximum rate of forty-five cents, which was to be subject to further regulations, if an adequate supply of natural gas could be obtained, or to forfeit all its natural gas rights if this was not accomplished within two years. It agreed, also, to a full regulation by the city of the charges for artificial gas and to the payment to the city of a gross receipt tax of three per cent., and the company further obligated itself to make extensions of the mains to all who might apply.

The company joined in a petition to have the franchise voted upon by the people and immediately printed and distributed 10,000 copies of the franchise.

In view of the location of Fort Worth, its distance from the coal fields, and its lack of a satisfactory market for the by-products, this proposed franchise was most liberal, and all that any company could afford and still furnish efficient service and get reasonable returns on its investment. Concurrent with this franchise proceeding, a movement was on foot to eliminate some defects which had developed in the city charter, and this work was placed in the hands of the city attorney, who was assisted by various committees appointed by the city commission, the board of trade and various ward organizations. Before the revised charter prepared by these committees had been finally presented to the legislature, the announcement appeared in the local papers that a new charter had been quietly presented to the legislature and promptly passed. It was discovered that this report was true and that the new charter contained an emergency clause repealing the old charter and putting the new one into immediate effect.

Some weeks prior to this time, a fifty-year franchise had been granted to the Fort Worth Light & Power Company by the adjoining city of North Fort Worth, and at the same time a similar application made by Judge Armstong had been denied. Among other things, the new charter, passed as an emergency act at Austin, was found to contain a clause annexing the city of North Fort Worth, except a section near the center of the city containing a several million dollar stockyards and packing-house property, which was left out from the territory named; and in the annexation clause was found a stipulation that any franchise current in the city proper should be current also in the annexed territory, but that franchises applying in the new territory should not apply outside of this section. The new charter was also found to provide that all pending proceedings as to franchises should become null and void. The charter was also found to add complications and difficulties to any attempt which might be made by any outside company, not now operating in Fort Worth, to secure a gas or other franchise.

FORT WORTH
Car Barns of the Northern Texas Traction Company

The evident tendency of these legislative and other acts as mentioned is to place a high premium upon a certain blanket gas franchise which was apparently secured for speculative purposes and which is the only long term gas franchise in existence in Fort Worth, by making it practically impossible for any other concern to secure a franchise, and it also tends in other respects to discriminate sharply against one vested interest in favor of another.

Here is a clear case of legislative prerogative being applied unjustly. We may assume that the company had made mistakes, and we may admit that its system was inadequate, but this apparent confiscatory proceeding is wholly unjustifiable; and many of the leading business men of Fort Worth fear a precedent has been established which will place their city in ill repute in the money markets of the country. Without public-utility development there can be no great municipal progress.

While this work, apparently directed toward the affairs of one particular company, was under way, Judge Armstrong, after failing to interest his competitors in the purchase of his electrical property, which purchase he proposed to legalize, in spite of the well-known Texas Anti-Trust Law, by securing the necessary special legislation, proposed to sell to the city a half interest in his electrical business as a means of supplementing the city's municipal lighting system, but the proposition was not considered seriously.

ARLINGTON
Half way between Dallas and Forth Worth

Failing in this, he then proposed to furnish 1,000 arc lights to the city for a term of ten years at a rate of sixty dollars each, but as the second proposition was conditioned upon the acceptance of the first, it also failed. In the meantime the city commissioners, acting on one interpretation of the city charter, had extended the city lighting system and constructed a building for the necessary machinery which they had also contracted for. Acting under another interpretation of the city charter, Judge Armstrong secured an injunction preventing the city commissioners from completing this work and putting the new machinery in operation. In the general election on April 6, 1909, the extension of the city plant and action of the city's commissioners were approved by a popular vote of nearly four to one in spite of much poster, newspaper and other advertising designed to uphold the injunction, which is now likely to be dissolved by the courts. The established company, whose affairs are used as an illustration of the possible play of politics and special interests upon vested interests under present conditions in Texas, has by no means been free from mistakes. These mistakes, taken with the almost entire absence of local stockholders, have undoubtedly made it possible for such measures to pass without arousing general interest and indignation in the community.

The greatest source of dissension and dissatisfaction comes from the fact that during the very rapid growth of the last two years, when the company had both franchise and financial problems to solve, the extension of the service, both gas and electric, which the people wanted in the newer sections, has not been made. During this same time such an office system as is required for so large a business, in taking care of inquiries and complaints, was not provided; the company failed also to make the necessary effort to educate the public to the need for closer regulation, which the new conditions made necessary.

The company is now following a very progressive policy indeed. The officials have taken the position that every patron, from the smallest to the largest, is entitled to good service, courteous treatment and a square deal. In keeping with that policy the company has entirely reorganized its force and is now employing only such men as show a natural aptitude to conform to the new policy. Moreover, means have been provided for reducing to record each and every complaint and inquiry which may be made, and a definite course is outlined for following each case to its proper conclusion. The employes are called together at frequent intervals, and the business of the company and its relation with the public are discussed freely; following these meetings, a brief memorandum of the conclusions reached with reference to the matters discussed is posted upon the company's bulletin board. These memoranda are signed by the officers and initialed by every employe to whose work the subject in any way refers. This arrangement tends to overcome any lack of interest or forgetfulness. The policy of accommodating the public in every consistent way is followed. The company's representatives are held personally responsible by the officials for the fulfillment of any promise they may make a patron of the company. The past absence of definite personal responsibility in these matters has brought a considerable amount of very just criticism upon the company's methods, but this newer policy is fast eliminating this criticism.

In the new business department the policy has been adopted of employing trained engineers to make it their special business to assist the old or prospective patron in making the most efficient use of the company's service, and this plan has brought out more fully the fact that it is the desire of the company to give satisfaction. In the company's showroom an exhibit of the most modern and efficient appliances for the utilization of both gas and electricity has been arranged, and through this display the customers of the company have been enabled to make more general as well as more satisfactory use of the service. Both the physical equipment and the service of this company appear to have been of a very high standard, to the maintenance of which other phases of the company's work appear to have been sacrificed to some extent. It will be interesting to determine to what extent the close following of the present progressive policy will awaken general interest in city and state legislation affecting this utility, and to secure further evidence from this same incident as to the extent to which the protection of a Texas poublic-utility property involves special educational work to offset attack by political manipulations.

This local matter has been presented at some length, because its effect is really far reaching, and it is typical of what might occur in other cities of Texas. Its local effect has been to indefinitely check the development of a utility of much importance to the community and to prevent the investment of approximately a million and a half in the natural gas fields, and in the connective pipe line, and of fully one-third of this amount in the extension of the local mains for which full provision has been made.

There is no other concern interested in natural gas facilities at Fort Worth that is so able to handle such a project, and the present indications are that natural gas developments will be suspended until the charter provisions in question have been removed by the next session of the legislature in 1911. This case furnishes the most striking illustration of the possibilities for successful attack upon vested interests and the very damaging effect of such an attack upon the whole community. At this date there seems to be an active interest among the Fort Worth business men especially in taking steps to undo what has been done recently, as outlined, and also to see that no possibility is left of its recurrence.

Recently the company has reduced the rates so that both illuminating and fuel gas are being sold for $1.25 net.

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At the present time the street railway and interurban operating conditions in and running out of Fort Worth, as to track, roadway and overhead lines, are in splendid shape. This population profitably supports thirty-six miles of live street railway tracks with a regular daily service of from forty to forty-five cars according to season, some of the lines having a headway as close as six minutes. In addition to this, for five or six months of the year its traffic is such for several days in the week that it has to run as many as sixty cars on regular schedule. It has a record of having handled 104,000 passengers in one day, March 17th of this year, or nearly twice the entire population of the city. The occasion was Fort Worth day at the Fat Stock Show. These persons were carried without accident, serious or otherwise, and without a detention that broke schedule.

TRACK CONSTRUCTION
Northern Texas Traction Company

The history of street railway operations in Fort Worth would fill volumes. At different periods there have been more companies operating street railways than any city of its size in the United States, and there have been more tracks laid and torn up again than in any similar sized city in the world. From the early installation of the horse car down to 1901, when George F. Bishop of Cleveland appeared upon the scene, the history is of constant difficulty and experiment.

Mr. Bishop first purchased the Fort Worth Street Railway Company and immediately changed the name to the Northern Texas Traction Company. Next, he obtained permission from the legislature to extend the line to Dallas, and the interurban connecting these two cities was built. Then he took over the Dallas & Oak Cliff Electric Railway, which gave him an entrance for his interurban road into Dallas over the latter company's tracks. He rebuilt all the physical property of the company at Fort Worth, constructed a modern power station at Handley, and put the system into excellent physical condition.

In the fall of 1905 the property was transferred to the management of Stone & Webster of Boston, under whose charge it has been conducted since that date. The Stone & Webster management has kept pace with the growth of the city, and, in fact, has built ahead. The company has been fully alive to those necessities that inspire confidence on the part of the people, and the most friendly relationship exists between the corporation and the municipality. It has been liberal in its investments, has taken great interest in the development of Fort Worth, and has generally been found in the front ranks of every progressive move made by the citizens. During the last five years Fort Worth has doubled in population, and there has been great demand for street railway extensions and additional equipment. The company has met these demands cheerfully, and, in fact, has been one of the factors that have made the increase in population possible.

The city has manifested the utmost friendliness toward the company and never seeks to harass it with conditions that are impracticable and impossible. There has been no unwarranted identity on the part of the management with politics or with the politician; and what rights the company has acquired have been secured through straight business channels and not, as is often the case, through political influence.

Mr. H. T. Edgar was elected vice-president and manager in 1905 and has successfully directed the affairs of the company since that time.

The interurban road between Fort Worth and Dallas is considered the best piece of street-car property in Texas. In fact, there are few interurban roads in the United States that are better patronized or whose physical property is in better condition. It is one of the most delightful rides in the country. The cars leave both ends of the line every hour from 6 A. M. to 12 P. M. every day in the year and are always on time. Later cars leave Fort Worth for Dallas at 1:35 A. M. and 4:20 A. M., and leave Dallas for Fort Worth at 2 A. M. each day. One of the conveniences is that passengers are able, without any change of cars, to go from the heart of the business section of either city to that of the other.

The interurban runs through the very center of Handley, Arlington, Grand Prairie, and Oak Cliff, and a ticket agent is kept at all these places. There are also numerous places along the line designated as stops, at which places they take on and let off passengers, express and baggage. The creeks and woods along the line of the interurban afford fine fishing and hunting.

The company owns a 220-acre park at Handley, which has been fixed up as an ideal pleasure and amusement resort. The interurban trackage is thirty-five miles. Four regular cars are operated, and three extras are frequently brought into service. The company owns thirteen interurban cars.

In Fort Worth forty-one regular and fourteen other cars are operated, and the company has seven regular and six extra cars in service in Dallas.

(*To be continued*)

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WM F CROCKER

WHO does not remember vacation days, when two fingers was the sign of invitation held up by a passing chum to "go swimming" on the second lower ford, or under the railway bridge, or down in the old pool at the back of the dam? What a delight it was to lie in the sun, regardless of a back blazing with blisters, and unconscious of roguish manipulation of one's few garments; later, attempts to dress found them carefully soaked and tied in a knot. No future years can ever equal the delights of those delicious days of fishing and swimming, for a genuine boy is by nature a barbarian and a gypsy.

He knows a thousand mysteries of out-of-doors that older people have forgotten; among other precious secrets he knows that in the sands of fresh-water streams all over the country are to be found what he calls "clams," though strictly speaking they are mussels.

All boys who go swimming have at some time picked up these beautiful shells, and said: "Look—here's a clam." It may interest the boys of today to know that fresh-water pearls, to the value of many thousands of dollars, are yearly supplied to the metropolitan markets from just such shell-fish as they meet with every summer. On one estate alone in Scotland fresh-water pearls to the value of $10,000 have been taken.

The process of discovery is simple; the clams are opened into a vessel filled with water; then the fleshy part of the fish is carefully taken out so as to leave all the contents of the shell in the water. All the shells are carefully examined before throwing them away, to be sure that no pearls adhere to the inside. The pearls vary in color, some being exquisitely white, some pink, some yellow and some of a bronze tinge. If anything that looks like a pearl is found, and its value is uncertain, it should be taken to a jeweller; all have some commercial value, even the "baroque" pearls, irregular, but irridescent, being used extensively today.

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WHEN theatrical press agents are spoken of, A. T. Worm, a native of Denmark, instantly comes to mind. He has done newspaper work in nearly every city of our country, as well as in Europe, and he is equally familiar with London, Chicago, Berlin or Oshkosh. Genial, whole-souled, happy-natured, and a shrewd, good man, he is never quite so much at home as when he carefully plans how to exploit some stellar attraction or limping play. No lack of courage or nerve there; it was he who had the tan bark laid down on the street before the house where Mrs. Patrick Campbell was rehearsing; next morning that tan bark was the talk of the world, and of course curiosity regarding it had to be gratified. Mr. Worm promptly hogged publicity, and a bunch of cablegrams and telegrams arrived and were answered. There was something compelling about that tan bark.

His full name is A. Toxen Worm, and he is proud of it. New friends politely spell it "Mr. Wurms," almost everyone insisting on giving more than one worm to his cognomen. He was born at Elsinore, where the tragedy of Hamlet was enacted, and it is no wonder that he has the dramatic instinct; he must have inherited it from generations who imbibed the legend of Hamlet with their earliest memories.

In his busy rooms at the Lyric Theatre

OFFICE OF A. T. WORM, LYRIC THEATRE, NEW YORK

Mr. Worm is the general representative for the Shubert enterprises. More attractions are being handled here than in any other office in the world. The staff consists of A. T. Worm, general representative; H. Whitman Bennett, assistant; Miss Helen Robitsher, Arthur S. Sherman and Harold Abraham

on Forty-Second Street, where he represents the Schuberts, it is said that more theatrical productions are handled than in any other one place in the world. When I was there, Mr. Worm had just put the finishing touches on plans for exploiting "The Great John Ganton," a four-act drama by J. Hartley Manners, taken from Arthur Eddy's well-known novel dealing with the Chicago stock-yards and the Ganton Company. In this play there is a strong appreciation of those modern, powerful forces which have been so essential to the development of the country. The rough-and-ready, kind-hearted man, John Ganton, furnishes a telling picture of life in the great Middle West.

The busy press agent is a predominating force in the world today, and is equally effective in handling political, theatrical, religious or industrial exploitation. In the inner circles of newspaper offices the "boys" acknowledge with "hats off" an expert in this line. A. Toxen Worm is one of those whom they delight to honor, and it is understood that his publicity plots are sure to go off with a bang every time—like first-class fireworks.

* * *

WHEN the cool breezes of the long summer evenings invite the householder out upon the piazza, the talking and singing machine reigns supreme. It is a performer who needs no light to see the music, no polite gentleman to turn over the pages, and is never heard to complain of being tired.

In response to the growing demand for records the Victor people have given especial attention to the preparation of an excellent group of new attractions, in lighter vein or leaning toward the humorous and comic compositions that will rest the tired brain in hot weather. One of the hits is a new song, "Yip! I Adee! I Aye," by Miss Blanche Ring, an actress who has worked her way to prominence and popularity with this rollicking bit of melody.

Arthur Pryor has caught some of the spirit of Roosevelt hunting adventures, and has composed a very amusing burlesque on African jungle noises and cries, insomuch that crowded New York, according to Mr. Pryor's music, is a quiet and noiseless place compared with Africa, and the new Society for the Prevention of Noise will have tō get after "darkest Africa." Nat M. Wills, also, takes cognizance of this favorite American topic for repartee, and produces a Jungle Town parade which fits in well with the Pryor band selection. This amusing comedian gives another comic record, "Hortense at the Skating Rink," which never fails to bring a hearty laugh.

There is a new Elman Record by Mischa Elman, violinist; this gavotte by Bohm will be especially appreciated by all lovers of the most expressive of stringed instruments. Another record that is sure to attract attention is the ocarina solo, "Carnival of Venice," by Mosé Tapiero, in whose magical hands the little terra-cotta musical instrument, flippantly called "the sweet potato" by the unregenerate, is wonderfully expressive and melodious. M. Tapiero knows just how to bring out its tone, and has produced a remarkably fine record of its kind.

The Victor people never forget to provide the best classical music, and there are two delightful duets by Mme. Emma Eames and Emilio de Gogorza, who tunefully render a selection from Trovatore, "Mira d'acerbe lagrime" ("Let My Tears Implore Thee"), and Mozart's Nozze di Figero, the selection being "Too Long You Have Deceived me." Both singers are in splendid form, and the blending of their voices will afford many a happy half hour to the fortunate possessors of this record.

VOLUNTARY concessions aggregating over $20,000,000 additional benefits to industrial policies already in force, and increasing the amount of benefits to all similar policies issued after July 1st briefly states the effect of an important and far-reaching announcement just made by the Prudential Insurance Company through President John F. Dryden.

CHARLES C. DICKINSON

President of the Carnegie Trust Company, New York, who has just been elected alumni trustee of Cornell University by the largest vote ever given an individual for the office. He received nine-tenths of the votes cast, and almost every country in the world was represented.

For years it has been the practice of the Prudential to add to the benefits already granted to policy-holders, giving more insurance than the contracts called for whenever experience has demonstrated that it could safely be done. The constant aim of the officers of the Prudential is to give the most and the best for the least. Close and careful study is given every feature of the company's great business. The gains made in different departments each year, the earning power of the company's assets, decrease in mortality, etc., as compared with what was expected, are all carefully scrutinized. In this way the Prudential is able from time to time to grant increased benefits to policy-holders, giving them the advantage obtained through these savings, even though no legal obligation so to do exists under the policy contracts.

S. C. DOBBS
Sales Manager for Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Georgia

According to the announcement just made on all Industrial policies issued after July 1st, the benefits will be increased by an amount averaging more than ten per cent., thus giving all new Industrial policy-holders more insurance for less money than ever hitherto granted.

In furtherance of this liberal practice the Prudential has also made these concessions retroactive—that is, applicable to similar policies issued since the beginning of the year 1907 and in force on the 1st of July of this year, thus enabling holders of old policies to share in the increased benefits granted to the new.

It is to be remembered that the Prudential issued these policies upon the non-participating plan and that there was no obligation whatever to pay one dollar of benefit in excess of the amounts called for under the contracts, and that these concessions have been entirely voluntary, and were extended by the company in its usual spirit of liberality and fairness to policy-holders.

The Prudential has already made voluntary concessions to its Industrial policy-holders amounting to more than $11,000,000 and this retroactive feature of its new liberal benefits will add over $20,000,000 more to this remarkable sum, not to speak of the many, many millions more that will ensue to prospective policy-holders.

* * *

A TELEPHONE message, occupying perhaps five minutes, conveyed an order for 12,000,000 feet of lumber, and hardware sufficient to build 10,000 houses in Italy, to be shipped within fifteen days. The recipients at the other end of the wire replied that the bill would be filled. The United States government forwarded this large consignment with as little display as though the order had been for the janitor to put on more heat, instead of for material to rebuild 10,000 homes for the sufferers in the Messina earthquake.

Fifty trains of fifty cars each were needed to convey the lumber, which would make a six-inch walk from San Francisco to New York and half way back again or would reach across the Atlantic to the heart of the stricken district. This vast mass of material was assembled within the Brooklyn navy yard and was loaded on vessels, which were at sea within twelve days after the order had been given!

NO announcement of recent years has meant so much to owners of Edison Phonographs throughout the country as the securing of Victor Herbert as musical adviser to the Edison Record-making Department. From the first crude tinfoil record to the present-day amber roll record with its increased length and purity, the Edison Company have manufactured and sold over 100,000,000 records, or enough to supply a record to every man, woman and child in the United States. Victor Herbert is without question the greatest orchestra leader of the present time, succeeding to the popularity of Theodore Thomas and other great ensemble musicians of the past decade, and in addition he ranks high as a composer. Through the agency of the Edison phonograph Victor Herbert will be able to conduct his orchestra in the homes of millions of people, who otherwise would be denied this treat, and they will not be slow to take advantage of so great an opportunity to hear this noted composer, with full appreciation of his memorable work.

* * *

A close student of human nature and of industrial conditions, born and educated in Georgia, employed in newspaper work on the *Atlanta Constitution*, St. Elmo Massengale has for years been an admitted authority on matters concerning the Southern states of the Union, and it is not surprising that he is in demand as a speaker on subjects closely connected with the South.

In his travels up and down the country in connection with religious paper advertising, Mr. Massengale years ago saw the immense power of advertising—a force hitherto almost neglected by the business men and merchants of the South. An ardent believer in his own advertising creed, he at once set to work to educate the public in it, and about fourteen years ago established the Massengale Advertising Agency, arguing that there was no reason why advertising should not be as successful in the South as in the North. He contended with scepticism, conservatism and inertia, but Mr. Massengale was not a man to be easily discouraged; he persevered in season and out of season, and by and by inquiries began to come to him, his continuous travels through the South widened his acquaintance among Southern business men and he began to be spoken of as "progressive." Today he probably has more friends and acquaintances in Southern commercial circles than any other man in the country.

When he had demonstrated the value of his work by securing results for small enterprises that were the earliest clients of the Massengale Advertising Agency, the fame of his publicity methods spread, and prosperity followed fast in the wake of fame. Now this agency, established by a man still under thirty-five years of age, is known throughout the land, and it is handling its customers' business in all the leading newspapers and magazines in the United States. The Massengale is not only the oldest, but also the largest and best-equipped business of its kind in the South.

Mr. Massengale is entering enthusiastically into the spirit of the "New South," as was apparent in his stirring address before the Sphinx Club of New York last autumn, when he spoke with enthusiasm of "The New South as a Field for Advertising Development," giving a complete review of Southern progress during the past ten years, and a resume of present industrial possibilities. His careful analysis of commercial conditions, his pleasant voice and terse composition were enjoyed, the address has been widely quoted in many leading trade papers both South and North, and he has been asked to speak several times within the past year upon similar subjects.

Like most men who are ardent automobilists, Mr. Massengale is a firm believer in the need for good roads. He has also caught the golf fever which prevails in the South, and his keen social instincts have made him a member of the leading clubs. The Massengale family are prominent in the Methodist Church of the South, and Mrs. Massengale and her two daughters gather about them at all times a delightful circle, making their home a center of that Southern hospitality which is so ardently admired by visitors from the "chilly North."

MEMORY'S MELODIES

By DR. H. Y. OSTRANDER

A SLUMBER-SONG at eventide,
  With the cradle slowly swinging;
"Fast falls the night, with Me abide"—
  Her soul was softly singing.

The song is hushed, the music's died,
  That Voice sings now in Glory;
But oh! I'd give the world beside—
    As once again a little child—
  To hear the Old, Old Story!

Yet, in my ears, on down the years,
  Sweet echoes keep a-ringing;
Through doubt's dumb fears and wisdom's
    tears.
Whene'er the twilight hour appears—
  I hear Love's Song still singing!

Soft lullabies from Land-o'-Dream,
  Love's cradle-songs sung sweet and low—
Those melodies forever seem
  Still singing wheresoe'er I go;
Once dear to Childhood's hour and scene,
  Life's Heart of Age still keeps them so!

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

PUMPKIN PIES

By Alice A. Grawn

A quick method of preparing pumpkin for pies is to put the whole pumpkin in the oven with stem left on. When it is done the stem will fall in, the steam escaping thereby, and the inside will retain all its flavor. If the outside should scorch, the inside will be unharmed. When the pumpkin is cool, the inside may be scraped out and used.

To Clean Tinware

Common soda applied to tinware with a moistened newspaper and polished dry with another, will make it look like new.

TO TUCK CHIFFON

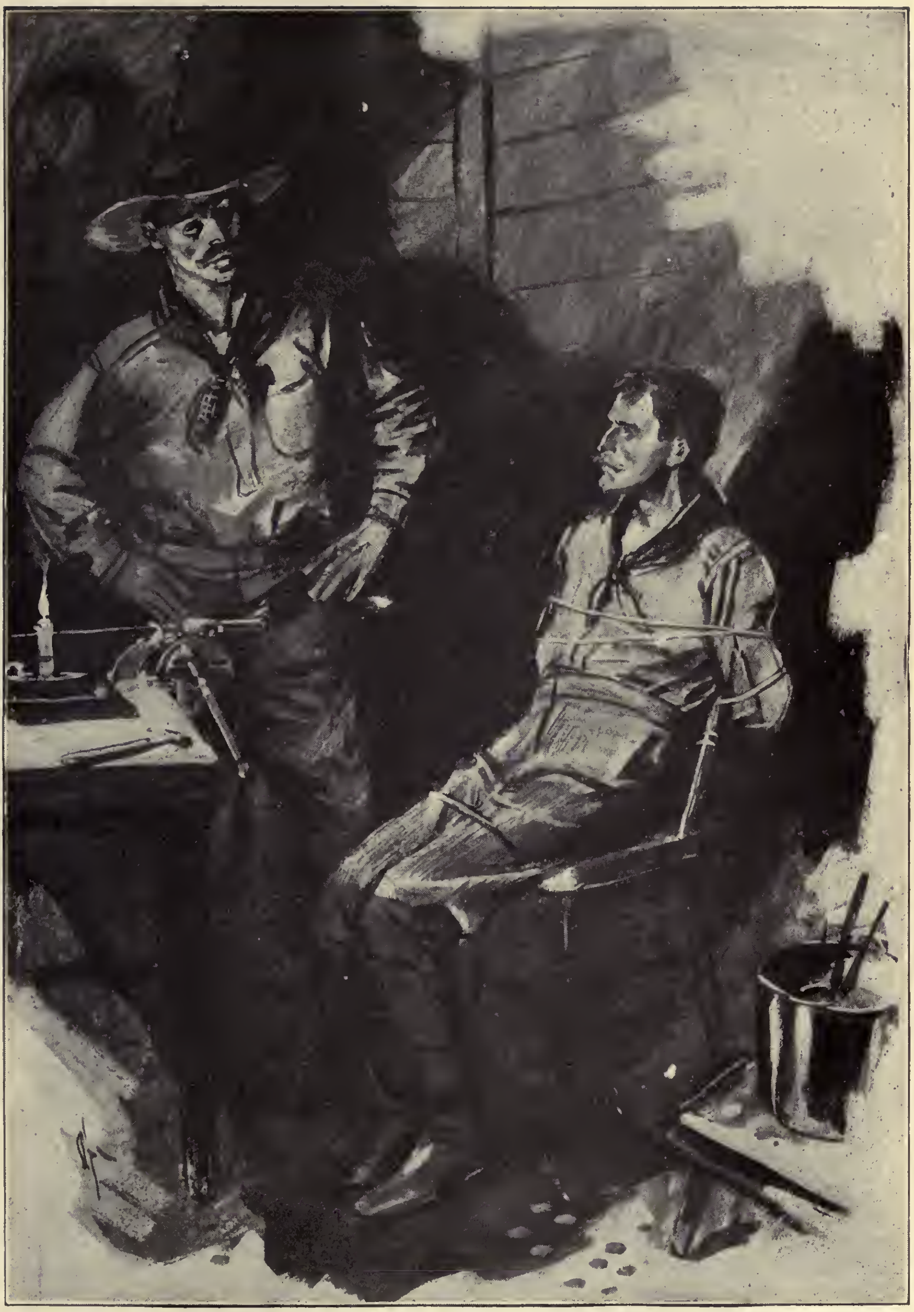
By S. South Fallas

When wishing to tuck chiffon or similar material, lay the tucks on paper while stitching; afterward, the paper may be torn away.

OLIVE OIL FOR BOOK SHELVES

By Mrs. Wm. Trow

Perfumed olive oil sprinkled on library shelves will prevent mold on books.



"You have proved yourself a man—now you are free."

(See p. 690)

LULA FALLS AND LAKE
One of the numerous natural powers on Lookout Mountain, Georgia

A GIANT GEORGIA PINE FOUR AND ONE-HALF FEET IN DIAMETER

The National Home Library

One of the books that is being placed on the market at the present time and which promises to have a very wide sale is the "NATIONAL HOME LIBRARY" in five volumes. This has been characterized as "one of the most generally useful set of books that have been published for many years." The five volumes comprising this set are "The Story of a Great Nation," "Heart Throbs," "The Happy Habit," "Heart Songs," and "Little Helps for Home-Makers."

The name given to these five volumes accurately describes their contents. It is a "National" library in the sense that it will be most useful to the great body of the people that make up our national life.

Someone has aptly likened our social fabric to the waters of the ocean—foam and froth on the top, dregs at the bottom, but vast, pure depths of water between the two. It is not to the frothy stratum of our society that the "National Home Library" will appeal, or to the dregs at its bottom, but to the great class of true, loyal, American people—that class whose thoughts, beliefs and actions make up that composite thing so greatly admired all over the world, American Life.

In yet another way is this library a "National Library." "The Story of a Great Nation" was written by the heads of departments at Washington, the men designated by the people to transact the business of the Government. "Heart Throbs" was contributed by the people themselves. The same is true of "Heart Songs" and "Little Helps for Home-Makers," while the "Happy Habit," a volume of essays written by Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of the National Magazine, is essentially a book of the people, for Mr. Chapple is nothing, if not, first, last and all the time a man of the people.

So "The National Home Library" is national in its broad appeal to every good home in the nation, and is essentially national in that it is the product of the people, or their directly delegated representatives.

That it is a "Home" library, no facts are necessary to prove. "Little Helps for Home-Makers," "Heart Songs," "The Happy Habit," "Heart Throbs," "The Story of a Great Nation"—these are not only home books for the father or the mother, or the children, but they have much of value and interest to every member of the family.

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH a few firm strokes of the pen President Taft closed the most important and absorbing political drama of 1909. Just after word reached the White House that the tariff bill had passed Congress, the executive automobile was seen speeding up the avenue.

The old custom of sending a committee from Congress to wait on the President at the White House, to announce that "Congress is about to adjourn," has been changed; the President is now close at hand in his room at the Capitol, and the committee merely have to step across the threshold, deliver the final message and retire.

The Vice-President left his chair in the Senate Chamber and gave the Chief Executive a hearty greeting. Members of the cabinet, senators and congressmen poured into the executive apartment, and the occasion was altogether felicitous.

On the last day of the great struggle, Senator Dolliver opened the pyrotechnical display with an eloquent appeal for the revision of the cotton schedule. His great voice, husky with emotion, rang clearly through and beyond the open doors of the Senate Chamber. Senator Warren, who had lost his fight on hides, made an impassioned protest against giving the manufacturers of leather goods a protection not afforded on hides. Senator Culberson demanded with all the fire and spirit of the South the removal of the duty on cotton bagging, a burden on the Southern planter, without any counteracting benefit. Senator Bailey, in caustic, sarcastic periods, reminded his political opponents that they were not only taking the duty off hides but taking the hide off the consumers as well.

Senator Clapp buttoned his coat and arose to make a final protest against the bill. Senator La Follette and the other six insurgent Republicans made good use of the closing hours in having their speeches and voluminous statistics spread upon the records of Congress—material that will doubtless figure in the near future in acrid political campaigns.

The votes on the various amendments brought Senator McLaurin to his feet with eyebrows raised and a proposition to straighten out parliamentary tangles. Senator Elkins gave one of his crisp, brief business talks, that go straight to the point. Seated in the Vice-President's chair, James S. Sherman wore an expression that might have served as a fitting model for a baseball fan.

Senator Aldrich was at his best; although somewhat careworn from his arduous labors, he seemed to feel relieved that the great responsibility resting upon him for months was at last removed. He made a masterly speech just before the final vote was taken. Plain, simple, terse, sincere, he gave the gist of an experience that had helped to make five great tariff bills and presented a perfect picture of the business-man statesman. His vest and coat were unbuttoned, a long green necktie waved to and fro like a pendulum, his gestures were vigorous and suggestive, and his clear, well-modulated voice was distinctly heard as he summed up the work of the conferees. Every ear was strained, every eye fixed on the man who has been the target of every shot fired in the tariff struggle. With sublime patience he has been ready to consider any compromise that would aid in securing equitable results, keeping in mind the fixed and unalterable principles of protection. A perfect master of himself and the situation, he won the unqualified admiration of the members of the Senate—even of those who had bitterly opposed him. Amendments came thick and fast, but with his perfect understanding of legislative procedure, he was equal to every complication which arose. The concurrent resolution, adjusting matters overlooked in the original tariff bill, was the last legislative act passed by the Senate in the term just concluded.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington

MAJOR SPENCER CROSBY, U. S. A.
Who succeeded Colonel Bromwell as superintendent of public buildings and grounds

There were busy times, too, at the other side of the Capitol, where the House promptly passed the report of the conference committee and the concurrent resolution. Then came the interesting shaking of the plum tree, in which "Uncle Joe" announced the committee appointments. The work had been continued in the Speaker's room far into the morning from the night previous. The efficiency of rules and the value of the steady-going procedure are proved in the rush of the closing days of the session. Without these, in a few moments the apple-cart might be tipped over and the long days and months of deliberation lose their value at the final vote taking amid the rush and eagerness engendered by the get-away spirit.

* * *

For the first time in history the clock in the House of Representatives was put forward instead of backward to effect an adjournment. The House had taken a recess until six o'clock, but the Senate dispatched the business a half hour earlier and the clock of the House was solemnly pushed ahead by the doorkeeper, when the business was completed and the adjournment effected before the stated time, in order that nothing should impede the exodus from Washington. Grips, valises and trunks were hastily rushed to the station, and the extraordinary session of the Sixty-first Congress—consuming one hundred and forty-seven red-hot days—had passed into history.

* * *

Despite the disarrangement of the plan to have Congressman Payne actually carry the bill to the President—the procession that went down the corridor was imposing and the ceremony most impressive. All the acrimony arising from heated debates in the Senate seemed to melt in the smile of the President. Senator Bailey was invited to come to Beverly, Senator Bristow was bidden to the White House to talk over Kansas matters. A jovial smile passed over each face when someone suggested, on seeing Senator Flint, that it was better "to be a California lemon than a Florida pineapple, according to the tariff bill." The solemn message that Congress was ready to adjourn was delivered by Senator Aldrich, under the supposition that the tariff bill had been signed, but President Taft looked up with a smile and remarked:

"Senator, I have not yet signed the tariff bill; I presume you desire to have that done before Congress adjourns."

That important document had been bounding back and forth between the Senate and the House like a ping-pong ball, and the official message of adjournment was hastily withdrawn until the missing tariff bill could be found. It had already been signed by the Speaker and Vice-President, but had been taken back to the House to be placed in the hands of Chairman Payne, who was expected to head a procession and carry the document to the President. Owing to an unexpected "joint resolution" sprung in the House, the tariff leader had been detained—he was resolved to keep legislative joints from creaking.

At five minutes past five o'clock on August 5th, the name of William H. Taft was affixed to the bulky document known as the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. When the delicate lines of the signature had been made, with periods carefully dotted and the characteristic personal flourish added underneath, the much-discussed and bulky bill became, with due and solemn rites, the law of the republic.

At that moment President Taft's expression was as sober as when I saw him in the same room standing by Theodore Roosevelt about to take the oath of office as President of the United States. A moment later he picked up another pearl-handled, gold-mounted pen, presented by the House of Delegates of Manila, to sign the Philippine Tariff Bill, and his serious mien relaxed into a cheery smile. His expression emphasized an affectionate regard for the people whom he has served in the far-off insular land.

The fountain pen used in writing the presidential signature was presented to Mr. Payne, and the date and approval were affixed with another pen, which was presented to and will be greatly prized by Congressman Langley of Kentucky.

ATRIUM IN HOUSE OF LOUIS LOMBARD, CHATEAU DE TREVANO

The curtain dropped on the tariff drama and the presidential party returned to the White House. Speaker Cannon complimented Congress in a jolly little talk, and the good-byes were said with much feeling by senators and congressmen, as they rushed off for their holidays, as gay as Coney Island excursionists.

When the thunderstorm broke, after the signing of the bill, Senator Bailey of Texas looked out of the window of the President's room and remarked: "Even the heavens weep."

The shower interfered with plans for the presidential dinner party, to be given on the roof of the White House to the members of the committees of both Houses, engaged in the tariff struggle—but they had just as good a dinner in the state dining room, with the host in radiant mood, and even the trophies of the chase in the frieze seemed to join in the jollity of the guests.

MISS FRANCES LIVINGSTON-SULLIVAN
One of the fair daughters of Philadelphia

The clock at the Capitol struck the mystic hour of twelve, while great ships at sea were being forced at full speed through the waves to save thousands of dollars in custom duties by arriving in port before the second hand of the clock ticked in the opening moments of the first day's enforcement of the Tariff Bill of 1909.

WASHINGTON has recently been visited by one of the most versatile, fortunate, gifted and amiable gentlemen in the world—several men in one, he is a musician, lawyer, financier, orator, patron of arts, impresario, philanthropist, virtuoso, composer and author. Last and least he is a millionaire.

A native of France, at the age of nine Louis Lombard was admitted to the National Conservatory of Music at Marseilles, competing with more than one hundred violinists, none of whom were under sixteen years of age. At fourteen, orphaned and penniless, he came to America, rose to be the leader of an orchestra and finally founded and directed the Utica, New York, Conservatory of Music; in the meantime he had secured a college education and fitted himself for the practice of law. Leaving his assured position as a musical leader and educator, Mr. Lombard plunged into the seething arena of Wall Street. It seemed almost a miracle to onlookers when he came out of "the street" with millions to his credit.

About this time the romance of his life culminated in his marriage with the charming daughter of Congressman Thomas Allen, former President of the Missouri, Pacific & Iron Mountain Railroad. Having given up his Wall Street operations, Mr. Lombard with his family went to Europe, and while in Paris met one of the brothers Mugano, who told him of the Chateau de Trevano. A dream of beauty against a background of rugged mountains and rich foliage, it overlooks the sunny waters of Lake Lugano. The site had been selected from the whole of Europe as a fitting spot for the erection of a veritable enchanted castle, wherein a Germano-Russian baron might be happy with his loved ones. The building of the chateau cost two and a half millions, but the place seemed to bring its owner misfortune. In a short time he was bereft of his children and wandered alone and heartbroken among the matchless mosaics and priceless tapestries that had been his pride.

The beautiful chateau next passed into the hands of a wealthy German, who ruined himself and died. His heirs refusing to touch the property, it was administered by the Canton authorities and sold to a syndicate, which died out and was finally represented by the two brothers Mugano. The estate could not be sold and was too costly to keep in

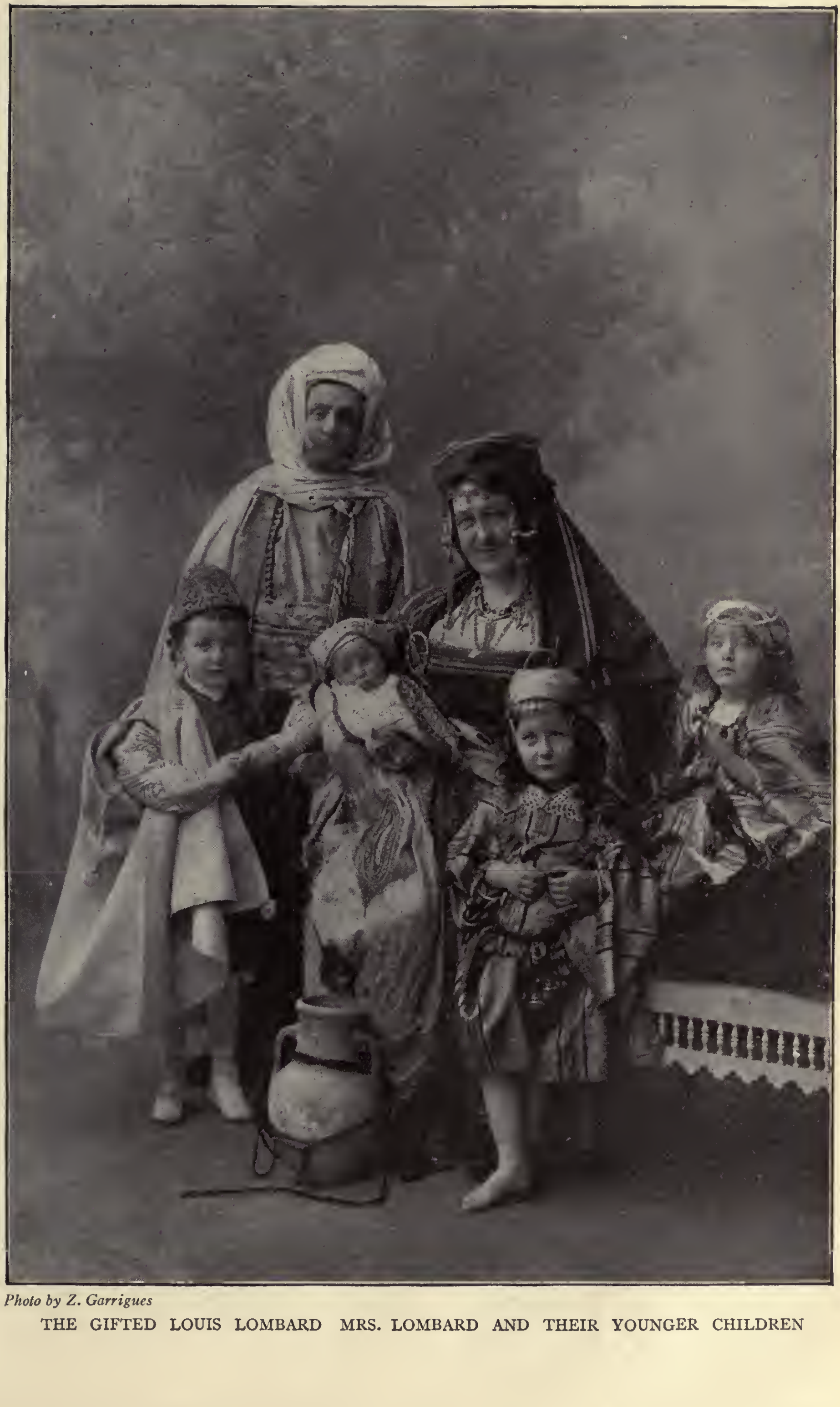

Photo by Z. Garrigues

THE GIFTED LOUIS LOMBARD MRS. LOMBARD AND THEIR YOUNGER CHILDREN repair; it was saved from falling into ruins by Mr. Lombard, who purchased it from the holders, much to their relief.

Today its lofty marble pillars and gilded spires adorn a happy home, made more beautiful by the presence of eight young people, who inherit their mother's beauty and their father's ability. Within the walls of beautiful Chateau de Trevano they are taught to be loyal to the land in which their father found wealth, fame and love.

HON. BEEKMAN WINTHROP
Assistant Secretary of the Navy

* * *

WHEN a man is selected for a prominent place in the Navy Department, thought is always given to the manner of the man, for the dignity of the Navy Department is traditional. No finer exemplification can be found of this tradition than in the incumbency of Mr. Beekman Winthrop, a man of the most distinguished presence, the highest culture, and world-wide experience.

The office of the assistant secretary of the navy is to the left of the main entrance of the navy department, where the model of the old "Constitution" stands in a glass case on a chest containing the huge petition with its thousands of signatures, protesting against the demolition of the historic old craft. Here the assistant secretary keeps in constant touch with the operations of naval equipment. On the mantel before him is a replica of the bronze bas-relief of Paul Jones, displayed at the Luxembourg, by which General Horace Porter was able to verify the remains of Paul Jones. The bronze having been made from a death mask, the measurements of the skull were exact, and General Porter compared these with the measurements of the skull believed to be that of Paul Jones; it is a well-known fact that no two skulls are exactly the same, and that such measurements are considered as the only infallible means of identification.

On the walls hang portraits of former assistant secretaries, and in one corner is a picture of Roosevelt, taken in the strenuous days when he thumped the desk with anxiety as the cablegrams were received from or dispatched to Admiral Dewey at Manila. Then the word "preparedness" was coined that has since been always translated as "get ready quickly—and carry the big guns, but speak softly."

* * *

"THE extra session of the Congress of 1909 has completed its labors," was announced in ponderous editorials all over the country. This statement calls to mind the fact that the third section of the second article of the Constitution confers upon the Chief Executive the power to convene both houses of Congress on extraordinary occasions. It is not, however, generally known that, if Congress chances to disagree as to the time of adjournment, the President alone has the power to set such time as he shall think proper. The session just closed has fully lived up to its "extraordinary" character.

In the history of the republic most of the extra sessions have been fraught with deep meaning, having usually been convened at times of financial depression, or under the stress of international complications.

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HON. A. S. CLAY, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM GEORGIA

President Jefferson called two special sessions during the eight years he was in office. The first consummated the Louisiana purchase, whereby the nation acquired an immense area of productive land at about two cents an acre—probably one of the most profitable sessions ever held. Another special session, convened October 26, 1807, arose out of the outrages on American shipping during the Napoleonic wars, the English claiming the right to impress British seamen out of American vessels. They carried this high-handed policy so far that the British ship "Leopard" actually fired upon the American frigate "Chesapeake," killing and wounding several of her crew. Both France and England issued orders in council against neutrals, and both made prizes of American vessels bound for enemies' ports even though carrying nothing contraband of war. Failing in diplomatic remonstrance, Congress passed the Embargo Act, shutting out English and French vessels from our harbors and prohibiting our vessels from sailing to any British or French market. This mode of retaliation having largely injured American interests, it was abandoned in 1809.

"MINGO BEACH," A PLACE OF GREAT INTEREST AT BEVERLY
The first negro slave in New England was freed here, by a tidal wave

John Adams while President, in 1797 called a special session, which sent to France Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, John Marshall of Virginia and General Charles Coles, with Pinckney, whom France had refused to receive as minister because of Washington's proclamation of neutrality and the ratification of the Jay treaty with England. Though Talleyrand, then minister of foreign affairs, declined to see them, certain of his emissaries intimated that a favorable French loan in America would result in friendly treatment of American commerce: Pinckney's celebrated reply, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," was worthy of the man, the crisis and the American people.

War was anticipated and an extra session was held, George Washington being summoned from peaceful Mount Vernon to serve as commander-in-chief of the American forces. On Talleyrand's disavowal of all complicity in the proposition of his underlings, a peace convention was held.

The French and English difficulty had not been settled when Madison became President, and a special session in May, 1809, secured no definite decision. The second, called in May, 1813, provided money and men for the war then raging between the United States and Great Britain.

Coming after Jackson's "hard money" administration, Van Buren found the country flooded with a great wave of speculation, extravagance and dishonest promotion of all kinds of schemes, necessitating an extraordinary session, at which Jackson insisted that public lands should be paid for in silver and gold; he pricked many financial bubbles, and an issue of $10,000,000 in treasury notes was authorized.

After his inauguration, President Lincoln called an extra session for July 4, 1861, and was criticized for delaying congressional action until so late a date. Congress empowered the President to raise 500,000 men and appropriated $500,000,000, then considered an enormous drain on the resources of the country.

Another extra session of special interest was the one held by President Cleveland, when Congress was convened to devise remedies for the financial depression of '93.

An extra session during the Roosevelt administration originated the phrase, "reconstructive recess," because the new and the old sessions mingled without any perceptible division of time, scarcely a gavel-stroke intervening between the two congressional periods.

A VIEW TO THE EAST FROM THE SUMMER WHITE HOUSE
Homes of wealthy Bostonians who are neighbors of President Taft. The residences of William Endicott, Samuel P. Mandell, and Francis I. Amory are shown

* * *

TO remove the mistaken impressions of the condition of health, climate, labor and education in the Southern states, which have hitherto deprived this section of its fair share of enterprising capital and homeseekers, is the immediate object of the Southern Commercial Congress. With this in view, it will establish in the city of Washington a permanent exhibit of the natural products of the South, that will be well supplemented by maps showing distances and the facilities for transportation by both rail and water, and by graphically portrayed statistics, compiled from the United States Geological Survey, the Department of Agriculture, and the census and other federal bureaus; thus giving evidence, bearing the stamp of authority of the national government, of the vast, undeveloped resources and great possibilities of the teeming Southland. There will also be a permanent Bureau of Information and Publicity, which, with a competent office force and modern advertising methods, will disseminate to the whole world the facts thus collected.

A home for this exploitation plant, and an endowment fund for its maintenance will be secured by the raising of a million dollars; the most magnificent office building in Washington is to be erected as the headquarters of the Southern Commercial Congress, and the revenues from this building will annually be expended in its work. Tenants, such as banks or trust companies, lawyers and corporations especially interested in Southern exploitation and enterprises, will be selected with a view to their aiding the organization in its general purposes. Thus the building will be a commercial centre for the entire South; a great news source in regard to Southern conditions and resources and a monument to the enterprise of that section.

To increase the value of the building in these respects, it is proposed to organize a Southern Club, which shall have its headquarters in this building and shall embrace in its membership all leading Southern men in the city, thus furnishing a centre where all influential visitors to the Capital can meet those in and around Washington who are deeply interested in Southern enterprise.

With characteristic promptness, within a week of the first meeting in December, 1908, an option was secured on a splendid site on the northeast corner of 15th and H Streets in Washington, measuring 150 by 148 feet, only one block from the Treasury Building and within two blocks of the White House.

" ROCK MAPLE FARM "
Summer home of Secretary of the Navy George Von L. Meyer at Hamilton—a few minutes' motor drive from the President's home

That the proposed provision may be made for the purchase of this property and the erection of an adequate building, the Southern Commercial Congress asks that one thousand Southern men contribute $1,000 each, such contributors investing this sum in what is choice real estate, which the congress will control, and having the privilege of becoming life members of the congress and of the Southern Club when formed. While contributors surrender to the congress the immediate revenues of their investment, they must reap far larger returns in the ensuing prosperity of their section. No one who knows the South can doubt that this call will meet with a generous response.

KEEN interest is manifested by Congressman Borland of Kansas City, Missouri, in the improvement of international waterways. The Missouri River is going to waste because of the failure of Congress to provide suitable appropriations for the improvement of the "longest stream in the world." At Kansas City and from that point to St. Louis, the Missouri pours along in a generous, if somewhat wayward, flood of water. If its banks were protected and its channel cleared, the river soon would cut a deep enough channel for any sort of inland waterway traffic.

The field products of Kansas in one year, with bushels as the standard of comparison, aggregate as high as all the coal mined annually in Pennsylvania. It more than equals all the vast traffic which annually passes down the Ohio River. It is not necessary to wait for high water; the water is there. If the government were one-half as generous with the Missouri in the way of permanent betterments, as good results for every month from ice to ice would be achieved as the Ohio produces in the few months of the year when it is available for use. Cheap transportation of wheat and corn would mean cheaper food

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HENRY C. CORBIN, U.S.A. (retired) AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN

for every resident of the United States. The waterways would bring this about and the Missouri River, tapping as it does Missouri, Kansas and the states which are the granaries of the world, would prove the biggest factor in that result.

The government once stood sponsor for the great transcontinental systems of railroads. In its great rivers, it has the same opportunity to benefit all the people. Improvement of the Missouri River would not only be of value in providing cheaper foods for every American, but it would also benefit the Eastern manufacturer in giving him a live competitor against the railroads handling his freight to the West, and in many instances give him a direct means of handling his freight much cheaper than the railroads can perform the service.

Seventy-five per cent. of the exports of the United States that keep the balance of trade in our favor are raw material—the product of the Western farms and mines. It is this product that turns panics into prosperity. Nearly all of this great wealth is directly within the influence of rate reduction through the improvement of the Missouri River. Within a hundred miles of the Missouri River, and west of the Mississippi River, are the centers of production of hogs, cattle, sheep, wool, horses, mules, hay, farm products of all kinds, as well as gold, lead, silver and zinc. Every penny saved in the transportation of this great mass of products sent to the seaboard is an increase of the wealth of the entire nation and enters into every channel of internal trade, and Mr. Borland feels justly that this is most truly a national issue.

* * *

THE present commissary general of the army is Brigadier General Henry Granville Sharpe, who was born at Kingston, New York, on April 30, 1858, and is a descendant of one of the oldest families of the state. He is a son of General George H. Sharpe, a distinguished volunteer officer of the Civil War and later a notable leader of the Empire State. He entered the West Point Military Academy at the age of eighteen, and on graduation was assigned to the Fourth United States Infantry. He resigned in 1882, and in the succeeding year President Arthur appointed him a captain in the subsistence department. Early in the Spanish War he was ordered to Chickamauga Park as chief commissary of the army, concentrating there for the invasion of Cuba and Porto Rico, and went as chief commissary of General Brooke's command which invaded Porto Rico. Later on he served a tour of duty in the commissary general's office at Washington, and from there went to the Philippines as chief commissary of the Philippines Division, and in October, 1905, shortly after his return, was appointed commissary general of the army. General Sharpe is a student of military science and a writer on subjects which touch his department and profession. He is the author of the "Art of Subsisting Armies in War," and wrote an essay on the "Art of Supplying Armies in the Field as Exemplified During the Civil War," which won the first prize in 1895 in the contest of the Journal of the Military Service Institution. He translated from the French several works on military subjects directly pertaining to his special line of work. In 1905 he published his notable work, "The Provisioning of the Modern Army in the Field"; and during the summer of 1907 made a tour abroad to study the systems of provisioning European armies.

General Sharpe enjoys the reputation of being one of the best equipped officers in the service of the subsistence department. He has a high ideal of his profession and is popular alike with soldier and civilian. His article on "How Our Army is Fed" appeared in a recent issue of the NATIONAL.

* * *

BASEBALL jokes and stories are having a revival since the present administration looks with favor on the feats and sayings of the diamond. It is said that Harold Chase, the champion baseball player, advocated teetotalism as the only way to secure success in the game. He told how a friend of his turned up to take part in a game while under the influence of drink.

"When he stepped up to bat he smiled a silly smile," said Mr. Chase, "and called out: 'I say, umpire, I say—I see three bats and three balls here—what am I to do?'

"'Take hold of the middle bat and hit the middle ball,' said the umpire, who seemed to understand the case.

"The player hit the air savagely and got struck out.

"'Why did you not do as the umpire told you—hit the middle ball?'

"'I did,' he said with an injured air, 'but I hit it with the outside bat and that's why I missed.'"

Mr. Harold Chase insisted, after this incident took place, "There is nothing worse than a bat for a baseball batter."

* * *

AT a social gathering of distinguished editors, the talk drifted toward the aims, ambitions and aspirations of the young

Photo by J. Knowles Bishop, Washington

MRS. J. J. RICHARDSON

Wife of Dr. J. J. Richardson, the eminent throat specialist who accompanied McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft on their speech-making tours. Mrs. Richardson was one of the popular hostesses the past season people of today, as contrasted with the people of long ago. It was Editor Bok who asked his small heir what he had planned for his life work. The little chap replied promptly:

"When I grow up to be a man, I am going to print a 'Man's Home Journal,'—no 'Ladies' Home Journal' for me."

* * *

IN the historic committee room, Senator La Follette presides as chairman of the Senate Census Committee. The census bill, number 1033, was the only bill outside of the tariff measure and two appropriation bills, one to defray the cost of the census, the other to meet some deficiencies, that was honored by consideration at the extra session of Congress. The Senator from Wisconsin has made a strenuous effort to provide a bill to meet every requirement of progressive legislation. The special message of President Roosevelt in February had its influence in shaping the measure as finally agreed upon.

Over 65,000 enumerators will be engaged in the census work next April, and supervisors will be provided in every congressional district. These officials will be selected by the director of the census, but the appointment of all other employes must be through competitive civil service examinations. This arrangement will secure a force tested for efficiency, and will prevent pressure upon congressmen by persons looking for census appointments.

The census will embrace each state and territory and District of Columbia, Hawaii, Alaska and Porto Rico. June 30, 1909, marks the beginning of what is known as the decennial census period. The scope of the census will be substantially the same as that of the last one. Some improvements in the schedules are provided for by Senate Committee amendments. Statistics of the number of employes out of employment at the date of enumeration will be gathered. A new inquiry is provided to show the nativity of foreign-born persons on farms, and the acreage of farm woodland and the character of the timber will be obtained.

After its introduction, the bill was subjected to thirty-seven amendments in the Senate committee and was beaten into shape line by line in the Senate. One section provides a severe penalty of $3,000 and imprisonment for not more than five years for receiving or securing any reward or compensation or other consideration for the employment of any person or persons in the Census Department.

The bill was sent to conference on the Senate amendments. The Senate rejected the conference report and asked the House for another conference. The House concurred in the amendment requiring applicants to have been domiciled in the state from which they register for one year previous to examination within their states and agreed to a second conference upon the balance of the bill. An agreement was reached in committee. The principal change was the striking out of the provision for a census building. The conference report was agreed to in both Houses and the President signed the measure.

* * *

ONE curious fact in reference to Panama railroad traffic is that, while $8,500,000 worth of freight passed over the "iron road" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, only about $1,000,000 was for cargoes going to the Atlantic coast, and San Francisco furnished the bulk of that. If these proportions continue, it would indicate that a great number of vessels coming from the Pacific through the Caribbean are likely to be laden only with ballast. This drawback may be offset by the lumber traffic and other trade from South American countries.

The Mexican Tehuantepec railroad, 190 miles in length, has become a keen rival of the Panama road, and is moving a large amount of Hawaiian sugar, having already outstripped the Panama line in traffic. Nearly $17,000,000 worth of sugar has passed over this road to Eastern ports. Nearly all the sugar coming from the Hawaiian Islands is now taken this way, instead of around the Horn by steamers as formerly—an indication of the vast amount of traffic which will find its way through Culebra Cut after 1915.

Another reason for this discrepancy is that a large proportion of South American products go to European markets, and as many of them are not perishable, the longer voyage around Cape Horn or via Suez is the cheaper mode of transportation and so continues in favor.

AT THE ALASKA YUKON PACIFIC EXPOSITION

ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXHIBITION
SEATTLE 1909

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

FROM one of the twenty-seven hills of Seattle, I first looked upon the exposition, standing out like an ivory-tinted cameo, set against a background of emerald green, with the horizon vignetted by the snow-capped Cascades.

The grim totem poles, carven with wierd and savage heraldic blazonry of raven, frog and bear, seem to utter with yawning mouths and beaks an oracular message of the future, and the past. Do they recall the time when Secretary Seward, as he paced up and down the room, struck the table in a moment of irritation, saying, "Sign tonight!"—and then and there the seal was set upon a deed that secured for the republic a great, and then unknown, empire.

Against the haze of the purple hills in the foreground floated Old Glory from a towering flagstaff, waving over a territory that had never known other colors than the red, white and blue. North of "where rolls the Oregon," south of the Russian possessions and east of the Rocky Mountain boundary and the Louisiana Purchase lines, lie the only lands possessed by the republic that have known no flag save the Stars and Stripes.

* * *

Like the magical towers sprung from the stones of Camaralzaman in the "Arabian Nights" a great city has sprung up, almost in an hour, upon the wonderful hillsides. Long before ground was broken for the exposition I had scrambled through the echoing woods with Director General Nadeau to listen to the amazing acoustics of the natural amphitheatre. From a solitary stump he delivered a mock oration, perfectly audible from any of the hillocks, covering an area where 30,000 people could be seated.

When President Taft touched the golden key that flashed the electric spark across the continent and opened the exposition, 30,000 people assembled heard clearly the words of the speakers who dedicated the great temple of firs and sky—a fitting prelude for an exposition where nature has so gloriously proclaimed herself.

Here I lay aside the golden-tipped pen and grip the pencil.

* * *

The Boston ticket man punched his thumb in stamping the tickets. That might have been regarded as an ill omen, but still I felt it was going to be a great and successful trip. At first everything seemed to go wrong—the trunk played truant, the suitcase went astray, and everyone was mopping perspiration from heated brow and saying things they ought not to say—in Boston. Now I know how a woman feels when her new hat does not arrive in time for Easter Day, but with no apologies I waved the old hat in starting and gulped down my unavailing sighs for my new and natty summer headgear—that did not come.

In the Pullman, our little party gathered, fanning furiously, but the swift motion of the train soon cooled the air, and the trifling difficulties of getting started were soon forgotten. Every time I pass through the Berkshires, I long to write a poem—but the train was too swlft. Sweeping along by the old Erie Canal we contrasted our lot with the tourists of bygone days, who, sitting on the cabin of the canal boat—the gentlemen attired in silk stockings, gay knickerbockers and blue coats decorated with brass buttons, while the ladies wore hoop skirts and poke bonnets—complacently imagined that they had attained the very height of swift and comfortable travel.

HON. J. E. CHILBERG

President of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and one of the strong types of the Seattle spirit. A young man who has done things—and keeps right on

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It is necessary to keep close watch of the railroad folders on a transcontinental tour nowadays, because the train dashes through state after state, with no more ceremony than an occasional "stopping for water," and the traveler tranquilly spins from one state to another, thinking little of the whirling wheels that skim over the steel rails.

By agreement, on the first morning out, every member of the party had a brand new joke; not to be too far behind in the contest of wits, I related a fairly seasoned witticism—but nobody laughed. This was amazing because my joke had a thoroughly tested career. Imagine my frame of mind when that rare old joke, carefully rehearsed all the time I was shaving, was listened to with solemn faces—not even the porter laughed—I felt so sure of the joke that I repeated it, but more gravely than ever my merry friends surveyed me. Consolation came later when a deep-laid plot was discovered—they had all agreed beforehand to "joke the joker."

The central market center and universal starting point for every Western tour is Chicago—dusty, dirty or damp, but always busy Chicago, from whence radiate the spokes that connect that central city with every known point in the United States. No trouble with baggage this time. The omnibus man wore an illuminated sign on his cap and looked like a Death Gulch detective; in a trice he had packed us snugly in the transfer 'bus to bump the bumps over Chicago's granite ways.

At the station it seemed as though all the city had set out for the exposition. There was a frantic look on the faces of the passengers lined up in the station to secure exchange tickets; it seemed a matter of life and death that they should catch that particular train—even after the air-brakes whistled. Endeavoring to help the imperturbable coupon-clipper at the window in his efforts to find out which way we were going, I made an error and routed our party on the wrong railroad for my pains—but no matter—all trains seemed to go West that night. How those cool-headed ticket men contrive to dispatch thousands of excited passengers, without having one go astray now and then, is a mystery beyond the solution of an ordinary mortal.

The Pullman coaches in the trainshed looked like so many ships about to set forth over pathless seas. One could hardly believe that their ponderous wheels would soon be whirling them across the continent like the planets in their varied courses.

* * *

Farming today is no pastoral fantasy. It is a commercial and industrial exploitation of soil products that pours $8,000,000,000 this very year into the farmers' coffers. The sowing, gathering and marketing of grain is now a methodical business proposition, and there has been a sharp advance in recent years from the methods of colonial days.

It was harvest time; we felt like land-going mariners, as we sped amid the seas of golden grain, that bowed and eddied and whispered in the wind. Here and there a graceful willow hedge spoke of the refreshing shade of bygone harvest days. How good the cool water tasted long ago to "us boys" when, hot and weary, we paused a moment to drink from the big jug in the shade, or sat down beneath the willows during the noon hour.

As we sped toward the setting sun, a curly-headed young man was noted in the smoker, immersed in gay-colored folders concerning regulations for filing on reservation land. He had been a clerk in the East for many years and had harkened to the alluring voice of the West:

"I am going to find a fruit farm and learn how it feels to have land of my very own."

In the silence that followed I began to whistle sympathetically "Farmer John." Bless his heart—he appreciated the point of my little joke, and we proceeded to whistle a duet—with the roar of the train as an accompaniment.

After the long, hot sweep across arid wastes, dotted here and there with irrigation oases, we entered Idaho. Following the winding Snake River, the great scheme of reclamation unfolded itself before our eyes, and the deserted sage-bush land of a few years ago, was now glowing with ripened grain.

The most noticeable feature of advancement in the West, to my mind, is the growth of trees. It is a delight to see waving boughs dotting what was once a waste prairie, and one wonders why people don't spend every spare minute planting trees—every tree adds so much to the value of acreage and an attractiveness to country life that nothing else can furnish. Growing trees have a favorable effect on climatic conditions, and those planted in this locality have already proved a benefit beyond calculation. "Trees, gentlemen of the farm, more trees."

MR. I. A. NADEAU
Director-General of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

* * *

The Palouse country is a thrilling panorama of rolling hills, checkered with sagebrush, great wheat fields intermingled. Close to those wastes of curious grayish tint are rich fields covered with the thickest stand of wheat I ever saw. The soil seems to have performed a miracle in producing this lavish wealth, but those standing crops are an indisputable proof of the triumph of dry farming. The fields are harvested only every second year and are always ploughed very deeply, the soil being thoroughly pulverized in the odd years. A thick blanket of dust covers the earth—good fairy in disguise, for that dust blanket protects the ground and preserves the moisture of the winter snows. Although very little rain falls during the growing season, this stored-up moisture is sufficient nourishment for the production of a magnificent crop; the soil appears to have a volcanic ash that needs only seed and moisture to bear abundantly. In raising wheat here loss is occasioned from the action of wind storms, which blows off the dust blanket and exposes the seed—so every effort is made "to keep the blanket on." Instead of sowing two bushels of seed to the acre, as in the East, one bushel is here sufficient. The grain is cut by headers and combination harvesters and threshers, which also sack it right in the field. There may be some waste from over-ripe grain, but this method saves the cost of stacking and shocking, and in some cases reseeds the ground, resulting in a crop of young wheat very valuable for forage. This wheat-grass has the same effect as clover in fertilizing, and the green fields add to the attractiveness of the landscape, standing side by side with fields of yellow wheat and black dust of summer fallowed tracts with a touch of sagebrush land now and then for contrast.

FORESTRY BUILDING
Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, Washington

When the sturdy German farmers from California first experimented in this country, they incurred a great deal of ridicule. Now those very methods are producing thirty to forty bushels per acre, while the maximum cost of cultivation per acre is five dollars. Such facts indicate why the Western farmers are able to winter in California or other favorite American pleasure resorts, run automobiles, or even tour Europe and winter on the Riviera.

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From the marvels of Palouse, revealing the sharp contrast between the cultivated and uncultivated fields of the West, we entered Spokane, where the immense falls furnish power for many industries and utilities. The original surveyors shrewdly foresaw the value of water power to the city that should be built, and did not locate the land by either bank of the river, but ran their lines directly across the falls, including them in the regular rectangular claims. Spokane is the capital of the Palouse section, the mining country of Coeur d'Alene, and the great "boundary" district—a veritable metropolis of an inland empire—a city that compels admiration, the moment you arrive.

The rush of people incident to the opening of Indian reservation lands was in full blast. The Coeur d'Alene and Spokane reservations were to be thrown open to settlers, and throngs were going to Missoula to file on land in the Flathead reservation. Each filer signed a slip and swore before the notaries —located in temporary booths, tents, offices and stores—that he did not own 160 acres of land, or more than one town lot. The idea was to have the land distributed to the landless. Everybody was a good citizen when the question of free land was uppermost. Transcontinental passengers stopped enroute and filed in Spokane and Missoula, between trains, and stopovers were made even by persons going on a trip around the world—for the land hunger was keen.

Land Commissioner Fred Dennett was early on the scene from Washington and the rush was handled with a smaller force of clerks and less expense than ever before known in opening reservations. The officials were determined to see that everyone was given a square deal in Uncle Sam's great land lottery. The Spokane and Inland Empire inter-urban line renders service that would make Broadway cars look like snails

Electric express trains were dashing along, all well filled with home-seekers on the way to Coeur d'Alene—just over the Idaho line. Italians, Germans, Swedes, Pullman porters, office clerks, lumbermen, dignified professional men, timid youths—all professions and nationalities were represented in the stampede for free land. Nearly 200,000 persons filed upon the six thousand claims available. The drawings are made by little girls, and the lucky numbers are invited to make the first selections. Some claims are reputed to be worth from forty to fifty thousand dollars, and the land deal of Uncle Sam had all the fascination of a rush to gold fields. On the timber claims the owners are required to live continuously for five years. The predominant purpose is to give the land to genuine home-makers.

THE COURT OF HONOR AT THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION, SEATTLE
Mt. Rainier in the distance

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One of the impressive features of Spokane is its handsome buildings. One of the finest of these is the office building erected by August Paulson, one of the six individual owners of the Hercules Mine. Western pioneers who amass fortunes believe that the best way to perpetuate their memories is to build handsome structures that shall add to the attractiveness of their home city—being practical men, they do not care for stately mausoleums and gay cemeteries. When first erected the skyscraper may seem a folly in insistently discounting the future of the city. It is in reality an expression of the irrepressible optimism of the West.

Of course we dined at the Davenport restaurant, one of the show places in Spokane with its gorgeous floral decorations, adorning a Spanish mission building; the banquet hall is fashioned after the Doge's palace in Venice. There were pillars of transparent glass, whose hollows had been converted into aquariums in which the sparkling fish floated gracefully while the diners picked at the bones of brook trout and the orchestra played "Dearie." The menu and service are a credit to Louis Davenport, who started in business by selling waffles in a tent. His "waffle foundry" soon became famous and proved the foundation of one of the most famous restaurants on the continent.

Among the many enterprises that radiate from Spokane is the Idaho & Washington Northern Railroad. Eight years ago Mr. R. F. Blackwell, a lumberman from Williamsport, Pennsylvania, decided to build a logging railway to the north. To reach the mining center of Metaline, they touched at Spirit Lake, a popular summer resort; later the line was extended to Newport and now reaches the boundary of British Columbia. The railroad commission paid this road a handsome compliment, saying that they could offer no suggestions for its improvement. Every station was provided with cement floors and all modern conveniences. At every switch there was a telephone for emergencies. It is indeed a model railroad reaching through the tall pines to the picturesque sylvan lakes; the roadbed was thoroughly built with rock and perfectly ballasted before rails were laid. Gigantic undertakings, that represent the advancement of generations in the ordinary process of development, are achieved in six or eight years in the West, and everyone is trying to prophesy what great things will come next.

THE FOREIGN BUILDING
Showing native shrubbery—Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, Washington

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The traveler cannot resist the impulse to stop off in the great Yakima Valley and the Wenatchee fruit country. Such tales are told of the profits of fruit-growing that a man's head whirls with Haroun-al-Raschid dreams as he listens; when he gets off the train and sees sturdy little trees bearing big apples in large numbers, his dreams are dwarfed by reality. The government reclamation projects will open up hundreds of thousands of new acres of land that will produce almost fabulous profits in fruit products. Then on to Pasco—"keep your eye on Pasco' was a stirring slogan years ago. Kennewick, across the river, is another area of irrigated territory that is being rapidly developed.

* * *

The first friend I met as I stood in the Seattle Pioneer Square, looking on the totem pole which stands out historic as Cleopatra's needle, was a friend who said oracularly and mysteriously, but with a twinkle in his eye, "See—attle and Take-home-a souvenir." He escaped. Seattle and Tacoma are as inseparably associated as St. Paul and Minneapolis and exhibit the same spirit of—sisterly affection.

After climbing the hill to Second Avenue, I looked for the Washington Hotel, which, as I remembered, was located on a high hill. Alas! that elevation has been washed away and the top of the ten-story hotel now reaches only to the height of the basement of that famous hill-top hostelry which entertained so many distinguished travelers.

The fire-gong clang of the veranda street cars attracted attention to the passengers—even elderly ladies—frisking up the five or six steps through the opening swing doors, catching the pole and whisking around like trained acrobats. A citizeness of Seattle stated that ladies here are obliged to wear shoes two sizes too large, in order to climb the hills of Seattle. When Seattle wearers of large shoes are ridiculed by Portlanders, they promptly retaliate by proclaiming that down in Portland it rains so much that all residents on the banks of the Columbia are said to become web-footed.

One reason for the superb success of the city came to me—health, good health. Everyone feels well and everyone helps. Even the bootblacks talk of "our exposition," "our streets, our buildings and our boulevards." There is good water, good air and a healthful, cool atmosphere, even in hot July. It was so cool that white dresses were little in evidence, and there was no such thing as languorous evenings at Luna Park, or a Western Coney Island, for the crispness of Seattle air creates the desire to keep moving. Whether late at night or at early dawn, the visitor finds activity on the streets of the Puget Sound metropolis.

A VIEW OF THE CITY OF SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

Everywhere the letters "A. Y. P." were in evidence, and visitors from rival cities at first translated these as "After Your Purse." They became confused with "Y. M. C. A." and "Y. P. S. C. E.," and many and varied were the jokes upon this subject, for the best feature of an exposition is the fun the visitors get out of it—and I finally had my joke bump developed and tried it again.

In a prominent square in the city is the blue tent housing the Information Bureau, established by the Chamber of Commerce; here cards giving the rates of every lodging place in Seattle may be obtained. No city has ever taken care of crowds entering it so expeditiously and well as Seattle is caring for the Exposition throngs. Any kind of information desired may be found here, from the price of a bed to the census of 1910. Secretary Yandell of the Chamber of Commerce is a real live wire.

The parks and boulevards add immensely to the scenic beauty of the city. In an automobile, it seemed as if we fairly flew from one hill to the other, up and down in a way that recalled memories of winter coasting.

Lying along the docks were ships in touch with all parts of the globe, many of them fresh from the Orient and Alaska. We were in the place where many threads were centering, and where new ideas were being tried.

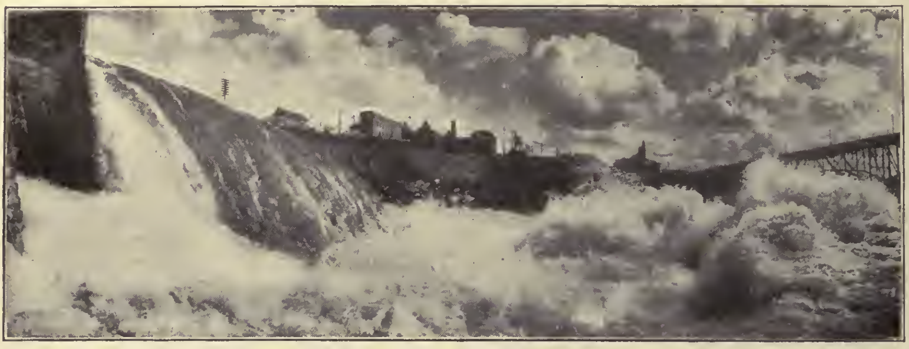
At the general delivery windows of the post office people formed four lines, over a hundred feet in length, from early morning to late at night. Those seekers for home news plainly told the story of the immense transient population pouring into Seattle.

Another feature that impresses the visitor to Seattle, Tacoma and other coast cities is the large number of beautiful homes. No city in the world possesses more fine residences in proportion to population, and every home is instinct with the artistic taste, initiative force and the individuality of its owner. Every location on the crest of the hills in Seattle and Tacoma has been utilized first as the site for a residence, and every design that I could recall having seen depicted in the *Ladies' Home Journal* was displayed—from the dainty Swiss chalet and airy bungalow to the colonial house, to say nothing of those of Queen Anne style, on the superb eminence of Queen Anne Hill. What solid home comfort was represented by those houses, surrounded by verandas, each one wreathed in rich clusters of gorgeous roses, which bloom here as freely as sunflowers.

* * *

The regrade work in the city is interesting. One-fifth as much earth will be moved in this work as will be handled in the construction of the Panama Canal. To those who have visited Panama it is startling to realize that one American city, however thriving, should be able to make dirt fly, alone and single handed, in a manner that can bear such a comparison with the great inter-ocean ditch.

Seattle is divided into assessment districts, and when applications for improvements come from the majority of the property owners, the damages and benefits are determined by juries, as in regular legal procedure. Seattle juries always look first to the welfare of the city. In one case the city's own witnesses proved that damages to a certain estate amounted to $93,000. The benefits were promptly assessed at $103,000; the plaintiff whose mouth was watering for his damage budget found himself hustling to keep his property anchored in the assessment roll.



SPOKANE FALLS, SPOKANE, WASHINGTON. 30,000 HORSE POWER CAPACITY

When parks are mentioned—the eye of the Seattleite glistens with triumph. The new book issued by the park commissioners tells the reason why. The far-seeing people of the Puget Sound metropolis have provided for a future population of a million people, and they are evidently determined that the parks shall be all ready.

There is the Woodland Zoo, with its stately firs; Washington Park, with splendid drives; a fine park with widespread playgrounds is Kinnear. The oldest park in Seattle is that presented by Mr. Denney, one of the pioneers of the city, being part of the original homestead which was formerly on the outskirts of the town. Cove Park, Freak Park, Schmitz Park are all rich in rustic bridges and sylvan walks. Baker Park is another popular breathing place; Leschi Park is named in honor of an Indian chief, who was friendly to Seattle in the pioneer days. Ladrone Park, with prettily wooded slopes, lies along the water front. Denny Blaine Park is easily identified as to its godfather. Interlaken Park and Salmon Bay Park are beauty spots which only nature could provide. The handsome Washington

Boulevard along the lake front indicates the number of pedestrians and automobilists that are expected in the future.

A curious thing in the city vocabulary is the term "formal gardens," which is applied to all flower spaces, as distinct from the natural beauties of the recreation haunts. Within two years the park board has provided spacious playfields for the children of the city, and these recreation fields are all of generous scope. Ten years ago the Olmsted brothers, the famous landscape gardeners, reported on the park possibilities of Seattle, and that report has crystalized into the picturesque, winding drives and the magnificent park system of Seattle, which might be the envy of Boston, New York or Chicago.

In the public schools of Seattle are over 240 teachers from the state of Iowa, a fair average out of a total of 750 who are employed. The Puget Sound metropolis is in fact a transplanted Middle West city, erected by the same spirit that built Chicago, but greatly intensified with all the knowledge gained from the experience and energy obtained in building up the metropolis of the Mississippi Valley. What the prairies were to Chicago—Alaska has been to Seattle.

Seattle citizens have a stern sense of civic duty. One business man had ventured to put the sign "Busted" over his door; he was promptly waited upon by a delegation, and after their departure a more moderate sign indicated to the passers-by that he was willing to sell out at a sacrifice. The unwritten laws and immutable code will not tolerate "knocking" by look or sign.

One cannot think of Seattle without Tacoma or vice versa. Tacoma Day at the fair furnished a revelation of sisterly affection. From the neighboring city the people poured in, ten thousand strong—men, women and children—with horns and flags, all out for a jolly holiday at the exposition. They marched down the streets of Seattle with colors flying and brass bands playing; business for the time was suspended in the Seattle stores, and everybody came out to greet the visitors. There was much good-natured banter between the Tacoma delegation in line and the pedestrians on Seattle pavement. Everywhere the slogan of Tacoma was in evidence—"You will like Tacoma" worn on the hats. It used to be "Watch Tacoma Grow," but the city has outgrown that. The Seattle wags had bulletin boards placed close to the signs "You will like Tacoma," reading "But you will *love* Seattle."

* * *

Tacoma is reached by the finest interurban service in the world. It runs direct through the Puyallup Valley. The stranger will insist on calling this district the "polly up." Although interurban and trunk lines thread the valley, one of the favorite ways of reaching Tacoma is by the steamer "Flyer," which is known by everyone who has ever been on the Sound. When first purchased, the engines, which are duplicates of those on J. P. Morgan's yacht, the "Corsair," were considered too large for the boat, but they have enabled her to attain a rare speed limit and a marvellous record. The little craft

CATTLE ON FLATHEAD RESERVATION
Montana Reservation just being opened to settlement

has traveled nearly 1,500,000 miles and carried 3,000,000 passengers more than any other hull afloat in salt water. Four round trips are made every day. It has been computed that the "Flyer" in sixteen years has sailed the distance to the moon five times, or has made fifty-three trips around the world. On the little craft the seats are arranged like those of a passenger car. The "Flyer" timetables are a part of the equipment of every tourist and citizen of the two cities; for nearly twenty years the little boat has been right on dot on every trip, and she can be depended on to swing around the corner at the right moment as surely as the swallow greets the summer.

A STREET IN SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

* * *

Tacoma—yes, of course we "liked Tacoma." The National Editorial Association was shown everything, from the tide-water flats to the great enterprises and industries that constitute the wealth of the city at the head of Commencement Bay. Just as we approached the shore line, a ship from Hawaii hove in sight—then appeared a blue funnel coming from Japan—this was a living picture of Tacoma's great commerce possibilities.

The wide tide-water flats stretch across from the estuary of the Puyallup River, forming probably the most extensive single railroad terminal known in the world. The great slips have a depth of water that would enable the "Lusitania" to float with ease. Fringing the shore are fine lumber mills, suggesting the basic industry of the Pacific Northwest.

The magnificent high school building, one of the finest in the world, occupies the site that would have been given to some baronial castle if the country had been settled in older times. A stadium is being constructed in the great ravine adjoining, which will seat 20,000 people. The residents are keenly interested in all out-of-door sports, and their eagerness in providing for them suggests a renaissance of the old athletic Greek republic. Runners here have been able to break all records—owing to the invigorating air—and great results are expected from Tacoma athletes.

The development of Point Defiance Park, formerly a large military reservation, has been one of the wonders of the Pacific Coast. This park was secured from the government through the efforts of the late Congressman Francis Cushman, who resided in Tacoma. His popularity in his home city and state were manifested in the general grief at his untimely death. This tract, being owned by the city, has preserved a large portion of the primeval forest bordering on the famous Narrows. Commissioner Snell is often in the park, seeing after the welfare of the fine collection of animals that constitute the largest zoological display in any of the coast gardens.

In Tacoma it is safe to speak out loud of the mountain in the distance as Mount Tacoma; this is the old Indian name and easily pronounced. Here the automobile and railroad trip up the mountain and in Paradise Valley have inspired many a poet, and no more picturesque scenery can be found even in the Alps.

The day of the editors in Tacoma was a succession of warm-hearted hospitalities, from early morning until the beautiful, soft twilight fell, and the closing exercises were held in a pavilion overlooking the placid waters of Puget Sound. When visitors are told how the great United States fleet, that engirdled the world, circled in these waters, the wonderful harbor facilities are explained in a sentence. Every time one glances about, the imagination is fired with what

DRUGS
DRUGS

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, TACOMA, WASHINGTON

may be expected within a few years in this swift-growing latitude.

* * *

The return trip over the Northern Pacific Railroad was a three days' panorama that revealed the effect of the waves of Pacific Northwest development. Everywhere the harvest was being gathered. The Clearwater Valley, centered at Lewiston, Washington, and in Clarkston, Idaho, shows great progress. Montana is proving herself a great empire state, with Billings as the center of the famous Yellowstone Valley.

Almost everywhere en route we came across the Raymond & Whitcomb parties, and longed to turn back with them. Some were on the way to Alaska—some returning, others were encamped in the Yellowstone. No other single factor has been so important in carrying out the "seeing America" idea, and also in educating the East as to the greatness of the West. Extensive travel has been so simplified by their methods, that the most timid and shrinking traveler may now undertake tours to Alaska and all over picturesque America with impunity, and with no more worry than formerly associated with a week-end excursion. They may look upon scenes, and make tours that a few years ago tried the most sturdy and adventurous spirits.

Developing beyond all prophecy, Bozeman stands where the great Gallatin Valley opens out, and where the famous barley is raised for export to Germany. At Missoula, amid the rush of reservation land and home-seekers, we had a glimpse of the Bitter Root Valley, and its immense fruit development. Livingston and the Shields River Valley are another center of agricultural wealth, as well as the gateway to Yellowstone Park. This vast state of Montana, seven hundred and sixty miles wide, is covered with rich valley land, which is being rapidly settled and developed and may well claim empire proportions.

There were few passengers who did not watch for Butte, with its great bare hills that have stored up more wealth than any other equal area in the world. Here the continental water slope divides and here lived Mary McLean. The lecturer on the "Seeing Butte" car is kept busy answering queries as to Senator Clark and the good old days of placer mining and the Titanic struggles of the Amalgamated and Heinze.

SIENA CLUB AT HOTEL PORTLAND
Starting from Portland, Oregon, for a climb up Mt. Hood

Helena, the state capital, is now a sedate home city, and indicates the splendid growth of the past four years, and the great gulchs where placer mining prevailed are now covered with houses and business blocks.

In North Dakota, in the sections adjoining what was known as "bad land," dry farming had proved another triumph. In one stretch of less than a hundred miles on this railway, seven million bushels will be marketed.

Evidences of the farmers' prosperity were abundant at Hebron and Richardton, where there has been a large influx of Russian immigration. Mandan and Bismarck to the west, and Valley City and Fargo to the east in the famous Red River Valley—all have that air of thrift that presages a most prosperous year for North Dakota; it was freely predicted that this year would surpass all records in grain production. Over eighty Northern Pacific passenger trains are constantly skimming over the rails between Seattle and St. Paul. Even the prophetic mind of Jay Cook, when he planned the construction of this railroad, could never have conceived of all that has come to pass. Through all the vicissitudes of those early years there has always been the unfailing promise of permanent success for the pioneer line to the Northwest, which is certainly entitled to the splendid prestige it enjoys today in handling the bulk of the passenger traffic to the Yellowstone, and caring for the vast tide of immigration pouring into the swiftly developing Northwest, which is now in the heyday of deserved and lasting prosperity.

* * *

Unsurpassed and expeditious street-car service soon brings the Seattle visitor to the exposition at express speed. Passing under the massive treble arches at the entrance, the sight-seer finds himself in a veritable flower garden, in which a bronze statue of Washington offers a dignified welcome.

The embankment to the right is a pageant of poppies, of every color and variety, while on the left is a blaze of geraniums, lining the Puget Sound plaza. Miss Edna Dean Proctor, the distinguished New England poetess, was a member of our party, and her poet's eye delighted in the wealth of color: "Even Windsor Castle's geranium beds fall short of the beauty displayed in the rich rows of blossoms that line the way at the Seattle fair. Here the landscape artist has worked hand in hand with Nature in her most generous mood, and the result is marvelous. I wish that everyone might see this wealth of flowers. Are they not beautiful?" she said.

Having made her last trip West in the sixties, on one of the first Union Pacific passenger trains, Miss Proctor was astonished at the progress made all through the West; the city of Spokane delighted her, and she was charmed with Seattle, while she felt assured that the capsheaf of beauty and progress was bound up in the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. She summed up its three chief features as compactness, making it easy to get about; scenic location, amid magnificent mountains and lakes, and wonderful floral display.

Many newcomers laugh at the generous use of superlatives, but on seeing the sights, they soon concur in the opinion of Charles Dana Gibson, who, looking across the foreground of formal gardens with their rainbow colors, beyond the towering firs, to where

Mount Rainier's tumbled snow gleams in the sun, said to a reporter: "If you desire to express an artist's appreciation of this view, use every superlative in the language"

* * *

The first impulse on entering the exposition is to claim everything as one's "very own." In a broad sense the United States of America are exhibited here, and there is something that appeals to every citizen—no matter from what point of the compass he comes. Two or three days of persistent attendance at the exposition leave many sights yet to see. This is not a Chicago, a St. Louis, or a Buffalo exposition, nor a mixture of the three. It is an exposition with an individuality all its own, and while one may feel some bodily fatigue, the eagerness to see more forbids even the thought of quitting. "Go and go and go" is the motto. The invigorating air makes it possible to do much in a day, and the spirit of "fifty-four and forty or fight" is in the air.

The magnificent mountain, lake, and forest firs are part of the exposition—the keynote of the capabilities of the great Northwest. Sleeping snowclad ranges to the east and west, and the grandeur of the dome of Mount Rainier to the south, the vast lines of forest spread along the shores of the lakes—Union and Washington—make an impressive picture, and indicate the reverent appreciation of natural beauty in the hearts of the people of Seattle.

The feature structure of the exposition is the Forestry building, one of the architectural marvels of the times, constructed entirely of logs—the largest log house ever built. Clad in their native dress of bark one hundred and twenty-six of these huge pillars stand sentinel in the exterior colonnade; each of these forest giants is five feet in diameter. They have the simplicity and boldness of design that suggest an ancient Grecian temple or a Druid cromlech in some wild and lonely spot. The fine lines of its aisles and the loftiness of its girded ceiling speak of the grandeur of the open forest and the blue arch of sky above it. Yet there is a touch of humanity about that magnificent structure, an epitome of the story of axe and saw, of donkey engine and logging train, panting tug and dragging boom and all the homely and heroic incidents of the romance of a great industry conducted, to a large extent, under the open sky. When President James J. Hill first looked upon this building he impressively remarked that it was built by the Almighty and was the feature structure of the fair.

HARVESTING IN RED RIVER VALLEY, NORTH DAKOTA

A complete representation of the salmon fishing industry is presented, showing species from the tiny spawn to the full grown fish. The great aquarium was a popular feature, always surrounded by a bevy of boys and girls eagerly watching the finny tribes and wishing that it might be possible to bait a magic hook that would secure some of these rare specimens. This typical fishing scene bore above it the tantalizing legend, "No Fishing Here.'

The wonders of the basic resources of the Pacific Northwest were here—the handsome fir wood and lumber used for finishing purposes were exhibited in all stages of manufacture, to say nothing of a single great mast ninety feet in length and twelve feet in diameter, stretched across the veranda. The giant lumber industry of the Northwest was in evidence in the sash doors, windows, desks and other fine pieces of workmanship. The Washington fir has become very popular in recent years.

PEACHES AND PUMPKINS IN THE SPOKANE VALLEY, WASHINGTON

The inspiring Forestry building is one of the gifts that are to be bequeathed to the University of Washington, upon whose campus the fair is swinging along its merry way. The Fine Arts Palace, the splendid Auditorium, the Washington State building, the Arctic Brotherhood log house, the Women's building, Good Roads structure and Machinery buildings, the classic music pavilion, a model foundry, electric light and power plant, miles of first-class paving, 280 acres of beautiful campus and numerous other permanent improvements compose the exposition's offering to the state educational institution; the cost has been reckoned as upward of a million and a half dollars.

The Government building is the feature of the Court of Honor, and Uncle Sam has erected four other buildings grouped about the massive dome to accommodate the Hawaiian, Alaskan, Philippine and Fisheries exhibits. More floor space is occupied in the government exhibit than at St. Louis, and the display is most comprehensive. The story of the evolution of executive government and various departments is unfolded in the main building, where all manner of historic documents, including an original Declaration of Independence, relics and weapons have been collected, and the visitor lingers with the pleasure one feels in re-reading a favorite poem, or story.

It has been suggested by President Chilberg that a government exhibit of this kind should be maintained in various sections of the country, purely for the educative value in making a stronger and better citizenship. This suggestion, coming from a man of wide experience, is entitled to careful consideration, especially when such an exposition can be made at a cost of sixteen cents per capita.

In his early days Mr. Chilberg was a "printer's devil," carried papers, milked the cows and peddled the milk, clerked in a grocery store and in every possible way helped his Scandinavian parents, who brought him to Seattle at the age of eight. When some faint-hearted souls spoke of the difficulty of organizing an exposition in Seattle, young Chilberg made a speech that struck fire from the coldest flint, and inspired an enthusiasm that raised $350,000 in the teeth of the most unfavorable financial conditions. His experience in Alaska when he took the first 2,500 men down the Yukon to Nome after the strike was reported, peculiarly fits him for the position of President of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. The preliminary trip to Alaska to awaken enthusiasm there, his untiring devotion to the exposition without one cent of remuneration shows the true citizen spirit.

Years ago, when he lost everything in the great fire, and was without means, he sat upon the docks at Seattle and conceived the idea of developing trade between that city and Central and South America. He went to the different milling companies and secured their permission to sell flour on commission to Central and South America. On his way South he was shipwrecked off the coast of Mexico when the steamer "Colima" went down. Glowing obituaries were written and funeral services were held at Seattle when the news reached his home that he was lost at sea. While the services were in progress a telegram was received reading, "Am safe and well and proceeding on to Central America."

With abundant force, and energy not even shipwreck checked his plans. Returning from Alaska he dreamed of a real skyscraper for the city. The idea was scoffed at in Chicago, St. Louis and the East, where he went to secure the money. With only $1,000 in hand he began the erection of a million dollar building, the first skyscraper of Seattle. He had secured an option on the lot for $135,000. His picturing of the building of six stories, and what it meant to Seattle took effect in San Francisco.

"How much do you want?"

"All I can get," he replied promptly. "A million dollars will give us a building fourteen stories high."

"Will it pay?"

"I *know* Seattle," was his significant response. This handsome office building commemorates the opening of the Alaskan trade for Seattle and has proved one of the best paying office buildings in the country, not a square foot of space vacant from the time it was finished and scores on the waiting list. This was followed by the building of the Manufacturers Exchange, the removal of the great hill and rebuilding of the Washington Hotel, the pride and glory of Puget Sound.

He is president of the Scandinavian Bank in Tacoma and Seattle. Heavily interested in the Pioneer Mining Company of Nome, and the Tanana Alaska Water & Power Company. When the history of the Seattle Exposition is written it will add another bright page in the career of this self-made man. Still in the sunny paths of forty, great achievements may be expected from one so richly endowed with those qualities that predominate in the development of the Great Pacific Northwest.

Arriving at the Hawaiian building the sightseer feels as though he had packed his grip, shaken off fog, rain and winter snows with all conventional associations and landed in the Blessed Isles, to harken with delight to the voluptuous voices of the Kanaka minstrels and the perfect South Sea rhythm of "Lik no a Lik." When at last he arouses himself to move on to other sights dark-eyed Hawaiian belles throw around his neck a "lei."

Hawaiian fish with tints as gorgeous as the rainbow were exhibited. Their shapes are odd: some have the head of an anteater, others are more than half-head with eyes in the top of the back. One particular variety have more the appearance of butterflies than fish, and move about as gracefully as a sunbeam upon a wave. This is the first importation of live fish ever taken from the Hawaiian Islands to the United States. The rice fields in miniature a brown and white sugar replica of a villa, and many other Hawaiian specialties suggest how much these tiny islands in mid-Pacific, touched by all the caravans of commerce, are doing for the world at this time.

IRRIGATED FRUIT FARMS, LEWISTON-CLARKSTON COUNTY

The spell of this building held Miss Proctor who made friends with one of the pretty Kanaka girls. After she had eaten some of the delicious Hawaiian pineapple and listened to the native minstrels as they sang Queen Lil's plaintive "Aloha Oe," she left the building wearing one of the "lei" which the natives throw over the shoulders of their guests when they bid farewell to the "Islands of the Blessed."

HON. JOHN H. McGRAW
Ex-Governor of the State of Washington, Vice-President Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

In the Alaskan building, the giant of the West suddenly takes the visitor by the hand and introduces him to his twin brother, the giant of the North, quite a different chap from the silent, frozen fellow of popular fancy. Dumb with surprise one learns that Alaska owns more good agricultural land than New England, New York and Pennsylvania combined; that her climate is no more severe than that of the Northern states of the Atlantic seaboard or Scandinavia, and gold is not her only product, for this exhibit proves that the fishery wealth of Alaska is equal to all the treasures extracted from the earth by miners.

Behind the bars of an iron cage is the yellow gleam of gold—gold in bars, gold in quarts, gold from the sand of the river banks—all the different "strikes" represented. The machinery and method of separating it from dross earth and rock are also shown in the building, and the exhibit of baser metals found in Alaska is a surprise to many. Among her wealth Alaska includes anthracite and petroleum in the Katella district—no wonder the Guggenheims are going that way. Rich juicy melons grown in the Arctics dissipate the popular impression of the climate; Alaska daisies lift their pretty heads in rivalry with the rose, the dahlia, the carnation, geraniums and many other flowers.

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In the Manufacturers' building is shown the massive character and scope of the manufactures of the Northwest. Great sawmills and their products, wonderful machinery and equipment were exhibited. There were machines for testing the strength of various kinds of timber, and manufactures were exhibited on a large scale in consonance with the prevailing tendency toward the superlative—for in the Pacific Northwest everything is big or relative to biggest.

In the Mining building some of the Eastern people were looking for the location of property in which they held stock. These primeval resources of the Northwest have only been touched as yet and few have any idea as to their scope. In the building devoted to King County of which Seattle is the center, there was a reproduction of the New Castle coal mines; the visitor went down twenty-six feet, but it seemed that the elevator dropped him ten times that depth, and the trip has all the thrills of "down in a coal mine."

If the fine arts collection at the exposition were permanent, artists would come from all over the world to study it, for it embraces a rare collection of old masters from public, private and government galleries, beginning with Botticelli and running through the Italian, Dutch, English and French schools, and containing many of the best paintings of the present day. There is a supplementary collection of modern French art in the European building, where Italy's famed Carrara marbles are also represented by many fine bits of sculpture. In the Swedish building the famous painting, the "Shadow of the Cross," is exhibited and the weird story of the strange shadow related.

* * *

After the courts, the buildings, the water and electric displays, the floral and landscape features have all been studied, there still remains the hilarious Pay Streak and at least one-third of the entire exposition area to visit.

The "Pay Streak" — rightly christened — rejoices the heart of a true cosmopolitan; here are Igorrote, Eskimo, Turk and Siwash, in their native villages, and each attracting their full meed of attention. The followers of Antero, clad only in historic gee-string, throw clods at each other, scamper up trees with the agility of cats or tell in pigeon English that their five-cent rings bring them good luck. Columbia, the pretty Eskimo girl, easily outstrips her brother furclads in the Arctic game of skill, lapping up coins with a twenty-foot whip. With each dip of the scenic railway, each whisk of the tickler and each whirl of the toy wheel, arise those little shrieks of delight, which are the hall-mark of enjoyment at Coney Island and Wonderland —listening to that universal and unmistakable language of merriment, the Eastern visitor feels more than ever at home. On the "Pay Streak" is also a reproduction of an Alaskan dance hall of old times—a few boards fastened together and covered with a tin roof—a flash light of frontier life.

It was unexposition-like to see bearded miners and all the gay persons one meets upon a "pay streak" highway regaling themselves on buttermilk and ginger ale, and nowhere was a cigarette visible. The state law prohibits even carrying cigarettes. Not a drop of liquor was sold on the grounds, and its absence eliminated some of those lively saloon scenes associated with the early days of the West. The air itself was almost an intoxicant. After being all day on the grounds sight-seeing, it might be supposed that visitors would be too tired to care to return for evening gaieties, but no, back we went every time. We enjoyed passing in and out the gates, meeting the true "oh-fish-al" programme boy, and hearing the turnstiles click with real cash instead of tickets in the hopper—the wheel chairs, jinrikishas, and the cheery ballyhos of the "Pay Streak"—nothing was lacking.

Photo by Prince, Washington, D.C.

W. T. THOMAS

Chief of Publicity, Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

Everything was very orderly and a Columbian guard was a rare sight, although the familiar sandwich man and the seller of "hot dog" sausages were there in great force.

Ezra Meeker, the pioneer who rode in an oxcart on the Lewis and Clark trail from Oregon, and was received by President Roosevelt at the White House is kept busy telling people of his experiences in the early days in the West, and looking after his store and restaurant.

In the Agricultural building the agrarian splendors of the Northwest are vividly portrayed. Every county in the state of Washington is represented, showing the fruit and cereal products and also illustrating the enthusiasm of the citizens in exploiting their home section. In many booths a pleasant-voiced lecturer, with a pointer, indicates on the map the future possibilities and present accomplishments of "our country" and where the new railroads were going to be built.

C. R. ROLLINS
Treasurer Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

New York is the only state east of the Rocky Mountains represented with a building, and that state home has been the center of many social functions and festivities. The structure is a replica of the home of Secretary Seward in New York State when the dreams of Alaska possessions were first conceived.

The Pacific Coast states are well represented, and the Oregon and Washington buildings are of generous size, and have been the scene of many greetings between families and friends, who met here from all parts of the country.

The Music Pavilion resembles a Grecian temple, and crowds gathered there in the afternoons and evenings to hear the best music obtainable; it suggested a European scene or a kurhaus. It was almost a marvel to some of us to see the active Seattle people sitting still—long enough even to listen to the sweet strains of the Laberallis Band and chorus of grand opera singers.

In the natural amphitheatre an Indian play was presented, and David Bispham, the famous singer, was listened to by thousands of delighted visitors. This is the most perfect outdoor theatre in the world, with a seating capacity for 30,000 people. Surrounded at the back and sides by towering Douglas firs and massive cedars, the place seems to have been created by giants of old for spectacular events.

JAMES A. WOOD
Director of Exploitation, Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

Fringing the beautiful picnic grounds the electric lights glitter at night like glowworms, and form an appropriate frame for the picture. Once in Seattle, a bold and adventuresome spirit has full sway. The timid lady traveler of the East who gets nervous over a visit to the county seat twenty miles away finds herself boldly arranging for a trip to the Arctic Circle. Possible side trips, north, south, east and west, make it imperative for the tourist to plan carefully or he will return with a regret at "missing something."

The wealth of the West is her citizens, whether demonstrated in the timid, elderly lady who carefully signs, with labored care, the Seattle Chamber of Commerce register at the exposition and departs with a radiant consciousness of having performed a civic duty, or in the care that the exposition officials are taking of the baby visitors. Babies in perambulators, babies in arms, babies just able to toddle are all there, and babies born in June, 1909, have been especially honored. The exposition gave a christening party on a scale befitting its dignity, and all the little June rosebuds were duly christened in the Auditorium, the occasion being graced by special music and elaborate decorations. Each baby was presented with a souvenir of the occasion, a handsome loving cup suitably engraved.

* *

We made a final tour of all the flower beds, looked again at the half-million tufted English pansies, the blazing glory of roses, the masses of daisies, the gigantic bed of sweet william filling the air with a perfume suggestive of the popular carnation. Another glimpse of the sea of bloom called up visions of a quaint home garden, where sweet william, hollyhocks and phlox grew around the kitchen door.

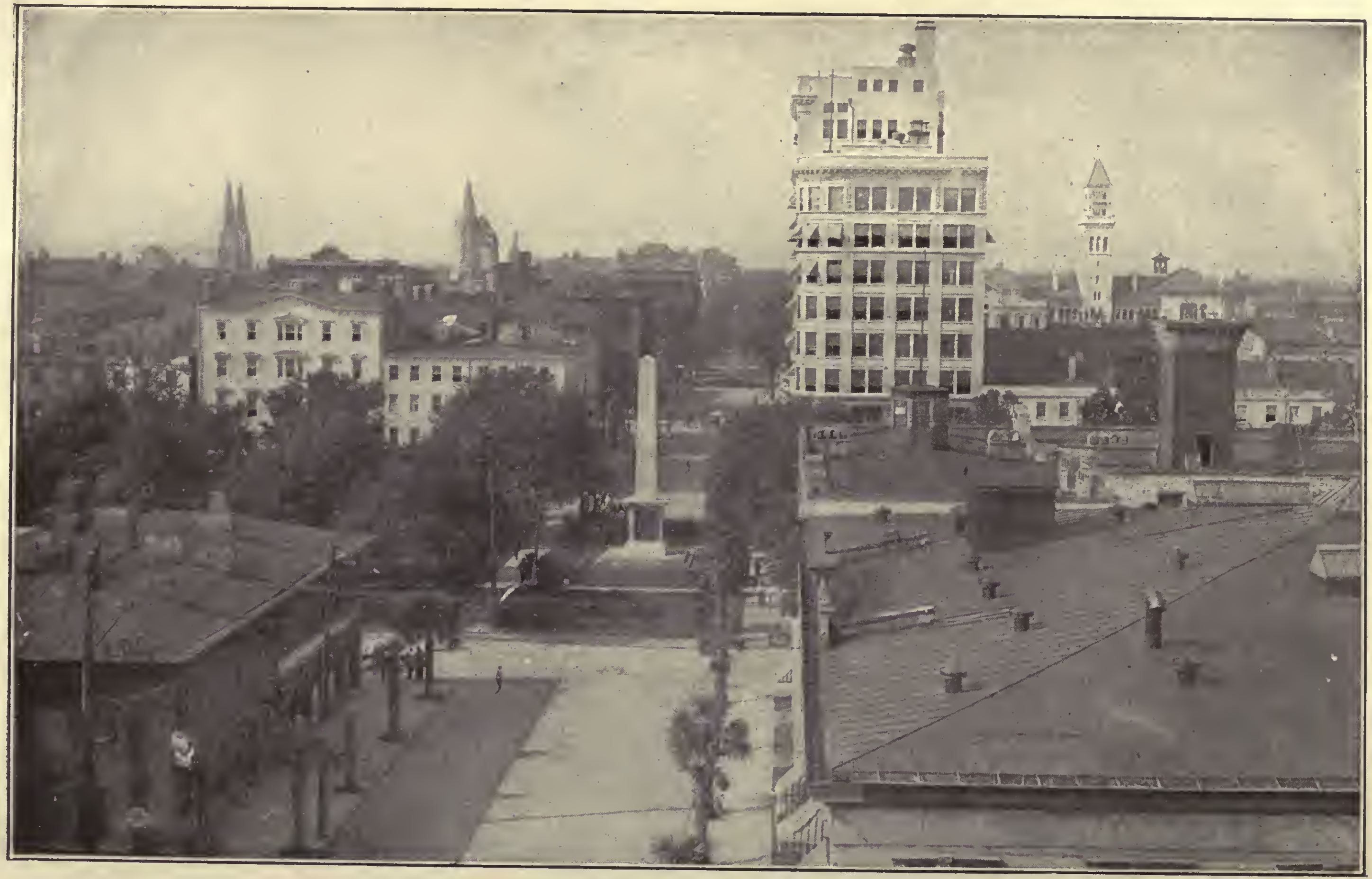
We said good-bye to the last of the opening overture of rhododendrons, the chosen flower of the exposition and the emblem of the state of Washington, and with the final click of the turnstile ringing in our ears refused to listen to the stern critic who says that expositions are only stimulated by industrial self-interest, deciding rather that they are a fine demonstration of a practical community of interest in the broadest and highest sense—a genuine and enduring communism.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

LIFE, how the flaming sword of the warm light
Has pierced my soul at dawn of each new day!
How every star has cheered me with its ray
Outshining in the darkness of the night!
How every flower and tree upon my sight
Has flung the banner of its beauty gay!
How every wind has blown some cloud away
To leave my spacious world more fair and bright!

The vine-wreathed head I lifted in my youth;
The swift-winged feet so eager for the race;
Love and success, and failure dark as death;
Hunger and pain and poverty and ruth—
How I sustained the glory and disgrace,
Still spendthrift and impassionate of breath!



LOOKING UP BULL STREET, SAVANNAH, FROM CITY HALL

HURRICANE FALLS—OF THE TALLULAH GROUP. NINETY-ONE FEET HIGH

"GLORIOUS OLD GEORGIA"

(*Concluded*)

By GARNAULT AGASSIZ

UNQUESTIONABLY the greatest field of endeavor in the industrial life of tomorrow will be the comprehensive development of hydro-electric power. Fifteen years ago the thought of concentrating, and employing to man's advantage, the incomputable store of dynamic energy that was wasting itself in a thousand streams had scarcely given itself shape, and yet today, Niagara, the unconquerable, has been conquered; the meandering creek that yesterday, owing to its shallowness or treachery, had no commercial value, has been schooled to run a hundred mills, even the broad river that bears upon its bosom a portion of the world's commerce has been trained to another task. In every section of the land steam is being largely superseded by water-generated electricity, the cheapest power on earth.

The important role hydro-electric power is destined to play in the upbuilding of the new South can be only rudely foreshadowed. With more than five millions of horse power going to waste in the Southern Appalachians alone, and her enormous deposits of bituminous coal, the South has sufficient power, not only profitably to develop her wonderful natural resources, but to create an industrial empire second to none in the world.

Of all the industries that should benefit greatly by an intelligent development of the South's huge water powers, cotton manufacturing stands easily first, for the prosperity of no other industry is conditioned so much upon a plentiful supply of cheap power.

In the last twenty years the scene of cotton manufacturing has been shifting gradually southward, to the home of the raw material.

In 1880 New England had more than eighty per cent. of all the cotton spindles in the United States; today this percentage has fallen to less than sixty and is annually decreasing. In the same period the number of operatives in Southern mills has increased from sixteen thousand to one hundred and twenty-five thousand. An increase of more than six million and a half spindles in the decade just closed is a record of which the South may be well proud.

PLANT OF THE NORTH GEORGIA ELECTRIC COMPANY, ON THE CHESTATEE

It must not be supposed, however, that New England's cotton industry is experiencing a period of retrogression. On the contrary it is more prosperous today than ever in its history. Fully more than forty million dollars is being spent this year in the construction of new textile mills and the rehabilitation of old ones, at least thirty millions of which is for the cotton branch of the industry. In New Bedford alone, some twelve million dollars is being expended, while at Lawrence is being built the largest single mill in the world. The South this year is spending at least twenty-five million dollars in its cotton industry.

How soon, if ever, the South will wrest from New England the supremacy in cotton manufacturing is conditioned chiefly on two things—a larger supply of skilled labor for Southern mills and cheaper power.

The labor problem is finding a partial solution in the creation throughout the South, particularly in the Carolinas and Georgia, the three great cotton-manufacturing states, of a distinctively mill class reared from the cradle to regard the mill as its one means of livelihood.

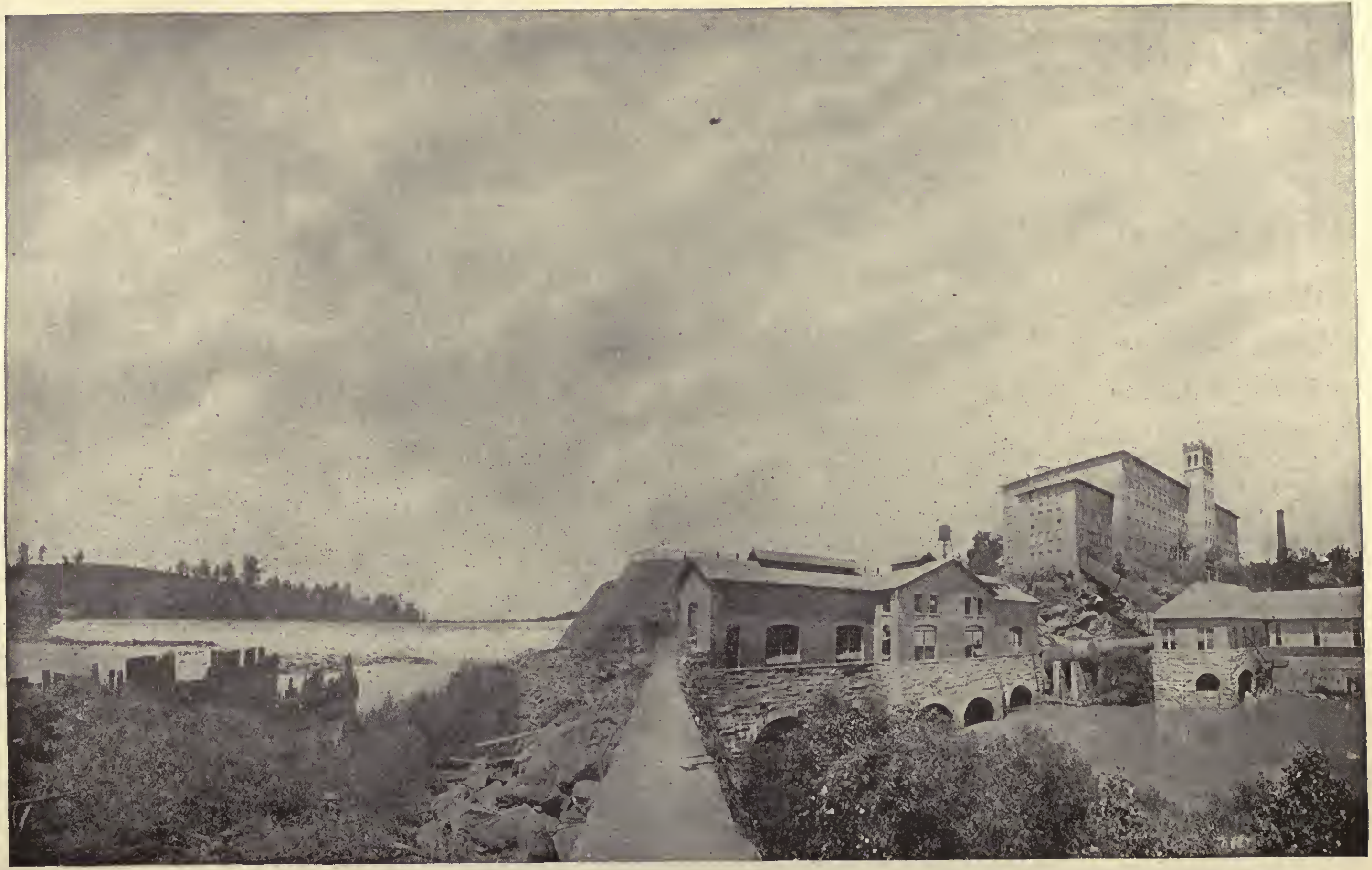
One of the most important factors in the evolution of the labor problem of course, is industrial training. The South, while still far behind New England in this regard, is awakening gradually to the imperative importance of this branch of education. In this connection attention might be drawn to the fact that Columbus, Georgia, enjoys the unique distinction of supporting a public school that teaches the kindergarten work, all of the grades and regular academic work, and both primary and secondary industrial education, enabling the pupil to go out to the battle of life on graduation fully prepared to meet the requirements of modern industrialism. Many of these young men and women are entering the employment of the Columbus mills.

An insufficiency of skilled labor, however, is still a chief obstacle in the development of cotton manufacturing in the South. For this the manufacturer has not been to blame. He has done his best to induce the migration of skilled labor from the older mill centers, but the grossly exaggerated reports of negro desperadoism have effectively checkmated his efforts—for the peace-loving operatives of France, Great Britain, and New England cannot be induced to transport themselves to a section where the sacredness of their homes would not be conserved, no matter what advantages that section might hold forth.

And the truth of the matter is, the Southerner's home is quite as, if not more, sacred than the Northerner's. That outrages have been, and are, intermittently committed by the negro is undeniable, but these outrages have been confined almost wholly to the rural districts, and have been committed generally under the influence of liquor—for in his natural habitat, the country, the negro is a pastoral creature, if a lazy one; while in the larger centers he generally has enough fear of the law to restrain him from very serious crime.

ONE OF MONROE COUNTY'S BIG WATER POWERS

But in face of all the obstacles that confront him, the Southern cotton manufacturer should be determined, no matter what the cost, or what the sacrifice, to produce a higher class of goods. It is only by manufacturing such cotton fabrics as are produced in England, Alsace and Lorraine, and to a limited extent in New England, that he can hope to realize his natural birthright. This does not mean that the South produces no fine cotton goods at all, for it does; but that the great majority of Southern mills manufacture only the very cheapest grades of staple goods. The cotton



HYDRO-ELECTRIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHATTAHOOCHE
Showing the dam and plant of the Columbus Power Company and the Bebb Mill

manufacturer's best market always will be at home, no matter what the increase in foreign trade, and it is the home trade for which the Southern manufacturer should strive, for the home trade demands the highest class of goods obtainable, and are willing to pay for them. Then, again, the exigencies of the cotton market, which oftentimes affect the low grade fabrics very seriously, exert no appreciable influence on the high.

BULL SLUICE, THE DEVELOPMENT THAT OPERATES ATLANTA'S STREET RAILWAY AND LIGHTING SERVICE.

In the development of the South's huge water powers will lie the solution of the question of cheap power. At a conservative estimate there is enough undeveloped power in the South to propel all the cotton spindles in the world. This power should be available at fully a third less than the Northern cotton manufacturer can buy his coal—and coal is only half the cost of producing power,

Five hundred thousand horse power at mean low water, and a horse power that during the greater part of the year will aggregate at least eight hundred thousand, is a conservative estimate of the future water-power possibilities of the streams and rivers of Georgia. This great dynamic force, by the construction of storage dams and by the employment, where these are found impracticable, of auxiliary steam power during periods of very low water, may be further increased to a million and a quarter horse power, which, analyzed, means as great a dynamic force as can be produced from over seventeen million tons of coal, less by only five million tons than the combined coal production of Alabama and Tennessee, in the mining of which some thirty thousand men are constantly employed. The water powers of Georgia are confined practically to the following hydrographic basins: the Savannah, the Ogeechee, the Altamaha, the Apalachicola, the Mobile and the Tennessee.

Of these the Apalachicola, which embraces the Chattahoochee and Flint rivers and a number of less important streams, and the Savannah, which embraces the Savannah itself, and the Tugaloo, Chattooga, Tallulah and Broad rivers, are the most important.

The water powers embraced by the various falls and rapids of the Chattahoochee are among the most considerable in the eastern Appalachian Range, it being estimated that from them at least three hundred thousand horse power can be commercially generated.

The Chattahooche River is larger than the Connecticut, which will give some idea of its importance.

Important developments have been made on the Chattahoochee at Gainesville, West Point, Atlanta and Columbus, and still others are contemplated.

LOOKING UP PEACH TREE STREET, ATLANTA

By far the most important water powers on the Chattahoochee, and for that matter in the state, occur at and above the thriving manufacturing city of Columbus, where there is a fall of 370 feet in some thirty-four miles, 240 feet of that fall being within sixteen miles of the city.

It is estimated that at least a hundred and twenty thousand horse power can be generated at and above Columbus, an electrical force quite capable of driving twice the number of spindles contained in all the cotton mills of Georgia at the present time.

The first known attempt to utilize the mighty waters of the Chattahoochee was made in 1848, but it was not until 1853, when the Eagle mill was constructed, that its waters were successfully harnessed. In 1866 the mill was burned to the ground by order of General Wilson, who had captured Columbus after one of the hottest engagements of the year. At the close of the War the mill was rebuilt, the name Phœnix being added to Eagle, to typify the marvelous reconstruction of the shattered South, and the burned wooden dam was replaced by the present stone structure, which has a head of twenty-seven and a half feet and generates about six thousand horse power.

The extraordinary growth of cotton manufacturing in the state of Georgia in the closing years of the Nineteenth Century led to the construction at Columbus in 1900 of the North Highlands dam, the largest active dam in the state at the present time. This dam was constructed by private capital and as a public enterprise. It is forty-two feet high and 732 feet wide, and generates about ten thousand horse power. This development was acquired some four years ago by The Columbus Power Company, one of the numerous companies managed by a large Eastern firm, who augmented this primary power by the construction of an auxiliary steam power station of some three thousand horse power capacity. The Columbus Power Company owns the riparian rights to some twenty miles of the Chattahoochee above Columbus, from which they hope ultimately to furnish over 75,000 horse power. Much of the preliminary work of this future development, such as the topographical surveying and the selection of dam and power-house sites has been completed, and actual development will be made as fast as market conditions warrant.

Hydro-electric power has done much for the city of Columbus. It has caused an actual investment in Columbus of considerably more than fifteen million dollars, and has saved the various manufacturers fully a quarter of a million dollars. It has enabled the mills to operate when other mills in less favored localities have been forced to close down. It has given Columbus one of the best street railroad systems in the South. It has been by far the most important factor in her upbuilding. So great, in fact, has its influence been that, with no exception, every mill in the city is undergoing extensive additions or improvements. Two are doubling their capacity, and a number of others are making considerable additions, while the remainder are installing the most modern equipment obtainable. Over 75,000 spindles are being added to the city's present total spindleage of 210,000, which means employment for at least two thousand additional hands.

In the future Columbus it will play an even more important role. Augusta and Columbus, one at the head of the Savannah, the other at the head of the Chattahoochee, are destined beyond a shadow of a doubt to be the chief cotton manufacturing cities of Georgia. Both have an inexhaustible supply of cheap power, both are favorably situated with reference to transportation, one being able to ship her goods to the ocean, the other to the Gulf. At the present time in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand tons of merchandise is shipped to the Gulf from Columbus annually, which, with the completion of the Government's contemplated deepening of the Chattahoochee, and the opening of the Panama Canal, should be incalculably increased.

PLANT OF THE ALBANY POWER AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ALBANY.

At West Point, the West Point Manufacturing Company has established a hydro-electric development of some 3,000 horse power, which operates two mills of about twenty thousand spindles each, while three miles farther down the river is another power of about the same capacity, which is used to drive a large mill by direct water power. A power house is to be constructed here also, and at an early date.

Another important development on the

Chattahoochee is the development of The North Georgia Electric Company at Gainesville. This plant, which was constructed in 1901, supplies Gainesville, Norcross, Buford, and a number of smaller places with their light and power, besides transmitting some three thousand horse power to Atlanta, a distance of fifty miles. This was the first important long distance development in the state.

This company's main dam and power house are located on the Chattahoochee, just three miles above Gainesville, a smaller development being located on the Chestatee River, some eight miles farther north. Its future possibilities are very great, the company holding the riparian rights for enough water powers to enable them to develop fully a hundred thousand horse power.

From the Flint River it is expected that approximately seventy-five thousand horse power can be developed. This power will furnish light and power to Albany, Tifton, Valdosta, Americus and other South Georgia towns.

THE WATERFALL THAT IS TO SERVE CORNELIA AND OTHER NORTH GEORGIA TOWNS

The first attempt to harness the Flint River was made some four years ago, when the construction of a plant for the conversion of some three thousand horse power was undertaken by The Albany Power and Manufacturing Company. The power house for this, the first hydro-electric development in South Georgia, is located on the Muckafoonee Creek, at Big Shoals. The dam for this development, which holds back the waters of three distinct creeks for nearly fifteen miles, was at the time of its building one of the most perfect types of dam construction in the country.

The Albany Power and Manufacturing Company is now planning a much larger development for the Flint River. The power house and dam for this development will be located at Porter's Shoals, two and a half miles above Albany. The dam will have a twenty-five foot head, and will develop about nine thousand horse power. Some eighty miles of transmission lines will be built to neighboring towns, but it is expected that the larger part of the power will be sold in Albany. The total investment will approximate about a million and a quarter dollars.

Water-generated electricity runs Albany's municipal lighting plant, its street railroad service, a number of large manufacturing plants, and will this year operate its first cotton mill, a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar enterprise.

Two hundred and fifty thousand horse power can be regarded as a conservative estimate of the water-power possibilities of the various rivers embraced in the Savannah Basin.

THE EAGLE & PHŒNIX MILLS, COLUMBUS

The chief water powers of this basin are located on the Savannah River itself, although there are a number of very important powers on all of the other rivers that comprise it. The shoals of the Savannah River commence just two miles above Augusta, the head of navigation, and extend to the headwaters in almost unbroken regularity.

The first shoals are utilized by the city of Augusta in what is probably the most unique water-power development in America—a power canal. The dam which diverts the waters of the river into this canal, a two-thousand foot stone structure of the hollow concrete type, is located seven miles above the city. The canal itself is some eight miles in length and has a capacity of some three thousand cubic feet a second, sufficient to generate about twelve thousand eight hundred horse power, which, with the exception of eight hundred horse power required to work the pumps, is sold to the mills at the astonishingly low price of $5.50 per horse power year on the basis of a sixteen-hour day. And yet it returns to the city a net profit of forty-five thousand dollars a year, the reason, of course, being the inappreciable cost of operation.

The Augusta canal had its conception in a public-spirited attempt on the part of the citizens of Augusta to end a protracted era of industrial depression. From first to last it was distinctively a public enterprise, the money for its construction being raised by local taxation and public subscription. Its chief engineer worked without salary, and everything connected with it was carried out on the same lofty scale.

Many, however, doubted the feasibility of the project, which was completed in the face of state-wide criticism and much local opposition. Many of the local opponents, denying the city's right to treat it as a municipal enterprise, refused to pay their part of the assessment. The case was contested hotly, being carried from court to court, until in the supreme court it was definitely decided in the city's favor.

In 1871, the venture having proved a profitable one, it was decided to enlarge the

THE TOCCOA FALLS, ONE OF SOUTH GEORGIA'S BIG WATERFALLS canal to its present size, which work was completed some years later. Its opening saw the dawn of a new day for Augusta. Cotton and other manufacturing plants sprang up as if by magic, and before long all of the additional power had been contracted for.

The Augusta power canal has been, with a single exception, in constant operation since completion, that exception being the summer of last year, when a disastrous flood placed it out of commission for nearly two months.

PARTIAL VIEW OF AUGUSTA'S POWER CANAL

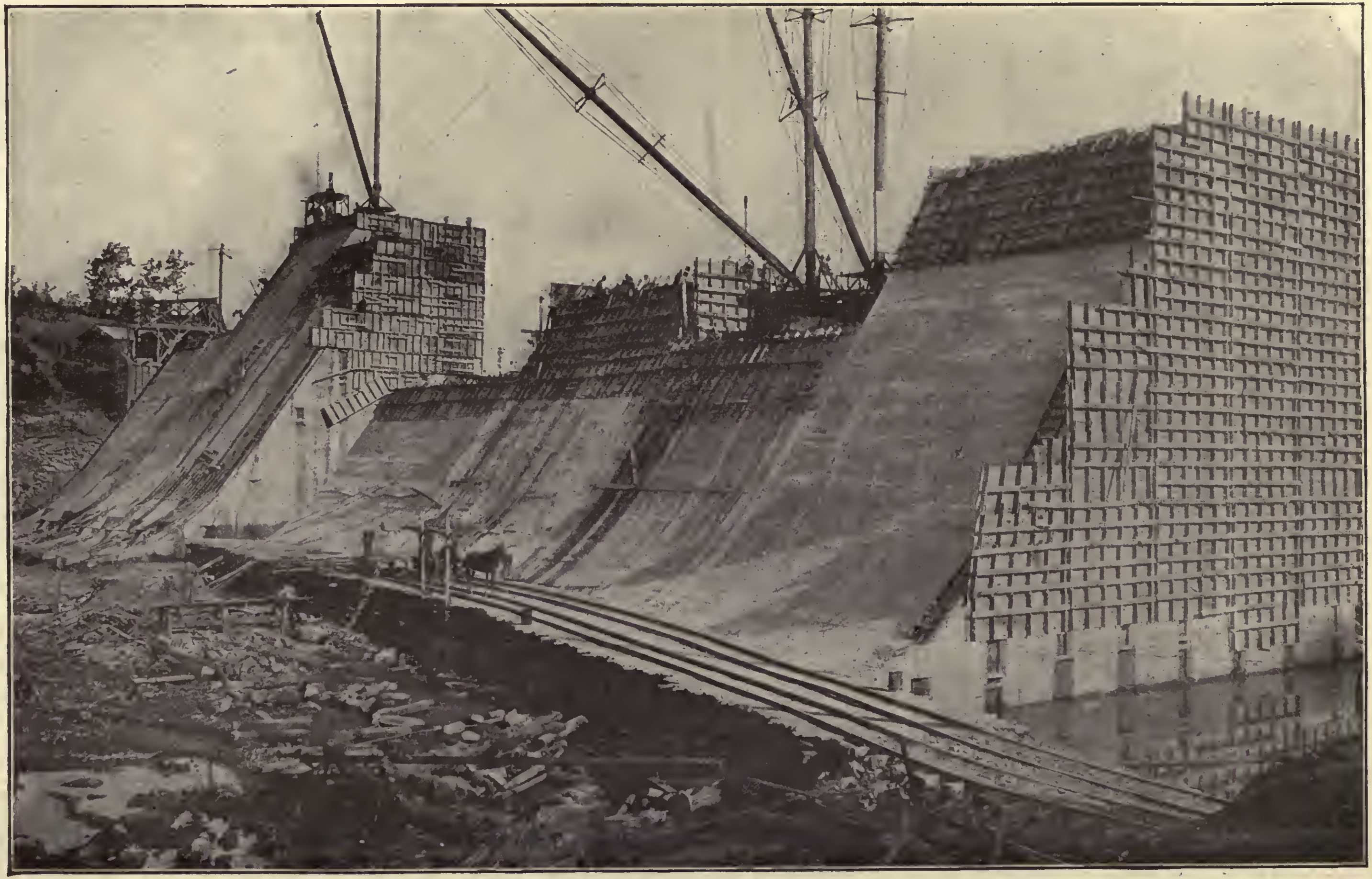
While Augusta's power canal will be an important factor in the industrial development of the city, her future industrial greatness will be conditioned on the successful inauguration of far greater hydro-electric enterprises.

First of these will be the Twin City's Power Company's big project at Price's Island, twenty-two miles north of Augusta. This company is undertaking the development of thirty-two thousand horse-power, for the generation of which a dam sixty feet high and three thousand feet long will be built. The power will be sold in Augusta, Savannah, and a number of less important towns.

Other developments are projected at Anthony Shoals and Calhoun Falls, each to develop about thirty thousand horse-power. In the development of the former some twelve thousand acres of land will be condemned, which with the river itself will make a storage pond some twenty square miles in extent, the largest in the world.

At least seven million dollars will be expended in the development of these three properties.

From the Tugaloo and Chattooga rivers at least sixty thousand commercial horse-power can be developed, while the Tallulah River from mouth to source will furnish at least thirty thousand more. The Piedmont Power Company, a three million dollar concern, recently formed, is contemplating the immediate development of 18,000 primary and 15,000 secondary horse-power on the two first-named rivers, hoping ultimately to develop about half that amount on the Tallulah.



BUILDING THE CENTRAL OF GEORGIA POWER COMPANY'S HUGE DAM AT JACKSON

To the average Georgian the mere mention of hydro-electric development for the Tallulah arouses a storm of indignant protest, for it means to him the desecration of Nature's greatest scenic gift to Georgia, the Tallulah Falls, a succession of water-falls and rapids that pass through a mighty ravine, which for sheer natural beauty is hardly excelled by the Grand Canyon of Colorado. But while the hydro-electric development of the lower Tallulah is not only possible, but probable, the harnessing of its upper falls, if ever, will not be undertaken for many years to come, the falls, while very high, having only a very moderate fall, and being so situated as to make their economic development almost impossible.

A TYPICAL LOGGING SCENE IN GEORGIA

All of the Piedmont Company's product will be sold in Atlanta, the greatest market for power in the state.

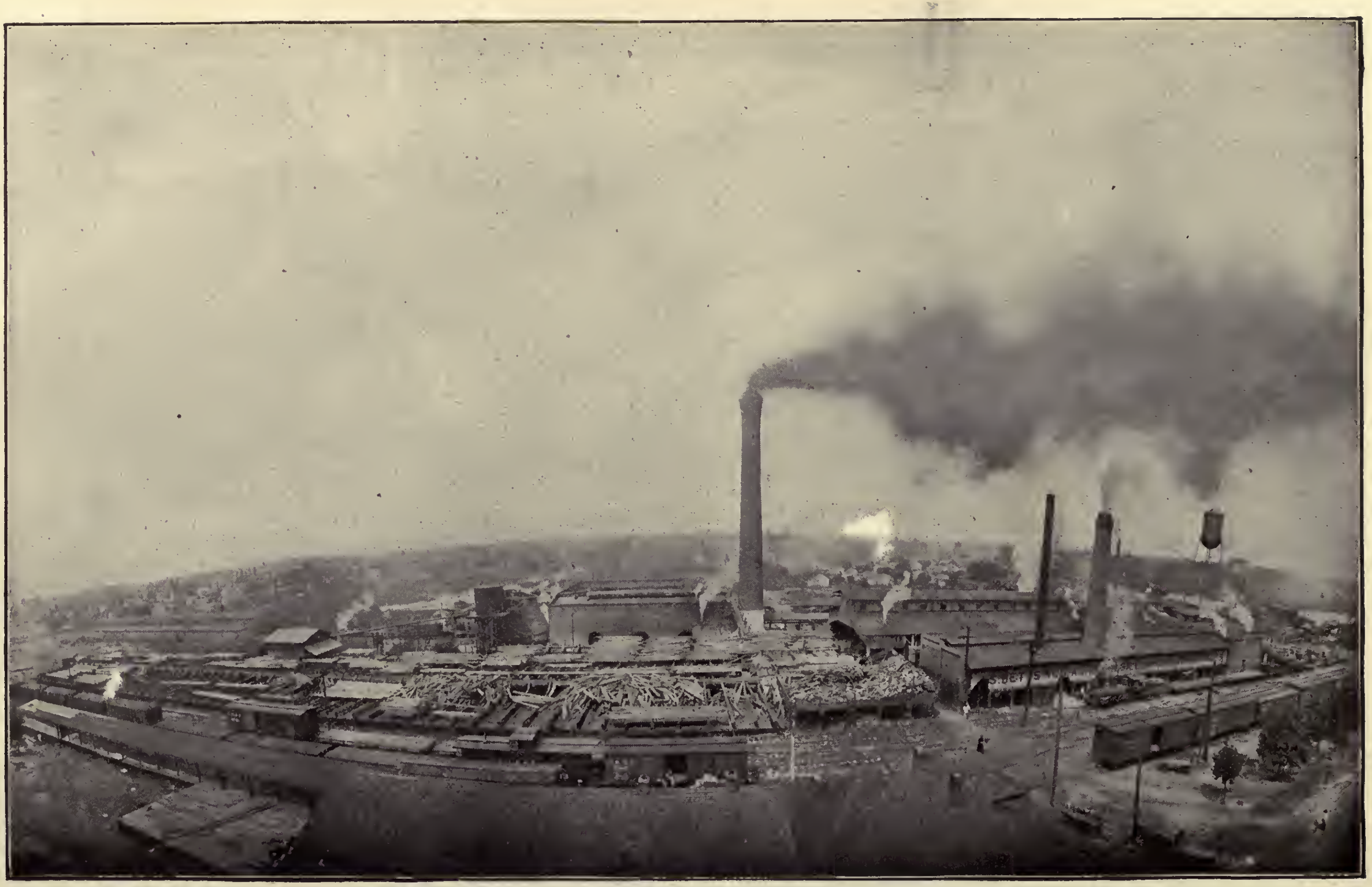
The growth in manufacturing in this metropolitan center in the last few years has been a marvelous one. In the last ten years it has become one of the most important manufacturing centers in the country, having huge iron and steel works, fertilizer plants, cotton seed oil refineries, buggy factories.

From the Atlanta River drainage basin, which embraces eleven distinct rivers and a number of smaller streams, it is estimated that at least seventy-five thousand horse-power can be developed. Two-thirds of this power will be derived from two rivers, the Oconee and the Ocmulgee.

The riparian rights for the power along these two rivers are owned by the Central of Georgia Power Company, a two million dollar corporation, with headquarters at Macon.

One of the most important hydro-electric developments yet undertaken in the South, the Central of Georgia Power Company's project will mean much to the development of Macon and Atlanta, and the various towns and villages of Central and South Georgia.

In speaking of this development, Mr. W. Jordan Massee, president of the Central of Georgia Power Company said:



WHERE THE VIRGIN PINE IS CONVERTED INTO LUMBER

The sawmill of L. S. Betts & Co., Ashburn, the largest sawmill in the state

"The total amount of power capable of eventual development by this company is from 100,000 to 150,000 horse power. It is planned to make Macon the power-distributing section of Central Georgia. This part of the State has raw material for manufacturing industries of many kinds.

"The Central Georgia Power Company has chosen for its first development its power site on the upper waters of the Ocmulgee, which flows through the heart of Central Georgia and connects Macon with the ocean at Brunswick. The power plant will be only six miles from Flovilla, eight miles from Jackson and ten miles from Monticello, all thriving manufacturing towns.

"The development at this site will be a high head power without a canal, the dam located at the foot of Capps and Lloyd Shoals, creating a storage reservoir embracing 4,000 acres, or six square miles, and capable of generating 22,000 horse-power on a ten-hour basis. The excellent physical features of this power site, the high head obtainable, natural granite foundation and abutments for the dam, large storage basin, freedom from ice and unusual fluctuations and comparatively low cost of development have been most favorably reported on by many eminent hydraulic engineers.

"The dam now building is of cement and masonry, and is about 1,400 feet long, one of the largest in the country. The power-house will be integral with it, and constructed of the same material. Power will be transmitted at 60,000 volts north to Atlanta and south to Savannah. The most modern and approved engineering practice will be followed in every detail of construction."

Hydro-electric development is the greatest economic problem before the nation today. The Government experts have given our coal fields, at the present rate of consumption, only fifty years of life. The steam powers of the country use an annual coal supply of 260 million tons, which is considerably less than half the power going to waste in our rivers and streams at the present time. The approaching coal famine makes the development of our water powers not only advisable but imperative. Every state government, instead of hindering hydro-electric development, by unwise and obnoxious legislation, should be willing to do all in its power to encourage it, providing, of course, the public welfare is conserved under just conditions.

Much has been written of late in relation to our water powers and the companies that are developing them, and the right of eminent domain as applied to the development of a water power has been seriously questioned.

And yet, after all, is not a hydro-electric development just as much a public service as a railroad? Certainly, they cannot be undertaken by individuals. So large a capital being required, and such a huge initial expenditure being necessary, they are essentially the work of a company or corporation. If the waterpowers of the country were left for development to their "rightful owners," the farmers, they would in all probability run on for centuries as they have for centuries past, benefiting no one, carrying only destruction in their wake.

Besides supplying nine large cotton mills and a number of other manufactories with power, lighting the city and operating its street railroad service, this canal serves the purpose of a commercial highway, being used extensively to transport cotton and other farm products to Augusta and the greater territory beyond.

With over a thousand sawmills in active operation, with an army of fifteen to twenty thousand men in constant service, with an annual timber cut of from eight hundred million to a billion and a quarter feet, and an approximate annual value of from fifteen to twenty million dollars, lumbering is second only to cotton among the native industries of Georgia.

Some idea of Georgia's great lumber resources can be gained from the fact that of her thirty-eight million acres more than t[illegible]ty-six millions are in forests, forests that embrace in varying quantities practically all of the trees indigenous to the Eastern states.

The chief hard woods of Georgia are the oak, the hickory, the ash, the dogwood, the black gum, and the persimmon; her chief soft woods, the long and the short-leafed pine, the poplar and the cypress.

Her hard woods are found chiefly in the mountains, along the banks of streams, and in the marshes and swamps.

Of all Georgia's commercial timbers, the pine is by far the most important. There are two chief species of pine in Georgia, the long-leafed and short-leafed, the former confined principally to the level plains of South

THE YELLOW PINE INDUSTRY

Georgia, the latter chiefly to the coastal plain region and along the streams, but occurring also throughout the state, particularly in the mountains, thickly interspersed with other trees.

Of the two, the long-leafed variety is infinitely the more valuable. It is indeed a tree that has made the Georgia lumber industry what it is today, that has made the pine of South Georgia the hallmark of pine perfection in the markets of the world.

A tall, symmetrical tree, with its foliage confined to its upper branches, the long-leafed, commonly known as the long-leafed yellow pine, is by far the most beautiful of all the pine family. It frequently attains to a height of a hundred and twenty-five feet, with a diameter of from one to four and a half feet. Five feet trees, while uncommon, are not rare.

The long-leafed pine region of Georgia covers some seventeen thousand square miles, and contains at a conservative estimate over twenty billion feet of merchantable timber. It is, however, in no sense of the word, inexhaustible. The truth is, there is comparatively little virgin pine left in the state, virgin pine interpreted being the pine that has never been tapped for its turpentine and rosin.

Prior to 1904, when it had little or no commercial value, the long-leafed pine of Georgia was ruthlessly slaughtered on every hand. The squared timber being the only portion of a tree that was marketable, the sawmills merely squared the logs, consigning the resultant side slabs to the flames. Then, only the finest of the trees were cut, leaving the ground unfit for rapid clearing. This naturally led to a tremendous depletion of the forests, for many trees had to be cut to secure even a small return. Even then, success was attainable only to the few, for where one made a fortune, a thousand lost one. But it is only fair to say that the one who made his fortune was he who conducted his logging operations in a legitimate, conservative, and intelligent way.

Although it has been a prominent factor in the lumber markets of the world for a matter twenty-five years, the pine industry of Georgia is considerably more than a hundred years old. For the first seventy-five years of its life, however, it was confined chiefly to the coast, and it was not until the construction of a number of important trunk lines through the very heart of the forest that any attempt to develop the industry on a large scale was made. The railroad, which in 1905 took over sixty per cent of the pine product of Georgia for cars and other railroad material, was an enormous factor in the early development of the pine industry. An illustration of this is the Brunswick & Albany, now a part of the Atlantic Coast Line, which three years after completion had some twenty-five sawmills in operation on its line. To the pioneer lumberman is also due a large measure of credit. One of these is Captain H. H. Tift. Captain Tift, whose name is as inseparably connected with Georgia lumbering as to be almost a part of it, commenced his operations in 1872, one year after the completion of the railroad referred to above. Starting in a very modest way, he gradually extended his operations, buying up all the timber lands that his limited means would allow. In 1893 the Georgia, Southern & Florida Railroad was built, and Captain Tift thought the time had arrived to start a town. That his judgment was correct is shown in the Tifton of today, which with some 3,500 population, four banks, a large number of stores and mercantile establishments, and a number of important industries is one of the most important centers in wiregrass Georgia.

A SOUTH GEORGIA PINE FOREST.

(*Continued on page* 654)

AMERICAN PROGRESS in TELEPHONY

By W. C. JENKINS

IT is interesting to note the progress made during the past thirty years in what is now one of the most important utilities in everyday business — the telephone. In its early stage no one, not even those most intimately connected with its management, knew anything about it; there was nothing to know; the business was absolutely a new one; everything was experimental; everything had to be learned.

Before the year 1876 there was not a single speaking telephone in the hands of the public anywhere in the whole world. Though Alexander Graham Bell had previously discovered the fundamental principles of the telephone, and although he had even made instruments exemplifying such principles, no patent protecting the invention had been granted him; no one except himself had ever made or used the instruments; and such suggestions of transmitting conversation over wires by means of an electrical current as had perchance made their appearance in the public press were either disregarded entirely or treated as an excellent joke. With a lack of confidence in its utility, it became necessary to create more than the telephone; it was necessary to create a demand, and before that demand could be created it was necessary to create an organization composed of a fortuitous combination of the right men, imbued with the conviction that the object sought was attainable.

The early advances which have systematized the technical side of telephony were made by men who, at the start, put in their money boldly and worked out plans for a broad and complete development of the industry, and the work is being carried along by those still actively concerned in the ever-increasing extension of the network of wires now covering the whole country.

One of the most formidable obstacles to early progress was the ever-prevailing opinion that the telephone could never be brought to a degree of perfection that its utility would be considered a necessity. The introduction of the telephone came like a thunderclap from a clear sky. Unlike flying-machines and other inventions of recent years, there had been no ages of experiment—no one ever supposed that any agency could possibly exist that would carry the human voice beyond a short distance. But its popularity today is a result of splendid and effective work by an organization of men, banded together in one common cause, to perfect and introduce the Bell telephone.

That the system adopted in the United States has been remarkably successful may be seen by a study of the comparative percentage of development in other countries:

There were in the world, January 1, 1909, approximately 9,500,000 telephones in use, with 21,000,000 miles of wire. Of the world's total, 6,617,922 telephones and 13,873,450 miles of wire are in use in the United States. The United States contains but 5.9 per cent. of the world's area and 5.2 per cent. of its population; yet, on January 1, 1909, it possessed 69 per cent. of the world's telephones, and 65 per cent. of the world's telephone wire mileage. These figures are even more striking when compared with our telegraph and postal development. Only 29 per cent. of the world's first-class mail matter is handled in the United States, and but 33 per cent. of its telegraph wire mileage is located in this country.

Comparing the United States with Europe, it is found that Europe has five times our population, but its telephone development is only 0.6 stations per 100 population, to 7.6 in the United States, or only one-twelfth as great.

January 1, 1908, Germany led all other European countries with 768,000 stations. Second in Europe came Great Britain, with 528,700 stations; either Ohio or Illinois exceeds these figures. France and Sweden, with 178,000 and 151,000 respectively, are outclassed by fifteen states of the American Union, while Denmark and Norway together, with 121,000 stations, are overshadowed by the

THEODORE N. VAIL, PRESIDENT AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY

GOVERNOR RUSSELL OPENING LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE LINE FROM BOSTON TO CHICAGO

Bell development in Chicago. Referring to Continental Europe only, and omitting the German Empire, the total number of telephones in use is about 900,000, which is scarcely equal to the Bell stations in New York and Illinois.

The great European cities all exhibit an astonishingly small telephone growth. London, Paris and Berlin together have not as many stations as Greater New York. The last available reports for comparison give London, 150,686; Paris, 62,219; Berlin, 94,903—a total of 307,807, while at the same date Greater New York had 309,282; St. Petersburg had less than one telephone per hundred of population; Madrid had one for each two hundred and Naples one for each three hundred of population. Constantinople, with more than a million inhabitants, has no telephone service, though the government has recently given permission to install one. Heretofore permission has been refused, because there seemed to be no means of censuring conversations.

The number of Bell stations in the United States, at the end of the year 1908, which are operated directly by the associated companies, was 3,215,245, an increase of 179,712. In addition to this number there were 1,103,144 exchange and toll stations connected to the Bell system by its toll and long distance lines, but operated by local, co-operative and rural independent companies, having sub-license or connecting contracts. Adding the Bell telephones employed for private line purposes, there was a total of 4,364,629 stations connected to the Bell system, as against 3,839,000 stations at the close of the previous year, a gain of 525,629 stations. The total mileage of wire in use for exchange and toll service was 9,830,718 miles, of which 1,220,126 were added during the year. This does not include the mileage of wire operated by sub-licenses. Not including sub-licenses, the daily traffic of toll connections was about 463,000, and of exchange connections about 18,500,000, as against corresponding figures in 1907 of 494,000 and 18,130,000; the total daily average for 1908 reaching 18,963,000, or at the rate of 6,106,000,000 per year.

The Bell system is one system telephonically inter-connected, inter-communicating and inter-dependent. Any one of over 4,000,000 subscribers can talk with any other one within carrying power over wires, the only exception being that the Pacific Coast and the Middle Rocky Mountain region are not yet connected.

The average rate of the Bell telephone system in the country, taking all classes of service and conditions into consideration, is about the same as the average rate in all countries. It is possible that some maximum rates may be high in this country, but when such cases exist it is a certainty that the maximum service is also high; value in telephone service depends upon the extent of the system and the character of the service furnished. Promptness and certainty mean operators and facilities sufficient to meet the maximum demands. If, instead of the excellent service furnished in this country, the uncertainties which characterize the systems of other countries were in vogue, the cost would be reduced, but the result of such reduction would never meet the approval of the ordinary citizen of this country.

The mere item of time actually saved by efficient and prompt service means an ever-increasing addition in the production of the nation's wealth. It has been estimated that over $3,000,000 a day is saved to users of the telephone in the United States, and this means adding $3,000,000 a day to the nation's wealth. It can thus be seen how this saving could be reduced many hundred thousand dollars each day by inefficient service.

We may talk about monopoly and rail at trusts and combinations, but we must recognize the fact that in placing this country at the head of all nations in telephone development, the Bell company has created conditions over which every American citizen should feel proud. The charge has been sometimes made by those who are not informed that the Bell interest persistently smothers new inventions pertaining to the telephone; that it buys the patents and by refusing, for commercial reasons, to utilize them it thus deprives the public of many benefits to which it is entitled. It is perhaps true that the Bell buys every valuable invention on telephone apparatus, but it is absolutely false to state that inventions are smothered for commercial reasons. Not a single instance can be shown where a meritorious invention in telephone apparatus has not been utilized, and the public given the benefit. It might be charged in refutation of the statement that the Bell has refused to adopt the automatic telephone—that it has continued the manual system, when the automatic instrument is of modern invention and design. Much has been said of the automatic instrument by telephone manufacturers and others, but there is no better way to compare the utility of each system than to examine the comparative development where the two systems have been in use for a sufficient length of time.

A striking illustration may be found in two Massachusetts cities—New Bedford and Fall River. The automatic company in the former city began business in 1888, and in the latter in 1889. After a decade of competition in those cities, between the manual and automatic systems, the result is that in July, 1908, the automatic company in New Bedford had 1,244 subscribers, while the Bell reported 4,468. In Fall River the automatic company had 1,125, the Bell reporting 4,423. If the automatic instrument is preferable, the people of those cities have not yet been convinced.

To the American Telephone & Telegraph Company (the parent company) may the credit be given for the remarkable development in the United States. The original plan upon which the telephone business was started provided for the issuance of a license by the American Bell Telephone Company, the owners of the patents, to companies in certain territories. At first these areas were small. Rights were given to use the invention in perhaps a single county, or even a single city, but it was early found that this system yielded very poor results. It was discovered that to make the service of the highest value it would be complicated enough under one control, but when in the hands of many competing companies, the confusion resulting would necessarily be serious, and the value of the telephone greatly diminished by an inability to give prompt connections with the principal parts of the country.

As the theory of consolidation appeared to be the only possible solution, it was seen that large sums of money must be raised for the extension of the business, and so it became the policy of the company owning the patents to invest in the stock of the companies operating under licenses, and funds secured by issue of the stock to the American Bell Telephone Company were scattered over the entire United States. The result of this policy of investment in local companies has been that the American Telephone & Telegraph Company has at present a financial interest in every part of the United States. It has persistently and steadily worked toward the end that there shall be a system of telephones and telephone connection so homogeneous in its construction and its methods that, regardless of the part of the country where it may be used, or however distant the point with which connection may be desired, every portion of the machinery of administration and operation shall work together harmoniously, so that the public may be served in the best possible manner.

The American Telephone & Telegraph Company is not, strictly speaking, an operating company, although it has a department that builds and operates the long distance lines, the utility of which is to tie together the lines of the various operating companies.

The corporation is a central company of a great organization, which is giving telephone service throughout the country. Much of the operation is done through its associated companies, each of which is responsible for the service in a definite territory. The country is covered by thirty of these associated operating companies, each having its own trained officials in every department, and its own board of directors, made up of men of standing in their respective communities. Substantially all the company's assets, aside from its long distance toll lines, consist of securities of the associated companies, and these securities are carried on the books at a valuation that is distinctly conservative. The funds poured by the parent company into the treasury of the associated companies, together with those derived from the issues of stock, furnish the means to enable the associated companies to extend their properties, to construct and enlarge their exchanges, build toll lines and erect new telephone buildings. An experimental department is maintained by the parent company, where problems concerning the clear transmission of speech, under varying conditions, are given thorough and scientific investigation; where every new invention is thoroughly tried and tested, and where every mechanical improvement is put into use as speedily as possible.

It has been said that it costs the American Telephone & Telegraph Company $5,000,000 a year to maintain this department, but that it saves the associated companies many times this amount each year is an undisputed fact; and incidentally the public receives the benefits by improved service and oftentimes a reduction in the rates.

Not only does the department prescribe standard methods, that are recommended to the associated companies, but its engineers make careful studies of the probable development in large cities. These studies serve as a guide to those in charge of the exchanges; they indicate the proper location for exchange buildings, and the streets in which underground construction ought to be carried out. These questions present problems of such vital interest to the operating companies that the existence of this central organization, which can collate the results of the experience of all those who have seen the practical side of the problems, is of immense importance to them, both from a technical and financial standpoint.

Summed up briefly, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company acts as an advisory body through which harmony of method is sought. Its engineering and accounting departments seek to combine and consolidate, and to apply standard methods for construction of pole lines; standard types for switchboards and other apparatus, and standard methods of accounting. The methods advised are not compulsory upon the operating companies, but they are suggested as being matters of economy and general advantage.

The capitalization of the associated companies is distinctly conservative, and in the relation between the replacement value of the properties and the capitalization, this feature stands out in bold relief.

In controversies as to rates, the policy has been to make a complete and absolute showing of the conditions, cost and maintenance expenses. Nothing is concealed and nothing is asked but fair treatment; the logical theory is advanced that without remunerative rates the character of the service must necessarily suffer, and that it is impossible to expect satisfactory development unless reasonable rates are sanctioned. When companies are honestly financed, when their assets equal or exceed their capitalization, and when only a reasonable dividend is being paid the stockholders, there should be no conflict between the company and the public, and the less the working conditions are made inflexible by council resolutions or legislative acts, the easier will be the solution of the constantly changing problems incidental to the service.

Much has been written for and against the dual system of telephony, but the time has come when the American people recognize the fact that the telephone is a natural monopoly and as such will admit of no competition. Competition in telephone service does not offer a choice of benefits, but compels a choice of evils—either a half service or a double price. Personal inquiry made by me in every city of importance in the United States showed that the use of two telephone systems in any city is now generally regarded as a very serious burden and an unwarranted expense to a large class of people who can ill afford it. This unwarranted expense is, in a special sense, compulsory, as, if a tradesman has but one telephone, he is certain to lose the trade of families having only the other. There are thousands of business men in the country today who will cheerfully testify to the fact that "competition" is much more harmful than monopoly in telephone affairs. It is apparent, however, that the cry against the monopoly is not so vigorous as it was a few years ago, and it is evident that the number of people who advocate the theory that by making the rich poor, the poor will become rich, is constantly growing less.

The independent telephone movement originated shortly after the panic of 1893–1896. It was freely predicted by men who understood the telephone business that such an independent movement would, in each individual case, be nothing more than a temporary matter, and that eventually these independent organizations would either die a natural death or be absorbed by the older companies. Of course, these predictions were ridiculed by the promoters and by a certain class of people who believe that competition is the life of trade in all vocations, but who forget that there are certain exceptions to the rule. Nevertheless, time, in its gentle manner, has brought a sad truth to thousands of citizens of the United States who have been induced to invest their money in independent telephone corporations, with a desire to serve the public and, incidentally, to enrich themselves. Throughout the entire country may be found a large number of monuments to departed wealth and poor judgment, as a result of an effort on the part of a great many people to give their communities better telephone service and at lower rates than previously existed.

The phrase, "Independent Telephone Company," is generally used as covering all companies not directly controlled by, or having traffic arrangements with, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. But the classification is inaccurate and misleading in that it undertakes to classify all the companies as Bell and anti-Bell, or Independent, including in the latter category a large number of small, isolated exchanges and farmers' lines, which have been built mainly for local accommodation. These systems are gradually being connected with each other and with larger companies, and will undoubtedly ultimately form part of a national system of telephony, but at the present time they are not competitors of the Bell or independent companies. They are legitimately created to meet needs, which one system could not, or did not, develop fast enough to fill. It has been the object of the Bell Company to connect with these companies, under certain traffic arrangements, whenever such connections were desired and possible, and with many of these organizations the Bell companies are working in complete harmony, and for all practical purposes each system is a part of the other. It is admitted that a large part of the development of the semi-urban and rural territory can be done more effectively and satisfactorily through independent local companies, operating with the Bell Company, through or under connecting contracts or sub-licenses.

The Bell Company is not antagonistic to the independent organizations, only in the sense that for the protection of its property it endeavors to expose and correct the misleading statements and impossible promises put out by franchise vendors, or promoters. In the last analysis the American people should have no quarrel with the Bell Company, because of its desire to promote honest corporate securities and to expose the methods of those who seek to inflict upon the public an assortment of stocks and bonds that are practically worthless.

In telephone service the American people require a system that is universal. While the Bell service is practically of this character, the public knows little of how these results have been brought about. The keynote may be found in the company's motto: "One policy, one system, universal service." This is the end sought to be attained by the Bell Company. The multitude of new users for the telephone has called for the comprehensive system of government and policy, which may be found in the organization of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

When seconds count, the business man looks to the telephone for efficient and prompt service. There are certain hours of the day when the maximum capacity of the plants are often called into use. Everybody wants to talk at once, and calls come thick and fast. People forget or disregard the strain that is put upon the telephone system at such hours. They are not interested in the means; they demand results. A little reflection will show that a system equipped to satisfactorily meet these busy-hour requirements must be in perfect condition, and every operator must be on duty and ready and willing to do her best. Every emergency must have been foreseen and provided for. Few people realize what the facilities for furnishing instantaneous service have cost. It frequently happens that one man, talking over a long distance Bell line, has the exclusive use of $300,000 worth of equipment. A man talking from New York to St. Louis passes his voice over one million pounds of copper wire.

We find in office buildings and hotels the private branch exchange; in other words, a small exchange connected with the main city exchange, by a number of trunk lines, but having its own operators, and having connected to it all the telephones in the building. This allows a smaller number of wires to be extended from the building to the central office, and yet furnishes ample facilities, and at the same time all those located within the building can have communication with one another, without taking up the time of the operators at the central exchange.

A striking application of this system is the hotel service, where every guest's room and every department of the hotel is provided with a telephone instrument. Through the private switchboard, located in some convenient part of the hotel, communication can be had not only with the hotel and with all the telephones connected with the city exchange, but by means of the long distance lines of the Bell Company, a guest of the hotel may talk with his wife in a distant city without leaving his room.

Trains have been equipped throughout their entire length with telephones, so that travelers may converse without the trouble of passing from one car to another; and when the train draws up to a railroad station, by means of a flexible conductor, the train system is connected to the local system, so that passengers may talk to their friends in the town, and may even carry on long distance conversations. Steamships are provided with interior telephone systems, which can also be connected to that of the city where the steamer is lying at the dock.

One of the most interesting fields of the recent development of the telephone has been in the application of the telephone to the railway service. Telephone messages and telegraph messages may be sent simultaneously over the same wire, and at small stations and out-of-the-way points it is no longer necessary to have a telegraph operator, as by the introduction of the telephone on such lines, the station agent may be in constant communication with the train dispatcher and officials at headquarters.

Indeed the uses to which the telephone may be put are so many that it is scarcely possible to enumerate them here. From a commercial standpoint an enormous saving has been made to all classes of users. It enables the farmer to receive market quotations for his products, and he has been relieved from the prevarication of the buyer, who formerly made his price to the farmer without regard to the price at the great market centers. Thanks to the telephone he is not obliged to carry his produce to the market and find it overstocked, for in a few minutes he can ascertain whether there is any demand for what he has to sell. He can, moreover, every morning receive the government predictions regarding the weather for the next twenty-four hours, and when any bulletin of storms has been sent out from Washington, it, by means of the telephone, is distributed among the farmers, and heavy losses are prevented by such timely warning. The sheep raisers of the West have saved millions of dollars during the past few years through these warnings, which have enabled them to corral their flocks before the storm arrived.

That the field is covered at the present time, no one hints. Enormous sums of money are necessary to complete the extension of the present Bell system, but the time will come when every dwelling, and every place of business in the country, will regard the telephone as essential for everyday life as is artificial light. When every family is provided with this necessary utility, the saturation of the population with telephone facilities will be complete. As this process of saturation is being carried along, it will be shown that the work is being done by one great national agency, and that the greater the control this agency has upon telephone affairs the sooner will the country's development be practically complete for all business and social purposes.

WHAT OTHERS MAY NOT SEE!

From the book "Heart Throbs."

If each man's secret, unguessed care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who have our envy now!
And if the promptings of each heart
No artifice concealed,
How many trusting friends would part
At what they saw revealed!

LUMBER DOCKS AT BRUNSWICK, THE LARGEST ON THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

"GLORIOUS OLD GEORGIA"

(*Continued from page 645*)

By GARNAULT AGASSIZ

WHILE from 1873 to 1904 lumber values gradually increased it was not until 1903, when the great wave of prosperity that culminated in the latter part of 1907, caused an extraordinary increase in the demand for lumber in both home and foreign markets. Prior to this time, all the standing timber in the state could have been bought up for fifty or sixty cents an acre. It was, in fact, hardly worth its taxes. Once given a chance in the larger markets, however, it soon proved its superiority, and its price was increased until in 1907, the same lands had been increased three-fold in value. This wave of prosperity caused another demand, and a demand for which the lumberman himself was unprepared. He had discounted his future to his own disadvantage. This is what caused the lumber belt to be extended into the heretofore inaccessible pine region of Florida. But it did something else;—it brought about a revolution in the methods of lumbering, forced the lumberman to abandon his wasteful method of logging. The ruthless slaughter of yesterday was discontinued. Huge sash and door factories sprung up as if by magic in various parts of the state, their purpose being to utilize the waste timber that had hitherto been burned, shingle and lathe mills were constructed to care for the cuttings that could not be sold in the regular way; even the sawdust and tree-tops were treated for their by-products of turpentine, coal-tar, and wood oil.

That the greater part of Georgia's pine is irretrievably doomed is incontrovertible.

But it is a doom that has been made necessary by the demand of industry, and is to be regretted only from a point of sentimentality. Reforestation for the most part is out of the question, and even if practical, would be unwise. In the first place, the Georgia long-leafed pine has the unhappy faculty of seldom reproducing itself true to the parent tree, the second-growth pine being smaller, sappier, knottier, and in every way an inferior tree; in the second, the pine lands of Georgia have a far greater future as farms than forests. It must be remembered, too, that the Great West has practically no timber, and yet its lands are vastly more valuable than the timber lands of the Pacific Coast.

In commencing lumber operations in Georgia, the first consideration is the selection of a suitable body of timber. Seven years ago, immense bodies of timber could be purchased by the mere buying of options and the payment of a small cash deposit; today, money is the only thing that talks, and where, then, twenty-five hundred dollars would start a man in the lumber business, today from seventy-five thousand to a hundred thousand dollars is required. One body of virgin timber brought thirty dollars an acre a few months ago. And timber in large tracts cannot be purchased at any price, it being controlled by a few individuals, mostly lumbermen, who find it more profitable to develop than to sell.

A SOUTH GEORGIA TURPENTINE STILL

In the cutting of the tree, the wood-chopper with the broad axe is still the mode in most general use, but some of the big operators employ the cross-cut saw. The logs are usually hauled in by mule and ox teams, the larger mills employing steam skidders, one of which will do the work of several teams, especially in bad weather. The skidder, which is a contrivance for hauling the logs out of the marshes and swampy places, works ahead of the train, its steel dragging cable being run out from 250 to 500 feet. After being cut and loaded on the train, the logs are hauled to the mill, and dumped in the pond, which is either an artificial or natural lake

MASSEE & FELTON LUMBER CO.

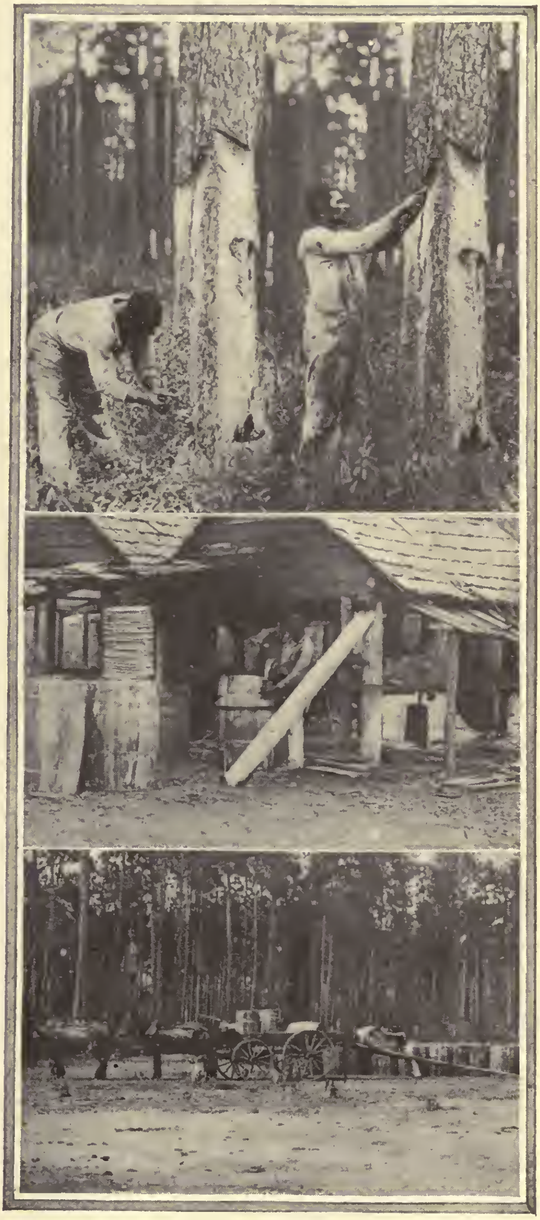
WHERE THE LUMBER IS CONVERTED INTO THE FINISHED PRODUCT

Finishing plant of the Massee & Felton Lumber Co., Macon, the largest plant of its kind in the South used for the convenient storing of the lumber.

Up to a few years ago, it was the custom before cutting the timber, to lease it out, generally for a period of three years, to the turpentine operators, and for about half its purchase price, but today the larger lumbermen refuse to lease it at all, considering that in the resultant destruction of lumber, they lose more than they gain.

The tract selected, the first operations are the construction of the sawmill and the building of the railroad, for in every large lumber camp, the railroad plays a very important role. The largest sawmills use a standard guage track, the smaller ones a narrow guage track with wooden rails, and the very small ones the mule and ox-drawn timber cart. The motive power of these railroads is steam, generated by wood, the engines much resembling the old-fashioned locomotives of ante-bellum days. The railroads of the larger mills are used not only for logging, but as common carriers, and the fact exists, it might be remarked, that a very great part of South Georgia owes its development to the railroad which had as its primary object the opening up of the pine forest, and was converted later into a public carrier. One such road, the A. B. & A., one of the best roads in the state at the present time, was evolved in great part from logging roads.

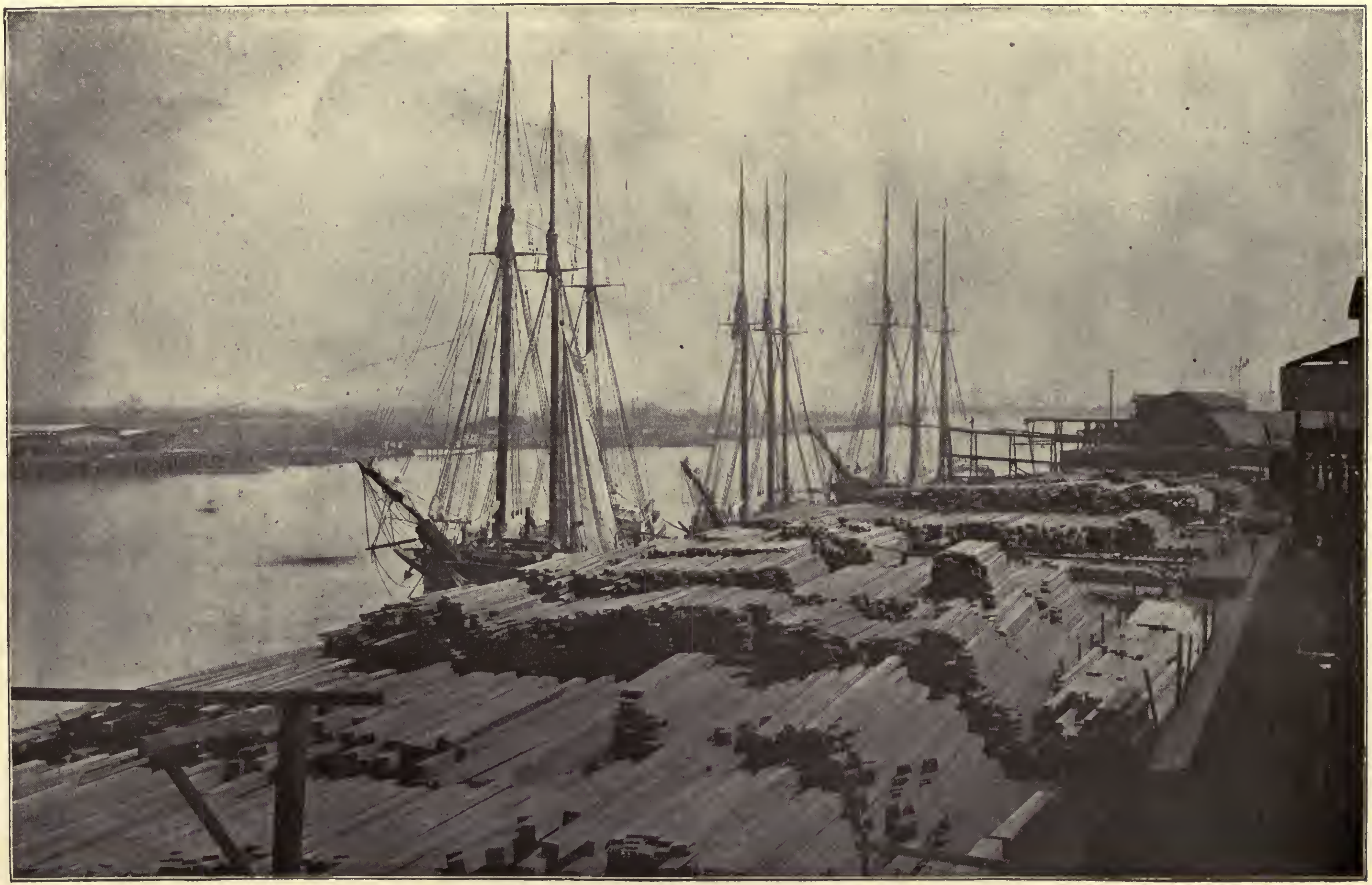
While most of Georgia's pine is consumed in the United States a large amount of it is exported, it being estimated that about three billion feet of lumber is shipped annually from Savannah and Brunswick, the two chief lumber ports of the state.



THE HARVESTING OF TURPENTINE IN SOUTHERN GEORGIA

In addition to being one of the most beautiful cities on the continent, not excelled even by St. Augustine itself, Savannah, with an annual tonnage of more than twenty millions, enjoys the distinction of being the most important seaport on the South Atlantic.

Its exports have an annual value of fifty million dollars, placing it seventh in this regard among the seaports of the country. Enough of its merchandise, however, is shipped to Europe by way of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, to entitle it to at least fourth place if the custom houses were to credit the port of origin in-



LUMBER DOCKS OF GRANGER & LEWIS, SAVANNAH stead of the point of transfer with the trade.

Brunswick, the county seat of Glynn, is the second seaport in Georgia. Its chief export business is in lumber and naval stores, the Brunswick docks being the largest lumber docks on the South Atlantic. Brunswick is also very popular as a winter resort, many wealthy Northerners having beautiful homes there.

So closely associated with lumbering as to be almost an integral part of it, the naval stores industry, with an annual crop of four and a quarter million pounds of rosin, and sixteen and a quarter million casks of spirits of turpentine, has an approximate annual value to those engaged in it of at least thirty million dollars.

NAVAL STORES DOCKS, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

Rosin and turpentine, known technically as naval stores, from the fact that for many years their principal uses were maritime, are produced from two species of Southern pine, the long leaf and the Cuban, but it is quite probable that a number of other species will be employed within the next twenty-five years.

For how many centuries commercial use has been made of the sap of the pine cannot be determined with any degree of assurance, but it is a known fact that the custom was general in South France at the time of the invasion of England by the Spanish Armada.

For many years the industry was confined to the south of France and Austria, where it still flourishes on a small scale, and it was not until a hundred years or so ago that any intelligent effort was made to establish it on this continent.

For fifty years or so the Carolinas and Virginia, were the chief turpentine producing states, but with the opening up of the pine forests of Georgia the scene of operations was gradually shifted southward, until before very long Georgia had become the center of the industry. At the present time Florida is in the lead, with Georgia and Alabama a close second and third. The depletion of Florida's forests, however, is gradually extending the turpentine area westward, and it is quite possible in twenty-five years' time Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas will be in the lead.

Work on a turpentine farm, which is the technical designation of the tract of timber to be turpentined, commences in winter by the cutting of V-shaped boxes for the reception of the sap which, when it begins to run in early spring, is diverted to this reservoir by the cutting away of a ten-inch surface of the tree with what is known as a "hacker," the tree being rehacked about once a week to keep the flow continual. In four years'

PICKING STRAWBERRIES FOR THE NEW YORK MARKET AT ST. GEORGE, SOUTH GEORGIA'S COLONY TOWN

THE ARTESIAN WELL

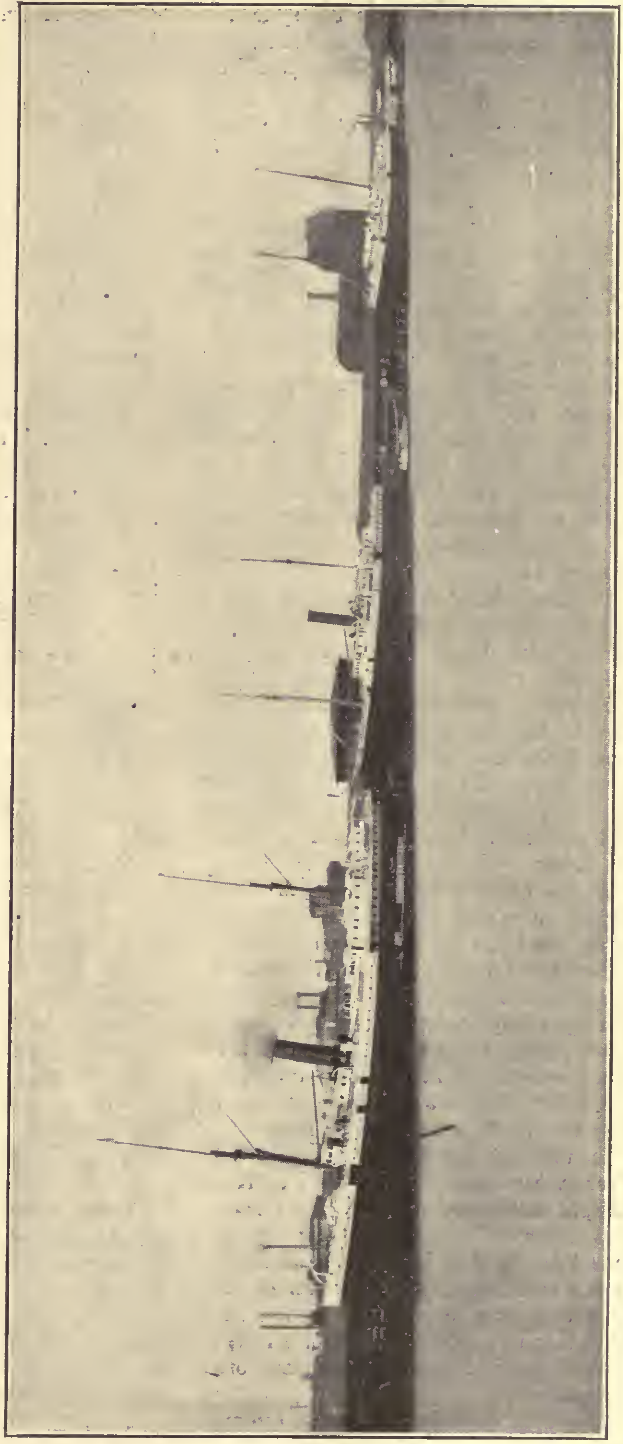
time, which is the life of the ordinary pine so far as yielding turpentine is concerned, the bared surface for the conduct of the sap has been increased, at the rate of two inches a month, to a height of six feet.

This old method of tapping the trees, however, while still in general use is being deserted gradually for the cup system. Comparing these systems, Mr. George B. Sudworth, naval stores expert of the Bureau of Forestry says:

"Of the pine forest now yielding or being worked for naval stores eighty-seven and one-half per cent. is being worked by the ancient, destructive box system. Twenty per cent. of this timber is passing the point of production, while the remaining eighty per cent. is at the height of its productiveness and will cease yielding within two years. Of this producing forest twenty per cent. has been more or less burned, which means that the total possible production has not only been appreciably reduced (amount undeterminable), but that as a result of burning the turpentined tree trunks the commercial quality of lumber available from this timber is also degraded. Charring the chipped or turpentine trunks produces extensive pitchy areas in approximately eight to ten per cent. of the sawed timber. The total loss from this damage is conservatively estimated at five per cent. It is believed to amount to from five to ten per cent., for the damage involves twelve to fifteen per cent of the best part of every merchantable tree.

"It is estimated that five per cent. of the forest yielding or being worked for naval stores under the old box system of turpentining, is either dead or thrown down as a direct result of the severe cutting necessitated by this method. This amount may be safely reckoned as total loss, since the scattered and isolated occurrence of areas so affected are not usually reached by lumbering operations before the timber is badly affected by decay and wood-boring insects.

"The remaining twelve and one-half per cent. of forest yielding naval stores is being worked under an improved system of turpentining known as the 'cup and gutter' or 'cup and apron' method. No deep box is cut at the base of the trunk and the turpentined pine trunks are injured only as a result of the season's chipping, which is, on the whole, as severe as that resorted to under the box system. The timber is, however, not in danger of being thrown by storm, because the trees are not weakened by a deep box at their bases. This type of timber is relatively in thriftier condition



PARTIAL VIEW OF SAVANNAH'S FINE HARBOR

than that worked under the box system, because it has received less injury. It is, moreover, as a rule, unburned, for the reason that the intrinsic value of the cup and gutter outfit (liable to destruction by fire) compels greater protection against fire than is usually provided in the case of boxed timber."

The soft sap is removed from the reservoir with a dipper, each tree yielding from six to eight dippings a season, which lasts from March to September, and the sap that has hardened on the tree, as a great deal of it necessarily does, is removed with what is known as a "scraper."

As harvested, the sap, known to the woodsman as "dip," is removed to the still where it is converted into spirits of turpentine and rosin, the former being used chiefly in the manufacture of paints, varnishes, rubber goods, and liniments, the latter in the manufacture chiefly of soap, high grade paper, and printers' ink.

Practically all of the South's crop of naval stores is exported to Europe, the largest consumers being Great Britain, Germany and Belgium.

Savannah, with exports of 834,800 barrels of rosin, and 35,576 casks of spirits of turpentine, is far and away the most important naval stores port in the world. Brunswick is also an important exporter of naval stores, and promises to be a much greater factor in the future.

As the limitless forests of South Georgia had no value until thirty years ago, so until fifteen years ago the lands upon which these forests stood were regarded as barren and worthless, the people seemingly being unable to appreciate the fact that a soil that was fertile enough to raise a pine tree to a height of a hundred to a hundred and twenty feet, was fertile enough also to produce successfully the staple products of the farm.

In the last few years, however, South Georgia has come into her own, so far, at least, as native recognition of her tremendous possibilities is concerned. This is as it should be, for it is fair to say that nowhere in this broad land is there a section which presents greater opportunity to the immigrant than this, the long-leafed pine region of Georgia, known technically as the land of the wiregrass.

The wiregrass region of Georgia comprises all that section of the state south of an imaginary line drawn from the northern part of Screven County in the eastern part of the state to the city of Bainbridge in the extreme southwestern corner, it embracing in its confines Savannah, Brunswick, Statesboro, Waycross, Douglas, Valdosta, Tifton, and a number of less important places.

It would be hard to find a more equable, delightful climate than that with which this happy region is blessed. The summers are naturally a little warm, but the weather on even the hottest days is tempered by cooling breezes from either the ocean or the gulf. The winters make it a veritable tourists' paradise, unsurpassed by either Florida or Cuba.

The soil is marvelously fertile, permitting the rotation of three crops a year, and a production of a surprising variety of crops.

First of all these crops in point of value stands the sugar cane. Up to a very few years ago the growing of the red sugar cane, which is the most valuable of all sugar canes, was hardly carried on in Georgia. Today it is one of Georgia's really important industries. From Cairo alone, a little town in the Southern part of the city, more than 16,000 pounds of sugar cane syrup—the famous Georgia cane syrup—were shipped in one season, more than 15,000 pounds of which went to Northern markets, which shows an extraordinary increase in the popularity of this comparatively new Georgia product.

Sugar cane is an annual crop, being planted in March and harvested before the first frost. The cost of its cultivation is comparatively small, about fifty to seventy-five dollars an acre. The profits, however, are unusually large, anywhere from $350 to $500 an acre being realized. One man last year made $682 clear profit from a single acre.

To Georgia, the boiling of the sugar cane is what the boiling of the maple syrup is to northern New England and Canada, and is attended by just as many festivities. The sugar is boiled night and day until the season is closed, which lasts anywhere from a week to a month and a half according to the size of the crop. One of the typical recreations of the youth of South Georgia is the straw-ride, in which the young people of the community ride out in large wagons to drink the syrup that is crushed from the sugar cane before it is converted into sugar.

Another very important product of wiregrass Georgia is the sweet potato. Unlike its Irish prototype, which has one province only, that of a potato, the sweet potato can be made into a very fine bread; the finest sort of pie and custard, and a variety of desserts.

The sweet potato crop of Georgia last year amounted to over five million bushels.

Other products of this section are tobacco, pecans, corn, hay, melons and grapes.

In the next few years it is quite probable, too, that South Georgia will be raising a large number of cattle, for the land of the Wiregrass Region is unrivaled for grazing purposes, being green at least nine months a year.

The future of Georgia is bright, indeed. Her possibilities are bounded by no horizon. She has no extraordinary transportation difficulties to overcome, no extremes of climate to combat, no heterogeneous peoples to unite.

That the wiregrass section of Georgia is one of the best fields for colonization in the country needs no better illustration than the cities of Fitzgerald and St. George.

The history of the former, the town that was founded to provide a permanent home for old Union Army veterans is too well known to need repetition. Suffice it therefore to say that with a population of over ten thousand people, with cement sidewalks, macadamized roadways, and all the conveniences that make up the city of today, Fitzgerald is fast becoming one of Georgia's chief centers of commerce.

St. George, however, is still in the building, and for that reason a little mention of it should be interesting. Founded in the early part of 1905, on a somewhat similar plan to Fitzgerald, St. George is situated on the main line of the Georgia Southern and Florida Railway, about twenty-seven miles from the city of Jacksonville and only half a mile from the Florida state line.

When founded the entire assessment of St. George was less than a thousand dollars; in 1906 it had increased to $100,000, a year later to $200,000, while today it is fast approaching the half million dollar mark. In the same time the population has grown to 1,500.

Twenty-nine different states are represented in this thriving colony, some of the settlers coming from far away Oregon. For the first year or so of settlement the citizens of St. George devoted their energies mostly to the turpentine and lumber industries, but of late there has been a steady movement toward agriculture, especially truck farming, which offers tremendous opportunities for success, St. George having a number of large cities within easy access.

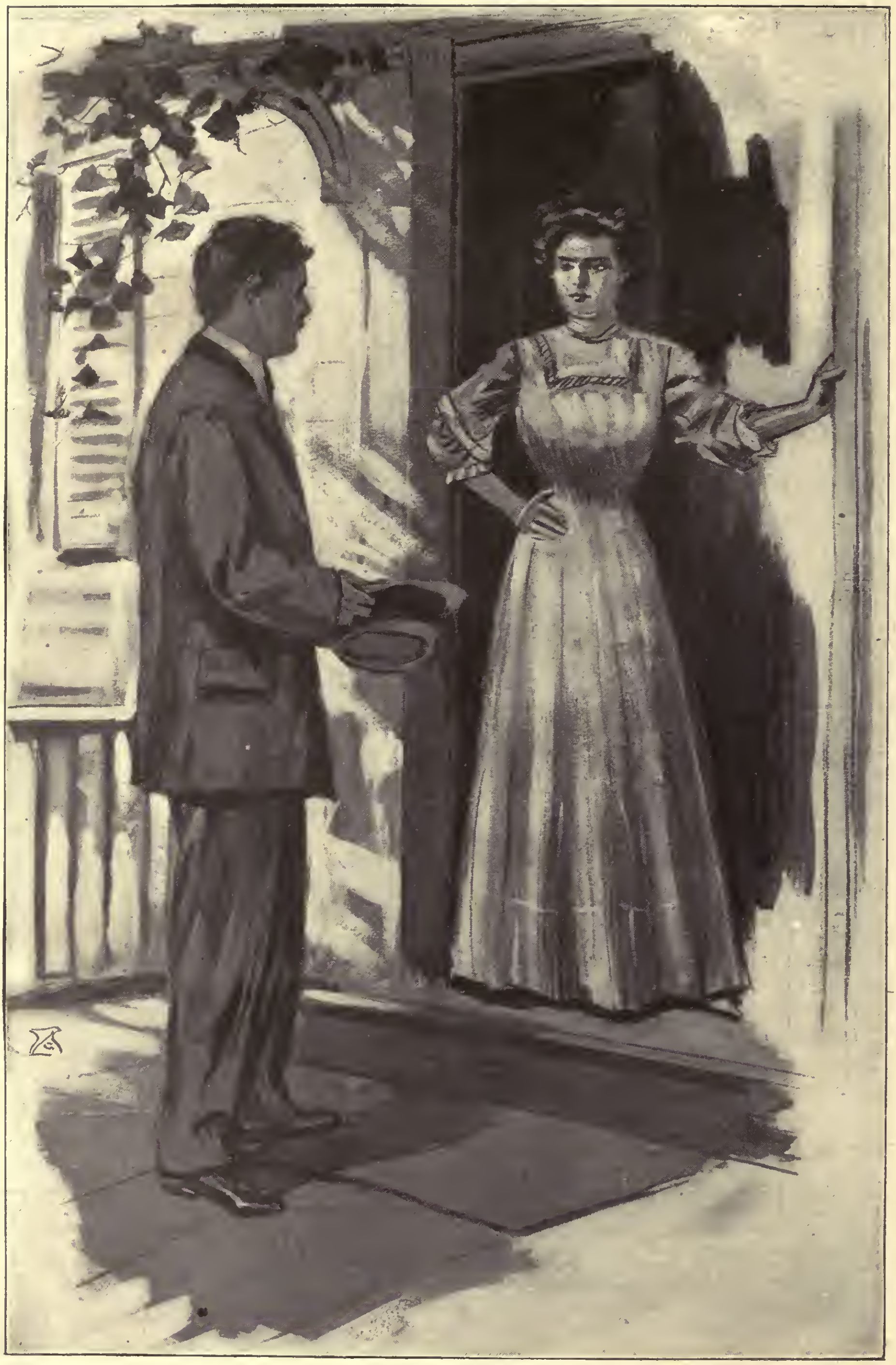
Few sections of Georgia have a more delightful winter climate than that enjoyed by this little colony, and it is because of this that many tourists, knowing, too, that they can get all the shooting and fishing they may desire on the very outskirts of the town, are being attracted here annually. The general health of the community is so remarkable, in fact, that the city has to pay a doctor a regular stipend to keep him in the town.

Among the crops that have been raised successfully at St. George are cotton, corn, alfalfa, buckwheat, oats, rice, and cassava, a versatile enough rotation of crops to suit the most punctilious.

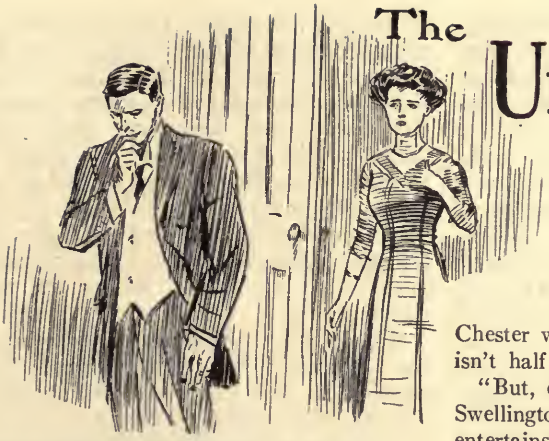
St. George's great future, however, lies in truck gardening rather than in farming. Situated so closely to Florida, it enjoys the same climatic advantages, which means that its gardens are in flower throughout the winter; that it is able to produce green vegetables in February; that its strawberries can beat out those of South Carolina more than three weeks in the New York market.

Lands within a mile and a half of St. George can be bought from five dollars an acre up, according to their location and the condition of improvement.

EDITOR'S NOTE—A great many persons will read "Glorious Old Georgia" in this issue who perhaps have not seen Mr. Agassiz's article on Georgia which appeared in the August issue. In order to have the author's complete resume of Georgia's resources and reasons for her future greatness we urgently advise them to obtain the August issue. In these two numbers Georgia has been treated as no other state in the nation—after six months of consecutive expert research and consideration. One prominent Georgian wrote regarding the article: "In splendid and startling contrast to the perverted views heretofore expressed by other magazine writers."



"If he is not at the bank—you—can find him."



The Uncertainty of Fate.

By George Ethelbert Walsh

CHESTER WARRINGTON was only a minor bank clerk—a receiving teller, note teller, or some other kind of a teller—when he married Maud Kirtland and took her from the city to the suburbs to grow up with that flourishing section of the future metropolis. A distant relative conveniently died and left Chester a sum of money sufficient to make a first payment on a new house, designed and built for just such couples, and with all the potential possibilities of increasing a hundred per cent. in value before the last mortgage was paid off.

The Warringtons were a likely couple, and they made friends easily and naturally. They were sociably inclined, and their really pretty and attractive home gave them a better introduction into suburban society than any letters of introduction. They were soon invited to join the clubs; they took a pew in the church, and received invitations to dinners, receptions, bridge parties and afternoon teas. Within a year they were so much at home that they had no desire to return to apartment life in the congested city. But the expenses were more than Chester had anticipated, and the first winter he grumbled a good deal. They had to take their turn at entertaining on general principles, and this added alarmingly to the cost of living. Then Maud's dressmaker's bills and her account at the milliner's kept pace with the new order of things.

"That's the third hat this season, Maud," Chester would expostulate, "and the season isn't half over."

"But, dearest, I had to have it for Mrs. Swellington's tea. You know she always entertains so elegantly."

"But can't we cut down in something? Now one servant—"

Maud flushed and confessed: "If I should discharge Delia or Maria, the other would leave at once."

"Well, I wish you could do something; we simply can't afford it on my salary."

Then, virtuously and with proper resignation, Maud would cut out the expensive dessert for two weeks and ask Chester to get his dinner in town before he came home.

The first year the owner of the new home grew worried and irritable. He failed to meet the expected payment on the mortgage and had to extend it for another year.

"Never mind, dear, everybody here has a mortgage on his house, and we can stand it. I believe it is a sort of fashion."

"A beastly fashion," retorted Chester, with a sigh.

The fashion prevailed so far as the Warringtons were concerned, for the mortgage was renewed three successive years. Expenses increased instead of diminishing, and in vain Maud sighed and shed tears over the monthly bills.

"I declare it's a shame, but I can't help it," she admitted.

She went to Chester with moist eyes and confessed her crime. Instead of a rebuke, he met her this time with a laugh.

"Well, little sweetheart, don't worry," he said, administering a kiss upon the tip of her nose. (These two were still lovers in spite of their married years, but they tried to keep it to themselves.) Maud dried her tears and looked happy. It was like removing a mountain from her pretty shoulders.

That was a winter of severe cold and many snowstorms, and the coal bill and extra labor for clearing the front yard of snow mounted up frightfully. It was also a season of unusual social dissipation. Ten dinners, twelve receptions, two card clubs, a weekly dance (subscription ten dollars for the year), and a dozen minor social engagements made startling inroads upon private incomes. Maud was in a perfect delirium of gayety. She dressed for one function, and then hurried home to dress for another. Chester grumbled that he had no time to sleep and might as well live in his dress suit. But it was always with a twinkle in his eyes. He had ceased to expostulate with his wife at their expenditures. Maud looked at him with shining eyes, and for the first time wondered where all the extra money came from. A suspicion swept like a fleeting nightmare across her mind. Her lips trembled as they asked:

"Have they promoted you at the bank, Chester?"

He laughed good-naturedly, but made an evasive reply.

"You dear old hubby," she exclaimed, hugging him, "why didn't you tell me? When was it, and how much?"

"I don't dare tell you how much," he answered with mock gravity. "I'm afraid you'd sink deeper into this bottomless pool of social dissipation."

She kissed him without resentment, and murmured, "You hurrid brute!"

Of course she didn't take advantage of this revelation; she was too true and loving a wife for that. But she took numerous occasions to drop little sly hints at the bridge club that Chester was succeeding in business and that his recent promotion placed him in a position of trust close to that of the president.

She whispered this rather broadly one day before Mrs. Swellington. That social leader and chief gossip-carrier replied with matronly sweetness:

"I am glad of it, dear, for your sake. Your husband is so different from poor little Mrs. Wilson's. I know he would never do such a terrible thing."

"What thing?" asked Maud, with wide eyes and parted lips.

"Why, haven't you heard the news?" in great surprise.

"No, I have heard nothing," faintly.

Then Mrs. Swellington chewed contentedly upon her morsel of choice gossip before she consented to part with it. It was a long sixty-second interval, and little Mrs. Warrington dilated with expectancy and eager curiosity. She had acquired the habit of enjoying these little private expositions of other people's affairs.

"I thought everybody knew of it," was the tantalizing remark of the purveyor of social news. "It was in all the papers this morning."

Her listener blushed; she remembered that the paper had been neglected that morning, so busy was she in getting ready for a morning stroll over the golf course and back in time for early lunch.

"You know Mr. Wilson was employed in the First National Bank?" Mrs. Swellington whispered.

Yes, she remembered Chester had informed her of this news some time back But what of that? Her husband was in a bank—a larger bank, of course, but the First National was a respectable institution.

"Well," continued the speaker, "he was arrested last night for embezzling its funds. He was caught and confessed everything. He'd been stealing money for two years past —living beyond his income. I always thought they were going it pretty stiff. You remember that yachting party they got up a year ago? Well, that cost a good deal—more than I could afford, and Mr. Swellington is doing pretty well in business."

The head shake betokened a sense of self-denial that bordered on martyrdom.

"But I feel sorry for poor Mrs. Wilson. It's such a disgrace to her and the town," she went on finally. "It's a disgrace to our society and club, don't you think so, dear?"

Maud Warrington's lips were very dry, and with difficulty she forced them to emit an affirmative answer. The atmosphere seemed strangely surcharged with suffocating fumes. She wondered why she breathed so heavily; it seemed as if people and objects around were hazily dancing before her eyes.

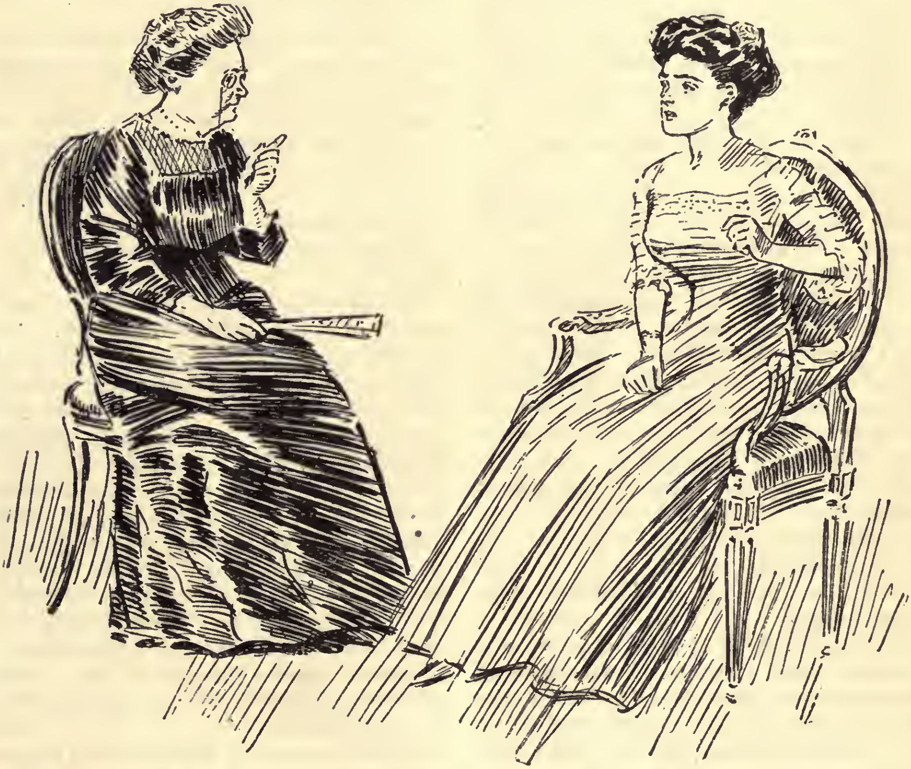
"Still," droned the lazy, condemnatory voice, "I suppose the blame must partly be laid at Mrs. Wilson's door. She always was an extravagant dresser, and she should have known that her husband's income was not large enough to pay for such dresses. I do blame her, don't you, dear?"

A fortunate interruption snapped the strain. The subject was discussed by others, and questions and cross-questions made a choppy sort of sea of the conversation. During a lull in the talk, Maud Warrington excused herself and hurriedly left the house.

Once outside in the open air, she walked rapidly home, with every nerve at tension, and eyes strained ahead of her. She went straight up to her room, threw off her dress, and flung herself on a bed—and tried to think! She was thinking all the time—thinking so hard that her brain ached—but she kept repeating over and over again, "I must have time to think."

Of course, she meant to think clearly and correctly, and not in the haphazard way in which her galloping brain was forcing her. What was it she wanted to think about? Oh, first, Chester—no, Wilson,—had embezzled the bank's funds, and had lived beyond his income. Yes, that was what Mrs. Swellington said; and, second, the stealing had been going on for two years without detection. Third, if Chester—no, Wilson (how strangely the mind confused names)—had held his responsible position for two years without being caught, how much longer could—

She broke off her train of thought abruptly. What was she thinking of, anyway? Was she trying to accuse Chester of another's crime? What if there was a similarity in their positions? How absurd of her! She laughed hysterically and wiped the tears from her cheeks. Then with a dab or two of powder she removed all traces of her anguish.



"Have you heard of poor Mrs. Wilson?"

She peeped behind drawn curtains when the six o'clock train drew up at the station and the regular commuters alighted. There was Chester among them—no, not among them, but off on one side by himself. He was walking slowly, ever so slowly, and with bent head. As he drew near she saw that his face was strained and pale. She had never noticed this before. Nearer and nearer he drew, and her heart timed its beating with the rapid pulsations of her disordered brain. She noticed that he did not even look up at the windows to watch for her, but entered the house in deep abstraction.

She barely had the courage to go and greet him, and when she did, there was a guilty consciousness of timidity.

"Yes, I'm very tired," he said apathetically in reply to her commonplace query.

She waited on him all through the evening meal, and hovered over him when he tried to smoke and pretend that he enjoyed it. "Must we go to that beastly card party tonight?" he asked irritably after a long silence.

"No, dear, I don't want to go," she answered heartily.

He sighed with relief. Finally, she summoned sufficient courage to say: "Isn't it terrible news about Mr. Wilson?"

He glanced up sharply at her and flushed; then his face paled, and almost a sneer drew his lips into sharp angles.

"I suppose you've been at the dissection this afternoon? Well, did poor Wilson have a friend among the club?"

Impulsively she took his hand in her warm clasp and said: "Yes—*one*."

He drew her head down to his and murmured:

"I thought you would stand by a man to the last, little girl."

"Oh, Chester!" she cried, and shed tears on his shoulder.

The succeeding days were feverish ones for poor Maud Warrington. She absented herself from the regular meetings of the club and sent her regrets for herself and husband to two dinners and a reception. She lived in a whirl of mental excitement that brought little tired wrinkles to the corners of her eyes. She even forgot to powder these, and they stared at you in all their naked hideousness.

But time heals wounds of the heart and mind as well as of flesh. As nothing occurred on the second and third day, and the newspapers were curtailing the amount of space devoted to the Wilson embezzlement, she regained somewhat of her old-time composure. But the laggard step, bent head and strained face of her husband continued to haunt her. He was less communicative than usual, and all of her pretty little arts and wiles failed to bring any explanation.

"Just tired, dear, that's all," was his invariable reply to her oft-repeated solicitations.

Then on the fourth day, a telegram announced its appearance by the abrupt entrance of a uniformed messenger boy. She tore it open and stared at its brief contents. It was signed by the manager of the bank and asked crisply if Mr. Warrington was at home, sick. She read it three times, swayed slightly against the door, and in reply to the messenger's question, said briefly:

"No, there's no answer."

What answer could she send? Where was her husband? Not at the bank evidently, and if not there—where? Had something happened to him? Had he left? No, no, he would not do that, not without informing her. Then he must have been taken sick on the street or met with an accident. Better that than the other thing.

"Oh, Chester, Chester, where are you?" she moaned.

It is six to one that you can't tell what your sweet young wife will do in the event of a sudden, stupefying catastrophe. Hysterical emotion, followed by tears and fainting spells, are the usual symptoms of the first shock, or if she is of a righteous turn of mind, she may set herself up as a martyr to scotch the soul of her erring husband by the godliness of her virtue. There is the resentful kind, who bemoans the fate which has dragged her down and weepingly protests that her husband had no love or consideration for her. Rarely do we find Maud Warringtons in real life. She was neither a hypocrite nor a resentful saint. She was simply a poor little commonplace wife, very much in love with her husband.

It was her love, not her duty, that roused the slumbering fires of something akin to maternal instinct in her. Mrs. Swellington called to pay a social debt; she shut her out (the old cat, coming to gloat over her downfall!), and denied herself to all visitors. From her conning tower in the upper window, she held vigil. She looked out upon the town, and a sneer marred her pretty face. What would her neighbors say—those erstwhile friends who had accepted her hospitality? Hypocrites all! She would not accept their pity, but would return it with scorn. Was not Chester worth a thousand of such limpid creatures—yes, ten thousand? And she? Ah, there was the rub. She was tarred with the same stick—only worse! Yes, worse, for her extravagance had brought on the terrible temptation and downfall. If she could only go to prison instead of Chester! Could she? Would the law accept her as a substitute?

In mid-afternoon a solitary passenger alighted from the train and took the short cut from the station to the house. The watching lioness recognized her mate and bounded from the watch-tower to the front door. She knew before she saw him that the face was pale and haggard. Without tears or words she flung her arms around his neck and drew him quickly inside the portals.

"Anyone been here for me, Maud?" he asked nervously.

She nodded and murmured: "Yes, from the bank."

He groaned and picked up the telegram.

"Only a messenger?" he asked hopefully.

She drew him further into the hall and forced him into a seat. He was trembling with fear or excitement. She brought him a cup of strong coffee, and discreetly held her tongue while he gulped it down. This stimulant revived him, and he spoke more steadily.

"Maud, if anyone calls to see me, I'm not at home. You understand? I shall hide if necessary. I must not be seen by anyone from the bank. They may send for me, but —you understand?"

She nodded comprehendingly. He stared at her for a moment as if surprised at her ready understanding and lack of curiosity. But he was too tired and exhausted to waste words, and he sighed with satisfaction that he did not have to enter into explanations.

A little past three the door bell rang, startling the two guilty ones. Chester was on his feet instantly.

"Remember, I'm not at home," he whispered, taking the stairs two at a time.

The cunning of a cornered wild animal came into the face of the woman as she opened the front door. The sight of the stranger there did not reassure her. She knew very few at the bank, and the manager or president may have stood before her. She looked furtively under the open coat to see if there were any signs of official authority (she had a very vague idea of the insignia of the detective service), and then apprehensively scrutinized the man's impassive face.

"Is Mr. Warrington at home?" he was asking pleasantly.

What ingratiating manners these human sleuths had! A malignant anger possessed her, but she replied with cool indifference, uttering the lie without hesitation:

"No, he has not returned from the bank yet."

The man looked puzzled.

"I just came from the bank," he said slowly, "and they told me he had not been there today."

The doubt in the words and manners stimulated her wrath to a blind fury.

"If he's not at the bank—you—can find him," she returned curtly. "He's not here."

"Of course," retorted the stranger. "I beg your pardon. When he does return, kindly hand him my card. I will call later—this evening, perhaps."

What a relief when the door closed behind the man! She stole to the window and watched him walk away, hiding herself carefully behind the curtains. Not until he disappeared from sight did she dare leave her point of vantage. She even walked to another window which had an unobstructed view of the corner of the next street. If the man was a detective, he would watch the house, returning by a back way. She was not so easily misled by such plausible manners and polite words. For ten minutes she held her post, and then satisfied, she withdrew and briskly ran up the stairs.

Chester came out of a back room to meet her. His face was startlingly agitated. What agonies of suspense he had endured! She held out the card to him and whispered:

"He's gone. I watched him until he passed down Main Street into Grove. If he comes back, I shall see him."

Her husband took the card and glanced at it. Then he broke out irritably:

"Oh, pshaw! it was Mr. Phelps! He's early; I told him four o'clock. Why didn't you call me, Maud?"

This ungrateful speech was like a cruel blow in the face. After all her watchfulness and lying for him, Chester was accusing her of neglect of duty. The pale cheeks flushed with something like righteous anger, and a hot wave of resentment surged through her cold, rigid frame. He saw his mistake before she could speak, and made amends.

"Of course, you didn't understand," he

said, forcing a smile. "But I've been at my wits' end the last few days, trying to put this deal through, and now—"

"What deal, Chester?" she asked faintly, so faintly that she could barely hear her own voice.

"Why, a land deal which will make a pretty good thing for us," he continued in explanation. "I bought a corner lot near the bank six months ago at a low price. I found out the bank wanted it later and offered it to them for a fair profit. I gave them an option on it, which expires today at four o'clock. It's ten minutes of the time now."

He consulted his watch with a hopeful expression on his face. "Two days ago I learned that a syndicate was after the plot, and wanted it badly. They offered me five thousand dollars more than my price to the bank. I was nearly wild when I learned of this. There was no way of getting out of my agreement with the bank. But if they didn't take up the option, I would be free to sell to the syndicate. So I didn't dare go to the bank today; I was afraid they would accept my offer. But now, no acceptance of it has come, and—and it's four o'clock."

He snapped his watch shut with a click and exclaimed:

"The deal is off, and that five thousand is mine—ours—yours, Maud. I'll give you the best dress you can find in New York, no matter what the cost."

He picked her up in his arms and smothered her face with kisses; but it was a poor little cold, drawn face which he embraced. The hands, too, were cold and nerveless. The body lay limp and helpless in his arms.

"Why, dear, you're cold," he murmured, surprised by the discovery of the fact. "Aren't you well?"

He held her off at arm's length to gaze into her face.

"I—I think I have a chill, Chester," she murmured weakly, trying hard to force a sickly smile.

He carried her to a sofa and quite tenderly laid her head on a soft, fluffy pillow of silk and eider down. "A hot drink for you," he said, "and I'll make it this instant. You've been doing too much lately, sweetheart."

He turned to get the necessary ingredients for compounding a hot drink, but she called him back.

"Chester, who was the man that just called?" she asked very faintly.

"Why, that was Mr. Phelps, who represents the syndicate," he explained. "But never mind; he'll call later. I have a written agreement with him that he'll take the land at the advanced price if the bank fails on the option. And it's four o'clock now—five minutes past! What good luck!"

SUMMER DAY CLOUDS

SQUADRON of white on a sea of blue,
Sailing in ether all day through;
Banks of foam floating adrift,
Azure deep seen through the rift.

Changing forms as the winds sweep high,
Billowy flakes in a blue, blue sky,
Pillows of mist turned feathery white,
Leaving no wake in their upward flight.

Blue and white and the sun's bright ray
Blend in the sky on a summer day,
Beauty and good and God in one,
In cloud and sky and a summer sun.

—*Salena Sheets Martin.*

THE BELLS OF BLINN

By Howard Markle Hope

THE last number of the evening band concert on the Steel Pier at Atlantic City had been played, and a group of men, casually gathered, began to condemn or praise the performance according to their individual attitudes toward the concord of tones produced by brass and breath. One of them—a spare mortal, whose mission might have been to prove how biliously solemn the human countenance can become—waited until all the others had expressed their opinions, then he said with the seriousness of a clergyman:

"I never hear music that I don't think of Blinn. It's a back number burg at the end of a railroad that gives you the notion that it has shoved the town up into a narrow valley the way boys roll marbles at the end of a stick.

"It was settled in seventeen hundred and something by Caesar Blinn. From away back the Blinns have been iron-founders, and Caesar's son and grandson ran a prosperous establishment in the town. For generations the family pride had been humping itself, but in Hannibal, Caesar's great-grandson, it got itself up to the point of believing that his life was a thing that the world should not be allowed to forget. So, when he was about to be gathered with Caesar and the other fathers, he gave a stone schoolhouse to the town to frustrate oblivion. Then his son, Napoleon, before he shuffled off, gave a gingerbready public hall to Blinn. Vercingetorix came next. The family pride had been like a rocket that gets brighter the farther it goes up, but Vercingetorix's was the colored whirligigs it bursts into. He had no silly diffidence about the matter. He owned right up to everybody that he was the greatest Blinn that ever kept a foundry, and he started in to live a life that would call for a memorial in the same way that a church must have a steeple.

"I ought to tell you that the stunt of giving historical names to the Blinns was started by an ancestor back in the seventeenth century who foretold that one of his descendants would do something that would put gilt edges and flourishes on the volume of the world's history. It was up now to Vercingetorix to do the gilding.

"You may be sure that he always gave the town full notice of his birthdays, so that the Blinnians would call and tell him what a wonderful citizen he was. I was up in the burg doing some professional work for old Rix, as we whittled his name down, and on the morning that he was sixty, I went to pay my respects. I happened to hit it alone, and while I was there he called in his daughter and said:

"'Semiramis, what good does a memorial do a man after he is dead and can't hear the people heaping praises on him? I am going to give Blinn something now, while I can enjoy the gratitude of my beloved people.'

"'That's a great idea, Mr. Blinn,' I encouraged him.

"'Indeed it is,' Semiramis agreed. 'What do you think of giving, father?'

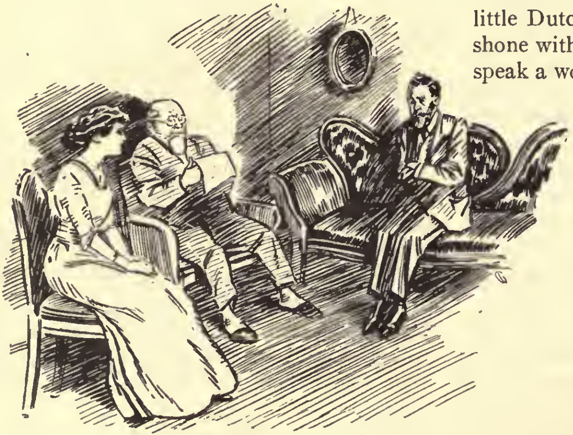
"'Hannibal gave a schoolhouse and Napoleon a town hall, but did they get any good out of them? Not a bit,' he said. 'I don't want a memorial like a church or a college or a hospital that will keep quiet about me. No, I want one that will always be busy and never stop sounding my praises.'

"'But what could that be, father?' asked the girl, who had never inherited her big black eyes and rosy cheeks from the Blinns, I can tell you, if she was handicapped by a Blinn name.

"'I got a letter this morning from Philip Long, the bell-founder, Semiramis, and it gave me a wonderful idea,' old Rix answered, swelling himself up like a balloon. 'He will soon be a bankrupt, and he says he will send me, in part payment of my claims, a triad of bells that he has among his assets. What is a triad, Semiramis?'

"'It is the three notes that make a musical chord, father,' she told him.

"'That settles it. I'll build a magnificent stone tower in the middle of our public square, and I'll swing the three bells in the top of it. I'll hang a rope down from each of them; then everybody and anybody can ring the glorious bells by ones, twos and threes; and everybody that hears will think of me, Semiramis, and all the good I have done for Blinn.'



"What is a triad, Semiramis?"

"'Mr. Blinn,' I said, 'that is the most original plan I've ever heard of.'

"'Isn't it?' the girl cried. 'And nothing could be more suitable, father. You know that our burgess dreams day and night of making Blinn famous for its music. He has the most original ideas of what the music should be, and I know how he will be encouraged by this memorial. I would send for the bells at once.'

"'I will not only do that, Semiramis,' he said, 'but I'll send for the burgess and tell him of this stupendous thing I am going to do. Mr. Weston, I would like you to wait here and see how glad he will be.'

"As soon as Gustave Puternickle, the burgess, could untie his apron strings and lay aside his goose, he came puffing up to the Blinn house. He was a stump of a Dutchman, and when he was not playing his flageolet he was whistling for all the world as if his lungs had to turn the air into music, and the air he played or whistled was always lively, for he hated dismal strains as a monk would hate ragtime. He and the five members of his sextette had a musical policy, and they were as set on it as a reform politician. They wanted, above all things, to drive the minor chord out of music, and they had worked themselves up to the pitch of believing that minor chords were little short of sacrilege.

"As soon as old Rixie told Gustave what he meant to do, you should have seen that little Dutchman's joy. His round face fairly shone with it. For a few minutes he couldn't speak a word, but at last he managed to make us understand that he wished he had brought his flageolet with him so that he could express himself in a rhapsody or a fugue or a scherzino or some other fandango, because he couldn't blow English across his lips as he could chase music out of his fife.

"'How magnificence that Plinn such a penefactor haf!' he bubbled. 'Vot Gottgifen splendidness that, Mr. Plinn, you haf a soul vat iss tuned to music yet. Vat glory dot stone tower and dose pells. How aboudt the key, Mr. Plinn?'

"'The key will be turned over to the town at my death,' Rix declared grandly.

"'Ach, now, you understand not alretty also,' Gustave burst out with excitement. 'I mean the key-nodt off dot triad of pells.'

"'It is the chord of C natural,' Semiramis told him, after consulting the bell-founder's letter.

"'Superbness!' Puternickle exulted. 'It iss the key my sextette lofe best of all to blay. Ach, Plinn vill haf a holiday such as nefer was yet since. And—ach—Gott in Himmel, I vill myself gompose a symphony in C natural You vill stand, Mr. Plinn, the ropes off dose pells in your hand, and ven to the last nodt off my symphony we gome, you vill strike dose pells—poom—and that nodt vill rise like a byird off paradise oudt off the square, ofer the housedops, the roofs, the shimneys, the trees off Plinn, oudt ofer the hillsides, ofer the streams, ofer the countries—oudt—oudt—ach, unspeakableness.'"

The melancholy little story-teller stopped to clear his throat, then went on:

"By the early part of September the tower was finished, and the bells were on their cranes. The column was a great piece of work. 'Presented by Vercingetorix Blinn to his Beloved Town,' glared at everybody from each of the four sides, and terra-cotta ornaments representing vines and frills and furbelows, twisted and curled by a local teacher of penmanship, sprawled all over it from the foundation to the top. Old Rix was determined that his people should not have a plain, ordinary memory of him, I can tell you. Not one note had been allowed to sound from the bells. They were to burst forth in all their music on the day of the presentation.

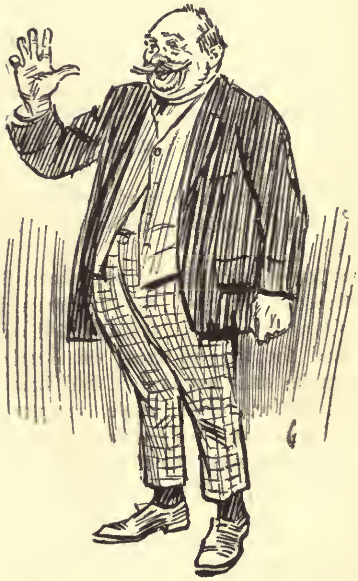
"The day set was as clear and balmy and everything to be desired as if the bell-founder had come across it among his assets and thrown it in as a bonus.

"'Glouds are the minor chorts off nature,' Puternickle exclaimed to his sextette as he commented on the weather. 'There iss not von in the sky. The whole vorlt iss in harmony with us. There vill nefer yet now alretty also be a minor chort in Plinn forefer.'

"The affair began with an industrial and civic parade that certainly had gaudiness for its keynote. It wound around through the streets like a big strip cut out of a sunset. Got up in a brand new dress suit in the middle of the forenoon, old Rix rode in the front carriage. He also wore a cocked hat, with a white feather, that was said to have been worn by Hannibal—that is, Hannibal Blinn,—and a lavender sash that Semiramis herself had draped around his waist. It might have looked all right on a society bud, but on Rixie it was about as lovely as a band of ribbon around a town pump.

"Done up in the best broadcloth suit he could make for himself, with a crimson sash and baldric, a white-feathered chapeau on his round head, and with his lips twisted around as he whistled bars from his Symphony in C Major, Puternickle rode beside Rixie. The deference shown to each other moved a few on the sidewalks to tears, and each of them wondered why the other had not long before then found out what a splendid fellow he was.

"The parade at last coiled itself into the public square, where, on a wooden platform near the base of the tower, the exercises began with a prayer by the pastor of Rixie's church. After a choir of young ladies, all in white dresses and sashes that matched Vercingetorix's, sang 'My country, 'tis of thee,' he rose, and in a speech that did not weary his hearers with matters outside of the wonderful services of Caesar, Hannibal, Napoleon and himself to Blinn, he presented the tower and the bells to the people of the town.



"How magnificence that Plinn such a penefactor haf!"

"Then, in behalf of Blinn, Gustave accepted the gift. 'Nefer yet also haf I been so proud off my position,' he said. 'Ve haf today a penefactor vot iss helping me and my sextette to cast oudt forefer the minor chort from the music off Blinn. Venefer dese pells blay, everypody vill think off Fercingetorix Plinn and know that he had alretty the courage to adopt C Major as the keynodt off Plinn to the ent off time. My sextette vill now also my symphony blay.'

"Then such a tooting and twanging and thrumming until they got into tune you never heard, and when they got under way at last, each of the six played as if what was left of time and about the first half of eternity depended on him. There wasn't anything that resembled a minor chord anywhere, and

I can tell you there weren't any discords either, for each of those six Dutchmen was an artist. You should have seen little Gustave work. He had to beat time with his elbows and play his flageolet at the same time, and he was so excited besides that I was afraid he wouldn't last half way through, but at last the symphony came toward the end and every Blinnian on the square stood on tiptoe to hear the first peal from the bells. On went the music to the last note. Down went Puternickle's head as a signal to old Rix, standing at the foot of the tower with the three ropes held in his right hand. He had about the same look on his face as you see in those pictures of Washington crossing the Delaware. 'Poom,' went the bells as the sextette tooted the last note of the symphony."

The lean narrator stopped for a moment, and his gravity seemed to deepen when he went on:

"Gentlemen, you should have been there. The flageolet dropped from Puternickle's hand, Otto Breen's trombone rattled on the floor, and the biggest string on Beethoven Jones's cello snapped as if it had been cut with a scythe. The whole sextette was dumb with horror. No wonder. The chord that old Rixie ripped out of the bells was the most dismal minor you ever heard. At the moment it seemed to me that the founder had had a patent process of packing a bell full of the blues.

"It was a musical crisis. Many of the Blinnians did not know a minor chord from a factory whistle, and they cheered at the top of their lungs, while Rixie, who knew a great deal more about hammering boilers than scraping fiddles, mistook the cheers for applause, and he banged and whanged and clanged the bells until Gustave, wringing his hands, leaped forward and cried:

"'Strike dose pells nefer again not—alretty.'

"'Why not?' Rixie demanded hotly.

"'Pecause dose pells iss minor,' Gustave screeched.

"'Minor or adult,' Rixie screeched back at him, 'I'll ring them as often as I please. I gave them to Blinn and who is to keep *me* from ringing them?'

"Whang, bang, clang, they went again, and with every one they got a worse case of minor. Waving his short little arms frantically, Gustave yelled at the top of his voice:

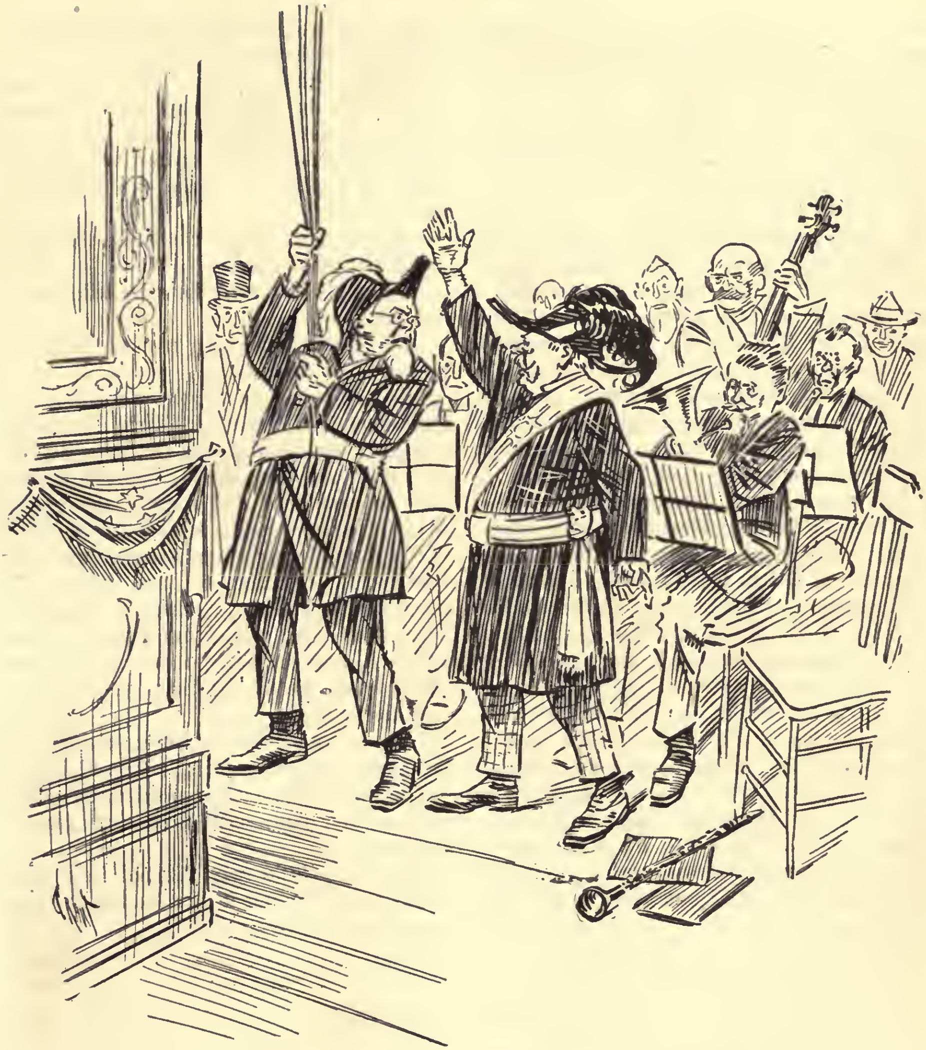
"'Deluted haf we been, mine friends. This man, Plinn, he makes us to belief he iss a penefactor; he puts up dis tower and he blaces dose pells in dot tower and dose pells iss minor. He kills the hope, the dreams off me and my sextette and—'

"Old Rixie cut the oration short by whipping minor chords out of the bells as fast as he could jerk the ropes. Then he sprinted to the platform and shouted that he was glad the bells were minor. Puternickle and his five accomplices had been trying to rob his beloved town of an important part in music. No other town on the earth had been able to prosper without minor chords, and he did not propose to have the village of his forefathers deprived of the manifold blessings that flow from minor chords. He had donated the bells on purpose to defeat the base plot of Puternickle and his gang, and if one tower and one set of bells were not enough to do it, he would put up a dozen, or two dozen or a dozen dozen and every set should be as much more minor as the bell-founder could make them.

"Of course you know, gentlemen, that a small town loves a squabble as a Spaniard loves a bull fight. From that moment Blinn was divided into Majorites and Minorites. People joined one side or the other without rhyme, rule or reason, and lots of them, who could not tell a bar of music from a piece of wire screen argued the matter clear back to the inalienable right of every citizen to his major or minor chord, as the case happened to be, guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States and the Bill of Rights.

"During the war, hundreds took full advantage of their liberties by twanging the bells—the Minorites to voice their approval and the Majorites to show what a diabolical thing a minor chord is at two or three in the morning. Young men and boys stayed up all night to keep the people from forgetting Rixie's generosity, and during the evenings, particularly when the sextette was practicing in a room on the square, boys kept the whole town so tuned up to C Minor that all strains based on a major key stuck fast in flute or flageolet and got hopelessly tangled in fiddle strings.

"I was with old Rix a good bit those days and he was hurt to the heart. He saw then, that, by dying before they gave their memorials, Hannibal and Napoleon had been



"Strike dose pells nefer again not—alretty!"

very much wiser than himself. When he heard that neighbor was rising against neighbor and wives were tossing left-handed compliments and cabbages over backyard fences, his pride fairly bled. Something had to be done, or his memory would be entirely different from the one he had lived for. But what was that something? Every suggestion I made to him he vetoed with scorn. He was simply dangling at the end of his wits and his wits were constantly being banged in the most dismal key in the scale."

"They are not fighting over it yet, are they?" asked one of the group when the narrator paused to light a cigar.

"No," was the grave reply, "the thing was settled by an influence that has brought more harmony—as well as discord—than any other power in human affairs—love."

The men stopped puffing and looked at the little story-teller with renewed interest.

"Yes, gentlemen, everything was made serene and lovely by an old-fashioned love affair. A young New Yorker, by the name of Prestly, fixed it up clean as a whistle, though I have always believed that Semiramis got up the scheme. You see, old Rix had refused to let her marry the chap because he contended that every descendant of his illustrious family ought to live in Blinn. Prestly wanted to take her over to the metropolis to live. Well, the two drove the old man into the bargain that he would agree to the match if they would stop the people from talking about him in the minor chord.

"With some workmen and myself helping, Prestly lifted another big bell into the tower one night, hung it on a crane, and scattered bills all over Blinn for the people to meet in the square on a certain morning. You may be sure the place was crowded. Nobody knew what was to happen, but about half of them at least wished it would be something to make things worse.

"Puternickle was there with his sextette and their fiddles and things, and at a signal from Prestly they began again on the famous symphony. On it went, the six Dutchmen getting almost as lost in the wonderful strains as before. At last the final note approached, Gustave ducked his head and—'poom!'—the bells clanged again. You should have seen the joy spreading over the faces of that sextette. You would have thought that a major chord had set each one's soul singing like a Christmas carol. No wonder, because the chord that rang from those bells was a major one that fitted into the last note of Puternickle's symphony as—well, as Semiramis' finger fitted later into Prestly's wedding ring."

"But how could one bell fix the thing up?" asked one of the men.

"It was simple enough," was the dismal reply. "In the minor chord of C the second note is E flat. All Semiramis did was to have Prestly order an E natural bell and that made it possible to strike the natural or major chord."

"A case of a bell for a belle, then," remarked another man.

"Exactly," answered the story-teller, without a smile.

"Can the bells be rung now as the people please," a third asked.

"No. The young people thought it was their duty to see that old Rixie's memorial should be active, and they did their duty so faithfully that the Town Council had to pass an ordinance that forbade the ringing of the bells between 7 P. M. and 7 A. M. This would have brought on another war, but Prestly again came to the rescue. He persuaded Rix to put a clock in the tower. The major chord chimes just before the hour is struck, and the half hours and hours are struck with the E flat bell; so the whole four are in use."

"Then," remarked another member of the group, "Vercingetorix, after all, had to put his memory into the hands of Father Time just as everybody else does that gives a memorial."

"No," the little man differed in a lugubrious tone, "he put it into the hands of the man who winds the clock."

WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE

From the book "Heart Throbs."

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for work's sake then, and it well may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

—*Kenyon Cox.*

THE AGE OF DISCOVERY

By ROBERT W. GUILER, M.D.

THIS is an age of discovery, an age of criticism of discovery: on the one hand we have the man of science, who works out in his laboratory the wonders which we see about us in every branch of scientific research; on the other hand we have the public, that marvelous critic, not always absolutely just, but as a rule, fairly so. The attitude of the scientist is one of intense desire to produce; the attitude of the public an equally intense desire to use.

The public has never yet failed to make use of the very best of the productions of science. Examples of this we can see all about us in the telephone, telegraph, railroads, steamships and hundreds of other inventions. These things were all worked out by the sweat of somebody's brow for the use of everybody; and yet in their incipiency they have all been criticized and laughed at, but being practical and useful have remained a blessing to the world. In other words, when the public sees practical results, it is more than willing to use the products of the scientist's brain, but it absolutely insists on results.

I think we see this particularly so when we approach the science of medicine. Here we are getting close to the spring of life, to the helpless and suffering, to the lives of those who are dear to us above everything else; and the public wants to know what the medical scientist is going to do to the lives of its children, its fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters.

What has medical science done for the public? That is the question asked, and you find the answer all about you. Take a walk with me through one of your hospitals. You enter the door in fear and trembling, for you realize that you are at the portal of suffering and death. Here is where the gruesome things of life are, here is the battlefield of life with death, and with the instinct of centuries you shrink from pain and suffering. But let us go on; with a half-smothered feeling you enter the administration building, and you are greeted cheerfully by a refined lady, dressed in spotless white, who gives you a cheerful smile. With her permission to go through the hospital, we pass through a corridor lined with beautiful plants, passing on the way refined young ladies dressed in nurses' uniform, wearing the same cheerful smile. Farther along we come to a branch corridor, at the end of which we get a view of a beautiful ward, cheerful, bright with sunshine, round which are arranged spotlessly white iron beds—but the patients, you fear to look at them! At length you screw up your courage and look at the one nearest, in bed number one. What is the first thing you see? The same cheerful smile, where you expected to see a face distorted with pain—for you know that this man was run over by a locomotive and his thigh and lower leg broken! You ask yourself: Why is this? How can a man so terribly shattered be so comfortable? You see at the foot of his bed a peculiar arrangement, a pulley to which is fastened a weight—what is it? It is the result of brains—medical brains—it is one of the things medicine has done for suffering humanity. That weight is holding the broken fragments of bone in place, relieving the terrible cutting of the jagged edges, and giving nature a chance to heal the bones and make the limb a useful thing again; above all things, at the present stage, the patient will tell you that it is relieving him of terrible suffering.

Let us look at patient number five; the surgeon is working over him carefully, deftly, sympathetically. What is he doing? This man was horribly burned over so large an area and so deeply that the skin is destroyed, rendering healing impossible. The surgeon has transplanted another person's skin upon the wound, and already we are getting a new covering of skin, making it possible for the man to live and be a useful member of society.

But let us go to the children's ward, by far the most interesting ward in the hospital.

We pass along a sunlit corridor, for its walls are of glass, and we see at its end a beautiful octagonal ward, with tiny beds arranged around it; beautiful stained glass windows, depicting all sorts of familiar scenes from Mother Goose, and we hear the chatter and laughter of children. Here are colored blocks built in fantastic shapes; here are little paper mats made in different colored squares; here are books with gorgeous pictures; here are little tables and tiny chairs placed ready for a meal, little cups and saucers, knives and forks. What is this place, you ask yourself. Is it a kindergarten? Where are the sufferers, where is the gruesomeness you expected to see? Yes, this is a hospital, these children are sick or have been so. Look at that cheerful little fellow over there on crutches. What is that apparatus on his limb? It has a big sole for the foot and a bracing apparatus up one of the legs. That boy has hip disease, and the apparatus is to extend the limb, draw the diseased parts into position and prevent shortening of the leg. In other words medical science is making a useful member out of a worse than useless one, making a perfect man out of what would be a hopeless cripple. Here we have a little fellow strapped to an iron frame, on the broad of his back. What for? He has a curvature of the spine; the apparatus is surely straightening out the injured parts, and another hunchback has been prevented. Is he unhappy? What is this we see upon his face? The same cheerful smile—we see it everywhere, even here, for this child has been strapped to that frame for six long months and may not be released for many more. Let us, however, pass farther along. We soon become conscious of a peculiar odor, which grows stronger as we approach a door on our left: you ask our guide what it is. She tells you it is ether, and we are at the operating-room. There is a serious operation going on and yet we hear no groans, no sound of suffering; everything is as still and calm as a summer day. Why is this? Was there not a time when men and women were strapped to a table and held down bodily while they were rended limb from limb, yelling and screeching in agony, all in the name of surgery? Why don't we hear it now? Because, someone, God bless him, discovered ether, that greatest of blessings, and now we can be operated upon without suffering and practically no shock, and surgery has been made possible that could not have been dreamed of before the discovery of ether. Yet even this discovery was received skeptically and hooted at by the public and even by the medical fraternity! Where now is the sting of that terrible scourge of former times once called "inflammation of the bowels"? Only a few years ago this disease was practically hopeless and nine out of ten died from it. The physician threw up his hands in despair when called to see a case of that sort and gave an almost hopeless outlook. Now we remove the appendix, the terrible sting of the disease is drawn, and thousands of lives are saved every day. To go into the wonders of modern surgery in a paper of this length would be impossible; so great have been the advances that the world is spellbound. Some of the things done are so marvelous as to be past human belief. Men and women are being drawn literally from the jaws of death, by the power of the surgeon's knife. But let us leave the patient in the operating-room in the care of the skillful surgeon and nurses, and we will go over to the bacteriological laboratory.

We see a room full of all sorts of curious things—microscopes, test-tubes, thermostats, scales, delicate thermometers, retorts full of curious-smelling concoctions, little guinea pigs and white mice. You ask: What have they to do with a hospital or medical science? You see a refined scholarly medical man gently pick up a guinea pig and inject something into it; you wonder what for. Perhaps you are indignant that the little beast should be so treated.

You see a horse from which two other men are drawing blood. Why should this dumb animal be so abused? Here you have at last found something cruel, something inhuman! You say to yourself, these men must be fiends incarnate, to take a poor innocent beast and inject into it some terrible disease and watch the poor animal sicken and perhaps die! A young man suddenly enters the laboratory, picks up a small bottle of yellow fluid and goes out. Let us follow him. He passes hurriedly up the hill to a brick building, enters one of the wards quickly. Lying on a bed is a child, and what a picture of suffering it is—gasping for breath, coughing that hard metallic cough, flushed with fever, the grim grip of death upon its throat. Quickly the young man injects the contents of the little bottle into the child. In a short time you see a change: the child begins to breathe more easily, its color becomes better, its fever drops and perhaps it falls into a quiet slumber. What does this mean? The child has diphtheria, its poor little throat is choked with foul membrane. But this injection, this marvelous thing, which has brought life again to a child almost dead —what is it? Where does it come from? Come with me again to the laboratory, look again at yonder horse, those guinea pigs, and yet again at those medical scientists! The injection is still running from the horse, yet he seems none the worse, quietly chewing his hay. And yet those men have made it possible through the blood of that horse to save the life of yonder sleeping child! What if the horse had dropped dead in his track! If that child were yours, the lives of a thousand horses would have been of no value to you if his life could have been saved! You will go into the woods and shoot and torture the animals of the forest, you will kill the birds of the air and catch the fish of the sea and streams, you will slaughter an ox and eat it, but let a man of science lay his hand on an animal, that he may discover a way to save your life or the lives of your family, and you will howl in indignation! You will have your mass meetings and your bills in Congress to stop him. Yes, and even some of you will allow your child to die, strangled to death under your eyes rather than use the antitoxin made by these scientific butchers!

Your child came into this world an absolutely helpless, innocent being, dependent entirely upon you for life and well-being; having been born, it is at once entitled to live; it is your bounden duty to see that it lives; you must see that it is cared for, fed, and in sickness given all the life-saving advantages which have been proved by science to be correct and right. Are you going to foister upon your sick, innocent child an airy, intangible idea which you in your own mind have decided is best for your child? Are you going to quietly sit down and watch your child suffer and perhaps die, or are you going to use the product of science which has and is curing other children by the thousands every day?

What right have you to say your child shall suffer, even for a moment, if it can be surely relieved by medical science?

While you are watching your own flesh and blood being tortured by disease, while you are comforting yourself with the idea that you are doing more for your child than medical science can do, take your thoughts back to our laboratory, see again the horse and guinea pigs through whom those medical butchers have saved thousands of human beings and ask yourself who is the fiend incarnate — you who are torturing your innocent babe, or those men who by the sweat of their brows have made it possible to relieve your child?

Medical science has never asked the public to accept anything that was not capable of proof and demonstration or anything that does not give practical results.

Supposing you were standing on the bank of a deep pool and you saw a human being struggling for life in the deep water. At your feet lay a cowhide lariat. Would you stop to consider that that rope was once part of a living animal and that perhaps that animal had been tortured by his slayer? Would your indignation at the slaying of that ox prevent you from throwing the drowning man the rope and drawing him ashore? No! a thousand times, no! You would be swallowed up by the horror of a dying soul! You would not only throw him the rope, but you would sacrifice your own life to save him. Why, then, when your child is in the deep waters of disease will you stop to think of the horse and guinea pig? Why will you not throw him the rope which medical science has put at your feet and save him from suffering and death?

Disease and suffering are the quagmire of life; it is full of foul and loathsome things which are constantly attacking our lives and threatening our welfare; it surrounds us on every side; every step we take is fraught with danger; there seems to be no way to cross it safely; we are all but hopeless. But what is this we see through the foul mists? It is a bridge not yet absolutely completed; men are working on it night and day filling up the weak places, making a path for us to walk across to health and happiness. Who are these men? Upon what is their bridge founded? The foundation is good common sense and cannot be shaken. The men are the medical scientists working under

Divine Providence on the structure which is to carry you and your family to safety. The structure is not complete, but a great part of it reaches to the island of safety and is being traveled by thousands of sick and frail human beings. What are you going to do? Will you trust yourself to walk boldly into that quagmire, or will you try the bridge? I leave it to you, my friend, what you will do. Will you go to these workmen and take their tools from them and make them stop work on a structure that is to save you from worse than death, or will you bless them for their self-sacrifice? Will you take advantage of a structure that is firm, even though not absolutely complete, or will you in your own mind erect a mirage, a fantastic bridge, unsupported, only in your own mind, unfounded, only in your own imagination and fertile brain? Will you follow your will-o'-the-wisp into your foul quagmire, till you are strangled to death in the sea of suffering and disease?

You must do with your own life as you see fit; but, in the name of common humanity, do not pull the tottering feet of your innocent babe from that firm bridge to safety, and sink it in the quagmire of disease to struggle alone, for it is a tender being direct from God Almighty, its strength is not great and it must be guarded carefully and tenderly as God's most precious gift to mankind.

OVERLORD

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THE founts of knowledge deep and free
  Are broken all and dried.
But still my mind like some great sea
  Sustains me on its tide!

The stars of hope go down in night;
  Faith withers like a scroll.
But I move onward in the light
  Of my unshadowed soul!

The hills of joy are cleft apart;
  Cleft are the rocks of truth.
But I have shelter in my heart
  Where throbs immortal youth!

I see each day with eyes unawed
  The world come to an end—
For safe through chaos wild and broad
  I walk, my own best friend!

A Great Deal for a Little Bit

By Frank Conway

THE upsoar of something for nothing—the inrush of a dividend of thousands of dollars from an investment of thousands of goose eggs—a visit from a good thing—for this Stack waited and yearned, day in and day out.

As he loafed one December morning behind a pane of glass in the City Hall, "You are Mr. Stack," said a voice at his shoulder.

Stack admitted it.

"I am informed," began the stranger whom Stack beheld when he turned, "that you possess stock in the Goldfield-Buffalo Mining Company."

Stack thought. When the suckers of America were tumbling over one another for dime stocks in Nevada mines, he had grabbed a big block of the Goldfield-Buffalo Company's truck at ten cents a share. A month or so after the receipt of his stock certificate, he had caught himself wincing from aches like those that attend a compound fracture of the pocketbook. In the manner of a little man, however, he had smothered his sobs and had hidden his supposed hurt. Now he unhesitatingly gave tongue to the truth:

"I own a thousand shares."

"Well, I'm here to buy."

The newcomer's announcement awakened Stack to the recollection that, during the preceding week, an unknown whom he casually met in a cafe had slipped to him the judgment that "between you and me and the refrigerator, certificates of Nevada mining stocks are worthless—if they're not striking enough to frame for parlor display." It flashed on Stack that very likely the unknown had been "sent in" by the stranger present, and that his slap at Nevada stocks was all a part of the prospective purchaser's foxery.

"What have you the conscience to ask for your holdings?" demanded the stranger, with an enigmatical smile.

Stack knew as much about the value of Goldfield-Buffalo shares as he knew about the value of harps in heaven. Looking as wise as he could, however, he said:

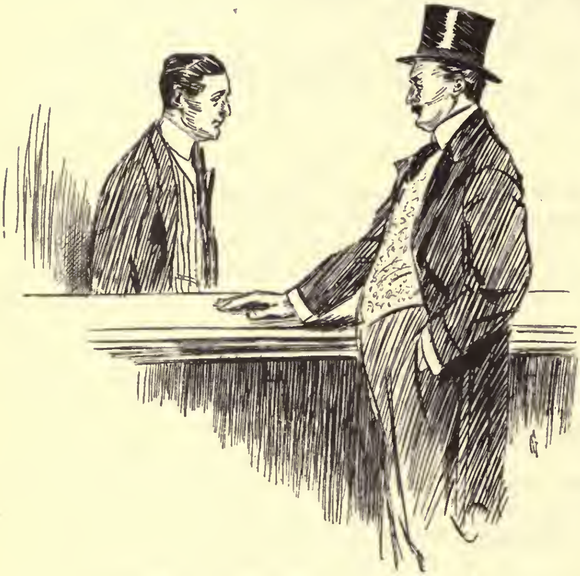
"I want a little more than what they're quoted at on the Goldfield Exchange."

"Its par value is a dollar." The stranger fastened unseeing eyes on the traffic tangle in the street, as though ciphering something on his mental blackboard. "For your thousand shares, Mr. Stack, I'll throw up not a cent less nor a cent more than sixty thousand dollars."

And he, Stack, had paid only a hundred! Great Scott! Was it snowing dollar bills? Everything looked crisp and green to him for a while. For a while, he felt twinges of rheumatism in his head. Pains of joyful emotion they were. Oh, he'd holler about this in his sleep for a week of nights!

The stranger neither sounded like a joker nor presented the semblance of a pumpkin-thresher in from the townships with a notice pinned on him that he was to be fed lemons freely. He wore a plug hat and paddock coat, and in his white four-in-hand there twinkled a diamond as huge as a door knob. In contrast with this fine-framed, impressively clothed blond, Stack felt that he himself with his inferior figure, on which hung fire-sale duds, stood out as a common clam. The stranger had the cut and expression of a slick New Yorker that could take some pretty sharp corners without scratching himself.

Far from depressing his voice, Stack sang out his say noisily enough to strain his tonsils. He meant that his fellow-workers in the city comptroller's office should hear what was going on, and they did. When the New Yorkish notable in quest of Stack's stock said sixty, ledger leaves were thumbed over ever so delicately, the typewriters sat in quiet before their machines, one of the clerks softly shut the door of the telephone booth, and Ducker, the globose-faced deputy comptroller, peeped from behind his rolltop desk. His eyes were as big as soup plates; one ear, so to speak, reached out to catch every word dropped, and he kept excitedly shifting the cud in his mouth.



"*I'll give you sixty thousand dollars, Mr. Stack.*"

"I don't care to sell," said Stack, and, as he walked from the window back into the office, he decidedly shook his head. He had reckoned that if his block of Goldfield-Buffalo was worth sixty thousand, it was worth five thousand more, else the stranger wouldn't want it. Anyway, he, Stack, could hold it till he ascertained from a broker its market value, whether or not a dividend impended, and so forth.

The stranger followed him without haste or excitement. "Very well, young man. That's my best bid. Here's my card." Stack took it. He had read only the name thereon—"Eugene De Clune"—when Mr. De Clune added: "Should you decide to advantage yourself of my offer, come to New York. Good-day, sir."

As his heels, in departure, hit the main corridor of the City Hall, Stack choked down an impulse to call him back and kiss him.

* * * * *

The next morning, to the fierce inflammation of the public mind, the city's newspapers published broadcast and lengthwise the story of how, three years before, Stack had bought Goldfield stock, as people now were buying stock in the mines of Searchlight, Gold Crater and Rawhide—and of how a great gladness at last had come to him.

"Say, are you lucky!" colloquially remarked "Gripes," a fellow-clerk of Stack's in the comptroller's office. "I wish the fairies would hang around my radius of touch, that way, and magically waft a shower of plums to yours unfortunately. You're in right, for sure."

From the rear, there swam to Stack an odor like that which, he remembered, crept to him at home, Thanksgiving morning, when the lady at the kitchen stove was singeing the turkey. The only man in the office that smoked violent stinkers was Ducker, who saved money on the quarter that his wife daily allowed him for luncheon. So, without turning, Stack knew who mouthed the words of admiration:

"I prefer to think you just took a chance judiciously, Stack. I prefer to think you're entitled to a certificate of smartness signed by the State Board of Education."

This Ducker, the deputy, had the burly build of a man that would have made a good slugger in a row at the polls. Yet not once in his life had he punched a face. As liquor never touched his teeth, he did not, at any time of the day, romance around headache houses as an alcoholized hail-mammal-well-met. Ah, no time had he for melodramatic didos! He kept himself engaged too earnestly in the popular, though prosaic, American exercise of hunting the poor, panting Goddess of Liberty pictured in profile on one side of the dollar. And he was eagerly lumbering after the lady now.

In private, of course, he reminded Stack, an hour later:

"I can pay cash and pay it promptly."

"Sell for sixty-five thousand? Not by a mill's site!" said Stack. He locked himself around his Goldfield-Buffalo stock as jealously as a little dog closes teeth on a big bone.

Out of the gorgeous skies, a few days afterward, dove a thunderbolt. Stack used to court a Miss Wean. He did not in the least hurt her heart, he knew, when he left her. Now—breach of promise! She was circling him for a strangle-hold on his Goldfield-Buffalo interest. She was suing him for thirty thousand of the dollars that represented his unexpected, unexpended balance on hand.

The moment the papers were served on him, he made a beeline for the office of shifty Charlie Steelman. When he stepped into the lawyer's private lair, Steelman, at a window, was staring out on a mess of roofs—possibly estimating how much he could safely overcharge some client.

"What's that, Stack? Oh, well, I'll cheerfully accept a couple of shares of that stock as my retainer." Stack said he'd see.

Back he went to the comptroller's office. There Ducker met him with the remark: "You've a lovely chance to realize something quick."

"Yes, and a lovely cold, too," said Stack, sneezing and coughing at once, and well-nigh throwing himself out of his chair in the execution of the double stunt. That cold, seeming to occupy all his attention, masked his anxiety to kiss his certificate farewell. Aye, anxiety, for, although that certificate was as good as a government bond, Miss Wean's suit and his visit to Attorney Steelman had impressed on Stack the necessity of his denying himself forthcoming—and perhaps very distant—dividends for real ready cash.

With such despatch was the business of the exchange closed that Stack remarked on the certificate only the stamp of the state of New York's stock transfer tax. Sixty-five thousand dollars he got. Oh, it sounded like too much for a little! He felt mean when he took Ducker's check. Indeed, when he signed the transfer on the back of the certificate, he half feared that sparks would fly as they flew when tottering old Faust scribbled his name to the deal that gave him youth.

Stack was gay and gladsome. So was Ducker. To Gripes, who attested the transfer, he gratefully handed a cigar guaranteed to create, when ignited, the atmosphere of a damp cellar full of onions. And all day long handshakes were in order with the deputy.

With a thousand shares of a promising stock in his safe at home, Ducker didn't, like the newly rich Stack, take a day off and devote it to the improvement of his external show. He still wore a coat as snug-fitting as the skin on a sausage, and pants that paused at his ankles. Stack, though not over-particular about his own scenery, used to experience a prompting, every time he beheld the deputy, to tell him that he should go to his tailor and request that tailor to hit him on the head with a rubber plant and stretch his clothes. An urging to silence throbbed from his heart, however, on the Saturday of the week that witnessed the stock transfer. Ducker's harness, as usual, manifested careless selection and keep, but its wearer overshadowingly manifested something else. As he approached Stack's desk, he gave an excellent imitation of a fellow that had been sitting on extremely tough furniture. He dragged himself over the office carpet with body bent forward, as does the unfortunate with the back distress who excites our pity in the plaster advertisement. His globular face fairly shed sadness, and the "enck-wee, wee-enck! enck-wee, wee-enck!" of his new $1.80 shoes whined against Stack's auditory nerves and thence distributed itself, in cold electric thrills, along his spinal tract.

"Say, Stack," mumbled the deputy, in a tired tone, "see Slattery, or any of the newspaper fellows you're next to, and fix them up with the facts about my purchase from you, will you?"

"What for?"

"For publicity's sake, and nothing else.

Frankly, I like to see my name and picture in the papers."

"An orful painstookin', sistermatical man!" With that pronouncement, one of the negro laborers around the City Hall had once solemnly withdrawn from an analytical study of Ducker. It put the deputy down exactly. What was he now going about, painstakingly and sytematically? Refusing to pester himself with another question, Stack saw Slattery, and the *Times-American,* for which Slattery reported City Hall doings and misdoings, gave its readers, the following Monday morning, the story of how a great gladness had been passed by Stack to the deputy.

Stack read it. He forgot it before luncheon time. He was awfully busy, nowadays, enjoying a consciousness of his own bettered appearance and brightened mental mood. In a country where hardly anything tells but work and wealth, Stack had been nothing but a pimple on a group, when it embraced men of money and lusty efforts. He now began to seem somebody. Anyway, he looked and felt happy.

It was blithesomely that he asked Ducker, "Going shoplifting with your wife?" when the deputy, early that afternoon, slammed shut his desk.

"Yes, I'm going to buy a skating cap and take a long walk," replied Ducker. "I may not return. If I don't, the lodge is closed."

The next afternoon, to the same inquiry he made the same reply. It was raining spaniels and wildcats. "Why should he take a long walk when the air's full of water?" Stack asked himself. He knew soon enough.

After he transferred his Goldfield-Buffalo stock to Ducker, he wrote a New York brokerage house to determine how much he lost when he sold his shares for sixty-five thousand. Their letter in reply he opened shortly after Ducker left the office.

The New York people apprised him that the stock of the company in question was being kicked around the Goldfield Exchange at one cent per share.

More than that, they hinted that he might, with little labor, find some of that stock lying around with no owner attached to it.

Stack fainted in his desk chair.

When he came to, he found that he had the city comptroller's camp to himself. Of all the office electrics, his alone shone. The newsboys in the street were crying for sale the last of the day's editions. He concluded that his fellow-clerks, when they put their pencils away and declared the day over, had adjudged him entitled to a bald-faced nap on his political job at least once a year and accordingly had not disturbed him.

Then he remembered that the deputy, when he announced his intention to take a long walk, had spoken as would a lamed man who might, instead, have reasonably asked his friends to carry him home on a shutter. He remembered that the deputy, leaving the office, had proceeded to the street with a bell-tolling effect.

"He must even now be breathing only from habit, and not for the sake of life!" So, in effect, Stack soliloquized. "And his hatred for me—no, if I died tonight, he couldn't weep at my funeral unless he attended it with a Bermuda onion up his sleeve. How in the name of goodness can I ever look him in the gills again?"

Stack became meditative. The deputy knew, all right, that he had been hit on the head with a gold brick. Yet he had not cried out with the pain of the blow.

That strange silence baffled all Stack's conjectures till, suddenly, he recalled Ducker's request that he, Stack, see Slattery and fix him up with the facts. Why—but before Stack completed the question in thought, he had the answer. By that newspaper story Ducker simply had brightened his false bait, the better to snare the schools of suckers that abound in all waters!

Through it all, Ducker was acting himself to the life. He had not returned to the original owner of the Goldfield-Buffalo rubbish with a mouthful of lamentations and with the humble admission that he had allowed himself to be used as a storage house for queer paper. Instead, he was taking long walks that he might contrive a devil's scheme to dump his ex-Goldfield-Buffalo-Bill stock on some poor brother full of faith and hope—faith in any prospectus handed him, and the hope of a whole lot for less. It was Ducker's audacious, brutal way.

Squalling gooney birds and little men with bluish, bony faces chased Stack in his sleep all that night. The following morning, he went into the office with his heart beating in his throat. He furtively laid eyes on the deputy. Ye gods and winking augurs! What a change in the man's note and look!

Ducker rang with the jollity of a fifteenth-century monastery full of fat monks, and his face somehow expressed the hymnal words, "I have sought and I have found." Yes, he had sought and he had found—a victim. He had crowded his thousand shares of make-believe gold mine stock on somebody else. *Somebody else was carrying the cross!*

* * * * * * *

Stack chewed the rag with himself and harried his own heart with reproaches till one noon when, sweeping in from mid-day eating duty, he found Ducker alone in the office.

As he drew on his alpaca work-coat, he said to the deputy: "You're looking well, Mr. Ducker. I guess you're not changing the shape of your head with worry over the tax on your property or your income, or your—stock."

"Oh, don't tax my brain so," and Ducker, at his desk, laughed poorly. It was his habit, in trying moments, to crack the kind of jokes that a funny magazine editor rejects with thanks, regrets and rapidity, and to express enjoyment of his own wit in a nervous little hee-hee.

Stack started the main fun without any curtain-raiser or preliminary dancing around. "Some time ago, Mr. Ducker, I stung you for sixty-five thousand dollars!"

He and Ducker traded glances—and made ready to battle through trying moments.

"Yes," said Ducker, with another nanny-goat laugh, "I ought to hire somebody to pick them off me."

"Pick what off?"

"The flies. I'm such a sweet sucker that I draw flies."

Then, swinging around in his chair, he faced Stack squarely. "See here, Stack. Why can't you jolly yourself into thinking that somebody has blackjacked you and that you've lost your memory? Forget that transaction! I have a hook in the roof of my mouth, and I've hung my tongue up on it. You hit me, but I'm not hollering. Now, why in the thunder—"

"I understand," interrupted Stack. "You sold."

"Did I?"

Stack pushed his hands into his pants' pockets. "What can you say, Mr. Ducker, if the party you landed the Goldfield-Buffalo stock on—er—meets you and asks you to give him back his money?"

"Why, I'll say I'm on my way to pay a doctor's bill and can't spare a cent."

The deputy tilted himself back in his chair and crossed his legs. "As for your playing spiritual adviser and physical director to me—say, Stack, will you have anything to do, tonight, when you get home?"

"Not anything in particular."

"Then, after you've eaten dinner, sit down in a quiet spot and have the rare sense or common sense to see that it pays to step over the other fellow's breaches of propriety. Certainly, it doesn't pay to step into them."

"It's mine that I'm stepping into," said Stack, and he gloomily sank into a chair at Ducker's desk side. "Oh, I'm having a dickens of a time. I could get along, all right, without doing any good in the world, but—don't you know?—I've got too strong a conscience or too weak a stomach to stick out a crooked deal. Mr. Ducker, I long to buy that stock—bum though it may be. The money I got from you has my permission to leave me."

Rapidly the deputy worked his eyelids, as would a man coaxing himself out of a doze. "Did I hear something then?" he exclaimed. "Please kick me gently in the shins till I see if I'm sleeping."

His half-shut eyes gave every assurance that he regarded Stack with a heart full of contempt. "Goodness me! Here's another American that doesn't like the looks of the money he has! Well, snow's falling heavily in the Panhandle region of Texas," and he lifted his eyebrows in philosophical acceptance of all earthly oddities.

At the occurrence of something to him, he sat upright. "If you pull the insides of your pockets out and clean yourself of this coin, how are you going to resist Miss Wean's breach of promise suit?"

"I've already tied a knot in that game of hers," said Stack. "My attorney signalled my willingness to marry her—and she performed a cold backdown. See, Mr. Ducker? I didn't want to be done, any more than I want to do this fellow that you fed."

Now, throwing his feet up on his desk, Ducker sighed:

"Well, an honest confession is good for the heart. I'll tell the whole truth, Stack. I'm a pessimist. I believe that everything happens for the worst, and I do my best to make the best of the worst. When you stuck that sick stock on me, I simply ripped it off and wrapped it around another. Stung myself, I wheeled and walloped somebody else. You didn't deceive me. I didn't deceive him. I let him deceive himself. Yes, Slattery's story brought him in. Now, I can't recover from you, and he can't recover from me. I didn't lose a cent—nor did I quit a dollar to the good. You're the one that's in."

"Then everything's up to me." Stack uttered that with an accent of relief, and asked: "Who's your victim?"

"One laugh, ten cents," answered Ducker. Then, "His identity—"

"You're going to say—is your own affair?"

"Glad to hear you say it for me, Stack. My business is mine, and your business is thine."

To Stack's astonishment, he added: "You're not going to get that sucker's name, and if you advertise for it, I may horsewhip you. Let him alone, not for the sake of your sixty-five thousand, but for my—well, never mind. Just let him sell as I did."

"Man alive!" shouted Stack. "Ain't there going to be an end to this?"

"Not right away. Not if the fellow I favored begins the game all over again. Certainly not." Almost frantically, then, Ducker ground this out: "Can't you get larry to my game? No? Well, listen. I want the sale of that stock to go on with monotonous frequency, because I want to get as far away as I can from the fellow that has it."

Stack stared at Ducker in a kind of holy horror.

"Have you no conscience, Mr. Ducker?"

"It isn't on speaking terms with me," answered the deputy. "Even if it were, it couldn't talk high enough to make me forget—my wife. That's just what I said. Strange though it may sound in these days, I'm in love with my wife. I tell you all this reluctantly, Stack, but you had to have it—and there it is. It explains my attitude—or will after I've reviewed things. Here I go. For the possession of your Goldfield-Zebra stock, you and I fenced like andabatae—Latin for blindfolded gladiators, that is—and I speared a quince. Now, if my wife heard about what I gathered in, she'd run up a six months' board bill in Reno, Nevada. There, you know, an allegation of a husband's stupidity, if supported by the evidence, constitutes sufficient grounds for a divorce. So talk on. I'm sweetly content with what I've done. You can't make me feel bad if you want to."

"And you can't make me feel any worse," Stack groaned. "Oh, it's tough to be a crook. If the injured party or the police don't make it uncomfortable for you, you make it uncomfortable for yourself. That's my experience. I can't be anything but disagreeable to myself."

He jumped to his feet.

"Mr. Ducker, I'm going to hunt the hills for the man that's limping around with that load, and I'm glad because of my determination."

"And I'm glad that you're glad!" Ducker burst out. "Here he comes now—with mystic timeliness—like an angel in the Bible!"

Through the opened office door, Stack saw walking through the corridor Mr. Schooley, a member of the wealthy Manahawkin Avenue set and councilman from the fashionable First Ward. This man Stack had heard described as one who felt himself the center from which the city grew—he had come to it and they had built it around him. He had heard, too, that Schooley's was a manner stiflingly sweet—that, from constant contacts with the nuisances that infest the path of the man in politics, for favors or for the complimentary notice of a "How-d'ye-do?" and a handshake, Schooley had acquired a leathery patience and a slippery suavity. Stack felt hungrily curious to see what sample of this sweet manner Mr. Schooley would show when he addressed the task that was bound to confront him—the task of tightly sitting on, and smothering, the fact that in a dash for a whole lot he had been clouted in a way to make the gods howl with hilarity—he, Mr. Schooley, the important man that walked to business every morning looking wise.

He brastled into the office. With a dip of his head and a lustrous smile, he shook Ducker's hand, as though infatuated with the deputy. Introduced to Stack, he declared himself prostrated with pleasure at meeting so prepossessing a young man as, he said, he perceived Mr. Stack to be.

Schooley was fat, and had sideboards. He looked like the heroine's banker father in the play.

"Well, how are you, Councilman?" asked Ducker, when all three had seated themselves.

"I'm looking bad, possibly—but feeling good, thank you."

"Oh! You feel that you're looking bad. Too bad!"

Ducker, conscious that a crisis was near, had begun to splatter Schooley with poor puns, and to sneeze in nervous laughter at them.

"I have something to say to you, my dear Mr. Ducker."

Schooley produced that in a pensive tone, and with a pardon-begging air, as though grieved at having to subject Ducker to even the least mental stress.

"To which one of us?" asked the deputy.

Schooley lifted his hand and aimed his index finger at Ducker.

"Don't point that finger at me that way—it might go off!" said Ducker, still jesting with the heartiness of a man condemned to be shot.

Schooley, honoring Ducker's joke with a pale laugh, dropped his hand to his knee, and said: "The attorney for the People's Trust and Savings Company—Mr. William Tecumseh Sherman McClain, to be sure—he has made inquiries, in the due course of the bank's business, as to the value of stock in the Goldfield-Buffalo Mining Company. A week ago, I must explain, I went to the bank to get a loan on that stock. Today, from Attorney McClain, I got the laugh."

As he said that soberly, neither Stack nor Ducker parted lips to shout an appreciation of the comedy of that particular little climax.

"There's a short, quiet way out of all this," Ducker remarked quickly. "I said a *quiet* way."

"I mark you."

"I hardly need remind a man of your intelligence, Councilman, that it would ruin your reputation for business judgment here—it would make a holy show of you—I mean, a loud grab for your money."

"*My* money?" said Schooley, politely remonstrative in tone, and, with the query, as lavish of little movements as a man with the hives. "My dear Mr. Ducker, don't think I've come for that money."

A pause, and he began, as would a town's prominent business man jollying along the young men of the high school graduating class with a "Success" address: "The only way to get anything is to work for it."

That sounded sensible enough, but Stack and Ducker looked at each other with wrinkled foreheads. What point was Schooley trying to make?

"Don't say that to me," Ducker begged the councilman, for the deputy still was uneasily jocular. "I've got a political job already, and I'm stuck to it faster than the paint on a house."

Here Stack spoke for the first time, taking care to go no further than a literal agreement with Mr. Schooley. "Yes, a man gets little, I guess, by standing at a window and taking the landscape in." Stack was ready to draw check to Schooley for sixty-five thousand, but he ached to find out why Schooley did not demand the money.

Schooley didn't want it, and he said so twenty times. Stack and Ducker heard him out with neither the blink of an eye nor the movement of a muscle. Theirs were as the faces of two little inmates of a state orphanage listening, at its Christmas entertainment, to the odd talk of the stage artist hired for the occasion. When Schooley told them for the twentieth time that he came not to get his money back, he fished a packet from his Prince Albert and said to Ducker, "Take this."

The deputy gazed at the Manahawkin Avenue mark with an admiration so warm that he couldn't with safety, just then, have carried matches in his clothes.

"It's yours to have and to hold," said Schooley.

Ducker, however, kept his ten commandments in his lap. So Stack, recognizing the paper as the certificate that De Clune had hotly hunted, signified, by a gesture, that he was in a receptive mood. Schooley handed it to him.

As he reseated himself, he courteously asked Stack to pardon him for not having offered it first to its original owner. That was Schooley, all right. Had he tripped over his own heels, he would have gotten to his feet and apologized to himself. His urbanity was becoming of a sweetness that obliged Stack to take short breaths.

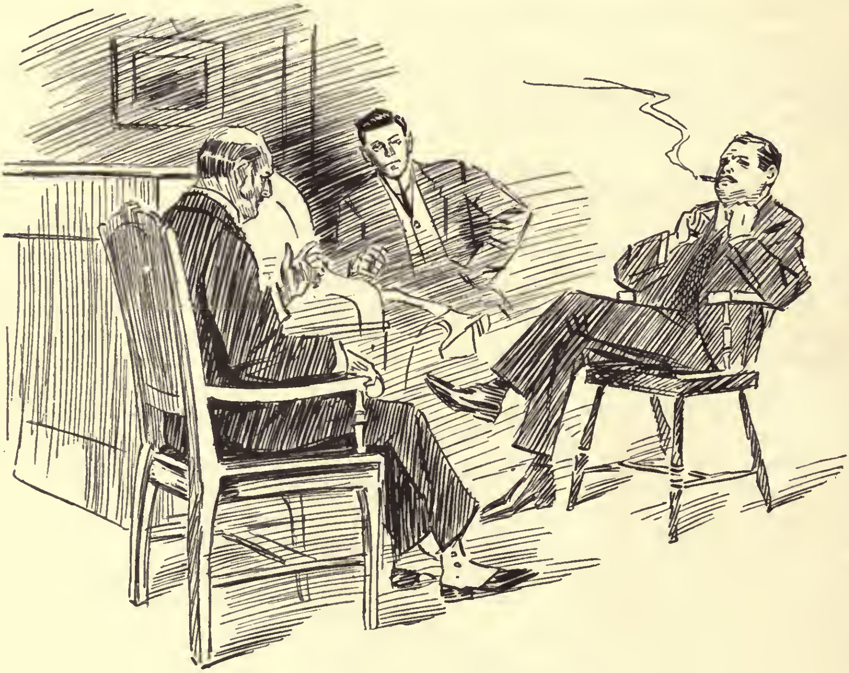
The young clerk removed a rubber band from the certificate, unfolded it, and looked down into its familiar face. Its color was brown. That, of course, might have been meant to relate to the complexions of the sun-beaten Nevada miners. At its top appeared a steamship, a blacksmith pounding a horseshoe, a railroad train, a farmer with an armful of corn, and other persons and things representative enough of industry. Straight through them were printed in red ink the words, "Full-Paid and Non-Assessable"—the joker on the certificate, thrown in to lighten the heart of its sucker-holder. Stack remembered that he had received with this certificate a letter from one of the officials of the company, thanking him for his confidence in them. The certificate then had lacked the secretary's signature, and he had returned it to them that they might supply the omission. There sprawled the secretary's signature now—the signature, very likely, of Willie the office boy.

When Stack raised his eyes, Ducker was relighting the butt of an onery cigar. The instant its fumes—which would have worried a dying dog out of a tannery—reached Schooley, he picked up his hat and otherwise indicated that his departure was imminent.

Ere he left, he lost to them his famous lecture, "Just a Few Words On What Constitutes a Sucker."

"Every minute, wisely did Mr. Barnum remark, one of them makes his debut on the stage of the world—one that looks for a great deal for a little bit and that gets it—in the neck.

"Well," Schooley continued, "I have learned my lesson, and I think that at sixty-five thousand I paid for it cheaply. I trust that I shall so conduct myself in the future as to justify the act of the friends that survive me in placing on my headstone this line: 'In life, he asked and expected only a reasonable percentage of profit on the dollar's worth traded.' Of course, the young man here, Mr. Stack, is too sensible to take pride in the way he came by his great deal. I shan't call it the usual great deal, which is something acquired criminally—far be it from me to do that!—for Mr. Stack did nothing to induce a visit from that gentleman to whose advent into our city this carnival of self-deception goes back for its beginning."



"I have learned my lesson," said Schooley.

Ducker turned to Stack. "The councilman means Eugene De Clune, or Eugene the Clown. Somebody filled him up over in New York, he did a little private detective work and learned that you held some of this twenty per cent. paper, and he streaked here to snap it up. That's the whole story, I dare say."

With a dainty tact and a fine gentleness amazing to Stack, who had read Ducker a man that would have used one foot to tie up a fresh layer cake securely, the deputy directly addressed Mr. Schooley:

"Councilman, we feel yours is a charity that will tolerantly think of Eugene De Clune as one of those innocent tools that the gods use when they turn their dirty tricks."

"I wonder what has become of that fellow," said Stack. His memory, quickened by the mere naming of De Clune, gave him as vivid a picture of that gentleman as the New Yorker himself could have furnished, had he been actually present with his air of being keen enough to see wind.

"When they last sighted Mr. De Clune," said Ducker, "a little boy was chasing him across the lots."

Stack and the deputy comptroller presently dismissed the stung but gracious Schooley with their blessing.

"Sixty-five thousand for a lesson like that!" exclaimed Stack, as he heard Schooley's walk-away steps in the corridor.

"For your silence, rather," grunted Ducker. "Yes. Can't you see? If he had taken your money, you'd have to explain your poverty to your expectant friends and relatives. Then everyone would know how Mr. Schooley, jumping for a whole lot for a little bit, fell into a barrel of flour and crawled out looking like a fine clown to be chairman of the Councilmanic Finance Committee. I won't say anything because I, too, fell for the Goldfield-Rhinoceros stock, and I need my wife's respect—you won't say anything, because you've got the money—and so Mr. Schooley can continue to look wise in public."

"Oh, I'll hold my tongue," said Stack.

"Certainly you will, since you now realize what the least noise from you would mean to us. One word from you, and the little boy that was chasing Eugene De Clune over a vacant lot when Mr. De Clune was last seen—he'd turn and pursue me and Mr. Schooley."

A THANKSGIVING

DEAR Lord, I thank Thee for the bird,
  The frail, frail bird that died
And left me hope—a lyric word—
  And nothing else beside!

I thank Thee for the cloud of white,
  The cloud that passed away,
But left me alms of golden light
  To cheer my lonely way!

I thank Thee for the grass so green,
  The mown grass, sweet in death,
That left me, like a scent serene,
  Courage and trust and faith!

I thank Thee for the leaf of fire,
  The leaf that fell afar
And lit my soul with the desire,
  And glory of a star!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

The Renegade of the Rio Grande

By Will Gage Cary

FROM out the gray dusk hanging low o'er the river came the muffled sound of voices, weird and uncanny, as though coming from specters afloat there in the chill mist. The bow of a boat grated upon the pebbly shore; a moment later a number of shadowy forms, silent now as the very shadows they resembled, scrambled out upon the land, paused only to assure themselves their landing had not been observed, then hurried away into the somber gloom of the fast-gathering night.

In the rank growth of weeds fringing the river's bank crouched the figure of a man. Since early twilight he had lain there watching, awaiting eagerly the coming of these mysterious boatmen. With breathless intensity he watched them anchor; then, as they turned to leave, he followed, with cautious steps, closely behind.

It was no slight task, this to which Jim Pemberton, of the United States Secret Service, had been assigned — the task of running to earth a gang of counterfeiters operating along the Rio Grande, under the leadership, presumably, of the notorious Hank Willet. Men older in the service had attempted it many times, and failed. It meant a name and reputation for Pemberton should he succeed, for Willet's great skill as an artisan was exceeded even by the adroitness with which he had ever eluded the keen-witted men sent out to effect his capture.

The orders Pemberton had received from the department were brief and not especially specific. He was left pretty much to his own resources as to choosing the best manner of procedure. The chief, however, had thought best to offer a few words of caution, in case the elusive leader of the counterfeiters should be taken.

. . . "If you get him, he must then be guarded with the utmost vigilance. Any consideration shown him is likely to prove costly. . . . He is a renegade cut-throat, in whom the quality of mercy is unknown."

* * * * * * *

In the guise of a prospective purchaser of lands, Pemberton had taken up his abode in a small, desolate river town. From this point he had scoured the country for miles around, without detecting the slightest evidence of the counterfeiters. Then, while returning home late one night from a long ride out into the rural districts, he struck a trail which he believed was the one he sought. In passing an old, deserted mansion standing alone in a desolate orchard just at the edge of the village, he noticed within its crumbling walls the faint gleam of a mysterious light. He said nothing of the incident to his driver, but drove on to his hotel, determined to investigate further, later in the night.

The house, once a pretentious building, had been going down in decay for years. A portion of the high gable roof had fallen in, the blinds creaked dismally to and fro before the broken windows, and the once carefully kept grounds were given over entirely to a tangled growth of weeds and briars. The people of the community avoided the place.

Pemberton had been told strange, uncanny tales of a white-robed figure that wandered at night through the desolate orchard, moaning as though in deepest distress; of how suddenly, when it had reached a certain spot, it would utter a wail as of mortal anguish and disappear as though swallowed by the earth. These stories served now to strengthen the suspicions he had formed regarding the place. He felt that a visit to the "spooks" might produce some very material results.

His first nocturnal trip to the old mansion, however, was only partially successful. Nothing within the gloomy old walls showed the slightest evidence of human occupants, though the moaning of the wind through the broken cornices, the creaking of doors upon their rusty hinges, and the mold and dismal ruin on every side made belief in the ghostly stories he had heard surprisingly easy. He had completed his search of the house, and was passing along through the orchard on his way back to the village, when he suddenly came upon a narrow, winding pathway leading off through the tangled shrubbery. Clearly the path was still being used, so he followed it, ascertaining at length that it ended abruptly, after much torturous winding, out upon the bank of the river. This discovery, in connection with the light he had detected earlier in the night, was sufficient to convince him that the old ruin was being used as a rendezvous of some sort. He decided to take up a secret watch the following night, at the point where the pathway led to the ruin; and this plan had resulted in the first tangible success he had attained since beginning his quest in the neighborhood.

A thrill of exultation had swept over him, when, after a long, weary vigil, he witnessed the landing of the boatmen; and now, as he crept stealthily along behind, hope was high within him that in a few days, at least, he would be possessed of information such as would enable him to bring down a raiding party; and the reign of the notorious Hank Willet and his gang would be speedily terminated. In the exhilaration of the thought, he suddenly recalled to mind his young bride whom he had left away back in the East, eagerly awaiting the outcome of his hazardous venture. "I'm glad for Jean's sake," he murmured to himself, as he hurried on through the uncertain light. "She's going to be mighty proud when she hears that I have succeeded where so many have failed." At that moment, in making a sudden turn in the pathway, he found himself but a few paces behind the others. He dropped quickly to the earth, deeming it the part of caution now to advance no further until the men had reached and entered their rendezvous.

A pall of black, dismal clouds o'erspread the sky. Through the low-spreading trees of the lonely orchard the night wind shrieked and sighed unceasingly like complaining voices of souls tormented. Pemberton, though by no means of the timorous sort, felt a shudder of dread as he lay crouched on the soft mold; a moment longer he waited, then crept slowly forward through the undergrowth toward the dark outline of the house of mystery beyond. On through the orchard he passed with stealthy tread until he reached the wide veranda, extending the entire length of the front of the ruin. Here he raised himself carefully to an erect position and gazed intently over the high banister. At the far corner of the lower floor gleamed a feeble light; above the sighing of the wind he heard the hum of voices and the muffled tread of feet.

He passed softly to the end of the dark corridor, where a door swung to and fro on its broken hinges, and started to enter; at that instant the cold muzzle of a revolver was pressed against his temple.

Taken so completely by surprise, he was quickly disarmed, pulled within the casement and dragged to the inner room from whence he had seen the light, e'er he could make any resistance whatever. A flood of light fell upon him as he was suddenly thrust through the narrow door of the room which now served as a workshop, and a score of burly ruffians crowded closely about him in an uproar of rage and astonishment. Notwithstanding his sudden capture and the danger attending his predicament, the keen eyes of the Secret Service man took in every detail of the room and the members of the gang. That they were counterfeiters there could be no further doubt; their tools and metal dies lay scattered about on every side, and by their manner and general make-up, and the methods they were employing in their work, he knew that he was in the hands of the notorious Hank Willet gang, but of that worthy himself he had as yet caught no glimpse. From the dark, sinister looks cast in his direction, he knew that his life was in the greatest peril; still, he reasoned that they would hardly act until the return of their leader, and he determined on a bold stroke; at least, he could scarcely make his condition any more desperate. In response to the gruff demands from all sides for him to state his business and who he was, he assumed an air of easy insolence and replied calmly:

"I see you don't know me; but there ain't one of you here who hasn't *heard* of me! I'm Ned Florence, king pin of 'em all!"

The name he had spoken was that of the most renowned counterfeiter the country had ever produced, with the exception, possibly, of Hank Willet himself. The men about him gave vent to a low murmur of mingled astonishment and disdain. It was a daring game he was playing, but he looked calmly around the circle of evil faces with all the insolent arrogance he could assume, as though he considered them, each and every one, too far beneath him to notice. While some of the gang seemed undecided, the balance were outspoken in their disbelief and open scorn, and an uproar of gruff voices sounded about him on all sides: "Prove it! You're a spy! a spy! If ye'r Ned Florence, ye've got to *show* us, an' be mighty quick about it!"

He greeted their angry cries with scornful indifference; then, reaching calmly into his pocket, he brought forth a shining half dollar, and passed it over, with lofty contempt, to the noisy crowd.

"You say to prove it!" he called out hotly. "I *will* prove it! Is there one among you that can make a half dollar equal to that? Naw, there ain't: an' there never will be; *that's* the Ned Florence brand!"

He glanced contemptuously at the crowd at they passed the coin from one to another in respectful admiration; there was a marked change, already, in their attitude toward him. The coin was genuine, fresh from the mint, but he felt that his bluff was making good, and he continued to play the part he had assumed the best he knew how. Picking up a handful of loose coins from a bench nearby, and assuming an easy, patronizing air, he continued:

"This stuff you're turnin' out does very well; some of it is really good, in fact. But now I leave to you, as men, *is* it in the same class with the sample I showed you?"

The gang was forced to admit, though reluctantly, the inferior quality of their own product as compared with the beautiful workmanship of the Florence coin. Suspicion was now almost wholly dispelled, and they clung eagerly upon every word uttered by this master workman.

"Now," he continued leisurely, "while I say your goods is by no means bum work, still it can be improved on mightily; and it's this crude work turned out that hurts us all alike! For this reason only, I thought I would pay you all a little visit, and sort of exchange ideas which might be a help to both sides. Now you know who I am, an' what I'm here for; if you'll kindly present me to your leader, I'd like to have a talk with him."

The crowd was completely won over by his manner of easy confidence; his bluff was working, but he knew it would take the utmost care and caution to go on with his part, and avoid making any slip by which their suspicions might again be aroused.

"Where's your leader?" he demanded again, authoritatively.

One of the gang, who had evidently been chosen spokesman, shuffled forward, and cap in hand, addressed the distinguished visitor.

"You'll have to sort of overlook the welcome we gave ye, pal," he began awkwardly, "but, ye know, appearances was all ag'in' ye. Now, regarding our leader, he's gone out, an' won't be in ag'in 'til about three o'clock; of course you'll want to wait an' see him, so jes' make yourself to home, an' any pointers ye might care to give us about the work, we'll be more'n glad to git."

The spokesman withdrew, with conscious pride in the successful delivery of such altogether satisfactory remarks, and the men at once resumed their work, leaving Pemberton to roam about the room as he chose, no little concerned in mind as to what the prospective meeting with the leader would bring forth, for he knew that the cunning and alert Willet, the notorious "Renegade of the Rio Grande," would prove a far more difficult proposition to handle. In order that he might not again cause the gang to suspect him, however, he felt that the only course remaining for him was to await the arrival of the leader, then make a supreme effort to delude him also, until an opportunity should present itself whereby he might be enabled to escape from his perilous position.

Shortly before three o'clock the leader came. Drawing him to one side, the members of the gang quickly informed him of the arrival of the renowned Ned Florence, and all the circumstances attending his visit. He listened to them in silence, a storm gathering on his swarthy countenance; then with quick rapid strides he came forward and stood with folded arms before the secret service man. A sinister smile played upon his thin, cruel lips. A hush fell upon the gang, as with breathless interest they awaited the words of their leader.

The element of danger was nothing new to Pemberton; he had many times encountered perilous situations unshaken; but now a chill of dread apprehension fastened upon him; the glittering eyes of the outlaw seemed to burn into him and strangely enervate him. For a moment the leader stood motionless as a statue, then he spoke, and his tones were soft and velvety, but in their very suavity was a menace that cut like a knife.

"So," he sneered, "we have Ned Florence with us, have we? Well, we're uncommon glad to see him: so *very* glad, in fact—" here his voice hardened and his eyes shone with passion—"so de-lighted, *we're goin' to string him up* in five minutes' time!"

He took out his heavy gold watch as though to make an exact calculation, while his men fell back, stupefied with dread of his wrath, and amazement at the sudden turn of affairs.

In silence, Pemberton awaited his doom to be pronounced. He felt that all hope had forsaken him, but as a drowning man will grasp at a straw, he studied the figure before him; the scrutiny served only to emphasize the peril of his position.

The man was of powerful build. His face, notwithstanding its hard, cruel lines, was handsome withal, denoting both intelligence and will power to an unusual degree. His rule of the rough men around him was supreme; they cowered now at every glance of his flashing eye. Suddenly he turned upon them and fairly hissed forth his scorn and contempt.

"You're a nice lot of curs to call yourselves *men*, ain't you? You sure are a sweet bunch of trustin' an' confidin' critturs, I *mus'* say! Ned Florence? *He* ain't no more Ned Florence than I be! He's a sneakin' hound of a government spy, that's what he is, an' you took him right in among you! Say, if the sheriff of this here county had come to you bunch of ol' women, an' said, 'Howdy, friends, *I'm* the Angel Gabriel,' I actually believe you weak, snivellin' sisters would have said: 'Why, howdy, Gab! come right in, an' hev a chair!'"

He paused and gazed around at them in scornful contempt. For a moment they stood in sullen silence, then moved by common impulse they sprang forward to wreak their vengeance on the intruder who had brought down upon them the scathing sarcasm and rebuke of their leader. Like a flash he sprang between them and their intended victim. "No, you don't!" he shouted imperiously. "You've had *your* set-to with this gentleman: now I'm goin' to have mine!" They fell back, grumbling, but he heeded them not.

"Four of you stan' guard over the prisoner, while I make a few preparations; the rest of you pack up; we're goin' to hit the trail for other parts before daylight!" Without another glance in the direction of the captive, he began busying himself with the details of the plan his active mind had conceived on the instant.

He took a heavy revolver from his belt, and fastened the stock securely in an iron vise; then attaching a string to the hammer, adjusting it carefully so as to leave it poised in the air, he tied the other end of the cord to a nail in the wall. This much accomplished to his satisfaction, he ordered Pemberton to be strapped to the chair in which he sat, facing the loaded revolver, the barrel of which was pointed straight at his breast. Pemberton gazed at the hurried preparations wonderingly, but he was soon to be relieved of all doubt concerning the outlaw's intention. Willet's next move was to take a candle and cut a notch in it, in which he inserted the cord attached to the hammer of the revolver. Then he set the candle on a low table midway between the weapon and the helpless captive, and with a fiendish leer lighted the wick. His plan was plain enough to all now; when the tiny flame burned through the tallow down to the slender cord inserted in the notch, the hammer would be released, and striking the cartridge, would send a bullet into the breast of the helpless victim facing it. The whole horrible, deadly contrivance was quite in keeping with the reputation for brutal deeds and cruelty which Hank Willet bore; he stood back now and gazed at the arrangements he had completed critically and approvingly.

"You will live longer than I first intended," he said confidingly to Pemberton. "You see, your last moments are to be such exceptionally pleasant ones, I'm goin' to prolong them somewhat; instead of five minutes to live, you're goin' to have thirty!"

He paused, and looked at his captive as though he expected some plea for mercy to escape the lips of the doomed man; none was forthcoming, and angered at the other's complacency, he approached closer and hissed his threats into the pale face of the captive.

"In half an hour the candle will have burned down even with the string, and the hammer will be released! In the meantime, you can sit and watch it gettin' lower—lower—'til finally the string snaps in two; then comes the dark! No more visits will the great Ned Florence make to the Hank Willet gang then!" He turned away with a low, mocking laugh, and busied himself in the hasty preparations being made by his men for immediate flight. Ten minutes later all the gang of counterfeiters, together with their worthy leader, had silently departed. The lights in the building had all been put out: all save one—the tiny, flickering flame of the candle before the tortured, struggling man. Lower, lower it sank in the candle, nearer each instant to the cord, the severing of which would mean to the hapless victim—eternity.

* * * * * * *

Throughout the house the wind shrieked dismally, rattling the dilapidated window frames and shutters as though they were being rudely shaken by angry, unseen hands. A big, tawny rat came out of a hole in the corner of the room. He gazed intently at Pemberton with sharp, beady eyes; then, as though aware of the helpless condition of the captive, scampered about unconcernedly in search of food.

Pemberton had heard it told, ofttimes, that a man brought face to face with death will recall in rapid succession events of his past life; he experienced no such emotions now. One thought only came to his mind—the thought of the little, loving woman away back in the East, waiting, longing for the one who would never return to her. He wondered in a vague sort of way how long it would be before they found him there, strapped to the chair, a bullet wound in his breast; how long she would have to wait in an agony of suspense before even knowing the fate which had overtaken him.

He tugged and strained at the thongs which held him, but all in vain; the chair itself had been fastened securely to the floor; he could move not an inch to the right or left to get from in front of that gleaming, deadly barrel. In his desperation he would have shouted for help, hoping perchance someone passing might hear him and come to his rescue, but he knew that the shrieking of the wind would have drowned the sound of his voice long before it could pass the orchard.

He reproached himself bitterly for his own carelessness in being made a captive. He had known the character of the ruffian he sought; his chief himself had told him the outlaw was a merciless cut-throat, and to take no chances.

Lower, lower sank the tiny flame!

He watched it now with a sort of stolid fascination; only at intervals now came the realization that one inch lower on the candle meant—the end of life!

At times the flame seemed to stand quietly at the same level; again it seemed to madly devour the tallow as though in eager, frantic haste to reach the fatal string, and end it all. And ever through his brain ran the same frenzied thought—the little woman, waiting, waiting; at last, despairing.

With one last frantic effort he strained on the thongs, and for the first time raised his voice in anguish.

"Poor, poor little Jean!" he gasped, and fell back exhausted, all hope forsaken.

At that moment the straps which bound him parted, and he fell limply forward onto the floor. He looked up in dazed amazement; the leader of the counterfeiters stood before him, calmly replacing in his belt again the revolver from the vise.

"Stranger," he said, not unkindly, "I've got a bad name, it's true,—an' I reckon I deserve all folks say of me; but black as I am, I've never yet gone clean back on any man who has shown me he *is* a man, an' brave clean to the backbone! I've seen you facin' death without a whimper—exceptin' when you thought of the little woman—an' I'm not goin' to have her cryin' her eyes out 'cause you didn't come back to her. I took a likin' to you right from the start. I liked your nerve in tellin' them fools of mine you were Ned Florence—an' you come mighty nigh gettin' away with it! I resolved to myself I'd give you one chance for your life; if you'd proved to be a sniv'lin' coward, you'd have been a dead man, five minutes from now; but you made good, proved yourself, an' now you're free. You've busted up operations around here all right enough, and now, if you say so, you an' me are quits!"

He stooped hurriedly, and blew out the candle. Before Pemberton could utter a word he had departed as suddenly as he had appeared.

Weak and limp, the secret service man groped his way to the door. In the east a faint flush of crimson betokened the dawn of day; and far down the road came the sound of clattering hoofs, fainter and fainter, until finally they died away in the distance.

LIFE'S PURPOSE

INTO the heart of every man,
There comes a purpose and a plan,
By which he builds his life each day,
Onward and upward in the way.

A courage true that will lead him on
Through the waves of disaster fierce and strong,
Forever before him he sees the goal,
Toward which he is striving with all his soul.

When for the moment the clouds hang low,
And the journey onward seems sad and slow;
Over the mountain of worldly care,
There comes to comfort this message rare.

Not what we seem in the daily strife,
Tells the story of our true life;
But what in our heart we long to be,
That only our Lord, not the world, can see.

So onward and upward in the way,
Heeding not what the world may say,
But listening oft to the still small voice,
Which guides him ever in his choice.

Thus one more link in the chain of life,
Is made firm and strong from each day's strife:
Until at last with the chain complete,
He lays it down at his Master's feet.

—Gretchen L. Libby.

BOSTON: 1915

BOSTON is always expected to do things a little better than they are done elsewhere. Perhaps old "Tri-Mountain" has been a little sleepy of late years, but the "1915" spirit is sweeping through her now and awakening everyone. The movement is rapidly growing, and is approved by the members of the Board of Trade, the Boston Merchants' Association, the Chamber of Commerce, district organizations and other powerful bodies, as well as the schools and churches. All are "getting together," that Boston may be the finest city on earth "in 1915"—note the definite date.

Meetings have been held night after night at Faneuil Hall, the "cradle of liberty," which has nursed many a patriotic movement. If Peter Faneuil could amble down Tremont Street today, he would find everyone talking about "Boston—1915," and would probably be handed this business-like postal:

> "I believe all citizens should unite definitely to work for their city, and therefore pledge such service as I can give to 'Boston–1915.'"

Space is left for the names of organizations likely to be interested. The first proposition is to thoroughly discuss purposes and plans, and have a definite understanding, utilizing the old "town meetin'" spirit, which is still alive in New England. Another suggestion is that each organization shall "review the ideals and possibilities of its own particular work." And a broader idea is: "Learn what is to be learned from other cities, here and abroad, where success has been made along improvement lines."

On the reverse side of the card is advice as to "what *you* can do" personally. These personal efforts are fast crystalizing into unanimity of action and the determination to achieve great things in the next six years—if every inhabitant and every organization works, there is no limit to what may be done. "Boston—1915" is the watchword of all Boston people to better general conditions. Enthusiasm is growing, and many are beginning to visit parts of the city they never saw before.

On Patriots' Day, April 19th, I found myself on Salem Street, in old Boston, watching for the two lanterns which every year are hung up in the belfry of the old North Church to commemorate the signal that informed Paul Revere, waiting and watching on the Charlestown shore, that Gray's British infantry were about to cross for their raid on the American military stores at Concord. In that crooked old roughly paved street thousands of children, who had poured out of alleys and byways, presented an endless variety — dirty-faced, clean-faced, bright-eyed and stolid; never had I seen such a typical gathering of little ones assembled, nearly all of foreign birth or extraction.

As the lanterns were swung out into the April night, as if by magic that throng of children began to sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"; Celt, Teuton, Latin, Syrian, Gaul, Slav, Semitic—the characteristic twang of a score of races joined in the flood of song that echoed down the crooked street. "Lan' fare mine faders died," they sang, but the lisping foreign voices were sweet and in tune. It occurred to me that few American-born men and women could have gone so unhesitatingly through that national anthem which all are supposed to "have by heart." The tunefulness and heartiness of the music suggested that foreign-born mothers and the teachers of the nation are taking infinite pains to educate future citizens of Boston, and in 1915 some of those young people may be exerting a powerful influence.

Those bright, alert, intelligent children had come out of one of the tenement districts in the city, where many dwell amid conditions which, if known to the people of Boston, would cause them to arise in the spirit of '76 and make some mighty changes before 1915. They would see that if so much can be done under adverse conditions, much more might be accomplished by fresh air, light, warmth and playgrounds, that would help these little patriots to attain "to the full measure of a man."

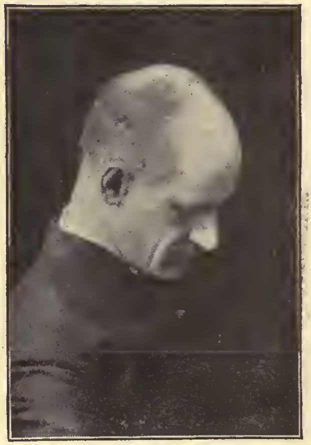
Bernard J. Rothwell
Pres. Boston Chamber of Commerce

Louis D. Brandeis
Pres. Public Franchise League

James J. Storrow
Pres. Boston Merchants' Association

Rev. Father Thomas I. Gasson, S.J.
Pres. Boston College

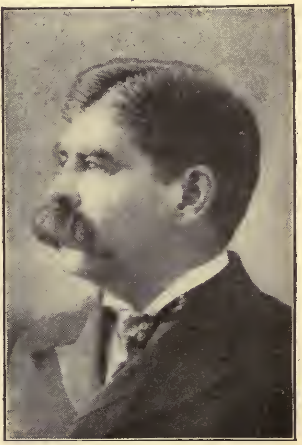
FANEUIL HALL



Dr. Richard C. Cabot
Asst. Prof. Harvard Medical School

George S. Smith
Pres. Boston Clothiers' Association

James L. Richards
Pres. Boston Consolidated Gas Co.



Frank A. Day
Of R. L. Day & Co., Bankers

AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE BOSTON-1915 DIRECTORS

On the following Sunday night at the old North Church, sitting in a pew with faded silk lining, I looked at the statue of Washington, and the tablets at the back of the altar, while the organ poured forth rich harmony; peace and the glamour of historic memories brooded over the sacred edifice. The Holy Eucharist was administered from the silver service presented by George II to the devout Tories who were the chief attendants at this church in his day.

Outside the old church, how different is the scene! A visit to this tenement district may perhaps have set on foot the "1915" movement. Close to the historic fane, garments were flung to the breeze on multitudinous tenement clothes lines. Here, Sunday or week day, the "washing flag" is so much in evidence as to suggest dire scarcity of apparel.

Many such historic spots are found in and near Boston surrounded by foreign population. Visit Boston Common any evening—a foreign tongue meets the ear on every side. Watch the little children playing about the old Frog Pond; their English has the broken lisp that indicates foreign parentage. Everywhere, sitting at rest on the numerous benches or walking about, are foreign-born citizens drinking in rich Americanism from their surroundings. The people of Boston are awakening to their duty toward this heterogeneous mass, and the old spirit of '76 will in time filter through to all races, who will learn to love America while retaining tender memories of some far-off, unforgotten fatherland.

The many historic places in and around Boston need no exploitation. They have been curiously preserved in literature which is read all over the country. The great substrata of foreign-born population in the city is rapidly being educated to a knowledge of these places and their meaning. The "Boston—1915" movement takes cognizance of these facts and their bearing on modern life, and seeks, on this foundation of old-time patriotism, to build unity of spirit and purpose, fraternity and high ideals that will bear fruit in the best playgrounds, schools, factories, stores, and people, working for a fair wage, dwelling in healthful surroundings and living up to the high ideals of a true democracy. "Boston—1915" is not to be incarnated in transient buildings of stucco, to delight the eye for a few months—it is a permanent exposition of solid achievement.

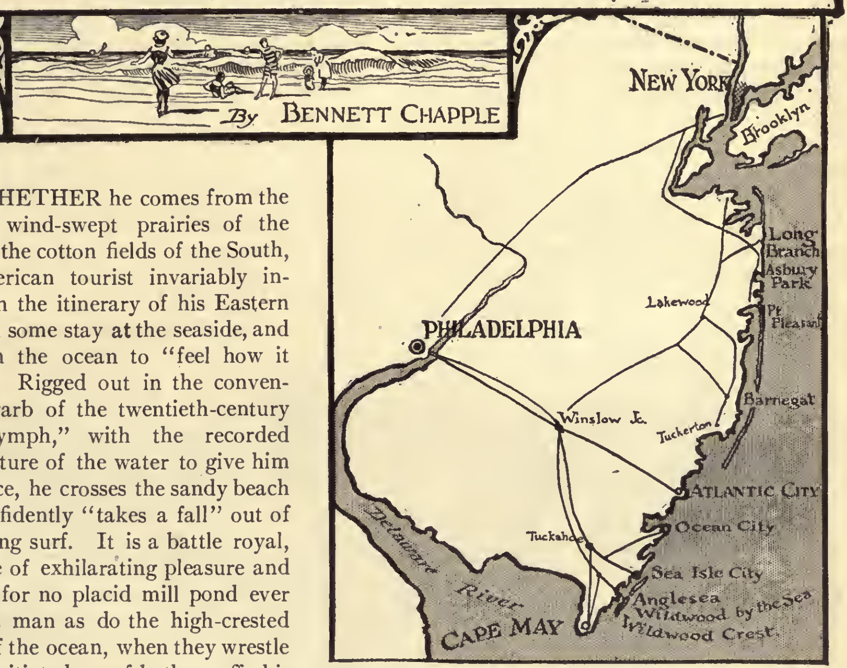
In less than six years ideals may be crystalized into achievements if every person in the city and suburbs will each devote a little time to the work. Take the "bad boy" proposition: if each citizen will give personal attention to one boy, it will do much to solve this problem. Business men, the chamber of commerce, organizations of professional men, labor organizations—all have a responsibility regarding the industrial and commercial development of the city, and all have a still greater responsibility to care for the children who will some day fill important positions in the great phalanx of church, legislative, school or business battalions, and help to build up in Boston the industries, the educational institutions and the social organizations which complete the modern trio of success.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN

From the book "Heart Throbs."

They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit;
There's not a place in Earth or Heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—
Without a woman in it.

THE NEW JERSEY COAST
AN OCEAN'S WELCOME



By BENNETT CHAPPLE

WHETHER he comes from the wind-swept prairies of the West or the cotton fields of the South, the American tourist invariably includes in the itinerary of his Eastern vacation some stay at the seaside, and a dip in the ocean to "feel how it seems." Rigged out in the conventional garb of the twentieth-century "sea nymph," with the recorded temperature of the water to give him assurance, he crosses the sandy beach and confidently "takes a fall" out of the rolling surf. It is a battle royal, and one of exhilarating pleasure and delight, for no placid mill pond ever serves a man as do the high-crested waves of the ocean, when they wrestle the uninitiated surf-bather off his feet, or ignominiously roll him along the beach, sputtering and choked with brine.

There can be no doubt that more people are introduced to the delights of ocean and surf bathing on the wonderful New Jersey beaches than any other spot in the world. In fact, the entire Jersey coast line, extending from Atlantic Highlands to Cape May, a distance of one hundred and twenty-six miles, has been virtually seized upon by the American people as a great natural seaside resort for health and rest, recreation and enjoyment. In close proximity to New York City and Philadelphia, with twenty-five millions of people within a day's journey, its patronage is well-nigh a limitless one.

That the popularity of the Jersey coast is far-reaching and continually increasing, is evidenced by the marvelous growth of its summer resorts, which today form an almost continuous line from New York Bay to Cape May, with a checkered map of building lots running the whole length of the state.

For years the state of New Jersey did not realize what tremendous natural resources lay unrecognized and inert in her sandy beaches. The increase in realty values along the coast is the story of Aladdin's lamp. With no state debt to pay, the assessed valuations have always been exceedingly moderate, and yet the records in the comptroller's office demonstrate the astonishing fact that while Atlantic City valuation has been growing at the average rate of thirty-four per cent. per year, some sections have greatly exceeded this figure, as, for instance, Wildwood-by-the-Sea, which has averaged 133 per cent. per year since 1900.

It is only in recent years that the vacation idea has taken deep root in the hearts of the American people, and until these beaches were sought for recreation they were considered as so much waste ground and were peopled only by wreckers, gunners and fishermen, with here and there a small tavern or summer hotel. The legislature and state officials, aroused to their responsibility as promoters of the best interests of their commonwealth, have authorized the construction of a magnificent ocean boulevard, to run the entire length of the coast. In a state already famous for its roads this will undoubtedly be the finest driveway in America and will be a superb addition to the already wonderful attractions of the Jersey coast. With the assistance of the United States Government the state has also appropriated money for the dredging of an inland water way through the maze of bays, creeks and inlets from Bay Head to Cape May, which will make it possible for pleasure craft to ply between the resorts with absolute safety at all times.

The winter population of these summer resorts is growing steadily, and the summer population is simply gigantic. People come by the hundreds of thousands from all over the country to taste the delights of a few days at the "Jersey shore." Along this great stretch of coast line lie as fine beaches for surf-bathing as can be found anywhere in the world, and by taking advantage of these beautiful shores and providing for the comforts and convenience of visitors, the state is annually receiving an extra summer population of from two to four million people, which means a tremendous prosperity, for the vacationist is always a liberal spender.

BATHERS ON THE FAMOUS BEACH AT WILDWOOD

The opposition of the Jersey farmers to the expenditure of state money in building the ocean boulevard, on the ground that it would benefit the rich alone, has entirely vanished since it has been proven to his satisfaction that the building of great national shore resorts has brought a population equalling that of great cities almost to his garden gate; and whereas formerly he shipped his produce to New York and elsewhere, the summer resorts today furnish an immense home market for his garden truck, at a season, too, when he has a full supply.

The usual time for vacations being in the summer or early fall, this is when the greatest crowds gather, and the seashore, with its sea breezes and water sports, bathing and fishing, offers the greatest inducements. Atlantic City, with a capacity for taking care of 300,000 transient visitors, leads the world as a summer resort, due in a large measure to its excellent railroad facilities, as it does not have some of the natural advantages of other points along the coast.

BEFORE THE RACES THE AUTOMOBILES PARADE ALONG THREE MILES OF BOARD WALK WITH FLAGS FLYING AND EVERYBODY HAPPY

The New Jersey shore lies only forty-seven miles from the Gulf Stream, which is the principal cause of its delightful climate, and although Atlantic City and other Jersey coast resorts were originally intended to be summer resorts in the strictest sense, with a season of less than three months, today they have become popular all the year round, and in time this will be especially true further on down the Jersey coast.

At the southern extremity of New Jersey lies Cape May County, occupying the coast from Ocean City to Delaware Bay. In the early days of Webster and Clay this bit of shore-line facing the south and southeast was the most conspicuous summering place on the Jersey shore. In many respects this is the most remarkable point of land to be found anywhere on the Atlantic coast. The day is never so hot but that it is made grateful by cool sea breezes. With five hundred miles of creeks, bays and inlets, a heavy rich soil and semi-tropical vegetation of a kind not found elsewhere above Georgia, an almost continuous stretch of sandy beach for forty miles along the ocean side, and a clear deep water channel hugging its rugged and picturesque shores on the Delaware side, this beautiful peninsula of Cape May is like a luxuriant island thirty miles at sea.

Rivalling any other section of America in historic traditions and in the stirring events of early pioneer days, almost every part carries with it some legend of human interest.

As early as 1688 Doctor Daniel Coxe, of London, who was physician to Charles II, bought in all the "Indian titles" of this section of New Jersey, and located a beautiful mansion at Town Bank, only a few miles from Five Mile Beach, which filled the redskins with wonder and amazement.

The pirates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries found a secure refuge in the wild woods of Cape May County. It afforded secure havens near the most frequented sea routes, and as early as 1699 it was reported to the Home Office at London that the pirates had selected Five Mile Beach for burying the plunder taken from captured vessels. The endless creeks and bays made many convenient hiding places, and the heavy white oak trees of the section furnished the best of timber for rebuilding their damaged craft. In later years ship-building was carried on quite extensively, the second "Ironsides" having been built and launched in Cape May County. Only a few years ago a large tree was cut down in which was found imbedded a cannon ball that probably was fired upon the little ship-building community by some English war vessel while attempting to break up the further construction of American ships at that point.

The dense undergrowth and rank vegetation of this section, with its great variety of bright-colored wild flowers and gnarled, twisted, weather-scarred trees, was indeed suggestive of the name "Wildwood," which was given to it by the wife of one of the founders.

THE EXCELLENT ROADS AT WILDWOOD MAKE AUTOMOBILE RACES AN EXCITING PASTIME

At one time the ownership of Five Mile Beach passed into the hands of fifty-two whalers, and there is every evidence that it was a favorite place for them to land their catch, to extract the blubber and whalebone. Burned wood ashes and old whaling-knives, often unearthed in the excavations of this section, furnish mute testimony to this phase of early pioneer occupation. On the beaches are often found Indian arrow, spear and hatchet heads that eloquently tell of the aboriginal hunting and warfare carried on long before the coming of the paleface.

Resembling to some extent the exclusiveness of the Cape Cod folks of the New England shore, Cape May County has remained for a number of years much by itself. Generation after generation has lived and died in the same homes. Family names familiar there today have been borne by generations in unbroken line for a century or more. Some of the real estate has descended by inheritance so long that only a single deed has been recorded since its purchase from the Indians. If it had not been for this exclusiveness, Cape May County would long ago have become the greatest seaside resort in the country. It is only within recent years that the enterprise necessary to the upbuilding of any great undertaking has been awakened. Accurate records have shown that the temperature at Cape May, although many miles to the southward, is ten degrees cooler on the hottest day of the year and seventeen degrees warmer on the coolest day of the year, than that of Atlantic City. For this reason, if for no other, the resorts of Cape May County have far greater natural advantages than even Atlantic City or the more northern places.

ONE OF THE WOODLAND SCENES FROM WHICH WILDWOOD GETS ITS NAME

Dr. Benjamin, the celebrated pathologist and meteorologist, of Camden, New Jersey, on a recent visit to Wildwood, now the center of the most thriving part of Cape May County, gave an interesting discourse on "Sea-breezes" a phenomenon more pronounced at Wildwood than anywhere along the coast and the chief cause of its superb climate. Under an unclouded sun the surface of the land is quickly heated, and as the hot air rises, a vacuum is created into which rushes the cold air from the ocean, with the result that the hotter the day the more pronounced the phenomena. Generally about noon the sun causes the hot air to ascend, forming a vacuum into which rushes a strong steady breeze from the sea, and as night comes on and the land becomes cool, the sea breeze dies

THE MAGNIFICENT BEACH AT WILDWOOD CREST
Showing in silhouette the three Baker Brothers, founders of Wildwood, looking things over before beginning the work of building a new city

down again. The prevailing land winds are from the southwest and cross the coast lines, giving cool breezes. Coast lines that run from north to south do not get the full benefit of these breezes, whereas the Cape May County coasts are crossed by any breeze from the west, or east, northeast or southwest. These ocean breezes, coming over hundreds of miles of pure water, cannot bring infection, whereas a land breeze may bring with it an epidemic of colds or other minor troubles. It has often been remarked that one could become wet without ill effects at the seashore, when under other conditions it would be dangerous to health.

In the matter of transportation facilities the New Jersey resorts are for the most part well taken care of; in fact, the railroad corporations should be alive to the vast revenue produced by the establishment of a thriving resort.

THE SITE OF WILDWOOD CREST THREE YEARS AGO
A thriving city with electric lights, trolley cars, every foot of the avenues and roads in the city paved, curbed macadamized, and every city convenience without a dollar of debt, now covers this pasture land

THE SURF BATHING AT WILDWOOD-BY-THE-SEA IS THE FINEST IN THE WORLD

Strange as it may seem and contrary to the general impression, the railroads entering Atlantic City were driven to give adequate service, not because of the great revenue which was apparent, but because of the public spirit of an able citizen who declared he would build a railroad in competition himself, which he did, before the proper means of transportation was assured.

It is unaccountable that only the Pennsylvania Company has appreciated the tremendous growth and popular recognition of the famous Five Mile Beach, of which Wildwood is the center. It sometimes taxes beyond limit the resources of this great corporation to carry the traffic to this one point alone. There is a mighty clamor of developing interests that need only additional transportation facilities to accelerate their success on this island. It is beyond contemplation that the great Reading system that extends now to within only three miles of Wildwood, the fastest growing seaside resort on the coast, has not extended her line to this mine of revenue, which she could tap at so little cost. It is a reproach to the management of that great system that it does not meet this situation in a businesslike way, but by this policy simply invites capital to construct a new short line from the great city of Philadelphia direct to Wildwood. It seems almost an invitation for the Interstate Commerce Commission to inquire into the matter of traffic agreements, for this section will not long be denied what it is entitled to.

The Ocean Boulevard and the Inland Waterway—accomplished facts—are as important to the New Jersey Coast as the Imperial Highways were to the consolidation of Rome when she ruled the world. Like the cry of Danton to the French Convention—"Audacity," "Audacity," "Audacity"—the cry of the American people to the cities of the Jersey Coast is: "Access," "Access," "Access," in which to better emphasize the great Ocean Welcome.

PACIFIC AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH, WILDWOOD CREST, N. J.

WHEN NIGHT SUCCEEDS THE DAY

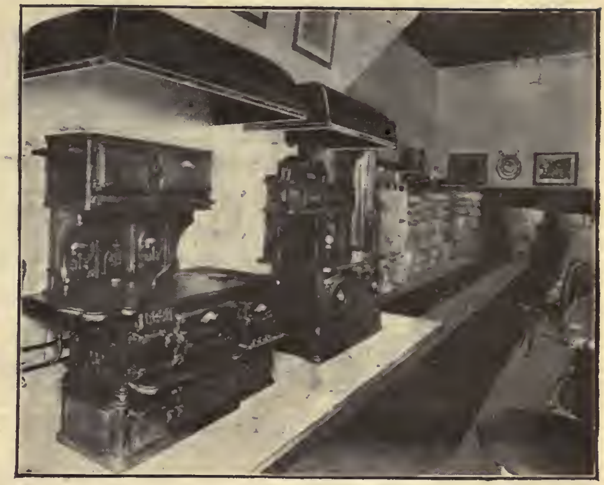
MAKING MORE FRIENDS

By FRANK P. FOGG

THE newest and one of the most artistic business establishments in Boston has just been opened by the Magee Furnace Company at 64 Summer Street. The situation is one of the most desirable in the city, being on the corner of Otis Street; and it was a significant business policy and forward movement in locating branch show rooms where thousands of people are daily passing to and from the South Terminal Station to the shopping and banking districts.

For more than half a century Magee products have stood pre-eminent, and yet comparatively few matrons who use Magee Ranges have ever visited the company's headquarters. Somehow, too, the public has not fully understood that the Magee Furnace Company manufacture up-to-date lines of steam and hot-water heaters as well as ranges and air heating furnaces.

The opening of this permanent exposition and giving full information to visitors regarding all matters pertaining to cooking and heating will stimulate the sales by local dealers in New England towns as well as in other parts of the country.



In exterior sign display and interior arrangements of the store there is a finesse that is a delight to lady visitors, and simply "settles the question" in the minds of practical men.

In the Summer Street window of the store are two modern ranges with gas oven and burner attachments where a young lady deftly demonstrates the management of each range in every function.

"I never before saw such a complete combination in a coal and gas heating range as that," exclaims many a passer-by who tarries to watch the window demonstration; and the next moment the interested one is inside asking questions of the exhibitors and inquiring the name of the Magee representative in the suburb or distant town where the visitor lives.

People from New York State, Pennsylvania, Michigan, in fact, from all quarters are arrested by the practical appointments of Magee products and their beauty of cast and finish. When they learn that a reliable dealer in their town or vicinity will install in their home or store just the type of range or heater desired a new customer is secured for that local representative, and such is the object of opening this interesting Exposition of Cooking and Heating Apparatus on the "business boulevard of Boston."

There is a studied nicety in the arrangement of ranges, furnaces and heaters inside the show-room that makes one want to have a Magee to embellish his kitchen or cellar. Orderliness and immaculate cleanliness coupled with a few well chosen wall decorations are quite a contrast from the too often helter-skelter, cluttered-up appearance of stove stores. A lady at once gives no thought here to the fear of coming in contact with smut and soot, for there isn't any.

MAGEE PRODUCTS

A prominent official of a local banking institution remarked as he visited this handsome show room, "my residence is hung with oil paintings, but I'm tempted to sell them all and decorate with Magee castings, for you certainly have embodied in your products both art and utility."

On the Otis Street side in the show windows is a brass water heater connected by polished pipes with tanks and modern bath room fixtures, just to show how closely associated are the products of this enterprising firm with the plumbing as well as the heating trade.

The flashing electric signs outside combine with the effulgence of Tungsten lamps within to shed a flood of light at night upon the throngs of hurrying people, and induce them to know better the Magee cooking and heating apparatus which has been the standard of excellence for more than fifty years.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

THE exhaustive and elaborately illustrated article on "Glorious Old Georgia," which appeared in August, is the first of a remarkable series planned to cover every state in the Union. The articles are the result of thorough, exhaustive research and wide travel with the one object of giving a complete view of the state in the printed pages presenting a thrilling picture of modern development.

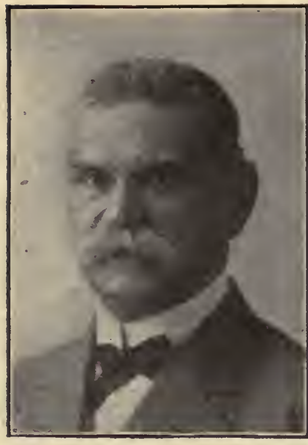
This series will be the first complete chronicle of this character, including every state, ever attempted and carried out by any periodical. It will be of especial value in the homes and schools because of the correct and very recent information. The rapid growth of the various states has made it difficult to keep the text-books in focus with the swift development of the last decades. An illustrated resumė of the historical, industrial and educational features embrace individually and collectively a national history of practical use, distinctive of and peculiar to every state and territory.

Owing to the greatly increased demand for our August issue, we will be able to furnish only a limited number of extra copies and will suggest that new subscribers have their magazine begin with the August issue in order to include this entire series. The "Awakening of Arkansas" will appear later; and "Hidden Treasures in Florida" is also scheduled, with other states to follow in quick succession. We desire the co-operation of each reader in making the story of his or her state as complete and as interesting as possible.

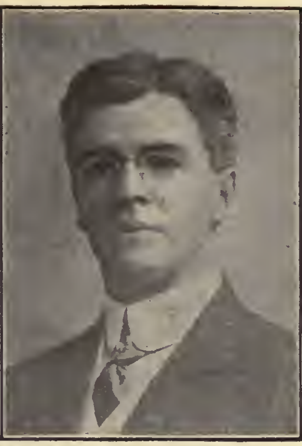
THE final contributions for the Heart Song Book were received September 1st, and the judges are pushing the work in hopes of making a complete announcement of awards in the October issue of the National Magazine. The closing days have indicated the ever increasing interest and enthusiasm over this book, containing the favorite selections of over thirty thousand contributors.

The judges have been guided entirely by

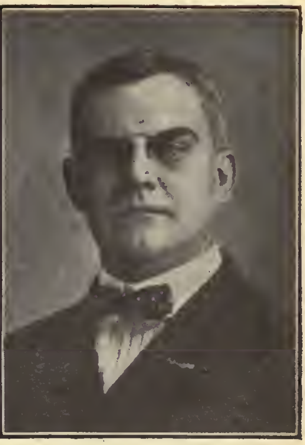
GOVERNOR JOS. M. BROWN
Georgia



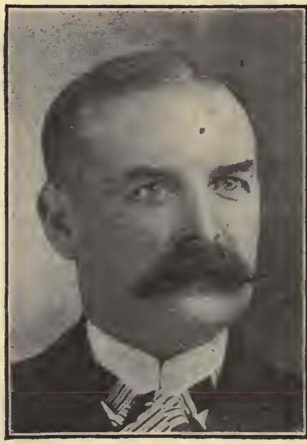
E. N. Hancock
Morning News, Savannah



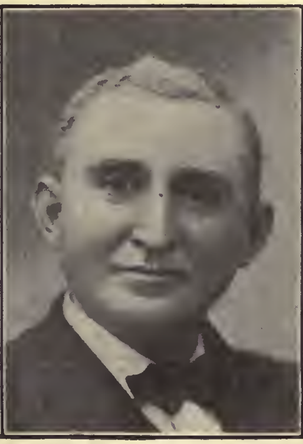
Thomas W. Layless
Augusta Chronicle



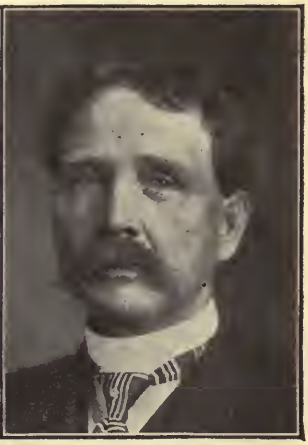
Bowdre Phinizy
Augusta Herald



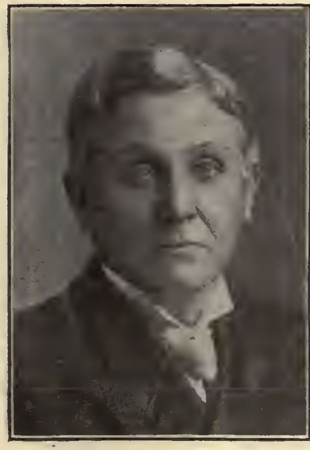
Secretary Johnson
Augusta Chamber of Commerce



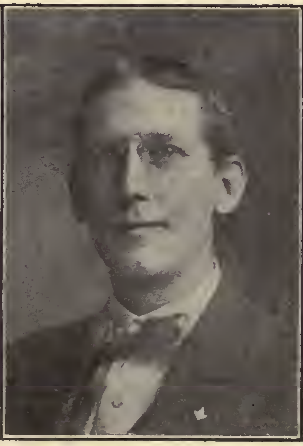
Prof. S. W. McCallie
State Geologist



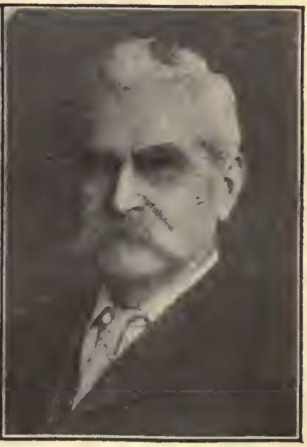
Editor McIntosh
Albany Herald



Pres. Asa G. Candler
Atlanta Chamber of Commerce

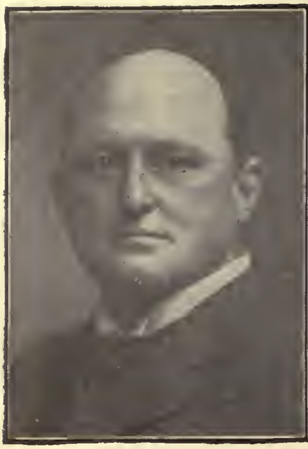


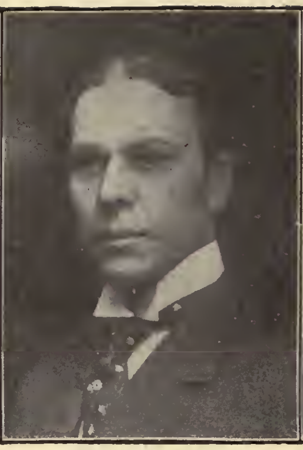
Secy. Thomas Purse
Savannah Board of Trade

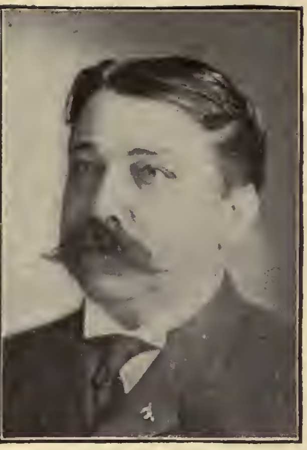


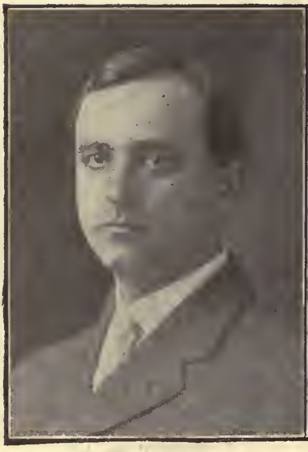
G. Gunby Jordan
President Eagle and Phoenix Mills

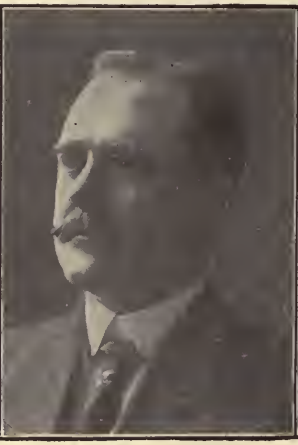
PROMINENT CITIZENS OF GEORGIA

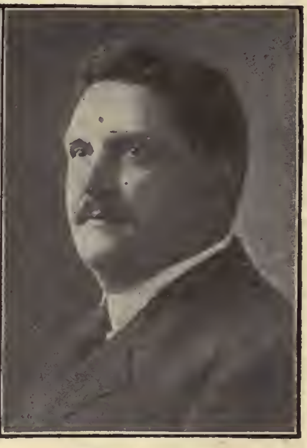

Thomas Barrett, Jr.
Mayor-Elect of Augusta

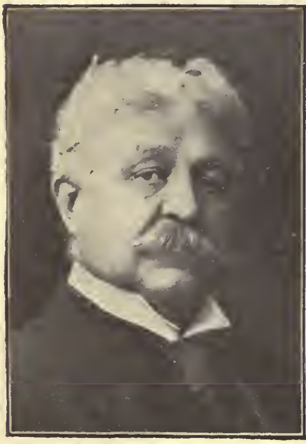

Robert F. Maddox
Mayor of Atlanta

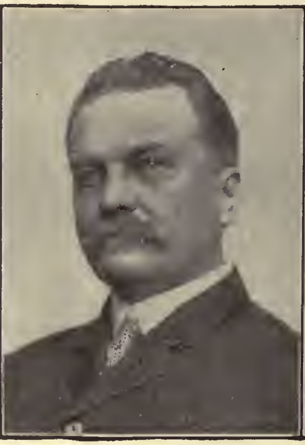

Hon. Rhodes Brown.
Mayor of Columbus

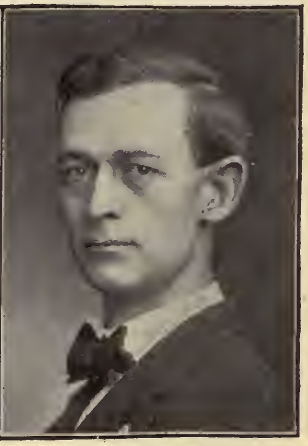

J. L. Seely
Editor Atlanta Georgian


Clark Howell
Atlanta Constitution


James Richard Gray
Atlanta Journal


Col. Robert J. Lowry
Lowry National Bank, Atlanta


R. F. Wright
Asst. Com. of Agriculture, Atlanta


C. R. Porter
State Mutual Life Ins. Co., Rome

PROMINENT CITIZENS OF GEORGIA

Ex-Governor Hoke Smith

Harvie Jordan
President Cotton Growers' Ass'n

Commissioner Hudson
Department of Agriculture

J. A. G. Carson
President Savannah Board of Trade

Comptroller General Wright

President Barrett
of the Farmers' Union

PROMINENT CITIZENS OF GEORGIA

the sentiment of the people in choosing the "heart songs," and pronounce the book the most remarkable collection of songs ever made. It contains practically everything any one person can think of, and then there are scores that have been forgotten but come to mind again as one glances over the pages. In short, Heart Songs is a most appropriate companion book to Heart Throbs, the collection of prose and verse which is growing more and more popular, and has become an essential in every home library.

We are now able to announce positively that this handsome new Gift Book, Heart Songs, will be ready on or before November 1st, in ample time for Christmas trade. The tremendous expense involved in collecting, arranging and printing these selections have necessitated making the regular price $3.50, but as orders have already been received at $2.50, the price announced several years ago, the book will be supplied at $2.50 on all orders received prior to date of publication, November 1st. Heart Songs is without doubt the best value in a music collection ever published. If any subscriber or reader desiring the book will send in order and money $2.50, if not satisfactory on receipt the book may at once be returned; to secure this privilege orders must be mailed right away—don't forget to attend to it. There will be 512 pages; over 400 songs.

AMONG the younger men of the present school of American actors, few have enjoyed a more substantial success than Mr. David Proctor, who has appeared in some of Mr. Charles Frohman's most popular productions. Still on the sunny side of thirty, Mr. Proctor has proved a strong personality in his chosen profession. His artistic and histrionic talent developed at an early age. He studied languages and music in Europe for some years and is an accomplished musician. Upon his return he entered Columbia University, where he was graduated. He found the drama attractive to his artistic nature and began study in a dramatic school. His appearance in "A Message from Mars" was a decided success. In "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" he was a popular favorite in New York, Washington and other large cities where the play enjoyed a long run. During the progress of this play, he rendered a piano selection, and the audiences at once appreciated that the play paused for the moment, while a concert artist was at the piano. A lover of art for art's sake in the highest and broadest sense, it is small wonder that he is recognized already as a standard favorite. His artistic temperament is revealed in whatever he undertakes and much is expected of this modest and strikingly handsome young man, who has taken up his life work with the singleness of purpose and enthusiastic devotion which invariably presage a successful career.

SAMUEL C. DUNLAP
Commissioner Georgia Bureau of Industries

DAVID PROCTOR

WHO could think of Washington without Harvey's as a fixed institution? Colonel Harvey of Washington, who died last year, was the first to introduce "steamed oysters," a recognized American delicacy. During the war in 1863 he tried this dish at a dinner given by Mrs. Seward, wife of Secretary Seward, and from that time the popularity of steamed oysters has never waned. Harvey's became more and more the favorite rendezvous of Washington's notable people. Thomas Nast, who drew the famous cartoon, "All's well that ends well," was often at Harvey's as were also the speakers of the House. Almost all the congressmen met at Harvey's, which then stood near the Carusi Theatre. Henry Watterson, Horace Greeley, Senator Sumner, and other prominent men of their time, considered a week incomplete unless it included one night at Harvey's.

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